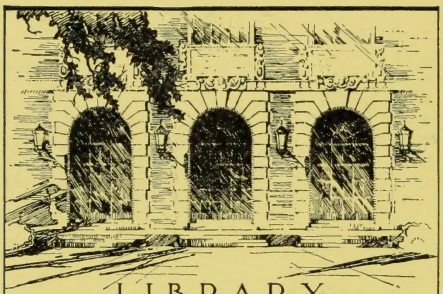

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XIX.

MARCH TO AUGUST,

1892.

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 109.—MARCH, 1892.

A REPLY TO A PESSIMIST.

Written on reading a "Proem" in the February Number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

I.

A beautiful bright world! for ever young,
And now with Wisdom grafted on thy Spring,
Why do they slander thee with wailing tongue,
And lose the wealth of thy long harvesting?
Why do they say that thou art old and sad,
When, each fresh April, nightingales are glad,
And, each returning May, paired misselthrushes sing?

II.

"Stripped of our dreams"! It is the sleeper then,
And not the shadowy corridors of night,
Fair visions have deserted. Hill and glen
As haunted are with wonder and delight
As when Endymion felt his eyelids kissed
By the moist moon, and through the morning mist
Foam-sandalled Venus flowered, immaculately white.

III.

"No deities in sky, or sun, or moon!
No nymphs in grove or hill, in sea or stream"!
Why, I saw Artemis, this very noon,
Slip through the wood, a momentary gleam,
As satin as the sallow and as lithe,
And heard her eager sleuth-hounds baying blithe
Hard on the intruder's heels, then rent Actæon's scream.

IV.

"Dead"! Hamadryads frisk in every wood,
In every pool elusive Naiads dwell;
Neptune's dread voice, deep as when Troy still stood,
Is stored for us in every murmuring shell.
List! you will hear. But look, and you will find
Iris in rainbow, Hermes in the wind,
Delphi's inspiring fount in every wayside well.

V.

"No God! no Heaven"! The Gods you cannot kill,
Nor banish from their seats the sainted choirs.
The deep-toned organ is Cecilia's still,
Still lamb-like Agnes quencheth wanton fires;
Stephen still sanctifies the martyr's lot,
And many a maiden, though believing not,
Beholds Madonna's face, then chastens her desires.

VI.

O beautiful bright world! for ever young,
With gifts for ever fresh. The seasons bring
All that they ever brought, since flowers first sprung
To deck the blushing consciousness of Spring.
Summer still makes us glad that we were born,
Our musings mellow with the mellowing corn,
And to our fireside loves wise Winter bids us cling.

VII.

What is there we have lost while hearts still beat,
While thought still burns? You cannot Man dethrone,
Time's Heir-Apparent, from his sovran seat,
Assail his empire, or curtail its zone.
What though fledged Science fearlessly explore
New worlds of knowledge unsurmised of yore,
The fresh-found realms the Muse annexes to its own.

VIII.

Thus have we Eld's delights, our own as well:
Science is but Imagination's slave;
Nor have "the antique fables" lost their spell,
Because we pierce the sky and plumb the wave.
For me the stars still sing, the moon still grieves,
The Fauns still rustle in the fallen leaves,
The Crucified is risen, and glorifies the grave.

IX.

Is Love less sweet because men loved of yore?
No, sweeter, stronger, with the ages' growth.
Love's long descent ennobles loving more,
And Helen's falsehood fortifies my troth.
Bridging Time's stream with life's commanding span,
I stand upon the Present, and I scan
Future and Past, and seem to live along them both.

X.

What have we lost?—we, who have gained so much:
The mind of man, familiar afar,
Hath upon sun, star, planet, laid its touch,
Lassoed the lightning, yoked it to his car.
Yet fear not lest that Knowledge should deflower
The awe that veils the inviolable Power,
Or that we e'er shall learn what, whence, and why we are.

XI.

'Tis Mystery lends a meaning unto Life,
Never quite guessed; and simple souls, meanwhile,
Find Paradise in mother, sister, wife,
The far one's faithfulness, the near one's smile.
So long as valour wins and beauty charms,
And lovers throb into each other's arms,
How can you rail at life, reproach it and revile?

XII.

"Woe, agony, despair"! Woe, yes, there is,
Despair there need not be. Meek wisdom tries
To gain from grief an after-taste of bliss,
And sees a rainbow through its streaming eyes.
Nor, if I could, would I quite part with pain,
Lest pity die;—a loss, and not a gain.
'Tis Pride alone despairs. Be humble, and be wise.

XIII.

We bear no "burden of the bygone years."
Their matter perishes, their soul survives,
Widening our hopes and narrowing our fears;
Shedding a shadowy charm athwart our lives,
Guiding our gropings, steadying our feet,
Like to an agëd nurse, that we may meet
The Future without dread, whatever rue arrives.

XIV.

What if there be no Heaven? there is the Earth.
What if there be no goal? there is the race.
'Tis unfulfilled desire that staves off dearth,
Sustains the march and stimulates the pace.
Where is the "prodigal waste of myriad lives"?
No life is wasted that loves, hopes, and strives,
And wears an eastward glow upon its fading face.

XV.

O beautiful bright world! for ever young,
And now with Wisdom grafted on thy Spring,
Why do they slander thee with wailing tongue,
And lose the wealth of thy long harvesting?
Why do they say that thou art old and sad,
When, each fresh April, nightingales are glad,
And, each returning May, paired misselthrushes sing?

XVI.

O beautiful bright world! Earth, Heaven, in one,
I thank thee for thy gifts: the gift of birth,
The unbought bounty of air, sky, sea, sun,
Seed-time and shower, harvest and mellow mirth;
For privilege to think, to feel, to strive;
I thank thee for the boon of being alive,
For Glory's deathless dream, and Virtue's matchless worth.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

February 1892.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

I.—A Successful Experiment.

The entire community is indebted to Mr. Chamberlain for having taken up the question of old-age pensions. With his powerful exposition in the *National Review* and his powerful advocacy in the House of Commons, we can scarcely fail to find a solution of this most important social problem. We must not, however, come to a hasty conclusion that the scheme which the right honourable gentleman has submitted to public criticism is the best that will be found for the purpose. We have yet to hear the opinion of those who have had long, practical experience in inculcating habits of thrift among the working classes, especially among the class which become paupers in their old age. It is to this class that all our researches should be directed in attempting a solution of the problem.

The writer of this article withdrew from the House of Commons Committee when it was resolved to exclude any scheme connected with a weekly allowance during sickness. His long experience in the management of a large society that is successfully creating old-age pensions for its members, entirely through the popularity of providing for a time of sickness, has convinced him that it is only by taking advantage of the almost universal desire of working men to secure sick pay when ill that any important diminution of old-age pauperism can be effected. Mr. Chamberlain says that "people are willing to protect themselves against the consequences of sickness which is always present to their imagination, and they are prepared to make some provision against the consequences of death; but they will not provide for old age, which is forty years off, and which may never arrive." It is surprising that with this fact in his mind he should have ignored its significance in propounding his scheme. It is the pith of the question; and he may rest assured that the offer of £15 by the State, to take effect forty years afterwards, will not alter the fact. The writer explained Mr. Chamberlain's scheme to a member of the society above referred to, who is almost unconsciously creating for himself an annuity in old age. "What!" the man exclaimed, "plank down £5, and

then pay fivepence a week for forty years to get five bob a week when I am old? Not if I know it! Give me a quart of beer for my money!" This was a blunt criticism; but, apart from the beer, it will be found the prevailing sentiment of the people as expressed by Mr. Chamberlain himself in the passage just quoted from his article. If, under the admirable arrangements provided by the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, only two members out of 673,073 have availed themselves of their superannuation scheme, is it reasonable to assume that a bribe of £15 (which will not be paid down to the member) would induce any considerable number of them to do so? A few of Mr. Bartley's penny-bank people might do so; but the class which become paupers in their old age would not be tempted to thrift in that way. The extraordinary popularity of friendly societies that provide sick-pay for their members—societies which, in spite of the rottenness of some of them, are ever increasing in numerical strength—is proof that in them we shall find the basis of an old-age pension scheme; and, as an amendment of the contributions to those societies is inevitable, if a great crash is to be avoided in some of them the time seems opportune for founding an old-age pension scheme in connection with them.

Mr. Chamberlain says that "the last report of the Chief Registrar shows that the total deficits on the quinquennial valuations amount to £6,716,828, against which may be set total surpluses amounting to £874,679. Of these large sums the Odd Fellows' Manchester Unity appear for £1,344,531 deficiency, and £592,376 surplus; Foresters for £2,604,878 deficiency, and £175,959 surplus; Grand United Odd Fellows and the Shepherds' Aston Unity are down for a deficiency of a quarter of a million apiece; while many other societies and orders have deficiencies varying from a few pounds to £175,000." If millions of working men will join those societies in face of such lamentable figures, in order to have sick pay when ill, and a small sum to bury them decently when they die, is it not reasonable to suppose that millions more would join them if their contributions insured them, in addition, an annuity in old age? It is established beyond all doubt that they will not pay two contributions. This is clearly illustrated by the experience of the Manchester Unity; but, as will be shown immediately, societies which provide both sick pay and an annuity in old age under one contribution are rapidly spreading in many parts of England, and only require a little recognition by the State to ensure their becoming national.

The present deplorable deficits of some of the old friendly societies are due to the contributions from their members being not in proportion to the benefits received by them. This state of things can be cured only by increasing the contributions or by

reducing the benefits; and in either case "intending members," especially young men, will look out for other societies that have no bad-debt accounts to wipe out. Then why not wind up the accounts of insolvent societies and reform them upon new and sound principles? This could be done without destroying anyone's interest in them, and without interfering for a single day with the benefit of sick pay. It is well known to those who have had much practical experience in the working of friendly societies that to ensure absolute solvency at all times the scale of contributions to the sick and funeral fund should be greatly in excess of the average demand upon it. Otherwise the extra strain upon the fund in times of epidemic would swamp the societies. At this moment the managers of hundreds of friendly societies are at their wits' end in attempting to meet the extraordinary demands upon their resources which have arisen from the influenza. In some districts the cost of sickness is four or five times greater than the normal cost, and expedients of all sorts are resorted to in order to tide the difficulty over. In some cases suspension of sick pay is tried just when it is most needed; in others there is a total collapse of the society. Thus, upon a close examination of the subject, it will be found that in any thoroughly sound society, which guarantees sick pay to its members, there should be a considerable surplus at the end of each year; and that surplus should become the basis of an annuity fund for its members. About twelve years ago the late Right Honourable W. E. Forster offered prizes in a national competition for the best mode of providing superannuation (now called old-age pensions) to members of friendly societies, and the writer of this paper had the honour of taking one of the chief prizes. It is not, however, to that fact that he desires to call attention. He wishes to expound the practical working of the scheme as set forth in the prize essay, which is marvellously near a solution of the problem under discussion.

The Stroud Society is established upon the principle that every member shall enjoy in his own right every shilling that his contributions enable the Society to earn for him: no more, and no less. To this end, the surplus at the close of each year, after providing for sickness, medical attendance, and expenses of management, is equally divided among the members; and each member's share is carried to his own personal account in the savings' bank department of the Society, to accumulate at interest as an annuity fund in old age, a sum of money at death, or (under special arrangements) for building or buying his dwelling house, etc, etc.. Every member of the Society is thus the architect of his own fortune, and becomes richer every year that he lives.

Of course, this equal division of the surplus fund at the close of each year implies that, in order that old and young may be placed on an equality before an equal division of the surplus takes place, every member's contributions shall be in exact proportion to his liability to sickness. This is arranged in the Stroud Society in a very simple manner. To insure ten shillings a week during sickness, members from fifteen to thirty years of age contribute a penny a day, for between those ages the liability to sickness varies slightly; but from thirty years upwards the average sickness increases, and it is found that a halfpenny a month extra contribution for each and every year beyond thirty places members of all ages upon an almost exact equality. The equitable division of the Annual Surplus Fund of the Society then becomes an equal share to each member, irrespective of age. This share, as already explained, is not paid down in cash to the members, as is done in many village clubs. It is carried to their savings' bank account, to share in whatsoever rate of interest the Society may earn upon the aggregate amount of surplus invested. It will be seen that if the trustees invest upon sound securities the Society must be always solvent. Its liabilities and its assets are always exactly equal, inasmuch as the total amount due to all the members is exactly equal to the Society's investments. The leading principles of the scheme are (1) that one simple contribution provides for sickness, old age, and death; (2) that each member's contribution is in exact proportion to his age and liability to fall upon the Sick Fund, so that all the members, irrespective of age, meet upon an exact equality; (3) that there is equal division (but not distribution) of the annual surplus, which becomes a self-acting annuity fund for every member; (4) that the Society has no liabilities beyond actual assets in hand, and therefore can never become insolvent.

Let us see how the scheme works in actual practice, and how it meets the demand for old-age pensions. There are two Societies in Stroud established upon the principles set forth: one started by the writer, seventeen years ago; the other, by gentlemen opposed to him in politics, about five years ago. Together the members of the two Societies number close upon six thousand; and when it is considered that the Register of Electors in the Mid-Gloucester Division contains only about ten thousand names it is evident that, apart from the wealthier classes, who do not require the aid of benefit Societies, the members of the old Societies, and the poor old people who had not the opportunity of joining in their younger days, the entire manhood of this county division (with very few exceptions) have become members of these two Societies. The popularity of the new principles is extraordinary. That is no

wonder when the results to individual members are understood. For example, there are six classes under which members may contribute—A, B, C, D, E, F,—contributing one halfpenny, three farthings, one penny, three-halfpence, twopence, and threepence a day, with corresponding benefits. Members in Class C contribute a penny a day and a halfpenny a month extra for each year of their age beyond thirty; and their position on January 1, 1892, is as follows:—

			£	s.	d.	
Members of	17	years' standing have	38	16	1	standing to their credit.
,,	16	,, ,, ,,	34	14	9	,, ,, ,,
,,	15	,, ,, ,,	31	8	11	,, ,, ,,
,,	14	,, ,, ,,	28	2	1	,, ,, ,,
,,	13	,, ,, ,,	25	4	5	,, ,, ,,
,,	12	,, ,, ,,	22	12	5	,, ,, ,,
,,	11	,, ,, ,,	19	19	10	,, ,, ,,
,,	10	,, ,, ,,	17	11	4	,, ,, ,,
,,	9	,, ,, ,,	15	4	11	,, ,, ,,
,,	8	,, ,, ,,	12	16	7	,, ,, ,,
,,	7	,, ,, ,,	10	19	3	,, ,, ,,
,,	6	,, ,, ,,	9	1	10	,, ,, ,,
,,	5	,, ,, ,,	7	7	4	,, ,, ,,
,,	4	,, ,, ,,	5	13	3	,, ,, ,,
,,	3	,, ,, ,,	4	0	11	,, ,, ,,
,,	2	,, ,, ,,	2	12	4	,, ,, ,,
,,	1	year's ,, ,,	1	5	0	,, ,, ,,

All the money is invested at 5 per cent. interest upon sound mortgages.

This rapid development of each member's savings' bank investment is a practical proof that a substantial old-age pension to begin at the age of sixty-five is a certainty to every member who remains in the Society. If he should die before reaching that age the whole amount standing to his credit will be paid to his family. If this has been done in seventeen years, what may we not expect in thirty, or forty, or fifty years? When it is known that young men who joined the Society at sixteen years of age, and now, at only thirty-three years, find themselves in actual possession of £38 16s. 1d., whilst their total contributions to the Society during their seventeen years' membership have amounted to only £30 10s., is it wonderful that working men should join the Society in increasing numbers—especially when it is understood that, in addition to having all their money intact and invested for them at good interest, they have also enjoyed 10s. a week when ill, free medical attendance, and medicines at all times, life insurance for themselves and their wives, and every ordinary benefit, which in reality have cost them nothing, as all their contributions are intact, plus a money profit

of £8 6s. 1d.? The popularity of the new principles is carrying everything before it.

Societies on the same lines are being established in all parts of Gloucestershire and the neighbouring counties, with the same success. It may be thought that such truly wonderful results are accomplished by outside subscriptions from honorary members and wealthy patrons. That is not the case. Not a single shilling is given to the Society by any one. Every fraction of its funds is derived from the *bonâ fide* contributions of its members. Nor has the Society any agents or collectors. The monthly contributions are taken to the lodges by the members themselves; and it is cheering to see many hundreds of working men eagerly crowding up to the tables at Grand Lodge every twenty-eight days to ensure themselves against sickness, old age, and death.

It is thus clearly established that the best mode of providing old-age pensions will be by utilizing Friendly Societies for that purpose. It is universally admitted that the class that fall into pauperism will not subscribe for a benefit which they may never live to receive. It is proved beyond question by the popularity and success of the Stroud system that they will eagerly subscribe to a society which provides for sickness, old age, and death, under one contribution.

Does not the experience of seventeen years' working of that system bring us very near to a solution of the problem under discussion? If so, is it not possible to reform the great Friendly Societies upon the same principles? It seems to be a good opportunity for taking advantage of the present movement to lift the old Friendly Societies from their present insolvency into a permanently sound position. The process would be simple. We should make a valuation of each member's share of the funds belonging to the lodge of which he is a member (a very simple calculation), carry the amount to his individual account in the books of his lodge, arrange his prospective contributions according to age and liability to sickness, and credit him with his share of the annual surplus in future years. This would get rid of the great deficiencies mentioned by the Chief Registrar, would restore the societies to a sound position, and ensure every member an annuity in old age. If the State will increase the value of the annuity as an encouragement to thrift, so much the better; but it is not absolutely necessary.

The writer has wound up several old societies, which were in difficulties, in that way. He divided their surplus funds to the entire satisfaction of every member, and started them again on the new system, with complete success. They are now flourishing upon sound principles. Presuming that Parliament will, if it deals

with the question at all, be ultimately compelled to recognise the desirability of making use of the Friendly Societies for that purpose, the writer claims for the Stroud system that it is the nearest approach to the perfect solution which has yet been discovered, and that any provision for old-age pensions by the State should be connected with the best known principles. The poorest man living can surely pay a halfpenny a day, or even three farthing a day; which in the Stroud Society would entitle him to 5s. or 7s. 6d. a week respectively, in times of sickness, a sum of money at death, and an old-age pension. If Parliament should decide to supplement this with a moderate grant, there is not a working man living who could not secure for himself respectable comfort in his old age; and if any neglected those easy facilities for acquiring such obvious advantages they might justly be left to the tender mercies of the workhouse.

It may be interesting to know what effect (if any) popular Friendly Societies have upon pauperism.

The cost of poor relief in the Stroud Union was in—

	In Maintenance.	Out Relief.	Total.
1881 ...	£2,399 ...	£7,077 ...	£9,476
1891 ...	£1,757 ...	£5,768 ...	£7,525
		Decrease ...	£1,951

It would, perhaps, be unfair to claim the whole of this reduction as the result of the Benefit Societies; but, as they are distributing £3,000 a year in sick pay to their members, the effect upon the poor rate must be very great. Three thousand members have been added to their strength since 1881.

Geo. Holloway.

II. Economic Objections.

No apology is needed for bringing before the readers of the *National Review* some of the objections that can be raised to the proposal for National Pensions. The powerful advocacy of an influential political leader like Mr. Chamberlain raises the question above the level of the thousand and one infallible panaceas with which the student of social problems is so well acquainted. A proposal which has fascinated the practical mind of Mr. Chamberlain becomes a serious proposal, and the objections as well as the advantages must be seriously considered.

It will be convenient to consider, first, What are "the facts on which the demand is made"? The main argument put forward

is that the old-age pauperism of the country is excessive. This is proved, it is said, by a return moved for by Mr. Burt showing the number of aged paupers on August 1st, 1890. From this it appeared there were 286,867 old persons above the age of sixty in receipt of relief. Now, before we consent to alter fundamentally the constitution of society, it is worth inquiring whether pauperism is decreasing or increasing. Happily, it is possible to state that it is decreasing. In the quinquennium 1855–9 the percentage ratio of pauperism to estimated population was 4·7; it has steadily decreased, till in the quinquennium 1885–9 it was only 2·8. It should be remembered, also, that this decrease has been in spite of the attractiveness of our modern infirmaries, which date from Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's Act of 1867, and in spite of the much-improved arrangements for pauper children provided by district and cottage schools. There can be no doubt that this improved accommodation has made the poor more willing to avail themselves of the assistance provided by the rates.

There is a controversy still undecided as to the amount to be added to the old-age pauperism of one day in order to ascertain the permanent old-age pauperism of the year. Mr. Booth suggests that 60 per cent. should be added to the indoor list and 120 per cent. to the outdoor list; but I am given to understand that he has since seen reason to believe that this estimate is exaggerated. In most of the calculations made on this point, less attention seems to have been paid to the deductions which should be made. Many of these old-age paupers are not permanently chargeable. Many are written down as paupers because they have received medical relief —perhaps nothing more than a bottle of medicine or a visit from the parish doctor. Many have homes with their children, and become chargeable because of the sickness or the illness, or the want of work, of the wage-earners of the family. Others, again, are well able, except during sickness, to earn a living for many years after sixty, and cannot be reckoned as permanent paupers. However, this is not a point of much importance; it will be conceded by all that old-age pauperism exists to a large extent, and that no effort to reduce it should be spared.

A further and more important distinction must be drawn between outdoor and indoor pauperism. Of the 286,867 old-age paupers over sixty, 68,124 were indoor and 218,743 were outdoor. Now, an outdoor pauper is a person who has obtained from the rates an addition to his income, which he takes to his home and uses in exactly the same way as a man who derives a similar sum from his club or from his savings. Consider the attractiveness of such terms of pauperism for the struggling poor, and our only ground for surprise will be that their number is not greater than it

is. With this aspect of the question in view, it is impossible not to feel that so far as outdoor relief is concerned there is some impropriety in talking of people being "driven to seek Poor Law relief." Over the greater part of England a system of outdoor relief to the aged is the rule. A poor man has many claims upon him, and by the custom of the Poor Law he has been absolved from the responsibility of providing for his old-age. I do not argue that he is unthrifty because he does not provide for his old age. Like a prudent man obeying a law of nature which he cannot disobey, he satisfies his wants by the easiest method and takes the maintenance which the State offers. Surely it is a singular argument to maintain that those on whom the State has literally forced dependence are incapable of independence. Yet this is the argument on which the advocates of State pensions rely. The considerations now to be set forth will show that it is altogether opposed to facts and to experience.

In a pamphlet entitled *Old-Age Pensions and Pauperism*, published by Messrs Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Mr. Loch has shown in the clearest possible manner that in those unions where outdoor relief is stopped or reduced to narrow limits the number of old people who come upon the rates is very small. The following table from Mr. Loch's book will explain the point of his argument. It is a comparison of the pauperism of four agricultural unions—two of them outdoor relief unions, and two of them indoor-relief unions.—

Union.	Population, Census, 1891.	Indoor paupers, less lunatics and vagrants, but including children.	Outdoor, less ditto, ditto.	Total.	Paupers on Population.	Total able-bodied in and out, less children	Able-bodied males and females indoor owing to temporary disablement, and able-bodied males outdoor receiving relief owing to sickness.	Not able-bodied male and female in and out, less children	Paupers over 60, male and female, in and out.	Paupers over 60 on population.
Linton ...	12,724	110	764	874	1 in 14·5	111	26	559	472	1 in 26·9
Midhurst..	14,235	91	523	614	1 in 23·1	80	10	339	254	1 in 56·0
Brixworth.	12,186	69	31	100	1 in 121·8	6	3	76	81	1 in 150·4
Bradfield..	18,017	113	29	142	1 in 126·8	18	4	87	73	1 in 246·8

This table and the whole of Mr. Loch's pamphlet deserve careful study from all those who desire to understand the relation of Poor Law administration to old-age destitution. Nothing can be clearer: a lavish distribution of outdoor relief is a manufactory and cause of pauperism at all ages. My argument here is not that abolition of outdoor relief by legal enactment is a practicable policy. It may or may not be so. All I am concerned to show is that a closer consideration of the nature of outdoor pauperism very much

modifies the conclusions which Mr. Chamberlain seeks to draw from it.

Mr. Chamberlain refers to Mr. Loch's pamphlet; but on various grounds he sets aside its conclusions, and so much turns upon this point that it is necessary to examine his argument at some length.

(1.) He alleges that there must be something exceptional in these unions, and that they cannot be taken as conclusive guides; and Mr. Booth argues that this result is due—not to qualities inherent in human nature, but—"to the unremitting efforts of exceptional men, such as Mr. Bland-Garland." It is a fact that similar results have been obtained in every union where a similar policy has been pursued—at South Neots, at Atcham, and in a less degree in various urban Unions. If the comparison between Bradfield and the Unions named be held to be unsatisfactory, there can be less objection to a comparison between the old-age pauperism of Bradfield under the old system of 1871, when it was one in every two of the population of that age, and in 1891, when it was one in twenty-five. With regard to Mr. Booth's objection, it may be pointed out that in seventeen years' administration the pauperism of Bradfield was reduced from 1,258 paupers in 1871, 999 outdoor and 259 indoor, to 142 in 1888, of which 42 were outdoor and 100 indoor. Is it a reasonable or complete explanation of this dispauperization to say that it is due to the efforts of the Chairman of the Board? In a sense, undoubtedly, this is true; but surely something must be imputed to the natural capacity which all men have for independence when a life of dependence is not ostentatiously offered to them on more favourable terms.

(2.) Mr. Chamberlain asks why, if these methods are so efficacious, they are not adopted by every representative body of ratepayers. Regard for the rates has not so much influence in guiding the administration of the Poor Law as is often supposed. There are many other influences at work, and a candid controversalist will readily admit that a genuine desire to do what is best for the poor is a predominant motive with all thinkers. Speakers at Poor Law conferences, who may be presumed to know their audience, if as a collateral argument they assert that such and such a course will reduce the rates, invariably accompany the statement with an apology to the effect that they are mainly concerned—not for the rates, but—for the true interest of the poor.

No: the reason that this policy is not adopted is that we have as yet failed to convince guardians that the course advocated is the kindest to the poor, although undoubtedly some progress has been made in this direction. There are other difficulties in the way of its adoption; of which difficulties the following anecdote

discloses a fair specimen. Not long ago a friend of mine had occasion to discuss the question of Poor Law administration with the Chairman of a metropolitan Union. My friend complained of the unsatisfactory and variable way in which the discretion of the guardians was exercised in the matter of outdoor relief. The Chairman admitted the truth of the accusation; but he added "Consider my position. I and most of my colleagues are tradesmen dependent for our living on the goodwill of our neighbours. We are bound to give a recommendation if such a course is pressed on us by some one interested in the applicant; and, though our experience and convictions do lead us towards agreement with your view, they are not strong enough to induce us to incur wholesale unpopularity by 'going in for' a strict administration. The result, I admit, is very unsatisfactory; and if the Government deprived guardians of their power to give outdoor relief, and so freed us from the unpopularity involved in all attempts at discrimination, I for one should be very glad." There cannot be much doubt that this represents the view of very many guardians.

(3.) "Excessive stringency would bring scandals and a reaction." It so happens that this argument has already been met in a correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Loch, published in the *Times* of the 28th January, and in the journal of Mr. Loch's Society for February. The facts, Mr. Loch clearly points out, show that the danger anticipated is very unreal. With regard to the allegation that "such reduction would be followed by an appreciable increase in the deaths from starvation:" The facts, if they prove anything at all, seem really to point the other way. Bethnal Green, an outdoor-relief Union, has had more starvation cases than St. George's East and Stepney—neighbouring and equally poor Unions, where the law is strictly administered. The truth is that the uncertainty attending the distribution of outdoor relief induces the destitute to linger on outside the house in the (often justified) hope that an adverse decision of the Board as to outdoor-relief will be rescinded at the next meeting. Further, it is well known that not a few of the coroners' "starvation verdicts" occur in the case of persons who actually, at the time of their death, are in receipt of outdoor relief. As to the unpopularity which (it is alleged) would arise from an adoption of a strict administration: It must be admitted that advocacy of the change indicated involves some unpopularity; but the same objection, if persisted in, would have deprived us of the Poor Law Reform Act of 1834, and it is now common ground with all disputants in these matters that this reform was salutary. Looking back to the history of that time, as it is told in Miss Martineau's *History of the Peace*, we can only wonder that the law was ever passed. Owing mainly to

the opposition of the *Times*, a great political power, the new law was unpopular for a year or two; but before long those who opposed it from mistaken motives of humanity were obliged to admit that its operation was beneficial. The poor themselves saw that they were benefited by the change. The new law was modelled on the example of an earlier administration of Southwell Union under Sir George Nicholls, the historian of the Poor Law. He was met, he tells us, on a subsequent visit to the town, "by a number of labourers with expressions of hearty goodwill and with declarations of his having been their best friend, for that he had compelled them to take care of themselves. How gratifying," he exclaims, "this must have been will be readily imagined!" A popularity so gained is a reward more valuable than any that is to be obtained by spreading wider the facilities for dependence in which already the poor are all too deeply engulfed. The unpopularity of the Poor Law is due—not to its stringency, but—to the partiality and uncertainty with which it is administered.

(4.) It is alleged that a strict system of Poor Law merely pushes pauperism back into a mass of unrelieved poverty. This contention will not square with the fact that when outdoor relief is stopped indoor relief also has a tendency to diminish. The reform of 1834 was followed by a period of higher wages, higher aims, greater activity of friendly societies and savings' banks; and the same results have followed the system which has been tried in Bradfield at the present day. The steps upward of the submerged can only be gradual; the first step is from pauperism to independent poverty, and, until this is taken, the steps which lead to comfort and higher ambitions is impossible.

The next argument used by Mr. Chamberlain will enable us to pass from the grounds of the alleged necessity for his proposal to a consideration of the remedy which he puts forward. Relying on some calculations made by Mr. Booth, he states that the majority of those who become paupers in old age do so from no fault of their own. Mr. Booth bases this calculation on the verdict pronounced by the relieving officers of two metropolitan unions. In one instance, as I understand the passage, this verdict is based on recollections more than a year old. Mr. M'Dougall, of Manchester, makes a totally different calculation, and asserts that 52 per cent. of pauperism is due to drink. It is obvious that both of those estimates are the merest guesswork. Figures of this sort, set out in all the panoply of decimals and percentages, are the purest delusion. The cause of pauperism is much simpler. It is that maintenance can be got from the State more easily than it can be acquired by independent effort. That is the consideration which

dominates the whole question. It is the state of the law that is vicious, not the character of the poor.

A curious light is thrown on the working of the mind of the State-pension advocate by some remarks of the Rev. W. Moore Ede, one of Mr. Chamberlain's most active supporters. In an article in the *Contemporary Review* for April 1891, he writes as follows: "The expenditure of our working classes in intoxicants is sufficient evidence that they could pay the requisite contribution to secure a pension; but it would be unfair to throw the whole burden on them. At present the majority of the working class who are incapacitated from work by the infirmities of age are supported by contributions levied on property to the extent of several millions per annum. If the wage-earners make provision for old age by insurance, property will be relieved of a burden it now bears, or the burden will be transferred to those least able to bear it."

I should not have ventured, myself, to state the argument so strongly. Every time he handles his wages a poor man is beset by many claims and desires. Mr. Ede's argument presents itself to him all too readily, and in this form. He has a desire for intoxicants, as Mr. Ede puts it. I should prefer to think that the desire is for superfluities of a more legitimate nature (by more fortunate persons deemed necessities), which only become illegitimate when preferred to independence. He knows that sickness and old age may come on him; but the Rector of Gateshead tells him that these risks are "a charge on property," and that it is "unfair" to expect him to meet them himself. The conclusion is obvious: "expenditure in intoxicants."

The education of man, from being a mere animal into the full stature of a social creature, is brought about by a right choice in an infinite series of such decisions. Fear of old age and fear of sickness have built up social habits and a natural capacity for independence wheresoever they have been honestly faced. If it be true (as Mr. Ede alleges) that our working classes are extravagant in the matter of intoxicants, nothing is so certain to wean them from this unsocial habit as allowing them to confront honestly the claims of old age and sickness. The leaders of working-class thrift are giving an example of how this can be successfully done.

The higher stratum of the working class has now risen beyond the baneful influence and fascination which the Poor Law exercises over the lives of the poor. The older Trade Unions are representative of this higher rank of labour, and it is worthy of notice that it is here that a system of superannuation is most largely adopted. Mr. Chamberlain is misinformed when he states that the Trade Union is a quantity to be neglected in this question of provision for old age. Mr. Howell, in his *Conflicts of Labour and Capital*

(new edition), gives some account of the very large sums that are being paid away in superannuation allowances. For example, in the Amalgamated Engineers in 1851, £120 was paid for this purpose; it has gone on increasing, till in 1889 £40,170 was devoted to superannuation allowance: it is, in fact, the largest item in the society's expenditure. It should be noted that this application of funds is to a certain extent accidental; for, as we shall presently see, insurance for old-age pay is not a method of saving which recommends itself to the intelligent working-class investor. Trade Union funds are collected primarily for the purpose of advancing the position of labour; but during long intervals of industrial peace the funds collected for warfare have become available for sick and old-age benefit.

The Friendly Societies have a larger and more representative membership than the Trade Unions. In a great number of these old-age pay is given. It is true that this arrangement is not financially a very safe practice for a Friendly Society; still, such pay is given to persons incapacitated by age, and the fact cannot be neglected. Mr. Chamberlain's proposal contains a clause which promises a Government subsidy, in the shape of an annuity in a Friendly Society, to those persons who contrive to save something for their old age. Other working-class associations for thrift—they are very numerous—are left out in the cold. The institutions to which the boon is offered have unanimously rejected it. The fact is that to the leaders of the Friendly Societies this is not a mere question of jealousy for the privilege of their associations: the object they have before them is the independence of the working class. To them independent poverty is preferable to stall-fed dependence, and to this point of view they hold with praiseworthy tenacity. The following is a free paraphrase of an argument contained in a recent number of *Unity*, a recognized organ of these societies: "This proposal of a State subsidy is an admission," it is said, "that the wages of the working classes are insufficient. If this be so, our proper remedy is to use every effort to raise our wages. Do not let us sit down in perpetual pauperism under the delusive title of State pensioners." This, one is glad to notice, is the argument used with great effect by Mr. Morley at Newcastle.

The associations which are excluded from the Government gratuity have not yet moved in the matter. The savings banks are precluded, perhaps by their constitution, from agitating in favour of the depositor who prefers to lay by his money for his wife and family, and refuses to sink a large portion of his savings for the exclusive use of his own old age; but the co-operators, the building societies, the owner of life and endowment policies, the workman who becomes a small trader—all these will have an equal right

with the Friendly Society man to a share in the gratuity. It is difficult to see how these claims can be equitably adjusted.

To sum up this portion of the argument: It is maintained that the more thrifty portion of the working class has already made great progress in the solution of this problem; that they are united in the distrust with which they regard this proposal, which, even if we admit that it might prove an encouragement to the submerged to make a beginning, would undoubtedly exercise a narcotic influence on the pioneer efforts of the very *élite* of the working class. Such an admission cannot be made. To the submerged class no offer short of a free gift will be acceptable.* Their irresponsible nature is the creation of a Poor Law based on the very principle which Mr. Chamberlain's proposal seeks to extend. The further endowment of irresponsibility under delusive pretences of independence can only increase the evil from which we are suffering, and the more attractive the delusion is made to the submerged the more baneful will it be to those who are just on the point of emerging.

It will be interesting to add one or two figures as to the funds now being accumulated which will one day prove available for the old age of the poor. We have already mentioned the Trade Union. The capital of Building Societies has increased from twelve millions in 1875 to fifty-one millions in 1889. These figures represent pending contracts, and to them we must add some consideration of the house property which has already passed into the hands of the artizan by the instrumentality of these societies. The capital of the Post Office Savings Banks was twenty-three millions in 1875, and fifty-eight millions in 1889. Government stock held by these banks for depositors amounted in 1880 to £127,629; in 1889 it was over four millions. On the 24th February, 1891, the late Mr. W. H. Smith told the House of Commons that he had information from the Railway Companies and from the Bank that the number of owners of small holdings was largely on the increase. Co-operative capital has increased from four millions in 1874 to ten millions in 1888; the cash sales on which (according to Miss Potter) a dividend varying from 1s. to 3s. in the pound is in many cases returned have risen from fourteen to twenty-eight millions. Fourteen insurance companies

* Proof of this assertion is hardly necessary. The submerged do not subscribe to a Friendly Society which promises immediate benefit. Will they subscribe for a benefit due forty years hence? Mr. Chamberlain's pensions, calculated on a 2½ per cent. basis, even with the gratuity thrown in, cost more than the pensions at present offered by the Foresters, because the funds of this independent Society can earn interest at 3½ per cent. Who will pay 20s. to the Government for what they can get for 18s. 5d. from a private association?

doing business with the poor had in 1879 £726,000 insurance funds; in 1887 the amount had risen to over five millions; the total sum insured was the enormous one of eighty-three millions, of which seventy-one millions was on adult life—a vast potentiality for saving if it were properly applied. There is, moreover, evidence that insurance of an entirely equitable character is largely on the increase among the working class. A friend was permitted to inspect the ordinary (not industrial) insurance proposals which arrived at the office of one of these companies one morning during last summer. The inspection left no doubt that many workmen were insuring their lives for £50 and upwards. The premium revenue of this one company alone in its ordinary branch is nearly one million and a half, and it is mainly drawn from the working class. A life insurance, it may be pointed out, is often made available for the old age of the insured. It is very common to find that old people have nominated the children or relations who give them shelter and maintenance as the beneficiaries entitled to receive the value of the policy at their death.

The increase of friendly societies during the decade ended in 1886 tells the same tale. During that period the number of members rose from 3,404,000 to 6,700,000, and the reserve funds from £9,337,000 to £20,352,000,—additions at the rates of 97 and 118 per cent.

Mr. Chamberlain, in support of his plan for introducing a State credit, has drawn attention to the actuarial deficiencies of the Friendly Societies. The argument is not unfairly unstated; but it has only cursorary reference to a point which should be emphasized for the benefit of those readers who may not be fully conversant with Friendly Society business. These deficiencies have not arrived, and are merely prospective. The societies have a time of grace to put their house in order—a time equal to the duration of the life of the present members. They are well aware of the position, and are taking steps to put their finances on a sounder basis. Moreover, the deficiency arises for the most part on the sick fund, and mainly because of the indefinite nature of the term "sickness." The argument, therefore, has little relevancy against the security of any insurance to be started by the Friendly Societies against the definite risk of old age. Mr. Chamberlain also quotes Lord Lymington's return. The accuracy of this investigation has never been admitted. Temporary sharing-out clubs and public-house Christmas clubs, which are so popular with those who have learnt the lesson of the Poor Law as it is pointed out by Mr. Moore Ede, are not distinguished from serious insurance associations like the Friendly Societies proper. And, it has been pointed out by Mr. Ludlow, the late Chief Registrar, with regard to the return of 1881

(which does not differ much from that of 1891), that even if the accuracy of the return be admitted, it only showed that "less than 1 in 1,022, an infinitesimal number, of the members of Friendly Societies can be found to allege that they have been reduced to pauperism by a failure of their club; and it need hardly be added that allegations of this sort must be received with caution.

With all this evidence before us as to the growth of working-class capital, we may well pause before we embark on a novel and (as some think) dangerous experiment. It involves the introduction of a principle altogether new. State servants, it is true, receive pensions; but this is part of the contract for the hire of their services. If they did not receive pensions they would receive higher wages. Persons who are not employed by the State as a rule sell their services for wages, and the question of pensions is not in the contract. Hitherto, moreover, "pauper" has been a term applied to persons who are obliged to come on the rates for the *necessaries of life* during some portion of their lives. Free education and other similar arrangements, we have always been told, do not produce pauperism, because they supply things elevating in their nature, which are therefore able to counteract any evil effect occasioned by the dependence involved. This is a distinction which has hitherto carried great weight, and has induced many to support legislation which they would certainly have opposed if this distinction, now to be set aside as invalid, had not been deemed an answer to proposals for free or assisted maintenance at the cost of the rates.

Again, deferred annuities, which it is the purpose of this scheme to force upon the labourer, are admittedly unpopular in all ranks of society.

Mr. Rankin, M.P., one of Mr. Chamberlain's lieutenants, admits that very little will come of this proposal unless it is accompanied by compulsion. I venture to think that there is sound reason at the bottom of this indifference to deferred annuities. There are sections of the working class who recognize, alas, if they think about it, that their lives will be short. Carmen, cabmen, water-side labourers, are not likely to enjoy a pension long after sixty-five. What justice, therefore, can there be in obliging them to enter into this tontine, which (even with the allowances proposed for widows and children) is manifestly for the benefit of the longest livers? Rather (they will say) give us this gratuity for some other purpose: the benefit now offered is of no value to us.

Again, no man at the age of twenty-five can form any idea of the responsibilities which may meet him in life or remain with him at the age of sixty-five. Sickness and death may come upon him prematurely, and he wisely has resorted to insurance to meet these

risks. Old age is of a totally different nature, and a man may argue with himself that savings deposited in a fund exclusively for old age is a depreciated currency as compared with a fund which can be drawn on for any emergency.

If it be argued (as far as I know no one does so argue: certainly Mr. Chamberlain does not) that the poor man is imbecile, and his money must be taken care of for him and tied up into packets marked with the definite risks for which they are available, it is, I confess, difficult to answer such an objection. Such a belief might justify the present proposal; but it is a policy of despair, and, of course, forms no part of Mr. Chamberlain's argument.

There is, perhaps, a deeper significance than at first appears in the refusal of men of all ranks to meet the risk of old age by means of an insurance confined *ad hoc*. The great success of mutual thrift or insurance among the working-class is matter for congratulation. Its mutuality is a just cause of much enthusiasm; but there are other tenures of property which are quite as valuable, and necessary for the emancipation of the class now dependent on wages alone. It may be that the necessity of providing for old age will prove to be a very potent lever for raising the working class, gradually but surely, into private ownership of capital and the means of production. Such an argument cannot be addressed to persons who believe in the possibility of a collective tenure of property; but it should have some weight with those who show their belief in the necessity of private property by expressing a willingness to pay a ransom for its preservation. The obstacles to schemes such as that now under consideration will not arise from the very rich—the ballot-box and Parliament can silence them—but, by reason of the rising tide of small owners of property, experiments of this nature cannot much longer continue possible. For their humble economies a greater inviolability will one day be imperatively demanded. Mr. Chamberlain admits the irresistible nature of the opposition of the Friendly Societies. If they oppose, his labour, he confesses, will be in vain. It is the beginning of the tide which much more effectually than any jettisons of ransom will remove the ill-founded discredit attaching (in the opinion of some) to the principle of private property.

The actuarial details of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme are not yet before the public. We are mainly concerned at present with the principle of the measure. I have dwelt at length on the pauperism aspect of this question, and I have done so deliberately, for I am convinced that to import terms of insurance and actuarial science into our calculations will prove to be a complete illusion.

This has not yet become a Party question; but already political critics have been found to declare that Mr. Chamberlain's propo-

sals are not liberal enough, and on the eve of a County Council Election on Party lines it would be rash to predict that this subject can long be kept clear of the maelstrom of Party politics. With regard to the German scheme, which is undoubtedly becoming very unpopular, Mr. Chamberlain himself remarks: "It is probable that the law will be amended and supplemented from time to time in accordance with experience." Again, the authors of the scheme, bowing to an obvious necessity, have begun to provide for hard cases. The widow and children are to have something. But a little ingenuity could conjure up a hundred hard cases. For example, there is the case of the man who may subscribe all his life and enjoy his pension for one week, and of another who may become incapacitated early in life; there is the lamentable case of those who will allege that the five shillings adjudged to them by Mr. Chamberlain is insufficient—&c. Some of these hard cases are to be dealt with in the Bill; but it is obvious that by such action the fund is at once brought down to a mere banking fund out of which everyone is to get at least all he put in. Such economy as there is in insurance is thus destroyed, and the prospect of an incalculable deficiency becomes certain. Further, all these hard cases will have to be discussed upon the hustings, and pledges given have occasionally to be redeemed. What actuarial process can deal with the uncertainty of such a situation? The difficulty is clearly seen by some of Mr. Chamberlain's allies; and at the pinch his thanes fly from him, and in different directions.

Mr. C. Booth, the Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson, Mr. R. P. Hardy, and Mr. T. E. Young (the last two are well-known actuaries), apparently admit the principle; but, prudently, they will not face the difficulty of an actuarial scheme. They advocate what one of them very properly calls an extension of the Poor Law. Mr. Booth and Mr. Wilkinson, it is true, wish, by making the pension universal as well as free, to escape the certain failure of attempts at discrimination in favour of the "deserving"—to use an odious cant phrase. The men of figures, on the other hand, do not realize this difficulty, and urge discrimination. They are appalled, moreover, by the cost, which, for England and Wales alone, without allowance for expense of management, Mr. Booth puts at seventeen millions a year. The scheme of Mr. Rankin need only be mentioned to show how undisciplined Mr. Chamberlain's forces are. He desires to attract subscribers for old-age annuities by offering to make them paupers on "a most-favoured-nation clause" at other periods of their life.

Expensive as Mr. Booth's scheme confesses itself to be, it is probably a less ruinous scheme than that of Mr. Chamberlain. For by this last a fund will be created which can only find

investment by increasing the national and local debt of the country. In France, at the present time, an active agitation is going on to deliver the Savings' Bank from the thraldom of Government investment, and the justice of the demand is recognized by a promise of legislation from the Government. The present system, which obliges all such funds to be deposited with the *Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations* for investment in *rentes*, denudes the provinces of a capital which ought to fructify in the service of the working class, increases the danger of reckless Government finance, and lays the State open to a grave danger in the time of panic,—an indictment justified by the fact that in 1830, 1848, and 1872, the savings' banks were unable to meet the demands of their depositors. The employment of capital is a matter attended with risk of deterioration; and if the State undertakes to guarantee that the savings of the working class shall be exempt from this condition, it can only do so by raising or keeping alive loans which, howsoever wasteful their expenditure may be, are guaranteed by the tax-payers of the country. How burdensome such a policy may become if, besides the funds of the savings' banks and friendly societies, Government is to rake into its coffers such provision as the poor may make for their old age, we may learn from the financial difficulties of our own Australian colonies, and from this instance of the French Savings' Bank, with its practically unlimited reception of deposits.

It is a mere question, therefore, of how much or how little the Party for the time being in power will consent to vote for the maintenance of the aged. It is difficult to see how this differs from pauperism. The easiest plan for a poor man to increase his income in old age will still be lobbying—not his Board of Guardians, but—a much more "squeezable" person, his Member of Parliament; and his attention will still be distracted from his true path of progress. And, when all is said and done, what is to prevent the man from spending his five shillings on the day he receives it, and becoming burdensome for the rest of the week? While seeking to introduce a system of universal tutelage and dependence, the plan will not abolish the particular kind of pauperism at which it is aimed.

The proposal is a retrograde one, and a certain incident in the German experience would seem to show that our neighbours are walking backwards in the foot-prints which the march of our progress has left. It was recently reported that Chancellor von Caprivi is about to introduce a law of settlement to restrain the migration of workmen, in order to lighten the labour of identification for the pension official. In 1795 a law of this kind was repealed in England—a law of which Adam Smith had remarked,

"There is not a poor man in England who has not at some part of his life felt himself cruelly oppressed by this ill-contrived law of settlement."

It is not possible in the space of a single article to give an exhaustive list of the difficulties which surround the details of the proposal. If rigidly administered, it would probably prove a dead letter, like the present deferred annuities offered by the Post Office. It might attract a few middle-class investors, rich enough to afford an investment of the kind and anxious to get a Government security with higher interest than consols bear. If loosely administered and "supplemented" from time to time by politicians competing for the labour vote, it would assimilate itself more and more to a mere extension of the Poor Law, and prove in the end ruinous to our national character.

The working-class have turned their backs for ever on all proffers of assistance from the rates; and, if we may judge from the resolute attitude of the Friendly Societies, there is little fear that these will consent to barter away their birthright of independence for a mess of pottage. This opposition of the Friendly Societies may, it is hoped, afford a golden bridge by which Mr. Chamberlain can yet retreat with dignity from an untenable position.

T. Mackay.

III.—Failure in Germany.

From three to five years elapse before a new idea gets over from Germany to England and America, or *vice versâ*. It was an American friend of mine who uttered this blasphemy against our age of the electric wire, and I nearly believe him when I see in the *National Review* that the English are seriously discussing the introduction of State Insurance laws. We Germans, who have tried it, are sick of State Insurance; and you, who have not yet tried, think you will relish this new dish of the Social cooks. One would have thought that you were thankful to us for giving you the opportunity to watch for ten or twenty years the effects of the system in Germany; but there you are, really desirous to try the dangerous experiment on your own body, rather than look on!

There are two great schools of social politics—the School of Patience and the School of Impatience. With us, the latter has had the supremacy these last ten years; while we always felt sure that in England the patient men would remain in power, that England would always be (as it has been so long) a model of good Conservatism in every effort of natural, free self-help. But no: you too get impatient:

you too think that God's mills work too slowly: you too believe you must help on the millennium by artificial force, methods of State-help. A German can scarcely understand it. How we have come so far in State Socialism one can see. We are a military country: the military spirit pervades our whole manhood. We have a feeling that society consists of soldiers and officers: the soldiers have to obey, and to trust in their superiors; the officers have to look after the well-being of the soldiers, and after the well-working of the whole system. We live in barracks several of our best years: we are taught the discipline on which alone Socialistic experiments can be built. But the English are determined to be Socialists, without having gone through the military schools. I do not believe they can. You must first put all your healthy men into barracks for some time, and into barracks after the German system, of which you read the other day when our Prince George's revelation of the treatment of soldiers made a stir even in England.

Then you lack another motive for State Insurance. You cannot say that there are not sufficient methods and efforts of self-help in your country; for if you study the brilliant history of English Self-Help (*e.g.*, Frome Wilkinson's on *Mutual Thrift*), you must admit that one must be very impatient not to be satisfied by such a wonderful evolution. I will not deprecate our German self-help societies; but it must be said that they could never rival yours. Our State systems were always so patronising, so military, that a strong movement of free social reforms could not grow well.

Thirdly, our State Socialism must be partly reckoned a consequence of the murderous attacks of 1878 on the old Emperor William. Then the better classes of Germany stood before the revelation that the working-class was deeply discontented, that millions hoped for a revolution; and they understood that they had to prevent, or to meet, this great revolt. A strong monarchical State, a strong army, a strong police, a system of social regulations, a system of kind institutions for working-men,—this was thought the best policy. Many have said, and more have thought, that kind laws for the labourers must be made, "so that we have a good conscience when they should, nevertheless, make their revolution, and we have to shoot them down."

The upheaval of the English working classes is of a different character, and still more different will the standpoint of the English well-to-do people always be.

I said that we are sick of the Insurance laws. I mean that the majority of Germans would give much to get rid of them in a decent way. But, unhappily, there is no decent way; for a simple repeal is scarcely possible, because the laws have created millions of claims, and it is only natural that our politicians do not like to

confess before the whole world that they have been fools, and that this grand German work of Social reform, which we praised so loudly as a model for all the nations, was only a great mistake. Of course, those who "went in for" these laws, several years ago, have still some good words to say for them; but they become quieter every month. As to the first two laws, insuring against accidents and sickness: It is believed that the single fact of the simulation which they provoke is enough to condemn them. If 5 per cent., or even more, of all the cases are frauds (sometimes even to 25 per cent.), that does not make a Compulsory Insurance popular. In the place where I live the working men are mostly masons, bricklayers, and other labourers, who work in Dresden while their season lasts, and rest at home in the coldest winter months. Here everybody knows that these good people are strong and healthy as long as they can earn their wages in the town, and that they go to the doctor, and complain of pains here and there, when they cannot earn more than the sick-insurance money will be. I will not go into this matter: I know that an excellent paper on this subject is prepared for an English economic journal.

Of all the three Insurance laws, the latest, that for old age and invalids, is by far the most unpopular. It is generally called the "Sticking-Law" (*Klebegesetz*), because it molests millions of people with sticking in certain stamps after prescription, which is not so easy as the sticking of stamps generally is. The reader will have heard of the German philosopher who on his death-bed said that he had met only one man who understood his philosophy, and that man understood it wrongly. This law also is wonderfully mysterious. Although the newspapers, many books, and countless speakers have done their best to make the law clear to common people, there are few who can find their way through it. I need not prove this by the many stories told about all the funny (or the sad) misunderstandings of the law; and I need not prove the unpopularity of the law, for nobody over here denies it. The friends of the law (or, rather, the fathers of the law) have only two answers. They say, firstly, that it is natural that such an incisive reform meets with great resistance; and, secondly, that the unpopularity is caused—not by the principle of the law, but—only by the administration of it. Everybody blames this administration; and it is curious that there is nobody living who will be responsible for this, although it became a question only a few years ago. Prince Bismarck (of all men) one should think responsible for this whole matter; for it was only his influence—almighty then, but vanished a few months later—which brought the Bill through the Reichstag, where there was never a real voluntary majority for it. But even Bismarck now tells everybody that he dislikes the Klebegesetz. His idea was

only that the working men should get the pension, and not all this molestation. He wanted to create the necessary funds by a State monopoly in tobacco. It is true that what people hate most over here is—not the principle, but—the administration. The friends of the principle hope that some one will soon find the secret of how to correct the law and drive out the stamp-sticking and the other weak parts. But, as yet, they have not found anything better; and I am afraid they will have to learn that one cannot make a big system for twelve millions of working-men, and other millions of employers, without molestations for everybody concerned.

The German Reichstag had discussions on the working of the law, in its sittings of the first and the second week in February; and Herr v. Bötticher, who was Bismarck's right hand in passing the law, reported on the first year (January, 1891—January 1, 1892). There were 173,668 claims for Old-Age pension made under this law: that is, so many people wanted a pension without having done the least stroke, without having saved a bit for it, without having ever made a sacrifice for it. What a bad, corrupting thing a law is which has this effect! The Minister did not dwell upon this thought. He wanted to have the pensions given as a bribe to make the law popular, and as a show for those who have to pay in twenty or forty years before they get anything, if they ever get anything. I had a good old charwoman who would not have this pension, as she had saved all her lifetime and therefore needed no State help. I hope there were many of her sort. Of the above-mentioned claims, 132,917 were acknowledged: so many get their pension with less merit than those who gain in a lottery. They get 16,625,850 marks a year, or each one of them on an average 125 marks, 0829 pfennig=£6. Invalids' pensions were given, only twenty-seven as yet, which are 3,065 marks a year. The income from the buyers of those unpopular stamps was about eighty-nine millions marks; while it was reckoned before that 100–120 millions would be paid in the first year. Herr v. Bötticher gratulated himself that not a greater part of those who must insure after the law absconded. He even congratulated himself that there was no greater discontent with this law than he could see. But in the same breath he said that "a want for a continuation of our social reform laws is not felt in the country." Formerly we were always told that a great Insurance law for widows and orphans would soon follow; then perhaps an Insurance for the unemployed; and so on. Nobody speaks of these schemes now.

There is a popular movement (especially in Bavaria) which calls for a repeal of the whole law. In Nürnberg 20,000 men signed a

petition in this direction. But this movement is not favoured by the leaders of any Party, for there is no hope of getting the law out of the world so soon after its appearance.

Step by step we get rid of Bismarck's works in social politics. First, the law against the Socialists was repealed (not to speak of some less important relics) ; then the system of Protection was broken, and the revered duty on corn was diminished ; in a few weeks the Arbriter-Schutz Law, which he strongly opposed, becomes valid ; and the day will certainly come when these Insurance laws will be thoroughly revised. But nobody is powerful enough to repair all the damage they have wrought. The many self-help societies that have been worried to death, or prevented from growing, will one by one come back ; the energy of our manhood, which has been sapped by this compulsory system, will be renewed ; the spirit of dishonesty which they brought to life will die out ; but always we shall be an age behind the Germans we might have been, and behind those of our neighbours who are clever enough to profit by our experience.

The millions we pay to keep this extensive and expensive machinery of State Insurance alive are a great burden that hinders us in our march to a better civilization, and especially hinders us in our competition with other countries. It was promised that charity would be relieved immensely by the new law. I looked at all the reports of communal and private charities I could see ; but I found very few traces of the law, and on the work of the greatest Dresden Relief Society with which I am connected this law had just as little effect as the two precedent. Of course, there will be some slight reduction of the claims on charity here and there ; but what does that prove except that poor people have now to pay what the rich paid before, and that Compulsion gets into the place of Charity ? The State that takes toll from the necessaries of the poor man is bountiful now ; the rich people can, and do, keep back their gifts. Formerly, great and small employers gave good parts of their gains to their workmen. I was accustomed to collect notes on these facts and publish them regularly ; and I know that since a year or so ago the list has been becoming shorter. Many rich people declare openly that they will no longer give voluntarily, now that they are bothered with compulsory benevolence.

It is a sad time in Germany. Prices are high ; wages are low ; work is slack. Among the reasons for this state of affairs we find —not in the first place, but not in the last place either—the burden of State Socialism. "The really successful nation in the industrial competition that is now springing up so fiercely between all nations will be the one that has fewest taxes, fewest officials, and fewest departments to support, and at the same time possesses the greatest

power in its individual units." I believe in this sentence of Mr. Auberon Herbert; and, as a well-wisher to England, I should be much distressed if she encumbered herself with any big system of any impatient State-Socialist. We German adherents of the Patient School hope that England will in future be what she has been so long: the chosen land of the free—of the men who help themselves.

Wilhelm Bode.

A WORD WITH THE PHYSICIANS.

That in ordinary cases it would very rightly be considered rash beyond the bounds of sanity for mere laymen to trespass upon the thorny preserves of medical disputation is a fact thoroughly realized by them. Though, according to the wisdom of Carlyle, the vast majority are fools, yet their folly is not of a sufficiently aggressive and active character to induce them to rush in where even angelic doctors of medicine seem delicately reluctant to tread. As a rule we abstain from audible comment even when doctors disagree. But circumstances alter cases. It is not usual to find medical subjects dogmatically and didactically treated in the columns of the lay Press. Dr. Maclaggan's article in the *Nineteenth Century* of last month is an exception to the general medical rule; and, in the wide field of speculation opened up by it, an exception to the general lay rule may also possibly be found.

Moreover, lay human bodies being more numerous than properly qualified medical human bodies, it follows that the interesting but inconvenient bacilli infesting our interiors exceed by countless myriads the number of those minute organisms that have had an opportunity of personally investigating the systems of members of the medical profession. For these and other obvious reasons, we, the general public, are at the present time unusually occupied with the consideration of the subject of our own bodies and the bodies of our parasites. Their nature, mutual action, interaction, and reaction upon each other, are profoundly interesting to us. An ordinary member of a greatly suffering community may therefore possibly be excused for commenting upon, or even attempting to criticise, an article which dogmatically lays down a definite method of treatment to be adopted towards the present epidemic, and which attempts to justify that method by reference to observed results, to bacteriology, and to the reputed effects of certain drugs. If the facts in the article are beyond dispute, if the logic is sound, and if the deductions are justified, we need be troubled by no further anxiety with respect to influenza: the subject may be dismissed from our minds as easily as the object can be expelled from our bodies. But, on the other hand, if the article in question does not fulfil those conditions, the gravity of the situation may be intensified by

our lending too ready credence to it. While fully recognizing the ability displayed, I venture to think that a perusal of Dr. Maclaggan's statements and arguments must—far from allaying our alarms—have created a feeling of doubt, distrust, and dissatisfaction. The article is based upon foundations of fact which appear somewhat small and unsteady; its conclusions are not necessarily warranted by the facts; and in its method but little scientific exactness is shown. And it lifts the corner of a veil which, if faith or superstition has any value in healing, had better perhaps have remained closed, revealing vast and gloomy depths of uncertainty most disquieting to our minds. It is in the hope of eliciting such information as will prove our doubts to be unfounded, and our fears misplaced, that I venture to make a few remarks from the common-sense point of view of the ignorant, uninstructed, and unqualified lay mind.

To begin with the purely practical aspect of the case. Salicin is recommended as a certain preventative and cure of influenza; and the suggestion is referred for its sanction to personal experience, to analogy, and to conclusions arrived at by means of ratiocination. The personal experience is both of a negative and a positive character. Dr. Maclaggan denies that salicin ever produces uncomfortable results. How does he know? By experiment and experience. He has taken it, and he is acquainted with certain other people who have done the same; and, in his experience, no unpleasant consequences have ensued. So far, so good; but experience, to be worth anything, must be balanced with other experiences, and in a question consisting of merely observing and recording sensations the experience of a layman is at least as good as that of a medical man. In reality it is far better; for the layman has no preconceived notions as to the effect which the drug ought, or is supposed, or is desired, to produce. His mind is as negatively open to record sensations as his body is positively open to receive the prescribed compound giving rise to those sensations. Personally, I have consumed salicin, and I enjoy the privilege of intimate friendship with others who have pursued the same course. The invariable result has been the development of singularly unpleasant sensations in the head and throughout certain parts of the nervous system generally. Reasoning, therefore, as in following Dr. Maclaggan's method I am entitled to do, from small to great, I am justified in assuming that all other persons addicted to the use of salicin are suffering in the same way. Dr. Maclaggan's article being very lucid and suggestive, it is more than probable that its recommendations have been followed by the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* and their friends. What the metropolitan circulation of the *Nineteenth Century* amounts to

I am unable to say. But it is tolerably safe to predict that at the present day an equal number of persons are walking about London in the enjoyment of strange, abnormal headaches. That is the probable result of the article; the certain result is a "boom" in salicin. So much for the assumed harmlessness of that drug. The assumption is, in reality, based on nothing more solid than conjecture; and, until it is borne out by carefully conducted and widely extended observation, the public will be wise if they hesitate to saturate themselves with a drug the effects of which are not ascertained.

The argument as to its beneficial character, also derived from personal experience and observation, is as follows.—The writer of the article took salicin as a prophylactic during two epidemics, and escaped unscathed. In the pressure of business during a week he neglected to swallow the daily dose, and was down with the plague at once—an obvious case of cause and effect: at least, so we are told. The drug procured immunity from the disease; the disease manifested itself immediately in the absence of the drug. But is not such reasoning a trifle hasty and superficial? Are we to believe that immunity from influenza is confined to persons who have taken salicin? Has no one else escaped; have not people using some other drug eluded the clutches of *la grippe;* and has not exemption been enjoyed by persons who have taken no drug whatsoever? Are we even to understand that out of those persons who have not been afflicted with influenza the vast majority, or a majority, or even a large minority, have been in the habit of taking preventive doses of salicin? Until we are informed on these points one individual experience is but of little value. It would be instructive also to know something more of the experimenter's mode of life, to be sure that nothing else had been done likely to ward off an attack, and to feel confident that no other sin of omission had occurred. Dr. Maclaggan may, in the supreme stress of business, have neglected to eat a mutton chop, or to drink a glass of wine, to wear a woollen comforter or to change his damp boots: indeed, the omission of such salutary operations is more than likely, as any one of them involves a greater loss of valuable time than is necessary for the consumption of ten grains of salicin. Until we know all about these facts, and are informed also as to how many people equally exposed to the infection or contagion, if there be any, escaped without the employment of salicin, or succumbed although using that drug, the personal experience of Dr. Maclaggan, though interesting, is of no great scientific value. No greater importance can be attached to it than to the experience of anyone else. In an experimental search of this kind after cause, one man's experience is as good as another's.

Albeit naturally reluctant to obtrude my personal experience upon the public, I do not hesitate to do so for the sake of science. Though on many occasions as much exposed to contagion and infection as any person could be, I passed through two epidemics and most of a third in such an entirely satisfactory condition of bodily health that influenza ceased to have any terrors whatever for me. I simply laughed at it. I took no precaution: used no prophylactic, made no change in the ordinary habits, customs, and routine of life. But—mark this, for it is a matter of vast importance—during the whole of that time I never drank one drop of Rhine wine! In an unguarded moment, I did consume the best part of a bottle of the juice of a famous Rhineland grape, and two hours after I was smitten with the plague. According to Dr. Maclaggan's deductive method, the inference is perfectly plain; I only trust it is not also actionable; but for the sake of humanity even the risk of libel must be run. It may be mere coincidence; so also may be Dr. Maclaggan's attack and his previous immunity from disease. The logic is identical in both cases: if cause and effect is evident in Dr. Maclaggan's experience it is equally evident in mine. True; I am not quite certain that on the last occasion on which I mentioned influenza, I did not omit to knock three times under the table and say "*Umberufen.*" But I scarcely think I could have been so remiss. No. In the presence or the absence of Rhine wine in the system I am compelled to recognize the cause of influenza, and of previous immunity from that fell disease. Doubtless, had I drunk more I should have been much worse.

A careful consideration of the foregoing facts will, I trust, cause all candid and unbiassed minds to hesitate before committing themselves to any theory of prevention based upon mere individual experience. But the value of salicin is, it is stated, proved by largely extended experiment.

Dr. Maclaggan says that he knows someone else who has treated 215 cases of influenza with salicin, and that they all recovered. Though the evidence is second-hand, it may be taken as trustworthy; and it indicates a state of things most satisfactory, but of no value whatever unless it can be shown that dissimilar means have not produced similar results. Far from that being the case, it appears that equally good results have been observed amid totally different circumstances. Dr. Robson Roose informs us, through the *British Medical Journal*, that he has treated over three hundred cases of influenza by various means, and adds that they all did well, and, in his opinion, did equally well under the various remedies adopted. Will the medical profession generally, or the accredited organs of that profession, or the *Nineteenth Century*,

or somebody or something, give us the results attained by the employment of other drugs, or, if medical men will be sufficiently ingenuous, the results obtained by practically eliminating drugs from treatment altogether? Until that is done the mere fact that a certain number of people had influenza, took salicin, and recovered, proves nothing whatever but this: Assuming, as no doubt we may, that the drug was wisely administered, it is proof that salicin, amid those circumstances, is not generally inimical to human life.

But we are further informed that, reasoning from ascertained data as to the habitat, nature, qualities, and effects of the cinchona tree, a specific for the influenza ought to be found in the willow. The cinchona, we are told, grows best in countries subject to malarial fever, and its bark cures that fever. As a matter of fact, the area of the earth's surface in which chills-and-fever and the Jesuits' tree are naturally coincident is exceedingly small as compared with the ague-cursed area in which the cinchona tree is not indigenous. But let that pass. It is a pretty theory that for every disease Nature provides a remedy on the spot, if we can only find it; and it may be approximately correct. The argument is this: Where ague abounds cinchona flourishes, and the bark of that tree cures ague; where rheumatism abounds the willow grows, therefore willow bark cures rheumatism; influenza is rheumatism, therefore willow bark cures influenza.

Such is the chain of reasoning, more or less faulty (surely) in every link, and especially so as regards the last, unless indeed it be known for certain that influenza is a variety of rheumatism. But is that absolutely proved? Is it even the general opinion of experts that influenza is rheumatism, or a variety of rheumatism? If this line of argument is to be followed out, undoubtedly our attention ought to be especially directed to the blue gum, for that tree is known to exercise a beneficial effect upon the external conditions that give rise to malarial fever. I have never seen it stated that the planting of willows will free a locality from rheumatism, or that the growth of the cinchona produces that effect upon malarial poisons. But it is certain that malarial districts are in some way or other disinfected by the cultivation of the eucalyptus; and if there is any connection between malarial fever and influenza we ought, according to Dr. Maclaggan's theory, to turn to the bark of that tree rather than to the cinchona or the willow for a cure. But has influenza any connection with malarial fever, or with rheumatism? and, if so, what is malarial fever and what is rheumatism? Will experts explain? To the dull eye of the mere layman influenza seems to possess as many natures as there are letters in its preposterous name. It is Protean in its

aspect, and is marked by no distinctive type. In some it begins with violent sickness; in others with shivering fits, muscular pains, catarrh, sore throat, nervous prostration, hysterics, and I know not how many other symptoms of a disagreeable kind. It manifests itself in a hundred different expressions of bodily pain; and its fatality appears to consist—not in its own morbific action, but—in a faculty which it possesses of affording a good opportunity for the manifestation of any inherited or acquired weakness or disease. From the ignorant-layman point of view, influenza appears to be an abnormal condition of the bodily functions generally, rather than a specific disease due to a specific cause, and that cause the introduction into the body of a specific germ.

The germ theory—that is, as I understand it, the theory that disease is caused by the introduction of a few microbes into the body and their natural multiplication—is, we are told, sustained by the period of incubation always observed in diseases attributable to the presence of living organisms in the body. I learn from Dr. Maclaggan that in two weeks one germ, which I may inadvertently swallow, will have multiplied to over sixty-seven millions of germs. If that be so the validity of his deduction that "the rapid reproduction of these minute organisms cannot fail to have a seriously disturbing action on the system" is beyond dispute. I should think so, indeed. Sixty-seven millions to one is very long odds, and it seems obvious that one's system must first disturb and then destroy the microbes, or that the microbes will first disturb and eventually destroy one's system. But does the fact of so-called incubation actually prove the theory of the rapid reproduction of living organisms? Do not inorganic substances exist which are cumulative in their action in the human body? and if that be so—I ask for information—may we not be simply storing up during the period of incubation inorganic poisons which, having arrived at a certain volume, burst suddenly into effect?

But if the living-organism theory is correct, as seems probable, what hope of salvation does it convey to our suffering minds? According to Dr. Maclaggan the whole question of disease, and of its prevention and cure is simplicity itself. A human being swallows a germ. The germ finds a nidus, and multiplies exceedingly. The action that takes place in the nidus corresponds to the impregnation of the ovum in the higher animals. In their rapid reproduction the germs exhaust the nidus. The parasites use up the nitrogen and water intended for the renewal of tissue, and the infested person dies of starvation. The position of the nidus, and the length of time required to exhaust it, determine the contagious character and the duration of the disease. Such is the thesis; but Mr. Maclaggan's article will be perused in vain for adequate

arguments in its support. The language is dogmatic in the extreme; but is it justified by the condition of human knowledge? On the highly technical questions involved I would not venture to hold any opinion; but on points appealing to common sense and ordinary observation anyone may speak.

The microbe requires a suitable nidus. It usually eats up its nidus; and, in consequence, one attack confers immunity for the future. But such is not always the case. Ague is an exception to the general rule, and so also apparently is influenza. Is influenza therefore a variety of ague? This peculiarity of ague is thus accounted for by Dr. Maclaggan. "Relapsing fever," he says, "is the only one of the contagious fevers which has no local lesion, and whose parasite, therefore, has no localised nidus. It finds all that it requires in the blood. Now, it is evident that a permanent impression cannot be made on an ever-changing fluid like the blood as it can on a formed and stable organ or tissue; and it is because such an impression cannot be made that one attack of relapsing fever confers no immunity from a second." In one respect I would, in all the humbleness of ignorance, go farther still, and say that, from painful personal experience, I gather that every attack of relapsing fever renders a man more liable to contract another attack. How this is to be scientifically accounted for I do not know. Though I did entertain a dim idea that tissue also was ever-changing, doubtless the theory as to the ever-changing character of the blood is perfectly correct, and sufficiently accounts for the unhappy peculiarity of ague alluded to. Ague confers no immunity because it finds its nidus in the blood; then, as influenza confers no immunity, we may reasonably suppose that it also finds its nidus—all that it requires—in the blood. But we are told that it attacks the nerve centres. These things are exceedingly puzzling to the lay mind.

Without the slightest disrespect to the eminent and self-sacrificing men who devote laborious lives to biological research, it must be admitted that the ignorance of human nature in respect to most of the maladies that plague it, and their remedies, is most profound. During all these years medicine has scarcely advanced beyond the initial stage of cataloguing and classifying observations. Is our understanding of the nature, *rationale*, and phenomena of ague and quinine (for example), and their interaction, sufficiently firm to form any foundation for an accurate scientific method of treatment to be adopted towards that disease and that remedy, or towards any other analogous disease and means of cure? Ague has many peculiarities besides those already mentioned. It is generally supposed to be confined to low-lying, marshy, miasmatic localities. But the supposition is erroneous; for varieties are met with at some

elevation above the sea, and in districts fairly dry. It would appear to be a product of the earth rather than of the air; for it may remain dormant in the ground for ages, and be brought into a condition of unpleasant activity by disturbance of the soil. Many wild tracts of country, where chills-and-fever were absolutely unknown, become fever-smitten upon cultivation. The disease follows the furrows of the plough. Doubtless it is on this fact that the popular belief in the vegetable character of "fever seed" is founded: a superstition which very possibly may rest upon the truth. If so may not the difference in respect of ability and inability to grant immunity from further attack, between ague or influenza, and specific fevers generally, be satisfactorily accounted for by the different action produced by animal and vegetable organisms upon animal bodies? Ague also remains dormant in the human body, and regurgitates after long intervals and under circumstances which render fresh infection impossible.

Quinine cures ague, or at least attacks of ague, as a rule, that is certain: Also it produces ague, or at any rate all the appearances, symptoms, and effects of ague, especially of that ill-defined but most intractable kind known as "dumb ague" in the United States. In the case of a man who has taken large quantities of quinine to combat frequent attacks of chills-and-fever, it is, I believe, beyond the power of the most talented physician to discover whether he is suffering from the disease or the remedy: whether, in fact, he has the ague or the quinine. And how does quinine act? What is its therapeutic action? Is it of a secondary character? By acting on the body or system generally, it may produce in a body susceptible to ague a condition similar to that of a body naturally impervious to ague. It may produce on an infected body a condition unfavourable to the development of microbes, or it may give an impetus to the forces of nature sufficient to enable her to expel those microbes. Or the action may be direct: the particles of quinine may be actively hostile to ague parasites, may enter into immediate deadly combat with them, and destroy them. The results in either case would be the same; but the physiological or pathological action of the drug would be entirely different. On the first hypothesis all curative results would be obtained by a quantity of quinine sufficient to saturate the system, quite independently of what that quantity might be.

One person may require 40, or 60, or 80 grains to produce any disagreeable sensation; in another 10, or 15, or 20 grains will produce singing in the ears, deafness, headache, and so on. Is it sufficient to be cinchonised in order to obtain the full benefit of quinine? On the other theory a definite amount of quinine would be requisite

in order to kill a definite number of microbes, just as an appropriate quantity of arsenic would be necessary to destroy a given number of men. If 100 grains of quinine represent the smallest force capable of subduing the infesting army of microbes, the absorption of 50 grains will be absolutely useless, even though the system is thoroughly saturated and cinchonised with that quantity. This theory, I venture to think, best represents the true physiological action of the famous Jesuit bark. Personal experience and observation, at any rate, lead me to believe that ague can always be cured by large quantities of quinine, but cannot be cured by means of quinine in cases that are unable to endure large and frequently repeated doses of that drug; and if cinchona bark and willow bark have much in common, the same fact is probably true in respect to salicin. This, it may be said, is a question for doctors to decide. I grant it; but then let them decide, and communicate their decision. Dr. Maclaggan asserts that it is absolutely certain that quinine cures ague by direct slaughter of ague microbes. Is the proof so positive? If so, what grounds are there for believing that 30 grains of salicin will kill all the influenza microbes we can imbibe in a day? and, if 30 grains represents the smallest dose lethal to microbes, and I am unable to support that quantity, is there any use in my taking salicin at all? Quinine sometimes produces permanent deafness, and salicin may have the same or some analogous effect. Such agencies are not to be trifled with. When we are all—men, women, and children; human beings of every degree of nature, constitution, idiosyncrasy, and physical and nervous strength—recommended, on high authority, to introduce 30 grains of salicin every day into our bodies for an indefinite period, it is natural and right that the method and action exhibited by that and similar substances should be expounded to us.

To return to the germ: It must, we are told, find its appropriate nidus in order to create disease. Very good; but what help is that to us? How does it account for the eccentric periodicity of those diseases? Is the germ always with us and the nidus generally absent? Or is the nidus ever ready to receive a usually absent germ? Or are they both always present—the germ in the air, the nidus in our bodies? and is some other "factor" necessary to bring them together and cause an explosion into life? And, if so, what is it? Is potential resolved into actual disease by some subtle change in the condition of germ, or of nidus; or by a synchronous modification in the condition of both? Ought we to set to work to combat influenza by sterilizing the air? and is there any danger of destroying useful qualities in the atmosphere in the attempt? Or shall we, on the other hand, proceed by sterilizing

ourselves? and, if so, is it certain that the germ nidus does not subserve some useful purpose in us? If not, then what on earth is it for? Are germs invariably malignant? or, following all natural analogy, are not some of them benign? May we not unconsciously exercise a demoralizing influence upon microbes of naturally unimpeachable character, and, by disease with which they have nothing to do, call out qualities and quantities usually dormant in them? Is it reduced to demonstration that the bacillus is the cause and not the consequence of disease? Are not our own morbid bodily conditions the foster-mother of the germ? Is it certain that they do not originate in us, that disease is not a condition precedent of their hostility, that they are not always residing in us and perfectly harmless—perhaps beneficial—until stirred into unusual conditions, numbers, and activity by circumstances over which they have no control?

By inoculation it is possible to develop in the lower animals human diseases known to be due to the presence of minute organisms; and those animals never spontaneously develop the disease, though, on the theory that its germs are in the air, they must be continually coming in contact with them. Which is the more probable: that capacity on the part of the human body to imbibe germs with comparative impunity has, for some unknown reason, deteriorated; or that existing species of germs have become more numerous and more active, or that new species of germs have come into existence to plague us? It would appear likely that man, rather than the minute organism, is to blame for the increased sensibility of the human body to the action of germs. In spite of vastly improved sanitation, in spite of great advances in medical and bacteriological knowledge, two classes of disease become year by year more prevalent among us. More and more we suffer from diseases attributed to the action of living organisms within us, and from nervous disorders of various kinds. Is it possible that any connection of cause and effect exists between man's nervous condition and his susceptibility to germs? These and similar questions are agitating the public mind.

We are dissatisfied with our own ignorance, and astonished that in this scientific and humanitarian age such ignorance should exist. What are we advised concerning the present epidemic? To trust to the doctor and keep our feet dry. The Board of Health launches a long and platitudinous document upon a public that does not know whether it is intended to be taken seriously or as a cumbrous joke. We are informed that the human body is less liable to contract diseases of an infectious or contagious character if it is properly warmed, clothed, housed, exercised, cleaned, and nourished, than if oppo-

site conditions prevail. I venture to think that we were all perfectly aware of that self-evident fact before. We have been reminded of an experienced physician of former days, who lived and laboured through a terrible epidemic in London and attributed his immunity to the habit of drinking his favourite liquor, sack, "to cheerfulness" every night (a poetic way, I presume, of describing the initial stage of intoxication); and we are recommended by a celebrated physician of the present day to consume the bark of a certain tree. But whether there is any special virtue in sherry over other vehicles of alcohol, or whether willow-bark possesses any superiority over other barks or drugs, is, I submit, in the absence of voluminous evidence, a question absolutely impossible to determine.

What does all the advice given to us amount to?

Why, that we should, as far as possible, observe the ordinary rules of health, rely upon the common sense and careful guidance of a physician—which, fortunately, we can safely do—and shut our eyes and open our mouths, and take our salicin, or quinine, or something else, or nothing at all, according as the idiosyncrasy, preconceived opinion, or personal experience, of our physician may suggest. In view of the gravity of the situation, this condition of things is by no means satisfactory. We—the general public—know nothing at all about the present plague, and are inclined to think that nobody else knows anything at all about it either—an opinion which Dr. Maclaggan's article in the *Nineteenth Century* goes far to sustain. This universal medical agnosticism is disquieting. We want a large and searching inquiry into effects, and we desire a thorough and scientific investigation into cause.

"The fact cannot be too strongly stated, or too persistently pressed home," Dr. Maclaggan writes, "that what knowledge we do possess of the nature of the poisons which give rise to infectious and contagious diseases has been derived—not from a study of the poisons themselves, but—from a study of the natural history of the diseases to which they give rise." There is no occasion to state the fact strongly or to press it home upon our understanding. We are very well aware of it indeed. Until cause is discovered, the deductive method, reasoning down to cause by observation and analysis of effect is the only possible means of scientific research. But when cause is discovered, and found to be a living organism multiplying in any body that accommodates it with a suitable nidus or with a nidus in a suitable condition, the advantage of dealing with cause rather than with effect impresses itself strongly upon the public mind. Crucial inquiry into the nature of cause is wanted in order that cause may be dealt with.

Surely the most rational and scientific method of treatment of

disease must consist in dealing with cause rather than with effect. Even if that be disputed, no one will deny that in the knowledge and appropriate treatment of cause the only rational and scientific method of prevention exists. Such an inquiry may be difficult of attainment in this country. National prejudice may stand in the way. The funds available for such a purpose are utterly inadequate; and the medical profession in general cannot be expected to spend much time in laborious research. As a rule, medical men have to make their own living; and, moreover, the time that might be spent in the laboratory is perforce expended in administering to the immediate necessities of suffering human nature. In a highly scientific and exceedingly wealthy community such difficulties ought to be overcome. Be that as it may. What is required with far more immediate urgency is the careful collection, classification, and examination of facts gathered over a widely extended area, in order that a rational mode of treatment of effects may be founded upon a thorough knowledge of the natural history of the disease. That course assuredly lies well within our opportunities and means. The end desired cannot be attained by the interchange of personal opinions through Review articles or in the columns of the Newspaper Press. It can only be accomplished through examination into the whole subject by a select body of competent men. A Royal Commission would appear to constitute the most suitable means; and if Her Majesty's Ministers would recommend the appointment of such a body the British public would not grudge the money necessary to carrying out the work.

DUNRAVEN.

"TROUT-FISHING BEGINS."

So the calendars tell us; but the fact is that there are many waters on which trout-fishing never ends. Deer, hares, grouse, pheasants, partridges, and the other creatures commonly known as "game," are protected by law during their breeding times; salmon also have a humane respite; but trout are all the year round at the mercy of bad men. They are protected, it is true, in the great English trout streams, and in some of the rivers in Scotland and in Ireland; but they are protected by the right of private property, not by a law applied directly to themselves. The owner of a private stream, who could be punished as a criminal if during certain months he shot a game-bird on his own grounds, may catch trout in his own waters if he pleases. The offence of any other man who has done so is against private property, not against a general law. Thus, streams that are not private property, of which there are thousands in this land, are ravaged by furtive rogues from New Year's Day to New Year's Eve. This is bad in itself; but one's indignation is embittered by the fact that the scoundrels are persons with a high moral tone. The humanitarians who wallow in philanthropic emotions at Radical meetings are they who kill trout in the frailty of the breeding time. We allude to Scotland mainly, and to Tweedside in particular. It is there that the heritage of Puritanism and the predatory instinct has produced in greatest abundance the man who feels he is a man for a' that whilst he is the sorriest knave in Christendom. Parliament could devote a spare afternoon to worse purpose than defining this person's relationship to the law. The matter is not trivial. The trout streams of the country are indefinitely more valuable than all the rights of way and all the public parks which we so jealously conserve in the interests of the people. They are neglected only because they are far apart, remote from the knowledge of the crowd, frequented by men who modestly feel themselves of no account in their solitude, while in Hyde Park they realize themselves to be the People and possessed of rights. The enclosure of all the public parks in England would not wrong so many citizens as would be wronged by the ruin of our trout streams; and it is high time that that fact should be faced. Every year sees

anglers more numerous by many thousands; and, as the waters in which fish are found do not expand or multiply, it is quite certain that if matters are allowed to drift there will soon be no trout outside the waters which are private property. Therefore, the legal "close-time for trout," which has been much spoken of within recent years, should be established without delay. No Ministry would lose by establishing it; for, although the inhumane Puritans to whom we have referred make themselves prominent in rural caucuses, they are not nearly so powerful as they fancy in their provincial assurance. In fact, they are of no consideration at all. Even Mr. A. L. Brown, the Member for the Border Burghs, who frequently gets into trouble from the need to defend poacher constituents, would be thankful to hear the last of "Free Fishing." He would then sit easier in his seat, and give his conscience a rest from such shocks as he has obliged it to endure lest Tweedside ruffians should cease to think well of him. The Bill, if it is to be framed at all, must leave no inequality to be made a grievance of. It must put a constraint upon the owners of private waters as well as upon the men who fish under public privilege. In making angling on public waters during the close time a criminal offence, it should abolish the privilege by which the owners of private waters may kill fish at any time they please. In short, trout shout be treated as game, and in relation to them all men should be made subject to the same law.

What period the close time should cover is a question easily answered. The trout of all streams are not out of condition simultaneously. For example, those of Lochleven are foul by the end of August, and those of the Kennet are in lusty strength until well into October; those of the Border streams are in fair condition early in March, and those of the Thames are not worth catching until April is well advanced. The necessities of the case, however, could be roughly met by a law forbidding the taking of trout during the period from the end of September until the beginning of March. There is no river in the United Kingdom in which the trout have not spawned within that time.

The shamefulness of catching trout when they are heavy with eggs and milt, or weak from having spawned, is in itself a sufficient reason for the demand that they shall be protected during the breeding time; but there is another consideration. The art of trout-fishing is at this moment at a very interesting stage. If trout became extinct in England, a curious science, the adaptation of the mind of man, and the application of his skill, to the perceptions of a lowlier creature, would be arrested just as it was ceasing to be empirical.

These three or four years have witnessed an extraordinary

development in the angler's art. Once upon a time a hook was a hook, what shape soever it might be, so long as it had a barb; the size did not matter much; and not one angler out of ten paid any attention to the texture or the colour of the wings. A rod was a rod, what weight soever it might be, so long as it cost at least a guinea, and was strong enough to jerk to the bank the heaviest trout in the stream. No angler thought of drawn gut, and few anglers were so liberal with themselves as to approve a cast not stout enough to last a season. All anglers threw their flies down-stream, or across; and none cared much whether the lures sank or floated. All that is changed. Now-a-days our main concern is not that we should catch trout: it is that we should catch them with the proper implements, and in the proper manner. A fly-rod that weighs more than a pound will be handled by no upright man; hooks are of a hundred and eighty "sorts," and each "sort" has thirty sizes; there are flies for each month of the season, and at least one fly for each hour of the day; gut which is not drawn is an insult to any water out of the Highlands; the dry-flyman would feel sick if in a moment of his inattention a trout seized a fly that had sunk; and there are zealots who would rather never see the tail of a fish again than get a rise at a fly whose wings were not those of real insects.

This is called progress; but it is really retrogression. There never was any reason why the butt-end of a rod should be as solid as a policeman's baton, and its top as tenacious as Home Rulers declare themselves to be. The modern fly-rod, which weighs ten ounces, and is either of split cane or of greenheart in two parts spliced, is really the primitive willow wand improved upon; the drawn-gut cast is the nearest possible imitation of the cast of horse-hair with which our grandfathers fished; we learn from Hawker's edition of *The Compleat Angler* that eyed hooks, commonly supposed to be one of the discoveries of yesterday, were in use nearly two hundred years ago; and "artificial flies dressed with the wings of natural insects" are a return to the times when anglers impaled real flies on bare hooks. The dry-fly men believe that they are the sportsmen, and that wisdom will die with them; but that is a misapprehension. Even as Positivism is the Catholic faith with new trappings, the dry-fly dogma is the science of "A Son of the Marshes," whose mode of fly-fishing has been practised in Surrey from time immemorial, in disguise. Mr. Halford fishes with a single fly, cast "fine and far," and floating on the other side of the river. "A Son of the Marshes" is on the other side already, crouching behind the reeds, and, working with a hazel strippling, is dangling a fly before the nose of a trout which is twenty yards from the scientific gentleman across the water. In

good truth, we anglers, who must needs have "Piscatorial Exhibitions" every now and then in order to connote our "progress," are reactionists of the deepest dye. We are returning to primitive methods with remarkable unanimity.

These are facts, and interesting; but they do not prove much. The first purpose of the angler is, or should be, to catch trout, and there is no angler who has heavier baskets than his grandfather used to bring home. The grandfather had more trout, and less sophisticated, to fish for; but that does not settle the question. If progress in the art had been equal to the new difficulties which the art had to overcome, our baskets would have been the same; but they are not so good, and therefore our "science" is a delusion. We have "refined" too much. Nearly all our principles are preposterous. What does it matter to the trout whether the lure is cast by ten ounces of split cane, or by three pounds of ash tipped with whalebone? The need is that the lure should fall as a fly would. What does it matter whether the wings of our lure are of feathers, or of fish scales, or of real flies? The difficulty is to suit the momentary taste of the fish which we desire to catch; and sometimes not a dry fly of Mr. Halford, in all its glory, or a real-wing fly of Mr. Richardson, is, in the esteem of the trout, arrayed like one of those with which the country bumpkin toils. There is no sound reason for thinking that a lure which is floating will be more attractive than a lure which has sunk. Real flies go under when they die, or are on the eve of dying; and he who looks down from a bridge spanning a stream will see that the trout have no bigoted objection to dead meat. The fact is that the dry fly is no better than the wet fly, and that the wet fly has no reason to be conceited. Each is good in its own place; but there are no circumstances amid which either is the only good. An angler from the Test will probably, using the Test methods, surprise the Scottish champions, by his success, when he appears on Loch Rannoch; and a Scotch crack on the Itchen, using three flies as if he were at work on the rippling Don, might give the Fly Fishers' Club equal cause for wonder. It is, indeed, extraordinary that there are partisanships as regards the two methods of fly-fishing. One can account for the disputation only by supposing that the nature of man obliges men to take sides on all possible occasions. Certainly there is neither *a priori* nor *a posteriori* justification for assuming that either system of fly-fishing is better than the other. All flies do not sink; all flies do not float; yet trout take drowned flies and floating flies alike. The dry fly, therefore, is not in the nature of things superior to the wet fly. It is well to use it on a calm day if you are fishing in one of the Hampshire chalk streams, for a fine cast with one fly makes less disturbance in the

water than a cast of three flies makes; but if a sharp rain comes, or the water is broken by a breeze, you will be wise to have three hooks on your cast. Three hooks give the trout a choice, while one hook gives none; and the maxim that you should always fish with an imitation of the fly which happens to be "on the water" is absurd enough to make us reflect that, if angling is "the contemplative man's recreation," the contemplative man is unobservant. Although there are March Browns "on the water" in early spring, and alders in autumn, there are always more than one fly abroad; and anglers of experience know that trout very often take an artificial fly which is quite unlike any of the insects on the water. This is not surprising. Even as "there is many a change on a winter's night," there are many hatchings on a summer's day, every half-hour, on some days, having its own ephemeræ; and surely, as trout may like a change of food as much as men do, it is not senseless, when myriads of the same fly are fluttering on the surface of the stream, to try a strange one.

This is no fanciful argument. Over and over again, on Highland streams, we have found that the killing fly was another than the black gnat which danced in millions above the noses of the trout; and the best basket we ever saw on a famous Lowland river was made, one bright July day, by an old man using sea-trout flies, while the local experts worked with the smallest midges. There is something to be said for the flies which are dressed with natural wings. Despite the glue with which they are preserved, the wings are more "like the thing" than wings cut from feathers. The flies with natural wings, however, are still imperfect. The first making of them was quite out of the question. In order to produce a "strong job," the inventor glued two sets of wings together; of which the deplorable result was that after a little the glue gave way, and the angler up to date was labouring with a four-winged monstrosity that must have been more alarming to the fish than the down-stream fly which, as Mr. Stewart remarked, battled against the current with the strength of an alligator. The latest making of the new flies is better. Mr. Richardson has managed to preserve natural wings so that a hook with a single set of them stands a long day's wear and tear. They are certainly attractive. They bring you more rises than flies of the old-fashioned kind. The trouble is that they do not hook nearly all of the fish which they raise. Trout which "rise short" very often snap the stiff wings ineffectually: if they had had yielding feather wings to deal with many of them would have been hooked.

Certain other modern reforms are preposterous only inasmuch as the angler fancies that superfine implements solve all the problems of the art. A light rod is easier to handle than one of the old-

fashioned build; but it need not cast more deftly. Fine lines, gut which is almost invisible, and flies which seem made of gossamer, disturb the water less than those with which the Ettrick Shepherd was content, and successful; but knowledge of nature and skill of art are the first necessities of the angler; and, despite all the busy inventiveness of the makers of tackle, and the abounding literature of the sport, neither knowledge of nature nor skill of art is commoner now than in the days when "The Practical Angler" was master of the craft.

Indeed, if the truth may be told, it is time to confess that we anglers are superficial. Even those of us who are modest enough not to be partisans of Mr. Halford are all agreed that flies of some kind are the only "legitimate" lures. We scorn worms, and vigorously say ditto to Mr. Lang when he uses critical language about the prize-hunters who rake the lochs with minnows. Therein we have humility aping pride. Those of us who know as much of the habits of trout as the average elector knows of political science are aware that flies are only a small portion of the fishes' food. If we have ever caught a fish, we may, in taking out the hook, have squeezed forth the contents of his maw; and if we have had a seeing eye we must have become aware that the trout allows himself a generous diet. He disgorges flies, it is true; but he disgorges worms also, and grubs, and maggots, and shells, and pebbles, and the bones of frogs, and a pressure of other matter for which there is no room in the *National Review*. Why, then, have we made it a fashion to fish with flies only and to despise the "humbler brethren" who acquiesce not in our fastidious dogmas? They fish in the light of nature; we have created for ourselves a fad, and think we are artistic. We do not defend the minnow-troll on lakes, for even on a large water there is no happiness to the fly-fishers in whose midst the troller is careering; but, barring that work, the otter, the cross-line, and salmon-roe, we have no real right to scorn anglers whose resources are not bounded by their fly-box.

Worm-fishing is charming sport. It is charming even when the river is in flood, and the fly-fisher is sulking superior in his tent; it is high art on a bright July day, when, although the trout are on the outlook for a worm, they are also on the outlook for the man who comes to them with the gift of it. Then, there are gentles and the larvæ of the May-fly: what narrow pedantry it is which induces us to foreswear them! These, in certain times, are natural food of the trout; and, apart from ignorance of times and seasons, and of the methods according to which the maggots and the grubs are used by wise men, there is no reason why we should not fish with them. The angler who despises those who use them, and

perseveres with fly from the opening day until the closing, must try to forgive us if we liken him unto the legislator who gravely spends his Parliamentary life in moving a resolution that men should be permitted to marry the sisters of their dead wives, thinking thereby to redeem the State from all its imperfections and its woes. He lacks the sense of proportion, and is too serious for a world in which there are more questions than one, all of them with at least two sides. Let us hope that when leafy Maytime broadens into June he will have a box of maggots when he goes forth to fish, and take with him a friend provided with imitation gentles made of whitened chamois leather. Soon as the evening shades prevail, let him put a maggot on each fly on his cast, and let his friend do likewise with the imitations. It is quite possible that he will not have a single bite, and that his friend will be constantly busy with the landing net. This is indeed odd: trout taking an artificial bait while they reject the natural. It does not happen usually, or even often; but that it happens at all is sufficient to justify our proposition that angling has more wonders than have been made plain in the lore or in the literature of the sport, and that it would be a great pity if, by the depletion of our rivers, the fascinating science were arrested just when we are beginning to realize that a science of angling is possible. At present, after untold centuries of men's knowledge of the sport, we think ourselves skilful if we use a ten-ounce rod, fine tackle, and the fly which is "on the water." We shall be complete masters of the art only when we can succeed with any of the things on which trout feed, even with shells and pebbles, and know the exact moment at which to change an alder for a centipede.

It is necessary to make a concession to the men of feeling who say that sport is cruel. As we showed not long ago, these men are ignorant as a rule; for killing is the universal order of nature and the death of any creature by a sportsman is more humane because it is swifter, than the death of the same creature would be at the hands of the slaughterer for commercial and domestic purposes. Still, the men of feeling cannot be flatly gainsaid when they point at the angler the scornful finger of humaneness. Angling does involve cruelty. It is cruel to the worm, to the maggot, to the frog; and, as "the lowliest insect feels a pang as great as when a giant dies," we only darken counsel when we remark that these are creatures of lowly organization. We have no sound reason for believing that there is any animal, how lowly soever its organization, which is not capable of pain; and, that granted, we must perceive that all living animals are capable of terrible pain, for the utmost pain of which any creature may be capable must needs be terrible. Is our own worst agony, which is

either toothache or a broken heart, rendered any the more endurable by the fact that the angels, or some other higher order of beings, are probably susceptible of still direr travail? If it be not, how can we hold that the lowliness of the organization of a worm palliates the inconvenience of impalement upon a hook? If the worm suffers, what of the trout? It is probable that, even as ladies can become habituated to ear-rings, the trout is not much pained merely by the presence of a hook in his mouth, which is horny; but it is equally reasonable to suppose that a great terror must possess the fish which is being irresistibly dragged from the water by a small creature which he took to be nourishing food. The sense of freedom gone and life mysteriously imperilled must be as terrible to the trout as it is to a man in a nightmare. Clearly it is custom which has staled our perception into the ethics of angling. Otherwise we should have no scruple about casting into the air, instead of into the stream, and hooking larks: which would be monstrous. Perhaps, then, as the art of angling progresses, we shall use only artificial baits, never living ones, and be furnished with tackle which, while thin and light enough not to fall into the water with a splash, will be strong enough to jerk the trout to land within an instant after he has seized the hook. This suggestion will appear absurd to the men who think that the playing of a trout is the chief delight of the sport; but, if we are logical and honest, we must admit that while men fish as at present, and as our forefathers have fished from time immemorial, we must either endure the taunt adverted to, and allow angling to be the only sport which is more cruel than domestic slaughter, or sorrowfully, at the command of conscience, cease to "cast angle in the brook."

W. Earl Hodgson.

ELIZABETH STUART AND HER FAMILY IN HOLLAND.

Among the historical associations that a visit to the Hague brings to the mind of the traveller who carries with him some remembrance of the past to enhance his interest in the present, those connected with Elizabeth Stuart and her family will not readily occur. Yet the greater part of the life of the unfortunate daughter of King James I. was spent in Holland. She and her children were very prominent figures in the society of the day; and their names appear frequently in the memoirs and "chronicles" of the time, in which (to use the words of Macaulay in a slightly different connexion) "the character and spirit of an age are exhibited in miniature." Dutch historians have gleaned interesting facts respecting the exiled family from these sources and from State papers in the Royal Archives. The following pages contain such as appear to bring out most vividly the extraordinary character of its members.

Elizabeth first became acquainted with Holland on her journey to Heidelberg in 1613 as the beautiful young bride of the Elector Palatine, Frederick. She was received with public honours befitting her personal rank and her near relationship to the Stadtholder Maurice, whose sister Juliana was the Elector's mother. The States-General and the States of Holland sent deputations to pay her homage. Her uncle devoted himself to her amusement. "Distinguished strangers" from other countries came purposely to see her, and a troop of comedians was sent for from Paris to play in her presence. The principal towns vied with each other in doing her honour and in offering her handsome presents. At Amsterdam a splendid State coach was in readiness for her, as she stepped from her barge on a bridge covered with cloth, and the whole municipality was present to bid her welcome. The procession moved slowly through the gaily decorated streets, which were thronged with people. Two triumphal arches of vast proportions had been erected. On one a pantomime was enacted. The other held a group of people dressed in antique costumes, among whom was a figure intended to personate the Princess as

Thetis, the mother of Achilles. An inscription in verse addressed her as the English Thetis, and expressed the wish that she might be the mother of a modern Achilles. Elizabeth was the sole object of these ovations; for her husband, after concluding a treaty with the States, had hastened his journey to the Palatinate.

Very different from this gay progress was Elizabeth's next arrival in Holland, in 1621, as the fugitive Queen of Bohemia after the flight from Prague in the previous autumn. She and her husband, however, had been received cordially by Prince Maurice, the States, and the nation at large. In the eyes of the majority the cause of Frederick was identical with that of Protestantism. At first few would believe the fatal tidings of his defeat. An Amsterdam preacher actually said that "the report of the taking of Prague was a falsehood spread by Papists, Armenians, and other enemies of religion." Such was the public spirit of those stirring times that a mere skipper lay a wager on his raft that Prague had not fallen into the enemies' hands. When the news was confirmed beyond any possibility of doubt, there was great and general consternation, for "it had been firmly believed that the rise of Frederick would be the fall of Antichrist."

The States decided to "accommodate the King and Queen of Bohemia" with a suitable dwelling. Two houses were hired for them in the "Voorhout," a fine, broad street, shaded by lime-trees.

On the 23rd of April the King was received with great ceremony by the States-General. To quote a chronicle of the times: He gave "a singularly touching account of all his adventures and misfortunes." The States "answered with compliments, and comforted him in his adversity." They promised him a monthly allowance of 1,000 florins, besides a grant of 150,000 florins in support of the small army with which Ernest of Mansfelt was opposing the Imperial forces under Spinola.

Public opinion was not quite unanimous with respect to the royal refugees and the sums they drew from the national exchequer. Abusive pamphlets appeared. One writer said that "there were enough foreigners in the country: they did not need royal beggars." Another exclaimed, "It doth cry for vengeance that all hungry, naked, and miserable persons should be fed, clothed, and taken care of in Holland!" The Elector was not without defenders. A friendly writer compares his presence amongst the Hollanders with that of the "Ark among the Philistines"—a comparison which could scarcely have pleased the people of Holland. The clergy generally sided with him. They likened him, very inappropriately, with Joshua and Gideon, and offered up prayers for him at public worship.

In 1622 Frederick joined the Protestant forces in Germany; but after his defeat at Höchst in 1623 he was persuaded by King James to lay down arms. He went to his uncle, the Duc de Bouillon, at Sedan, and thence wrote to his wife: "Où irai-je? La Haye ne me plait pas du tout et que Dieu me garde de sa mauvaise canaille."

From these ungracious words we gather that more had reached Frederick's ears and eyes than the complimentary speeches and polite bows of their High Mightinesses. To eat the bread of dependence in a foreign country and daily accept favours from a Republic must have been particularly galling to the spirit of a German prince of Imperial descent, accustomed to look down on the world from the proud eminence of the Castle of Heidelberg. However, no course other than to return to the Netherlands was open to him.

On October 9th of the same year a student, followed by two servants, one of whom carried his master's sober luggage, might have been seen hurrying through the Hague to the Queen of Bohemia's house. That student was the "winter King" in disguise. From this time until 1632 he appears to have left Holland only for a brief visit to England with his wife in 1625, on the accession of Charles I. All attempts to recover his lands were confined to diplomatic negotiations, which were long, costly, and fruitless.

The exile of the King and Queen must not be painted in too dark colours. They were deeply attached to each other. Sir Dudley Carleton, Ambassador to the Hague, writes of Elizabeth in 1622 as "a tender wife, whose care of her husband doth augment with his misfortunes." * Also, Elizabeth had one of those buoyant natures which rise with comparative ease above the waves of misfortune. She writes to one of her faithful correspondents, Sir Thomas Roe: "Though I have cause enough to be sad, yett I am still of my wilde humour, to be as merrie as I can in spite of fortune." Indeed, both King and Queen refused to let either their private misfortunes or the state of their unhappy country debar them from the amusements to which they considered their age and rank entitled them.

The Hague was at that time a brilliant little capital, thronged with distinguished diplomatists and gay soldiers from most European countries. The fame of Maurice of Nassau as a general attracted young men from France, Germany, England, Scotland, Sweden, and Denmark, to his camp. Military operations being suspended in winter, the Hague was then filled with these soldiers. It may be imagined how numerous they were, and what colour and animation their presence gave to the picturesque town,

* *Cabala; Mysteries of State.*

when as many as two or three hundred Frenchmen of gentle birth followed the Ambassador's coach as a guard of honour, on his way in state to an audience of the States-General.

Then, as now, Fashion ruled in society. The "Voorhout" was to the Hague world what Rotten Row is to that of London; and people were in the habit of making the daily *tour des carosses*, or *tour à la mode*, after their midday dinner. The exiled Royalties might often be seen among them, doubtless to the delight of the people who thronged the broad walk shaded by lime-trees that forms the middle of the "Voorhout." The parallel with modern times happily ceases where we read of bitter conflicts arising from the vexed question of precedence in the manner of driving. The diplomatic mind, keenly sensitive to questions of etiquette, was frequently ruffled by the action of a rival's coachman. Once even the statesmanship of John de Wit was needed to prevent a fight between the followers of the French Ambassador and those of the Spanish Ambassador. Elizabeth may have been a witness of this serio-comic incident, which ended in the removal of a wooden barrier, this measure enabling each to drive away at the same moment.

In winter there was the same round of gaieties that used to enliven the Court at Heidelberg. The Queen was specially fond of the masques which were so much in vogue in England. The King and Queen generally spent their summers in a country house which they had built on some land given them by the Provincial States of Utrecht, near the small town of Rhenen, in a finely wooded and undulating country. They were both passionately fond of riding and hunting. There is a quaint allusion to this in a verse in which the poet naïvely expresses his surprise that Frederick, after having frequently been the object of pursuit, should be capable of becoming a pursuer. The concluding lines are these:—

> He thus doth ever see a picture of his flight,
> And (what can sport not do?) finds pleasure in the sight!

Meanwhile their home life was far from uneventful. Eight children were added to the five that were born in Germany and Bohemia. On each occasion the parents showed great anxiety to secure sponsors who would be likely to give substantial presents. Often one of the Provinces acted in the capacity of sponsor. Thus, the second daughter was named Louisa Hollandina, and received a fixed annuity from the wealthy States of Holland. When a younger child received a very paltry sum from the States of Overijssel, the Queen wrote to a friend: "Pour parrains la Hollande va encore, mais pour les petits états, ça ne vavt rien!"

Two of the children died in infancy. In 1629 the eldest son, a gifted lad of fifteen, lost his life in a tragic manner. The so-called

"Silver fleet" had been captured from the Spaniards; and part of the immense spoil, including many beautiful silver and golden vessels, was exhibited at Amsterdam. The King and his son went to see it. The weather was stormy, and their barge was upset by collision with another vessel. Young Frederick and three attendant gentlemen were drowned. His father was heart-broken, and is said to have repeated David's pathetic cry over Absalom: "My son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

Hope dawned on the exiled family when Gustavus Adolphus brought an army into the field against Tilly and Wallenstein in 1630. Frederick joined him the subsequent year. He left the Hague on the 26th of January. Crowds assembled to see him off and wish him Godspeed "amid tears and sobs," people being apparently more easily moved than in our own day. It proved to be his last farewell to Holland. After a short campaign, he died of fever on the 19th of November. It is said that his end was hastened by the news that Gustavus Adolphus had been killed at the battle of Lützen.

Elizabeth was overwhelmed with grief at her husband's loss and the destruction of her newly-revived hopes. She was a widow at thirty-six, with ten children, of whom the eldest was only fifteen. She did not, however, take her maternal duties much to heart—a fact of which her daughter Sophia's memoirs afford ample proof.

The children had a separate establishment at Leyden. They had a tutor and three governesses, and were attended, besides, by gentlemen-in-waiting and maids of honour. Their life was an ingenious combination of conventual rule with courtly etiquette. Almost every act was accompanied by tedious formalities. Before sitting down to dinner, at 11 A.M., each child had to make nine bows or curtseys. It was the habit to invite two clergymen or university professors on Sundays and Wednesdays. The dancing master, who came daily at 10 A.M., was always welcome, Sophia says; not so the other masters, she candidly admits. Twice a year the children were taken by barge to see their mother at the Hague; but they evidently bored her, and she was glad to get rid of them, and to be left to the undisturbed enjoyment of her dogs and apes. Even the delicate state of the little Gustavus's health does not seem to have moved the mother to greater tenderness. He died in 1641, after a lingering illness. Sophia, the only one remaining at Leyden, was removed to the Hague.

The children of Frederick and Elizabeth were more like their high-spirited mother than like their gentle father. They were handsome, clever, and remarkably self-willed. They appear to have been all more or less gifted with the fascination and brilliancy characteristic of the Stuarts.

The eldest son, Charles Louis, had more solidity of character than his brothers; but he was cold and calculating, ruled by motives of expediency, wanting in chivalry and generosity. He and his mother were never on good terms. Rupert, the hero of the Civil War in England, was her favourite, and appears to have been the most dutiful of her children. The three youngest sons, Maurice, Edward, and Philip, were remarkable only for getting into scrapes, of which more will be said by and bye.

We seem to know the daughters better, chiefly through the memoirs of Sophia, who is quite as communicative about family matters as any autobiographical author in this age of publicity. Elizabeth, the eldest, was a very remarkable woman, and enjoyed a European reputation for learning, which she owed chiefly to her friendship with the philosopher Descartes. That versatile and nomadic Frenchman, who was at once a devout Roman Catholic and an independent thinker, a soldier and a man of the world, in the course of his wandering life spent some years in Holland, and two of these at the pretty château of Endegeest, near Leyden. During that time (1641–1643) he was a frequent visitor at the Queen of Bohemia's Court. Although the Princess Elizabeth was only twenty years old, her mind was ripe enough to respond intelligently to his. He had the greatest admiration for her, and paid her a lasting tribute in the dedication of his great work, *Principles of Philosophy*. However, philosopher as he was, he may have been fascinated as much by her youthful beauty and high rank as by her mental accomplishments. Indeed, he lavishes such gross flattery and exaggerated praise on his princess that he would fail to convince us if there were not better (although indirect) proof of her great powers of mind in his correspondence with her. Her letters to him, unfortunately, have perished; but forty of his have been preserved. They are for a great part answers to objections which she had raised against his ideas on the deepest problems that can occupy the human mind. Some of the letters allude to personal matters, and are attempts to comfort her in the family trials, which, with her grave and earnest nature, she took intensely to heart. If they are all after the pattern of that in which he endeavoured to reconcile her with her uncle's death, by the extraordinary argument that death by the executioner's axe is preferable to any other, it is not likely that they had the desired effect on the poor girl!

Very unlike Elizabeth in character was the next sister, Louisa Hollandina. She was beautiful, lively, and accomplished. She painted portraits, and was considered to do credit to her master, the well-known Honthorst. She was careless of her personal appearance to the point of eccentricity. Unfortunately, she was

careless in more important matters as well, and appears to have deserved, in some measure, the severe charges that are brought against her by contemporary writers.

Henrietta Maria, the third daughter, was the most beautiful and most amiable of the four sisters. She was evidently the least clever; but she was the most domestic in her tastes, and excelled in the homely and useful art of making jams.

Sophia, the mother of George I. and the friend of Leibnitz, was ten years old when she was removed from the dreary establishment at Leyden to her mother's home, where she appears to have early claimed the privileges of a grown-up woman, taking her part with wonderful success in the plays which the sisters acted. By all accounts, she was a charming girl—graceful, witty, accomplished, and brimming over with life and spirits. Her memoirs, however, reveal an appalling want of refinement, and calmly tell of practical jokes played by the princesses on the gentlemen and ladies of the household, such as would not now be tolerated in a respectable kitchen.

They were not the only "fast" ladies at the Hague in the seventeenth century. If we are to believe Sorbière, a French visitor to the Hague, one of the favourite pastimes of ladies of rank was to disguise themselves as poor women, and travel by barge to Leyden or Delft, mixing with the people, and drawing them out to speak of the great folk at the Hague. Even the grave Elizabeth was not alive to the bad taste (to put it mildly) of these extraordinary proceedings, in which she and her sisters would sometimes join, which ended by the ladies driving off in their respective coaches, much to the astonishment of the spectators.

Beautiful and attractive as the sisters were, suitors were not numerous at the Court of the well-nigh penniless Queen. Elizabeth's hand was sought at a distance by King Ladislaus of Poland; but, as the proposal was made on condition that she should become a Roman Catholic, she and her mother were agreed to decline it.

Two young cousins, the Prince of Brandenburg (afterwards the "Great Elector") and Charles of England, were frequent and welcome guests in the Queen's house; but her hopes of securing them as sons-in-law were disappointed.

While this life of careless amusement and ordinary girlish incident was going on at the Hague, or at Rhenen, great events were moulding the world's history—events almost every one of which had some significance for the proud, eager women who, each after her fashion, chafed at their life of exile. The long weary years between 1632 (when Frederick died) and 1649 (when

Louis was reinstated in part of his hereditary dominions) were filled with endless negotiations, which, of course, were a perpetual source of alternate hope and disappointment.

In 1638 Charles and Rupert joined the army of the Landgrave of Hessen, with troops which they had managed to collect. They were beaten by the Imperial forces near Blothen. Rupert was taken prisoner, and spent three years in confinement at Vienna. Louis had to fly. He travelled through France in disguise, was arrested at Vincennes, and kept in prison for months. Soon after both brothers were in England. Rupert fought bravely on the King's side; but it is not quite clear whether the cautious Louis was trying to mediate between the King and the Parliament, or to make friends with the latter on the best possible terms for himself, regardless of his uncle's fate.

The year 1641 was that of the marriage of William, the Stadtholder's son, with the Princess Royal of England. The young couple held a very brilliant Court at the Hague, at which Mary's aunt and cousins would naturally appear very often.

At this time Elizabeth had her four daughters and three younger sons with her. The latter were known as the "Mad Palatines," and they well deserved the name. The scales of justice, even in such an enlightened country as Holland, were not always held evenly where high-born transgressors were concerned. The authorities would be blind to their evil doings, or else punish an unfortunate companion or lackey instead. Still, there were limits to the forbearance of the magistrates, and on several occasions it was only by hasty flight that the princes escaped their well-earned punishment. Their names occur constantly in the criminal records of the years 1641–1649, which are preserved in the Royal Archives. Duels were of frequent occurrence. Sometimes the hot-headed young rogues did not even go through the formality of challenging their enemy before attacking him. At seventeen years of age Maurice molested harmless citizens and their wives in the open street, and he was strongly suspected of having killed a Dutch captain in a duel. Edward was supposed to have been the accomplice of Sir Charles Howard, equerry to the Queen, whose duel with a French captain in 1642 had fatal consequences for the latter. The Queen then sent her three sons to Paris with a tutor; but they spent so much money that she was obliged to recall them.

However, in 1645 we again find Edward in Paris. He soon after married Anne de Gonzague, daughter of the Duc de Nevers, and joined the Roman Catholic Church, to the bitter grief of his mother, whose attachment to the Protestant faith is beyond suspicion. The Princess Anne was immortalized by Bossuet in one of his "Oraisons Funèbres." Edward comes in for a few words

of eulogy, which, being thoroughly undeserved, shakes our confidence in the great prelate's discrimination.

In 1646 Philip became the hero of a disgraceful story which, as it fills an important and a very dark page in the family chronicles, we are obliged to relate. Many versions of it were current at the time; the one I will now give is believed by good authorities to be the most authentic.

A Frenchman, named l'Espinay, who had been obliged to leave his country for no very creditable reasons, came to the Hague. Being clever and fascinating, he obtained the Queen's notice, and was appointed her equerry instead of Sir Charles Howard, who had fled to Brussels after the duel. The high favour which l'Espinay enjoyed soon gave rise to unfavourable rumours, and had the effect of making him offensively overbearing. All this angered several of Elizabeth's children, and a marked enmity sprang up between him and Philip. One night Philip was attacked by four Frenchmen, one of whom he recognized as l'Espinay. Philip fought bravely, and escaped; but next day, happening to meet his enemy, he in his turn attacked him and killed him on the spot. He was able to make his escape, and entered the Spanish service.

Elizabeth's just horror of this deed of violence and her anger against her son were not mixed with any sense of guilt on her part in having had an indirect share in the awful business by not having removed l'Espinay from her Court. An intercessory letter from Charles Louis brought about reconciliation of a kind between mother and son.

In 1649 Charles Louis was restored to part of his hereditary lands, and a ninth electorate was created in his favour. His family did not benefit much by the altered fortunes of its head. The execution of Charles in the same year filled Elizabeth with natural wrath against Cromwell, whom she always called that "arch rascal." It was in harmony with her perfectly undisciplined character that, although she continued to apply to Parliament for grants of money (which were invariably refused), she did not see that both interest and dignity should have made her attitude towards the ambassadors of the Commonwealth one of strict neutrality. She threatened to dismiss any member of her household who dared to speak to any person connected with the embassy. Deputies from the States-General waited on her to express their disapproval of the violent and threatening language used by her son Edward, who, at the time, happened to be at the Hague. The interview bore little fruit. Edward and an English gentleman of Elizabeth's Court were supposed to have belonged to a party of twelve masked and well-dressed men who suddenly entered an inn, where the regicide Doreslaar, a Dutchman, was

having supper with some friends, blew out the lights, and deliberately killed him, wounding four people besides. The murderers escaped, and were never discovered. Soon after, Edward with some followers openly attacked the ambassadors, Sir Walter Strickland and Sir Oliver St. John, in their coach. As the States seemed likely to take the matter up seriously, Edward was obliged to fly. The names of the "mad Palatines" now drop out of the Hague chronicles. Edward lived in France; Maurice joined Rupert in England, and is supposed to have perished about the year 1653 in one of the piratical expeditions which they conducted after the fall of the Monarchy. Philip was killed in battle in 1655.

There was scarcely a year that did not bring some fresh misfortune to the stricken Queen. Gradually her house became deserted by daughters as well as sons. The later fortunes of the four princesses were almost as chequered as those of their brothers.

Elizabeth left her mother's house as early as 1646 to visit her relations in Germany. She seldom met her mother after that. Her energy and ability found full scope when she became secular abbess of Herford, in Westphalia, in 1667. She ruled her small kingdom well, and showed courage and sympathy with the oppressed in opening her country to the persecuted members of a religious sect which had sprung up in Holland about the middle of the century. They resembled the early Quakers in some of their peculiar tenets and in their genuine and fearless piety. This doubtless accounts for William Penn's visit to the German Princess and his honourable mention of her in his book *No Cross, No Crown*.*

In 1650 Sophia joined her eldest brother in Germany, either in order to relieve her mother of expense or because matrimonial prospects were more promising there than in Holland. She did not, however, marry Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, the later Elector of Hanover, till 1658, after the curious episode of an earlier betrothal with his brother.

Henrietta Maria became the wife of Sigismund Ragoczy, the Prince of Transylvania, in 1651, and ended her gentle, harmless life some months later.

* An article published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last November is in many points contradictory of what I have written. However, Elizabeth's German biographer, in a very careful and thorough study of her life in the *Historisches Taschenbuch*, edited by Friedrich von Raumer (1850), refutes many of the very statements made by Monsieur Bertrand in his paper *Une Amie de Descartes*, which statements appear to be mainly derived from Baillet, the biographer of Descartes. The grave charges brought in the same paper against Labadie and his followers, although they were certainly guilty of some fanatical practices, are considered by good Dutch authorities to have been calumny.

The widowed Queen was left alone with Louisa Hollandina, the clever painter daughter, who was to add another extraordinary page to the family history. In 1657 she suddenly and secretly left her mother's house, taking neither money nor attendants. A letter in which she announced her intention of becoming a Roman Catholic, and promised to write at some future time, was found. This sudden disappearance was at the time attributed to motives more in harmony with her character than her alleged motive; but these reports were proved to be calumnious. She became Abbess of Maubuisson, and lived to a very great age. Bossuet, in his high-flown language, speaks of her thus: "La princesse Louise dont les vertus font éclater par toute l'Eglise la gloire du saint monastère de Maubuisson." If this eulogy is worth more than that bestowed on her brother, she must indeed have "turned over a new leaf" in France. The duc de St. Simon, in his memoirs, confirms the opinion of Bossuet, and adds some personal touches which give an appearance of accuracy to his statements.*

Louisa's heartless flight left her mother quite alone. Of her thirteen children, seven were dead; the six others were scattered far and wide. Her undaunted spirit gave way at last, and the tone of her later letters is one of deep melancholy. The ever-increasing burden of debt—in great measure due to her hopeless extravagance—was one of her heaviest sorrows. While James II. lived, her income was amply sufficient; but she was always heavily in debt. On Frederick's death the monthly allowance from the States-General stopped, and when the civil war began in England the money from that quarter came irregularly until it ceased altogether. Elizabeth's income was now derived from her father's inheritance, and fell far short of her requirements. Her son, either from inability or unwillingness, gave her but scant help. The letters that passed between them do honour to neither. On one occasion the Elector sent her a present of Rhenish wine which appears to have been sour; for the Queen wrote in return that he should have sent her money instead, and that he should have known that vinegar

* "Madame de Maubuisson était sœur du père de Madame et du père de Madame la Princesse et de ses sœurs, de la mère de l'Electeur de Hanovre, roi d'Angleterre, fille de la sœur du roi d'Angleterre, Charles I., tante des deux rois d'Angleterre, ses fils, et grand-tante de l'impératrice Amélie, femme de l'Empereur Joseph. Tant d'éclat fut absorbé sous son voile. Elle ne fut principalement que religieuse, et seulement abbesse pour éclairer et conduire sa communauté, dont elle ne souffrit jamais d'être distinguée en rien. Elle ne connut que sa cellule, le réfectoire, la portion commune. Son humilité avait banni toutes les différences que les moindres abbesses affectent dans leurs maisons, et tout air de savoir les moindres choses, encore qu'elle égalât beaucoup de vrais savants. Elle avait infiniment d'esprit, aise naturel, sans songer jamais qu'elle en eût non plus que de science."—SAINT-SIMON.

was not expensive at the Hague! In 1653 she was in such distress that she actually wrote to her faithful friend Lord Craven, who had gone to Heidelberg to settle affairs with Charles Louis: "Il se peut que la prochaine vous apprenne que je n'ai rien à manger. Ce n'est pas une métaphore, mais la vérité pure."

The Elector invited her to live in the Castle of Heidelberg. In 1654 she decided to go; but her creditors interfered, and she was obliged to appeal to the States of Holland, who appointed a committee to inquire into her affairs. A hundred and sixty-four persons, most of them with large claims, appeared before this committee. The very sums she owed to her butcher and her baker are still on record. A washerwoman made the very natural suggestion that the Queen should sell her jewels; upon which the President gave the indignant answer: "Must not a Queen have some jewels for her amusement?" The poor woman rejoined: "Yes, sir; but we have pawned everything, and must not our poor children have bread?" "Be silent, woman," was the stern reply. However, the Queen was not allowed to leave the country. The States gave her money for current expenses; but the debts remained unpaid until after the restoration of Charles II. Elizabeth had to make a yearly application to the States, which must have been a severe trial to her proud nature. The following verbal entry in a State paper dated July 12, 1658, opens up a sad vista of deep misery and humiliation: "Received a piteous petition from the Queen of Bohemia, couched in such submissive and humble terms as express her Majesty's miserable and desolate condition, but do not suit her dignity."

In 1661, the year after his restoration, Charles invited his aunt to come to England. Elizabeth eagerly accepted the proposal. Three frigates were placed at her disposal by the States. Sophia came with her husband to bid her farewell. Lord Craven placed his house in Drury Lane at her disposal until she should move into one of her own in Leicester Square.

It is believed by some that, although Lord Craven was her junior by twelve years, there had been a private marriage. Other writers deny this emphatically, and even speak of a projected marriage between him and the Princess Elizabeth. The question remains open.

The Queen died the year after her return to her native country. Of all her children only Rupert was near her. She begged Charles to pay her debts. It is not surprising to learn that not Charles, but Rupert and Lord Craven, fulfilled this dying request. She was buried in Westminster Abbey with the pomp befitting her rank; but her death caused little stir in the world in which for a short time she had played so brilliant a part. History has on the whole

been kind to her memory. The exiled widow, with her unruly household and perpetual debts, is well-nigh forgotten; but the brave young Queen, whose courage never failed in the face of danger, whose spirit was not daunted by misfortune, whose fidelity to the cause in which she believed was proof against every temptation, will never disappear from its pages.

S. I. de Zuylen de Nyevelt.

DISESTABLISHMENT: UNCONSIDERED CONTINGENCIES.

Since the work of De Tocqueville there has been published no book on political science more interesting or more important than Baron E. de Laveleye's *Le Gouvernement dans la Démocratie.* The lamented death of the distinguished author, to whom the sciences of economics and political philosophy owe so much, gives an additional interest to the latest expression of his opinions. In particular, at this moment, our own country will find much help in the part of his work which deals with the relations of Church and State. The first chapter opens with a definition. "*Right*," he says, is "the right or straight road which conducts societies and the individuals which compose them to all the perfection of which they are capable." The "straight road" may lead one people through democracy, another through despotism; in different cases both these forms of government may, therefore, be "right." Aristotle's distinction between "absolute" and "legal" justice is quoted with approval: "absolute justice"—the *ratio gubernativa totius universi in mente divina existens*, as Thomas Aquinas defines it,—exists only in idea; but the effort of the legislator should be to bring relative "legal," justice into conformity with ideal justice. Justice is not the creation of positive law: as Rousseau says, "that which is right is so by the nature of things, and independently of human conventions." This sturdy assertion of justice as an eternal principle is refreshing as a protest against the strange but growing superstition that "the State can do no wrong." Then we have an admirable sentence on the right method of securing good government. "If, then, the citizen ought to desire what is most advantageous for all, how will he arrive at it? Will it be by enacting laws himself, either directly or by *plébiscite*, or by giving a 'mandate' to his representative in Parliament? Certainly not. He will do what he does when he wishes to be well dressed, well shod, well educated, well judged, well doctored. He will choose the most capable men in each department, and will request them to render him the service which he requires, according to their lights, and not according to his own." It is refreshing to find

that Baron de Laveleye has no sympathy with the "delegate" theory of Parliamentary representation. "La Société," M. de Laveleye says, "n'est pas un organisme." How many bushels of nonsense are carted away in this curt statement! How our ears have been scorched (as the French say) by the commonplace that Society is "not a mechanism, but an organism," reiterated from the platform, in the philanthropic press, and especially from the pulpit, where one quite expects to hear the preacher coquetting with Socialism under cover of this precious maxim! Baron de Laveleye will have none of it. "In my opinion," he says, "this mode of speaking is only a metaphor, and it is in social science more than in anything else that we ought to repeat, with Paul Louis Courier, '*De la metaphore et du Malin, préservez-nous, Seigneur.*'" That is indeed true. If we could only exorcise the demon of personification—if our natural philosophers would spell "nature" with a small "n," and if our political philosophers would spell "state" with a small "s," what a pother of bad rhetoric and worse reasoning we should be saved! "These analogies, borrowed from biology, are," M. de Laveleye goes on to say, "seductive and misleading. They are misleading, in the first place, because economists and politicians, in borrowing from the natural sciences, speak of things which they understand imperfectly, and, secondly, because the analogies are necessarily false. A person has a will of his own; but the component parts of him have none: society, as such, has no will of its own, and the individuals which compose it have. In a real organism, each cell is bound to its proper function; in society, each man is independent. Society is merely the aggregate of the relations between the individuals who compose it. These relations are not a person. De Maistre said admirably, 'France? Who is the lady?' . . . These analogies, so much abused just now, cause obscurity, and not light, and they are dangerous, because they tend to sacrifice individuals to that which is deemed to be the good of the social organism."

The first two books, comprising 100 pages, are full of political maxims of the first value; but no part of the work is more interesting and instructive than that which deals with the relations of Church and State. The subject is one which the author deems to be of primary importance, and he devotes to it a large portion of his first volume. He holds that "most writers on political science have failed to recognize the predominant influence which the religious ideas of nations exercise upon their political constitution." "It is beyond all doubt," he thinks, "that it is the Puritans who assured the triumph of liberty in England, and the establishment of democracy in America." "I am convinced that future events will show more and more all that humanity owes,

and will owe, to this people of Israel, whom some ungrateful fools want to send back to the *ghetto*." He is careful to trace the "ideas of 1789" to their true source—the Puritans of England in the seventeenth century. According to him, modern liberty and modern democracy are the children, not of Voltaire or of Rousseau, but of primitive Christianity, resuscitated in the form of Protestantism. Absolute monarchy was in a fair way to establish itself all over Europe; but in England it encountered in Protestant Christianity a foe stronger than itself, and on that rock it split, and Europe found salvation. While Protestantism has shown irresistible force, Catholicism has been hardly less tenacious in a very different way. Napoleon I. wished to make the Church his tool; but, as M. Taine says, "the only result of his ecclesiastical policy was to give the Catholic Church, which he wished to make his tool, more force and life." "Joseph II., William I. of the Netherlands, and Prince Bismarck," M. de Laveleye says, "have tried to impose on the Catholic clergy measures evidently useful to society and to the Church itself. . . . To attain their end they did not hesitate to engage in that struggle against the Church which has been called the *Kulturkampf*. All three were conquered, and the two sovereigns lost their crowns."

With this appreciation of the tremendous power of organized religious conviction, what attitude does M. de Laveleye adopt towards the separation of Church and State, and the relations between the two estates generally?

He begins by saying that the problem is at once the most important and the most urgent that the European States have to solve. In Italy, in France, in Germany, in Belgium, in England, even in the New World, the question has to be settled. There are, he says, three possible solutions. (1) The State may be subject to the Church; (2) The Church may be subject to the State; (3) the two may be completely separate. The Concordat, at least in the form in which it exists in France and Belgium, where the *budget des cultes* grants money to all the more important sects, he considers a provisional and illogical solution; for, if the State officially regards all creeds as equally true, it ought not to pass over the minor sects; and were these provided for there would remain the case of the Secularist, who derives no benefit from the taxes which he pays to the *budget des cultes*. Of the three named above, he thinks that the third alone—complete separation—is consistent with the modern theory of the State. So soon as the State drops the claim of Divine guidance, and so soon as the nation ceases to be of one mind in matters of faith, the State loses its right to interfere in matters of religion. Therefore, he thinks, Separation is the only satisfactory solution. But now, at least in

Catholic countries, there appears a very serious difficulty. The *Syllabus* anathematises all who profess that Church and State should be separated: the proposal of separation is therefore an attack upon the Catholic Faith. The example of Belgium, where, the Constitution having established a *régime* condemned by the Church, the whole force of the Church was thrown against the Government, to such purpose that "the Church has absorbed all the political life of the country," is a proof of the danger of provoking so formidable an enemy. The lesson has not been lost upon France, where many of the extreme Radicals are now strongly opposed to that separation which was, a few years ago, one of the fixed principles of the Liberal Party. They now recognize the strength of the enemy on whom they have been trying to trample. They shrink from the idea of a clergy emancipated from all Government control, driven by spoliation into fixed hostility to the Republic, and by poverty into fierce fanaticism.

The extraordinary power of making good her losses which the Church possesses is shown by the case of Belgium, where in 1879 the Church schools were secularized. In two years there had arisen in almost every "commune" both boys' and girls' schools, which had more pupils than the schools supported by Government. Count Henry d'Arnim, discussing with Cavour's niece, the Marchioness d'Alfieri, the famous formula "*Chiesa libera in Stato libero*," expressed his opinion brightly. "Do you wish to know what will be the end of this absurd notion? *Chiesa armata in Stato disarmato.*" By disestablishment the State loses its weapons against the Church, while the Church retains hers against the State. On the other hand, several of the most energetic Catholic priests now desire separation. Their notion is that the Church should Christianize Socialism and work with it in promoting all schemes of social equality, while using her powerful allies to crush the anti-Christian Radicals. This is a policy of which, if the separation of Church and State in England is accompanied by the spoliation of Church property, we may soon hear at home.

It seems, then, that in Catholic countries the opinion is gaining ground on both sides that the control which the State exercises over the Church is cheaply purchased by the meagre subventions which it pays to the ministers. The case of the Established Church in England is certainly not parallel, for the endowments in this country are much larger, and the attitude of the English Church towards new ideas is very different from that of the Romish Church; but it is instructive to find that the successors of Gambetta have come to realise that if Clericalism is "the enemy" it is an enemy whom it is not safe to irritate too much.

This side of the Disestablishment question is further developed

in the chapter entitled "*Eviter la Lutte contre le Culte Dominant*," in which the author quotes a long paragraph from M. Taine (in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May, 1891) asserting emphatically the immense influence of the Church at the present day. Anything like persecution of a powerful religious body is especially dangerous in a democracy, which is supposed to rest on the consent and good-will of the citizens.

It is rather to be regretted that M. de Laveleye has confined his discussion of Disestablishment to Catholic countries, and has said next to nothing about the English Church. The Church of England, half-Catholic and half-Protestant, presents many unique and interesting problems in its relation to the State, and the author would have done well to devote two or three chapters to the application of his principles to these questions. He is at great pains to prove the utter incompatibility of Roman Catholicism with modern democracy: he quotes several authoritative condemnations of "Liberalism," in all its modes, proceeding from the Papal hierarchy, and shows that in more than one important point the democratic state is a negation of principles which are now an integral part of the Romanist Creed. On the other hand, he proves, at perhaps superfluous length, the connection of Puritanism with democracy, and the immense start which Protestant countries thereby obtained towards the complete attainment of political liberty. But of the probable effect of Disestablishment (which he considers inevitable) on the English Church and State he says nothing. It may be interesting to try how far the principles which he has so ably set forth with reference to France and to Belgium will help us in the case of our own country.

The English Church resembles the Catholic Church in France in being incontestably the "dominant religion"; in being highly organised; in possessing large ancient endowments. It differs from it in being still mainly Protestant; in being national, instead of dependent on Rome; and, most important of all, in being in no way pledged to obscurantism. If any one might have hesitated to assent to this last statement thirty years ago, it is no longer possible to deny its truth. Of all happy auguries for the Church of the twentieth century, none makes the outlook appear brighter than the manifesto, set forth in the well-known volume *Lux Mundi*, of the new High Church party at Oxford. Henceforth the strongest and most energetic party in the Church shall have broken once and for ever with obscurantism, and taken its side with the Progressists. Nothing could be more admirable than the manner in which these writers have set about "educating their party." In statesmanlike moderation and extreme reverence of tone their essays contrast favourably with the utterances of

the Broad Church free lances, who, while they push arguments to their conclusions in disregard of other conflicting truths, sometimes seem to take a pleasure in shocking orthodox susceptibilities. It is interesting and instructive to compare *Lux Mundi* with any of the early writings in connection with the Oxford Movement, of which its authors are the latest representatives. Newman fulminated against "Liberalism" quite in the style of a French Bishop, and the prevailing feeling of the school was expressed by an old head of a College who wished that "all German theology was at the bottom of the German Ocean." There is nothing of this kind in the most enlightened Churchmen of to-day—none, for example, in the late Mr. Aubrey Moore, whose lamented death deprived the Church of a real Christian philosopher. In spite of the taunts of her enemies, the Church is to-day more genuinely bent on discovering and appropriating truth from every side than at any other period of her history.

This being so, is there any reason why the democracy should be hostile to the English Church? It was the opinion of the author of *Natural Religion* that the quarrel of the democracy is not with Christianity, but with the Catholic Church, which in many countries has been the right arm of despotism and oppression, as the Orthodox Church is in Russia to-day. To a great extent, as M. de Laveleye has pointed out, the aims of Christianity and of the democracy are in accord. In her warfare against drunkenness, immorality, and selfish greed, the Church should enlist the sympathies of all the best of the working-classes; and if she would lift her voice more loudly against wasteful luxury, which ought to be done, she would have the sympathies of all. It would be hard to name a subject in which the Church now tries to stifle discussion or to check legitimate aspirations: if Churchmen are mostly Conservatives, it is only because, as honest men, they refuse to sanction the gospel of plunder, and because, as patriots, they cannot consent to the dismemberment of the Empire.

But it is to be feared that disestablishment and disendowment, if carried out after the Irish plan, might make a serious change in the attitude of the Church to the State. An interesting little chapter in M. de Laveleye's first volume is devoted to the question whether the *curé* should be paid a salary by the State, or given a piece of glebe to cultivate. He decides in favour of the glebe, because the possession of a bit of land makes the material interests of the clergy identical with those of the nation, and in consequence checks fanaticism, and promotes patriotism and sympathy with the body of the laity. The French clergy, he says, have become far more fanatical since their glebes were exchanged for salaries, and com-

pare unfavourably in this respect with the Italian priests, who are still partly maintained by the land. The same result might be expected to follow upon disestablishment in England. The ties which now bind the clergy to the laity would be snapped; their pay would probably be drawn from a central office receiving subscriptions from the whole country; the Church would monopolize the loyality which it now shares with the State. Indeed, it is difficult to see how a keen sense of loyalty could survive the gigantic act of spoliation which is contemplated by the Radical Party. It would necessarily, I think, have the effect of partially estranging what is now one of the most steadily patriotic classes in the community. The loss of power which the State would suffer would be incalculable. The Roman Empire would never have fallen if the Christians had been as loyal as the Dutch Protestants under William the Silent. The infatuated policy of the Imperial Government had made loyalty to the State impossible, and so the most manly and self-devoted citizens were withdrawn from the national defence at the time when the crisis was impending. It is to be hoped that no extremity of injustice would make English clergymen exult over a national humiliation as some of the early fathers rejoiced over the triumphs of the barbarians; but advocates of Disestablishment should reflect that, while human nature remains as it is, no man will work very strenuously for a master who has just confiscated his wages.

Another possible result of Disestablishment has been suggested. The Church, poor, oppressed, and despoiled, would naturally, with a view to self-protection, if not for offensive warfare, look for political allies. A large party, and not the least active, would seek and find these allies in the Socialists. It is not long since a leading Churchman of the new school said cheerfully "We are all Socialists now;" and it is a common-place among many of his way of thinking that when the great battle comes to be fought between Individualism and Socialism the Church will range herself on the side of Socialism. This view is naturally heard most often on the lips of the town clergy, who draw little of their incomes from endowments; but the number of Church Socialists would be enormously increased by disendowment. The prospect is not one to be viewed with equanimity. The advancing tide of Socialism can only be met by a steady exertion of all the moral force in the country. How, then, will it be withstood, if the predatory host is led by ministers of religion, whose honest zeal to make an end of poverty is quickened by a natural wish to retaliate upon the irreligious plutocracy and the dissenting *bourgeoisie* who allowed their Church to be stripped of its ancient rights and possessions? Christianity has so much in common with Socialism

that the alliance would be neither unnatural nor unstable; it would enormously strengthen the hands of the enemies of civilization, by compelling them to drop the most outrageous and immoral parts of the international Socialist programme, and to concentrate their attack upon first one and then another of the great monied interests, under cover of that moral sanction without which no movement in this country can succeed.

This, so far as I can argue from the principles and examples in M. de Laveleye's book, would be the probable course of events, if the National Church of England were disowned and despoiled by the State. It would mean the denationalizing of the strongest support of the country against foreign enemies and internal collapse. Not many Churchmen would deliberately betray their country's interests; but it would no longer be possible to count upon the whole weight of the Church being thrown into the scale of law, order, and patriotism; on the contrary, it would be pretty certain that part of its forces would be ranged on the other side. If we may trust the analogy of other countries, the Church would grow in power; but it would be at the expense of the State. This would, in the case supposed, be fair enough, and only another example of the truth that all injustice is self-expiating; but it is not a pleasant outlook for those who are patriots as well as Churchmen.

There seems, however, no reason why this unhappy severance should not be indefinitely postponed. The Church is gaining ground every day; and in spite of the forces which, M. de Laveleye thinks, are undermining religion, public opinion and practice are more in harmony with Christian ethics than at any previous period. There seems every reason to hope that if the suicidal policy of spoliation is averted the twentieth century may be the brightest and most glorious epoch in the history of the English Church and nation.

W. R. Inge.

PATCHWORK IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Most of us who have travelled know the feeling, half of sadness, half of regret, overlying the remembrance of some lovely scene which we may never see again. Our thoughts carry us rapidly across thousands of miles of sparkling water to some golden tropic land, clothed in its robe of brilliant green, bathed in the light of a glorious sun, and splendid with flowers, where the mountains, covered with waving palms, slope down to glittering waves which curl over on the hot, sandy beach, and all around is light, colour, motion, beauty.

Or perhaps, these same thoughts have conveyed us thither by night, to see the great stately trees throwing their black shadows along the ground, making the silver light softer and stronger by contrast, while the clash of palm leaves just stirred by the night wind, the sound of the surf on the distant coral reef, and the quiet chirp of the little tree toads, breaks the fragrant stillness; and then there arises a longing, sad and strong, to see once more those beauties of night and day so indelibly impressed on our memories.

Perhaps there are few parts of the world boasting of more beautiful scenery than some of the West Indian Islands, which it was my good fortune to visit a year or so ago. We were combining business with pleasure, as a certain sugar estate required a little looking after, and stood in need of the master's eye.

How different it all is from the old days when the very name of a West Indian planter was synonymous with health and opulence, and West Indian heiresses were in demand! A sugar estate is a very different affair now-a-days, and, in bad years, is apt to run the unfortunate owner into debt. Owing to the difficulty of finding a market, a good deal of land has gone out of cultivation, and, with sugar fetching only from £11 to £12 a hogshead, there is not much margin for profit. Of course, the enormous depreciation (for twenty years ago it fetched from £20 to £25 a hogshead) is caused by the bounties granted to sugar growers in other countries.

By far the greater part of West Indian sugar is sold in America. In England there is now hardly any market at all, and much distress was caused about the year 1883 by the closing of the

sugar refineries in London, Bristol, and Greenock, by which thousands of men were thrown out of work. Whether it is a good thing to abolish an industry once so important, and practically to ruin one of our colonies, is a question I cannot pretend to discuss. Of course, the great argument in favour of beetroot sugar is its cheapness; but this is fully compensated for by the superior sweetness of the cane sugar. This fact was impressed on our minds in a very homely way the first day we were in the West Indies. Having sugared our tea in the same generous proportions as at home, we found it quite undrinkably sweet, mere syrup, in fact, and were careful thenceforward to handle the sugar-bowl in a more gingerly manner.

"Our oldest colony" (as the people of the Islands proudly call themselves) are a good deal distressed and disheartened at the outlook, and their eyes are longingly turned towards the mother-country in the hope of some assistance; for there seems nothing to take the place of sugar, and nobody has capital enough to embark in an entirely new enterprise. In Jamaica a good deal is done in the way of cattle and horse-breeding; but in most of the Islands the want of pasture makes this impossible. Tea and coffee grow well; but Ceylon is first in the field. Cocoa is in the same case. Spices have been suggested; but the market would soon be overstocked if the whole colony turned its attention to them. In short, it seems as if, unless the American market continues to hold good, almost the whole of our West Indian possessions must eventually pass out of cultivation. In many of the Islands the want of roads is a very serious drawback. In Domenica, for example, cultivation is cut short not very far inland by the difficulties of getting the sugar, when made, down to the harbour. St. Lucia suffered in the same way; but, now that troops are stationed there, this, no doubt, will be remedied to some extent.

The expenses of farming a sugar estate are considerable. The cost of producing each hogshead is about £8, and then there is the freight to England. In many cases money to work the farm is advanced by London firms on the security of the crop, and is paid off, with interest, when the sugar is sold. Many mules and other cattle are maintained on each estate; but, as they live on the tops of the cane, chopped and mixed with maize, the cost of their keep is not great. The ever-useful cane, after it has been crushed, and the juice extracted, is used for the engine furnace, and also ploughed in as manure, for which purpose, too, a good many pigeon peas are grown. In Barbadoes literally every spare inch of ground is cultivated. Wheresoever a few scanty blades of grass appear a wretched sheep or goat is tethered. The sheep and the goats, by

the way, resemble each other curiously. Both are thin, leggy creatures covered with scanty reddish hair; and the sheep are destitute of wool.

My first West Indian dinner, which I ate at the Ice House in Barbadoes, was a memorable experience. It comprised, among other strange delicacies, flying fish, which are excellent, and vegetables and fruits which were not. Afterwards, sitting out in the balcony, and watching the ever-shifting scene below, we seemed transported to some great playhouse, as the lights from shops and windows glanced over the dusky crowd, gleaming on their white garments, on the bright handkerchiefs twisted round the women's heads, and flashing back from brilliant teeth and rolling eyes, while the singing, whistling, laughing, dancing, and chattering, made an unfamiliar uproar of merriment. Presently a black man, clothed in spotless white, approached our balcony, and began to whistle marvellously. Air after air, hymns, songs from operas, many of them full of intricate shakes and runs, were faultlessly rendered; and now and again a bystander would join in with a second, or some of the audience take part in a chorus. The women stood around, listening, their baskets of green or golden oranges on their heads, their white skirts throwing back the lamp-light which shone from the lower windows of our hotel, while farther off in the dusk the busy crowd hurried to and fro, and now and then from the harbour came the measured chant of sailors weighing anchor, or the monotonous plash of oars.

The blacks are not a prepossessing people. Their great merit appears to be their cheerful, good-tempered dispositions. Life to them seems made up of dance and song and basking in the sun, tempered by much rum. There is something rather attractive about them just at first. The black, round, shining face gazes at you solemnly, until suddenly, without warning, the grave expression breaks into such a broad grin, such a display of dazzling teeth, such a roll of the large round eyes, that you also must needs laugh and join in the merriment like a child, not knowing why. As a race, the blacks do not improve upon acquaintance. Some of the servants have a dog-like fidelity to their masters; but, as in England, the days of attached retainers are dying out, and the new generation is in no way equal to the old. They are lazy, greedy, dishonest, fond of rum, and lack all reasoning power. They dislike regular work, and, having earned a dollar or two, live in the lap of luxury until it becomes necessary to work again. A pennyworth of salt fish and a penny "bread" (loaf) suffice the family for a day. The hut, which is about the size of a large rabbit-hutch, and, like it, stands on four short legs, is generally placed near a bread-fruit tree; there is a tiny patch of garden, in

which sweet potatoes grow. Clothing costs little (a lady in one of the islands clothes four families for 10s. a year). Thus, life is easy; and the whole family squat round the hut under the trees in great comfort; the cooking, eating, and even the mysteries of the toilette being generally performed in public.

This child-like and irresponsible race has been found quite unequal to the necessary regular work, and has been to a great extent replaced by coolies, who are steady and sober workmen. With their straight features, stately walk, and grave manners, coolies present a remarkable contrast to the blacks, and seem to have a great contempt for them. I have seen a coolie watching a company of dancing and gibbering niggers with the deepest scorn. The two races never amalgamate. The differences, moral and physical, are too great. There is always a subdued ill-feeling between them; for on the one hand we have a race of extravagant drunken, pleasure-loving, and superstitious men, and on the other a thrifty, sober, serious, and religious people.

Our first feeling on seeing the estate we had come so far to visit was one of disappointment. We saw a wooden house standing in the middle of a circle of sheds and outhouses, and surrounded by acres of waving cane. Apart from three or four tall melancholy palms in front of the dwelling, every tree had been cut down; and there was an utter absence of all other vegetation. Things, it was obvious, were managed on strict utilitarian principles, and on a well-conducted sugar estate no shrub or flower ventures to raise its useless head. The canes were being brought into the yards in carts drawn by long strings of mules or of oxen, harnessed one in front of the other, each attended by two or three drivers, armed with long whips, which cracked formidably. The noise of the engine, the shouts of the men, the stampede of animals, and the ceaseless jabber of shrill voices, rendered it nearly impossible for us to make ourselves heard; but, fortunately, the overseer advanced and dispersed the niggers, who had hurried up in troops, burning with curiosity to see us.

We had afterwards, of course, opportunities to compare the different methods of sugar-making, and came to the conclusion, as everybody must, that for those who have capital to lay out on their estates the method which is best and cheapest in the end is to put up entirely new machinery, and to produce crystallized sugar, which still commands a fair price. The cost of this method is so great that very few people have been able to adopt it. According to the usual and old-fashioned method, after the sugar has been sufficiently boiled and cleared, the molasses drain out from the hogshead, a process which occupies weeks and leaves the common brown (or Muscovado) sugar remaining; but centrifugal machinery

separates them in a few minutes, and the crystallized sugar is ready for shipment a few days after the cutting of the canes.

The overseer died of a chill after a few hours' illness; and while talking to the blacks about it I learned some of their superstitions. They told me that the overseer's jumbi (spirit) would return and walk about the yard. Such of the men as had the gift of seeing jumbis would speak to him and say, "Go to your rest." On the third night after a death, the bed in which the dead person usually slept is made ready and left empty, and the jumbi comes home to sleep in it. Thereafter, unless he intends to become a regular nocturnal wanderer, he is generally not seen again. No negro will ever venture out alone after dusk. He is afraid of meeting one of the spirits, which, they say, are constantly to be seen. The whites naturally affect an extreme contempt for this superstition; but I could not help thinking that some of them who had lived a long time in that part of the world had become slightly infected with the curious belief. The jumbi, however, sinks into comparative insignificance by the side of the "round"—a creature something between a dog and a calf, which sits at night on a stone, if it can find one conveniently situated at cross-roads, and springs on the back of the passer-by. On the subject of rounds the blacks are not communicative. The terror of the ghastly apparitions is too deep-seated. Many niggers profess to have interviewed jumbis; but I never met one who would admit having seen a round.

I often wondered why the songs of the West Indian negroes are so very inferior to those attributed to the negroes of the States. Here, instead of touching and pathetic words, we usually have an incongruous and senseless jumble. I listened in vain for the "Swannee River," "The Old Folks at Home," and other ditties which we consider as of negro origin. In the West Indies the songs usually consist of gibberish such as this:—

"I have a cock, and the cock pleaseth me;
I feed my cock under yonder green tree.
(*Chorus*) And the cock says 'Cock-e-ree-co!'

"I have a hen, and the hen pleaseth me;
I feed my hen under yonder green tree.
And the hen says 'Caw, caw, caw!'
(*Chorus*) And the cock says 'Cock-e-ree-co!'

"I have a chicken, and the chicken pleaseth me;
I feed my chicken under yonder green tree.
And the chicken says 'Cheep, cheep, cheep!'
And the hen says 'Caw, caw, caw!'
(*Chorus*) And the cock says 'Cock-e-ree-co!'"

It eventually becomes necessary to stop, and start the niggers on a fresh tack, or they will pass the entire animal creation in review. However, their songs are not unpleasant (for one need not listen to the words) when sung by good voices, all taking their parts properly, as they row you across the harbour in the soft moonlight, and one nears the dim outline of the shore and the twinkling lights of the little town, while the great white stars gleam above, and the Southern Cross hangs low on the horizon. A friend who visited the opera in Martinique, where *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, told me that the chorus was composed of blacks, and that the principal parts were sung by indifferent French artistes. He said that the effect of Highland bonnets perched on the black woolly heads, and surmounting the round, shining, grinning faces, was irresistibly comic,—to say nothing of the black knees appearing below the kilts !

Traditions of old-world warfare linger round some of the islands, where, for centuries, the great naval powers of England, France, Spain, and Holland fought for the supremacy of these seas. Nor were the battles by land less frequent. St. Lucia was taken and and re-taken five times by the English (twice under Rodney) before we finally conquered it in 1803. St. Kitts, which claims the honour of being the first British colony, was afterwards partially captured by the French, who took possession of half the island ; and here, within an area of sixty-eight square miles, deadly battles, on a small scale, waged for years. The two tiny capitals, Basseterre and Sandypoint, were alternately besieged as the fortunes of war fluctuated, and surprises and massacres were of every-day occurrence. Reinforcements from the mother countries arrived from time to time, and the inhabitants were not completely exterminated. At last Spain drove both French and English from the island, which, having been again re-conquered by all in turn, was finally ceded to us at the treaty of Versailles. It still bristles with the remains of forts ; but only one, and that comparatively modern, is worth visiting. Brimstone Hill is a wonderful piece of fortification. A perfectly isolated conical hill, it rises very steeply, and is about 750 feet high. The path to the top, which winds round and round, corkscrew-fashion, has been cut out of the steep side of the rock, and is paved and faced with stone. Great gateways span the road at intervals, and were guarded with cannon in the old days. The whole top of the hill is occupied by the fort, and must have been quite impregnable. There are supposed to be underground cisterns seven acres in extent : so the garrison could hardly have fallen short of water. This magnificent work, which cost the Government about £4,000,000, was occupied only a short time. The troops were withdrawn about

forty years ago; and since then it has been going to ruin as fast as such solid masonry can go.

Among the many expeditions we made during our sojourn in the West Indies, two stand out prominently in my recollection. The first was to the little island of Nevis, where we spent one of the hottest days I can remember. Our landing was rendered unpleasant by the blacks having upset a hogshead of molasses on the jetty. Crowding round the brown sticky pool, scooping it up in their hands, some even lying on their faces the better to imbibe the delicacy, crowds of niggers, old and young, were enjoying life hilariously. A plank was laid for us across the darksome stream, and we reached the other side in safety. There we hired a nondescript buggy, drawn by a mule and a pony, and proceeded on our way. Our Jehu took us at a hand gallop through the tiny town, the blacks cheering and waving their hats as we passed; up the long white road, between rows of waving cane, we crept slowly on in a cloud of dust, and so at last came to our first halting-place, Figtree church. We entered from the glare and heat of the noonday sun into the cool and dusk of the little building, a quaint dilapidated place, with many tablets above our heads and at our feet, many flagstones setting forth in long Latin inscriptions the innumerable virtues of men long since passed away. The old coloured man, clerk or sexton, produced the great treasure of the island, the Register containing the entry of Nelson's marriage. He informed us that the ceremony was performed—not in the church, but—in the house of the lady, which stood close by, and is now in ruins. Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence, then a lieutenant on the *Boreas*, was best man. More than this the watchman could not tell us: so, after another look at the yellow tattered page, where the marriage of "Horatio Nelson, Esquire, Captain of His Majesty's ship *Boreas*, to Frances Herbert Nisbet, widow," stands among the entries of marriage of planters and mulattos, we turned to leave the little church. One more glance round at the dim little building, at the mouldering woodwork, at the long Latin inscriptions; one instant's pause to realize the intense repose in the dusky stillness around us—a hush deep and profound, full of the nameless and powerful influence of those who had rested there for centuries—and then we passed out into the dazzling sunshine, through the tiny porch, over which a splendid creeper had thrown its great bunches of bright flowers. On and on, up the same steep white road we journeyed, until we turned through an ancient gateway, and found ourselves in the ruin of an old garden —a tangled thicket of oleanders, raising glorious pink blossoms athwart the sky; a wilderness of feathery bamboos; a mass of ferns growing in every chink and cranny among the scattered

stones of an old grey house, one of the substantial houses which the West Indian planters used to build; a row of tall and graceful palms whispering above us, and telling each other the histories of the ancient dwelling.

The other expedition which I remember so distinctly was in an out-of-the-way island, up a mountain, the top of which was an extinct crater. The house in which we were staying was some five or six miles from the foot of the mountain, and it was arranged that we should drive so far. We started in the darkness, which rested like a soft cloak upon the earth, before daybreak; but we had hardly proceeded a mile when the sun threw level rays across land and sea. Higher and higher he rose, and immediately (as it seemed) the stillness and silence had fled with the darkness, and the world was wide awake. The land breeze had risen; the birds were flitting to and fro; the flowers spread their bright petals to the sun; and the laughing waves sparkled on the shore. By noon we stood on the summit of the mountain, at the edge of the crater, after a tiring climb of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet, now scrambling over a carpet of maidenhair fern and white begonia, now forcing our way, through brambles and thickets, among the great tree ferns, above whose arched heads towered the great palms, completely sheltering us from the sun. From the lip of the crater we had to descend 800 feet. As the hill was nearly perpendicular, it was difficult to get down; but the vegetation helped us, and once down we were well rewarded. The sides of the crater, covered with the most glorious foliage, sloped steeply down to a lake, about two acres in extent, which completely filled the basin. Standing on the narrow strip of beach, only a yard or so in width, we gazed up at the green wall rising on all sides, almost as steeply as the sides of a well; then we looked down upon the placid water at our feet, a melancholy lake which has never been ruffled by the slightest breath of wind, nor ever will be; shut away from all disturbance, all turmoil, it watches the centuries float past. The silence was oppressive. No tiniest breath of air stirred the broad palm leaves drooping to the water's edge, or brought a ripple to our feet. We seemed incongruous and disturbing intruders; yet it was with regret that we turned away and resumed our weary upward climb. Once more on the summit, we looked down, through the thick ferns, at the solemn water, and at the motionless trees below us; and an indefinable sadness came over me as I looked my last on this haunting emblem of infinitude, which, somehow, in its mystic serenity, in its placid undecaying death, made the idea of eternity a realization and a dread. Nevertheless, I fancy that in the days which so surely come to all who live long enough,—those long and weary Days of Waiting which

follow the bright and stirring Days of Action,—when Age, with gradual and quiet hand, has put out the lights at the feast, and, one by one, has called away the guests,—when we shall sit alone in the twilight, waiting for the end, and our very living is done (as it were) by deputy, in the words and in the deeds of others,—then, I think, it will, after all, be a happiness to recall some of those sights and sounds of beauty which fixed themselves in our memories in the time when we too really lived.

G. Blake.

A NOTE ON PLAGIARISM.

Towards the end of the admirable Miss Burney's novel *Cecilia* occurs this memorable passage:—

"'The whole of this unfortunate business,' said Doctor Lyster, 'has been the result of PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.'

[In Messrs. Bell's excellent reprint (1882) the original huge capitals are retained.]

"'Your uncle the Dean began it by his arbitrary will, as if by an ordinance of his own he could arrest the course of nature! and as if *he* had power to keep alive, by the loan of a name, a family in the male branch already extinct. Your father, Mr. Mortimer, continued it with the same self-partiality, preferring the wretched gratification of tickling his ear with a favourite sound to the solid happiness of his son with a rich and deserving wife. Yet this, however, remember: if to PRIDE AND PREJUDICE you owe your miseries, so wonderfully is good and evil balanced, that to PRIDE AND PREJUDICE you will also owe their termination——'"

The rest of Doctor Lyster's discourse is vastly appropriate to the circumstances and to the style of Miss Burney in *Cecilia*; but what is important to the purpose immediately in hand is the fact that here, suggested by Miss Burney, is the title of one of Miss Austen's best novels.

To compare the two writers is as unnecessary as invidious. Those who know both, and also know Miss Ferrier, and, again, are acquainted with Walter Scott's criticisms, will, I am sure, agree entirely in this. But now comes another curious coincidence between two of these writers—Miss Burney and Miss Austen. Cecilia's conversation with Henrietta in an important chapter runs in one passage thus (Cecilia begins the conversation):—

"'And did he stay with you long?'

"'No, ma'am: a very short time, indeed. But I asked him questions all the while, and kept him as long as I could, that I might hear all he had to say about my brother.'

"'Have you never seen him since?'

"'No, ma'am, not once! I suppose he does not know my brother has come back to us. Perhaps, when he does, he will call.'

"'Do you wish him to call?'

"'Me?' cried she, blushing; 'a little—sometimes I do, for my brother's sake.'

"'For your brother's sake? Ah, my dear Henrietta! but tell me—or *don't* tell me if you had rather not—did I not once see you kissing a letter? Perhaps it was from this same noble friend?'

"'It was not a letter, madam,' said she, looking down. 'It was only the cover of one to my brother.'

"'The cover of a letter only, and that to your brother! Is it possible you could so much value it?'

"'Ah, madam! *You*, who are always used to the good and the wise, who see no other sort of people but those in high life—*you* can have no notion how they strike those that they are new to! But I, who see them seldom, and who live with people so very unlike them—oh! you cannot guess how sweet to *me* is everything that belongs to them! Whatever has but once been touched by their hands I should like to lock up and keep for ever! though if I was used to them, as you are, perhaps I might think less of them."

Let us now take a passage from *Emma*—in the opinion of many justly-respected critics the most perfect novel of Miss Austen's, as a work of art, just as Emma herself was in current Highbury opinion perfection. Here the dialogue is between Emma, practically the queen of the village, and Harriet Smith, her *protegée*, of more than doubtful parentage; and it concerns the egregious Mr. Elton, who has aspired to Emma's hand, while Emma herself has taken him for one who hopes to marry Harriet. (Harriet Smith begins the dialogue.)

"'To convince you,' says Harriet, abandoning her infatuation for Mr. Elton, 'that I have been speaking truth, I am now going to destroy—what I ought to have destroyed long ago—what I ought never to have kept: I know that very well (blushing as she spoke). However, now I will destroy it all; and it is my particular wish to do it in your presence, that you may see how rational I am grown. Cannot you guess what this parcel holds?' said she, with a conscious look.

"'Not the least in the world. Did he ever give you anything?'

"'No—I cannot call them gifts; but they are things I have valued very much.'

"She held the parcel towards her, and Emma read the words 'most precious treasures,' on the top. Her curiosity was greatly excited. Harriet unfolded the parcel, and she looked on with impatience. Within abundance of silver paper was a pretty little Tunbridge-ware box, which Harriet opened; it was well lined with the softest cotton; but, excepting the cotton, Emma saw only a small piece of court-plaister.

"'Now,' said Harriet: 'you *must* recollect.'

"'No: indeed I do not.'

"'Dear me! I should not have thought it possible you could forget what passed in this very room about court-plaister, one of the very last times we ever met in it. It was but a very few days before I had my sore throat—just before Mr. and Mrs. John Knightley came: I think the very evening. Do not you remember his cutting his finger with your new penknife and you recommending court-plaister? But, as you had none about you, and knew I had, you desired me to supply him; and so I took mine out, and cut him a piece; but it was a great deal too large, and he cut it smaller, and kept playing some time with what was left before he gave it back to me. And so then, in my nonsense, I could not help making a treasure of it: so I put it by, never to be used, and looked at it now and then as a great treat.'

"My dearest Harriet!' cried Emma, putting her hand before her face and jumping up. . . . 'Well, go on; what else?' says Emma.

"Harriet replies, 'And had you really some at hand yourself?' . . . . 'Here,' resumed Harriet, turning to her box again, 'here is something still more valuable,—I mean that *has been* more valuable,—because this is what did really once belong to him, which the court-plaister never did.'

"Emma was quite eager to see this superior treasure. It was the end of an old pencil, the part without any lead.

"'This was really his,' said Harriet. 'Do not you remember one morning?—no: I daresay you do not. But one morning—I forget exactly the day—but perhaps it was the Tuesday or Wednesday before *that evening*, he wanted to make a memorandum in his pocket-book; it was about spruce-beer. Mr. Knightley had been telling him something about brewing spruce-beer, and he wanted to put it down; but when he took out his pencil, there was so little lead that he soon cut it all away, and it would not do: so you lent him another, and this was left upon the table as good for nothing. But I kept my eye on it; and as soon as I dared, caught it up, and never parted with it again from that moment.'"

Now, let who will who has studied both writers decide whether Miss Austen unconsciously remembered a passage in Miss Burney, or whether Miss Austen played the game "à la Molière," or whether the likeness is due merely to the fact that two writers of the first rank happened to fall on an almost identical situation. Be that as it may, in these days, when from time to time reckless charges of plagiarism are flung about, I have thought it worth while to call attention to what is, at least, a curious literary coincidence.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

THE COLONIAL JUDGE.

"HALF those African places are not worth keeping." With this sage remark a diner at a City restaurant was overheard, not very long ago, to receive his friend's announcement, from the prandial newspaper, that there seemed to be "trouble in New Guinea." A well-known medical specialist and writer on scientific subjects, attributed very recently, in consultation, a certain opinion to a doctor whom he stated to be in practice "in Mauritius, or one of the other West Indian Islands;" albeit he was not the scribe who lately addressed to "Mauritius, West Indies," a letter intended for a certain judicial functionary in the island of Paul and Virginia. It may safely be asserted that half the people to be met in walking from Charing Cross to the Temple at mid-day will not know the geographical position of Demerara, and will lean to the view that it is an island. When our honoured Colonial guests visited the English provinces in state, half-a-dozen years ago, disappointment was freely expressed in several provincial centres that they wore the aspect of ordinary civilized humanity, and were "not even black." If the Imperial Federation League could be induced to supplement the deficiencies of Guy and Pinnock, and to secure for every English child a birthright of acquaintance with the history and geography of England's colonies and possessions, that ambitious organization would at least be less open to the gentle reproaches of a Prime Minister for its lack of a definite programme. It is a sorry spectacle to find, stumbling over names of continental mountains and rivers, in which they will probably never through life be called upon to take any further interest, British children who know nothing of Canada but that it is in North America, or of Australia, save that it is an island nearly large enough to be reckoned a continent.

From time to time, however, it may be thankfully confessed, there are signs that Colonial questions are beginning to take a hold upon public interest at home. On the 8th of last June, the then First Lord of the Treasury was enabled to assure Mr. Stanley Leighton that the Government entertained the hope of being able to add some Colonial representatives to the *personnel* of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It is devoutly to be wished that this hope upon the part of Her Majesty's Government is not

doomed to disappointment. There seems no reason why it should be. We all acknowledge that the due administration of justice is a matter of primary importance to England and to her Colonies. We all possess every confidence in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which constitutes the highest court of appeal for Great Britain as well as for Greater Britain. But it is our common interest to render the competence of that high tribunal in every way commensurate with the scope of its vast and comprehensive jurisdiction. And to expect a dozen English jurisconsults, with the assistance of two experts in our law as administered in India, to be conversant with all the different and varying systems of jurisprudence which obtain in our various colonies—for example, with the Roman-Dutch law of Ceylon, South Africa, and British Guiana; with the Canadian law, based upon old French *coutumes;* and with the modern *Code Napoléon*, which is, in fact, the law of Mauritius—this is surely to expect more than the nature of the case can reasonably be held to warrant. The leading obstacle in the way of remodelling the Judicial Committee at the present moment, in accordance with the Government's "hope," is believed to rest less in any difficulty about amending the Act of William the Fourth constituting the Court of Appellate Jurisdiction than in finding salaries for the extra members who might be added to it. But if, in the case of a really necessary judicial reform, this were indeed a serious difficulty, it is probable that there are competent Colonial Chief Justices on the retired list who would deem the honour of a seat upon the Judicial Committee a sufficient compensation for lending to its deliberations the assistance of those "services" of which the late Leader of the House of Commons could assure the country that the present Government entertains "the hope of being able to avail itself."

In the undeveloped state of home interest in Colonial details, little is known about the body of persons who are responsible, as Her Majesty's judicial representatives, for the due administration of law in our colonies—a body from out of which, according to Mr. Stanley Leighton's suggestion, apparently accepted by the Government, an element may shortly be introduced into the constitution of the Supreme Court of Final Appeal. Beyond the consideration of its being supposed to afford a happy hunting-ground for the aspirations of the briefless of the English bar, the Colonial Supreme Court bench has hitherto possessed little or no interest for the British public. Debrett has honoured it by appending to his volume biographical notices of some of its members; but, although their courts are courts of record, possessing within their jurisdiction the full powers and authority of the old English Court of Queen's Bench, the Colonial Chief Justices and Puisne Judges are rele-

gated to a very back seat in the book—after the minor English tribunals of County Court Judges, Recorders, and even Stipendiary Magistrates, have been satisfactorily disposed of. It could scarcely be otherwise. The English Colonial Supreme Court Judge, whatsoever his title or standing, enjoys no recognized status in England at all. The county court judges of England have long ago asserted themselves, and have received their due in the table of English precedence. But *les absents ont toujours tort.* Colonial judges are not in a position to combine for purposes of self-assertion, and they are relegated to limbo accordingly. Although often a barrister of long standing, his own Inn of Court turns its back upon the Colonial Judge, and would not dream of doing honour to the vast Colonial interests of England by making a Colonial Chief Justice, or an ex-Chief Justice, a bencher of his Inn. He may take his dinner cheek-by-jowl with the barristers of that Inn, some of whom may very possibly practise before him; but that is the measure of his recognition. And among the legal guests of the various Inns of Court who fare sumptuously on the "Grand Days" of each term, the Colonial Judge, at home for his well-earned holiday, is as conspicuous by his absence as he is from all kindred banquetings and junketings wherewith Mayors, Corporations and Companies are wont upon occasion to regale other exalted functionaries of the Empire. Circumstances have no doubt conduced to the regard in which he would seem to be held at home as "nobody's child," the chief of such circumstances being that fully two-thirds of the Colonial judicial body are appointed now-a-days by and in the self-governing colonies in which they hold office, and are generally, by consequence, colonists pure and simple, and for the most part out of touch with England and English society. Time was, of course, when all our colonies were Crown colonies, and when all their judges were appointed from home. But Canada, now possessing twelve Chief Justices, and some sixty Puisnes; Australasia, with some thirty seats in her Supreme Courts; and a large part of South Africa, have successively been admitted by Downing Street to the privileges of Responsible Government, among them being that of appointing all their own civil functionaries with the exception of the Governor. To-day, the Colonial Office is periodically besieged as much as ever for the judicial "something in the colonies"; and besieged, it is probable, by a better class of members of the English bar than in days gone by. But to-day it is a fact, which these aspirants might do well to note, that a laudable desire appears to actuate Colonial Secretaries of State to fill up such smaller judicial posts as district and stipendiary magistracies from the ranks of the various local bars in colonies where the vacancies arise; and that such colonial bars are of

no insignificant proportions may be instanced from the case of Mauritius, where some thirty members of the English bar practise before the Supreme Court of the Colony. As regards the higher judicial positions of Chief Justice and Puisne Judge, the patronage of the Secretary of State for the Colonies at the present moment extends to only something under fifty appointments in all, and of these only three or four can be expected to fall vacant in any single year.

Of these fifty is "the Colonial Judge," as the term is generally understood at home—the judicial functionary (so to speak) of the Colonial office—the Judge of the Supreme Court of an English Crown Colony, appointed by Her Majesty on the recommendation of her Colonial Secretary of State. The number of such judges is little likely to increase; for what new Crown Colonies we may acquire will probably be so geographically situated as soon to fall within the radius of some great self-governing centre. Nor is it likely soon to diminish; for of the colonies that remain to the Crown —tropical colonies for the most part, endowed with largely preponderating African or Indian populations—none may for many years to come be considered ripe for responsible government. Of this latter nature, then, are the far-off communities which afford his vineyard to the judicial labourer who is successful in commending to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies his claim to the position of a Colonial Judge.

Always a barrister or advocate of a certain standing; generally, in addition, a graduate of some home university; an apt student, presumably, of various systems of jurisprudence (for, after administering English law in the West Indies, he may be called upon to mete out its French equivalent in Mauritius, or its Roman-Dutch substitute in Demerara or Ceylon), the Colonial Judge must, nevertheless, not expect to find his judicial prospects pecuniarily alluring. Whether it be that our Crown Colonies are not fully alive to the importance to their communities of an able, strong, and independent bench, or that they resent the nomination of their judges from England, certain it is that they remunerate those functionaries poorly. The Puisne Judge of a Crown Colony, who must move about the world or from colony to colony entirely at his own expense, and without much consideration for health or convenience, receives on the average only two-thirds of the salary of the English County Court Judge who "sits" at home at ease. The highest post among Crown Colony Chief Justiceships is paid less by £500 a year than what the self-governing Colony of Victoria, Australia, pays to each of its six Puisne Judges; and its salary is in fact just one half of what any English Puisne Judge at home receives. Some of the Crown Colonies are hoping to

reduce to a still lower figure the future stipends of their judges, and to abolish their right to pension; Jamaica has already taken steps in this direction. It will thus be readily believed that the Colonial Judge can save little or nothing from his official income to provide against contingencies. Yet it is only in two or three isolated colonies that he will find a Widows' and Orphans' Fund to subscribe to (started by private association rather than by governmental initiative); and what pension rights he may acquire in any colony he may forfeit, upon promotion, unless he has spent in that colony the full pension period (generally of ten years) prescribed by its local law. The Crown, or the Department at Home, is not, it will be understood, directly responsible in any such matters as these, which each colony claims a right to regulate for itself—a claim which cannot be wholly ignored, seeing that the colony and not the Crown finds the money. The Crown, however, as the fount of honour, can endow its Colonial Judges, if it so pleases, with other than pecuniary rewards for services rendered and sacrifices made. It does so sparingly. In France, it is hardly necessary to say, each of the high functionaries under notice would wear the cordon of the *Legion d'Honneur*. In England, the Colonial Order (of St. Michael and St. George) is, with rare exceptions, expressly closed against Colonial Judges. The majority of the Chief Justices receive an *ex-officio* knighthood. But the Puisne Judges, who are selected to fill Chief Justiceships less frequently than the Colonial Attorney-Generals of the Crown, but whose powers and duties are identical with those of the Chief Justice (in the Colonies, as at home, *primus*, only, *inter pares*), are thus distinguished only as the result of some special service rendered to Government—a method of reward not, perhaps, very eminently calculated to foster and maintain the highest form of judicial independence. Not long ago, the question arose of the retirement of two Supreme Court Judges—one from the English bench, the other from that of the Crown Colonies. They were graduates of the same English University, barristers of the same Inn of Court, and had been members of the same circuit. The one, a distinguished lawyer, who had enjoyed during twelve years of life the dignity and emoluments of the English bench, retired under the ægis of a popular ovation, amidst the plaudits of the press, with a baronetcy to console him, and a pension of some thousands a year. To his colleague, described in a Secretary of State's despatch as a judge of "high abilities," whose health had broken down under fifteen years of judicial service in tropical colonies, the only prospect offered upon retirement was of descending the Downing Street staircase and going forth upon the world maimed, disabled, unrecognized and unhonoured, his name erased from the Colonial

Office List, the official record of services; his sole compensation a pittance, whereon to eke out his remaining days, of some half as many hundreds a year as his honoured English *confrère* had received thousands!

The Colonial Judge, however, is not justified in regarding his function with disappointment, or his career, if he be a right-minded man, as without adequate and satisfactory compensation. To complaints that he might urge upon the grounds just referred to, the official reply would possibly be that of the East End sweater to the songtress of the shirt: "Go your ways, if you are not content; there are plenty of others who will be glad to do your work for your wage." The humanitarian and patriotic Colonial Judge will, however, take a higher view of his duties and responsibilities than any connected with mere mundane compensation or reward. His functions, if well and worthily discharged, are of the highest utility and importance to the future wellbeing of his country—more so, indeed, in a sense, than are those of Her Majesty's judicial representatives at home. The writer is one of those who believe that no tie will be so potent to maintain the union of our vast British Empire as the heart-tie of sentiment—the affection, more than life-long, and underlying all material considerations, of grateful children, whether home-born or adopted, to a cherishing mother. It is the privilege of courts of justice in our Crown Colonies to promote and foster that sentiment of affection, not only by establishing confidence in the just and equal administration of the law, but also by checking two mighty evils which exercise the most blighting influence upon the growth of affectionate loyalty—the twin evils of autocracy and bureaucracy, evils which may be scotched under our present system of home control over Crown Colony administration, but which are by no means killed—evils which, in the past, may have been responsible for any now existing feeling of disloyalty towards their parent upon the part of those children who have (so to speak) gone out from the domestic circle and set up for themselves. There have been some excellent and in every way admirable men among Crown Colony governors of late years; but there have been others of different character. "Never yet," says the Eastern proverb, "was man placed in a position of supreme authority over his fellow-men without abusing it." And the authority exercised, now as in the past, by certain governors who compound for their autocracy, locally, by tolerating the bureaucratic vagaries of their obsequious official *entourage*, is much more supreme than our Constitution ever intended it to be, or, indeed, than our constitutional rulers at home are aware. It is not very many years since the governor of an important Crown Colony, who was wont to speak of the colonists as his

"subjects," refused the service of a writ in an action, upon the ground, virtually, that he was above the law; and he went so far as to spend the money of his "subjects" very freely in an unsuccessful attempt to defend that position before the Privy Council, in appeal from the supreme court of his colony. It was then held, in confirmation of previous decisions upon the subject, that an ordinary colonial governor is in no sense a viceroy, but that his powers are strictly limited by the terms of his commission. There are, nevertheless, administrators who, obsequious enough to Downing Street, are in their colonies constantly attempting to play the despot; and their style is aptly followed by subordinate officials and heads of departments. And very serious in their effect upon the public sentiment of a colony are the pranks of these bureaucratic subordinates, who, under a governor tolerant of their proceedings, or with courts of justice not strong or independent enough to check them, can, and very often do, carry out the details of their administration in a manner so oppressive to the comfort and convenience, and sometimes even to the personal liberty, of the masses, as almost to justify the scurrilities of the colonial newspaper, and to incur the resentment of a really well-disposed people, whom sympathy and kindness would attach to their rulers by bonds of almost childish affection. The well-regulated Colonial court of justice not only offers to all-comers the constant and instructive spectacle of absolute freedom and equality before the law of all races, creeds, and colours; but it is the only efficient barrier between official strength and unofficial weakness—the only power available to check both autocrat and bureaucrat, where that process is necessary in the interests of justice and humanity, and so in the promotion of a sentiment of real and deep-rooted affection upon the part of the governed for our country's just and paternal rule.

The Colonial Judge is rarely popular among other officials of a Crown Colony. His unique position of independence arouses their envy; and envy has little in common with affection or regard. But when a sense of duty compels him to denounce the autocrat and the bureaucrat, he will have to reckon with a governor who alone possesses, by the rules of the colonial service, the ear of the Secretary of State in England; and with a body of that governor's outraged satellites, heads of the various departments of the colony, whose jealousy of him will have experienced an easy transition into positive hatred. Without knowing it or suspecting it, he may be denounced and defamed at home (for the system of private reports upon individuals, lately abolished in the army as underhand and un-English, is not yet unknown to the Colonial service of the Crown); there will be official intrigues in the colony to get rid of him; and instances are suspected, although

they may remain yet to be known, where—without the Home department's knowledge of the real issues involved—the Colonial Judge has been indirectly forced into a resignation of his office for no other reason than that, in the discharge of his duty, he has been unfortunate enough to outrage the susceptible instincts of autocracy and bureaucracy in a distant colony of the Crown.

Such a final catastrophe, however, should it arrive, need no more disconcert the righteous administrator of Colonial law, than should the loss of such wordly emoluments or dignities as may fall to the lot of the more favoured or the more complaisant. The Colonial Judge who has done his duty conscientiously and fearlessly, and has striven to act upon a high sense of the responsibilities of his office, will lay that office aside with equanimity when called upon to do so, strong in his possession of the *mens conscia recti*, and happy in the opportunity which his life's work has afforded him of doing some little in his own sphere towards advancing the cause of truer and closer union between the Mother Country and her far-off hildren—a cause which was rightly described by Lord Salisbury, in his recent address to the Imperial Federationists, as involving "nothing more nor less than the future of the British Empire."

Frederic Condé Williams.

FROM SWEDENBORG TO THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

"Mysticism," according to Emerson,* "consists in the mistake of an accidental, individual symbol for a real one." Coleridge defines the words *mystic* and *mysticism* in the same spirit: † "When a man refers to *inward feelings* and *experiences*, of which mankind at large are not conscious, as evidences of the truth of any opinion—such a man I call a Mystic; and the grounding of any theory or belief on accidents and anomalies of individual sensations or fancies, and the use of terms invented or perverted from their ordinary significations, for the purpose of expressing these *idiosyncrasies* and pretended facts of interior consciousness, I name Mysticism." These definitions are somewhat one-sided, and are applicable rather to a disease, or perversion, of mysticism, than to mysticism itself. Mysticism has a province, legitimately its own, on the borderland between the comprehensible and the incomprehensible, standing in somewhat the same relation to philosophy (including in this term the philosophy based on divine revelation, or theology) as that in which music stands to poetry. Even as poetry is the embodiment of the poet's thoughts and emotions, while music is the natural outlet for vaguer feelings and suggestions, philosophy deals with such theories and speculations as may be comprehended and reduced to form by the reason, while mysticism gropes after those half-hidden and imperfect affinities which, not amounting to analogies, yet more than mere resemblances,—and herein lies the distinction between mysticism and allegory—may be found, or plausibly conjectured, to exist between apparent things and non-apparent underlying truths.

In order that the teachings of the mystic may be of any value to others, it is necessary that there be some point of contact between his mind and theirs, in the absence of which his auditors will fail to experience any responsive thrill, just as the resonators invented by Helmholtz for the purpose of discovering the harmonic tones contained in every compound sound are silent until you strike some note one of whose components is that one tone which the resona-

* Essay on *The Poet*.

† *Aids to Reflection*. Section on "Mystics and Mysticism."

tor can re-echo. Thus it is that the utterances which to one person appear the voice of an inspired seer will to other persons seem but visionary ravings. Not that this bond of sympathy requires the mystic to possess a mental structure similar to that of his auditors. On the contrary, the most grave and sedate thinker, the most active and practical man of the world, may be capable of feeling a thrill of sympathy with, and of perceiving the truths conveyed by, the visions of the dreamiest mystic. The sole requisite is that both shall be capable of perceiving the same truth as shadowed forth by the same symbols. Provided that there be this one point of contact between them, their minds may be, in all other respects, totally different in shape and direction—like ships of different nations, sailing to different lands, which may meet at one point of their course, and speak for a while, and then sail on their several ways.

Mysticism, however, may be compared with quicksilver, which, although not in itself either beneficial or injurious to its owner, but capable of becoming either, according to the use made of it, is almost always deleterious to the miner. Mystical doctrines, although capable of containing great truths, can seldom be absolutely true; and it is by ignoring this fact, and by mistaking subjective for objective truth, that the mystic almost invariably lays himself open to the strictures contained in the definitions by Coleridge and Emerson. In fact, unlike Bacon's ant, which "is a wise Creature for it Selfe, but is a shrewd Thing" for others, the mystic more often resembles the oyster, to a disease in whose self is owing the pearl which it secretes.

In all ages there are persons who seek to withdraw from the petty strife and shallow conventionalities of every-day life into a world peopled by their own visionary creations, or to extend the ordinary bounds of human experience by the development of occult powers and sympathies. At certain periods, however, when the old faiths seem about to pass away, or when the air is full of omens of coming change, social or religious, or when, again, society at large appears to be immersed in materialism and conventionality, this tendency is not confined to individuals. It influences large masses of those who would escape from the close and enervating atmosphere of their daily life into a fuller and freer spiritual existence.

Such a tendency exists very strongly at the present day. It is this tendency that has induced the Swedenborg Society to endeavour to obtain a wider hearing for their master's doctrines by issuing cheap reprints of *Heaven and its Wonders Described; with an Account of Hell: From actual Information and Observation. By Emanuel Swedenborg, Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.* The

disciples of Swedenborg, or the Church of New Jerusalem, as they style themselves, have long maintained an active propaganda, and the works of the master have been translated into most of the European and some of the Oriental languages. Nevertheless, one has been accustomed, rightly or wrongly, to regard the literature of the sect as esoteric and offering few attractions to outsiders. The Society, however, appear to look forward with confidence to meeting with a response on the part of the public. They advertise a pocket edition at two shillings, besides a special cheap edition at one shilling. As we contemplate the ponderous tome in which a previous edition of the work appeared, and think of its equally ponderous contents, the idea of a "pocket edition" strikes us as rather ludicrous. It is hard to fancy anyone "drawing from his poke" a volume of Swedenborg to beguile the tedium of a wait at a railway station, or choosing it as a companion to lounge over by the sea-shore or the riverside on a summer holiday.

Still, Swedenborg is not an abstruse or obscure writer. He may be regarded as almost too absolutely plain and matter-of-fact for the subject with which he deals. Far from indulging in the rhapsodies common to mystics, he moves about the spirit world with a business-like and unconcerned air, and his account of it is as detailed and methodical as an auctioneer's catalogue. His narrative is distinctly earthy in character, and affects us in somewhat the same manner as a coarse and laboured painting, in which "a beam o'er the face of the waters" is represented by a heavy streak of paint, or in which a rainbow is of such solid construction that it looks as though one might climb up it.

Nevertheless, this mode of treatment is not without its advantages. It gives the narrative that air of good-faith and reality which distinguishes the fictions of Swift and Defoe. Not that Swedenborg entertains for one moment any doubt as to the literal truth of his visions. As we have seen, the work announces on the very title-page that it was derived "from actual information and observation," and in the introduction Swedenborg says that "it has been granted to me to be admitted into the society of angels, and to converse with them as one man converses with another; and also to see the things that exist in heaven, and those that exist in hell. I have enjoyed this privilege for the space of thirteen years: and it is now permitted me to describe the heavens and the hells from the testimony of my own sight and hearing." In the course of the work, moreover, he is constantly letting fall the remark, "I have seen it," or "This I know fron actual observation," and the like, with an air of quiet and unpretending assurance that bespeaks sincerity. A belief in such spiritual communications is,

of course, common among religious enthusiasts and philosophical mystics of all creeds and countries, from the Romish Church and various Protestant sectaries to the Yogis of India. Mohammed professed to have been carried up to heaven, and there to have received his revelation, while Porphyry states that Plotinus attained four times in his life to union with the Supreme Deity—τῷ ἐπὶ πᾶσι θεῷ—"with whom I, Porphyry, was likewise once united." Few, however, of such visionaries have combined with Swedenborg's transparent good faith his clearness of head—save in the delusion itself, to begin with—and that precise, business-like habit whereby he was enabled to take stock of and report with such exactitude the subject of his visions.

That he should have retained this confident persuasion is the more extraordinary when we remember the account which he has somewhere given of the manner in which his visions began. One night, after making a heavy supper, he fell asleep in his chair. A shining being appeared to him, and said, "Swedenborg, why hast thou eaten too much?" No doubt, many another mystic might trace his visions, if he would, to a similar source; but for a man to be aware of such an origin, and still to believe in the truth of his visions, betrays an appalling absence of the sense of humour. Swedenborg, however, was no mere crack-brained visionary. He was a man of mark in the scientific world, and a practical man of business.

Emanuel Swedenborg, or Svedsberg, was born at Stockholm, on the 29th of January, 1688. His father, Jesper Svedsberg, was the Bishop of Westrogothia, an ecclesiastic of some eminence. Emanuel was educated at Upsala, where he obtained distinction. Being a precocious genius, he did not confine himself to the usual walks of academic learning. He diligently studied all branches of the physical sciences, in which he became profoundly versed. During the years from 1710 to 1714 he travelled in England, Holland, France, and Germany; and two years after his return he was made Assessor to the Metallic college by Charles XII., whose confidence and friendship he enjoyed. At the siege of Fredericshall, in 1718, his engineering skill enabled him to render valuable services by hauling several vessels a distance of fourteen miles overland. In 1719 he was ennobled, and took the name of Swedenborg. In 1716 Swedenborg had published his *Daedalus Hyperboreus*, a work on the mines of his country. From that time he continued to write copiously upon scientific subjects. His principal works are the *Regnum Minerale* and the *Animal Kingdom*; but he produced books on astronomy, mineralogy, physiology, magnetism, the tides, &c., which won him a high reputation. In 1721 he travelled over a great part of Europe, inspecting mines and

melting works. In 1738 he visited Italy; at different periods of his life he visited England.

So far, there is little enough in Swedenborg's life and character that could lead anyone to anticipate the final turn which his mind took. When a little past middle life, however, he became absorbed in the study of apocalyptic theology. In 1743 he became impressed with the notion that he was permitted to hold communication with the spirit world. He abandoned his scientific pursuits, and in 1747 resigned his assessorship, the salary of which he was allowed to retain. He retired from public life; but it is said that he was the author of the most able financial papers that were produced at the diet of 1751. His religious teaching is pervaded by, and takes its form from, two fundamental delusions: the theoretical delusion that all things, both in the Scriptures and in nature, are but types of the spiritual world, as that world is conceived in the dogmas of Emanuel Swedenborg; and the insane delusion that it had been vouchsafed to him to him to receive an especial revelation from the lips of the angels, and of the Deity himself. Nevertheless, when we divest his teaching of these blemishes and encumbrances, which serve only to disfigure and obscure it, we find it characterized by a profundity, a logical completeness of arrangement, a lucidity of thought and language, and an ethical nobility, which entitle him to a high place among philosophers and moralists.

Swedenborg sent copies of his theological works to all the Swedish bishops, who naturally raised the cry of heresy, and some of his friends attempted to institute proceedings in lunacy against him. However, Swedenborg's high connections and high reputation preserved him from any bad effects of these charges. He lived a retired and almost ascetic life, amid "honour, love," and "troops of friends," until the 29th of March, 1772, when he died in London, of a fit of apoplexy, at the age of eighty-four.

The system contained in Swedenborg's "revelations" hinges upon his doctrine of "correspondences." What this is may best be explained in his own words: "The whole natural world corresponds to the spiritual world; and not only the natural world collectively, but also in its individual parts; wherefore, whatever object in the natural world exists from something in the spiritual world is called its correspondent." Thus, every natural object is a sort of hieroglyphic, whereby is expressed some spiritual idea: as, for example, "oxen and bullocks correspond to the affections of the natural mind, sheep and lambs to the affections of the spiritual mind;" birds to the intellectual faculties; a garden "corresponds to heaven as to intellect and wisdom, wherefore heaven is called (in the Word) a garden." Swedenborg brought this doctrine to

bear upon the interpetation of the Bible, wherein he makes every ceremony, every record of fact, every word, to be the veil of some spiritual *arcanum*, intelligible only to those skilled in the doctrine of correspondences. His method of interpretation, which originated with the Jewish Kabbalists, has ever been a favourite with the expounders of prophecies and other apocalyptic writings, to whom, as it obviously lends itself with equal facility to the pet theories of each interpreter, it must be productive of singular satisfaction. To the general reader, however, it is indescribably wearisome. Had Swedenborg no other claim upon the attention of posterity than the fact of his having produced a whole library of works devoted to this most dreary composition, he might well be left to share the obscurity of the prophets and almanac-makers, who every year prove that the world must needs come to an end at an early specified date, and demonstrate that the number of the beast is symbolical of the Pope, of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, or of whomsoever else they will. It is not, however, upon this laborious trifling that Swedenborg's chief claim to consideration rests. His fame is based upon his extraordinary "visions," which, under their mystic guise, abound in metaphysical truths and pregnant suggestions. Like most founders of mystical sects, Swedenborg held, with much plausibility, that the book of Divine revelation is not yet closed: that the need of such revelation exists always; and that, from time to time, when the need is greatest, special provision is made to meet it. In the Introduction to the work just mentioned Swedenborg takes the great prophecy of our Lord (in Matt. xxiv.), and interpreting the words τῆς συντελείας τοῦ αἰῶνος as "the consummation of the age" (not, as usual, "the end of the world"), "which means the last time of the Church," in respect of the successive states through which it has to pass with regard to love and faith, denies that the prophecy is intended to signify "that the whole visible world will perish, and that a new heaven and earth will afterwards be established." According to his method of correspondences, he gives the following interpretation of the passage:

By the sun, which would be darkened, is signified the Lord with respect to love; by the moon, the Lord with respect to faith; by the stars, the knowledges of good and truth, or of love and faith; by the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, the manifestation of Divine truth; . . . by the coming of the Lord in the clouds of heaven with power and glory, His presence in the Word, and revelation of its true import; by clouds is signified the literal sense of the Word, and by glory, its internal sense." Swedenborg then, in a few words, expounds the scope and purport of his work: "The arcana which are revealed in the following pages are such as relate to heaven and hell, and to the life of man after death." He

then makes that assertion as to the reality of his visions to which we have before referred.

Swedenborg begins his description of heaven with an exposition of the nature of the Deity, upon whose unity he strongly insists, denouncing both Socinians and Pantheists (whom he describes as believers an *Ens Universi*, to the exclusion of a personal God), both of whom he excludes from heaven. God, moreover, is the one Fountain of Life, whence flows an ever-renewed flood of good and truth ; the only source of good alike in men and angels. It is this divine effluence in its highest degree that constitutes heaven, which, according to Swedenborg, consists in the "Divine Sphere" or Divine Truth, which flows into heaven from the Lord out of His Divine Love. Divine Love and Divine Truth, thence derived, are comparatively like the fire of the sun, and the light thence proceeding in the world;" fire signifying love, "from correspondence," and light the truth thence proceeding.

Our mystic divides heaven into two kingdoms—the celestial heaven, which is superior and interior, wherein divine love predominates, and the spiritual, inferior and exterior, heaven, where the ruling force is the divine truth—and three different spheres. In each are innumerable societies of angels, one socially holding no direct intercourse with the other, but communicating by "an extension of the sphere which proceeds from the life of each." The members of each of the societies possess such points in common as create a likeness and sympathy, for only those can hold intercourse with one another who are fitted by a similar reception of the divine truth. Thus, an angel can converse with those of a lower heaven only at the cost of his intelligence. Indeed, the very keystone of Swedenborg's theory of man's future state is that man's heaven and hell are not local. They depend entirely upon the nature of the affinities which subsist between himself and his "surroundings." "An angel is heaven in miniature ; for heaven is not without him, but within him ;" and "every angel receives the heaven that is without him, according to the heaven that is within him." On the other hand, certain spirits who have sometimes obtained admission into the heavenly societies without being fitted therefor "began to grow blind as to their intellectual faculties, until they became like idiots, and to feel torture as to their will-faculties until they behaved like madmen. In short, those who get into heaven after having lived ill gasp for breath, and writhe about like fishes taken out of the water into the air, or like animals in the ether of an exhausted receiver."

Not content with making each spiritual man at once a little heaven within himself and a member of the greater heaven, Swedenborg, with his customary love for system, elaborates this

idea, and makes heaven at large to be an exact human form, of which the various societies constitute the heart, breast, viscera, and other parts, which, according to the "science of correspondences," correspond to the like parts of the human frame. Each heavenly society, in like manner, possesses a perfect human form, of which the different members are the compound parts; the forms of these various societies differing one from another, according to their different natures, just as one man differs from another. *A fortiori*, the individual angel appears in human form, as Swedenborg testifies from ocular demonstration. Indeed, it appears that a belief among men to the contrary causes serious vexation to the celestial beings. "Good spirits with whom I have conversed on this subject were," he says, "deeply grieved that such ignorance respecting the state of heaven, and respecting spirits and angels, should prevail in the Church; and they desired me, with indignation, to say from them that they are not formless minds, nor ethereal puffs of breath, but they are men as to shape, and that they see, hear, and possess every sense, equally with men in the world." This anthropomorphism he carries so far as to assert of the Deity, not only that he is in the form of a man, but that he really is man, in whom are all the angels. It is from the Lord's Divine Humanity that all influxity alike into the different heavens, into the spiritual part, or "interiors," of man, and, in a less degree, into the whole of nature, originally proceeds.

"The Lord's kingdom is a kingdom of ends, which are uses," and all things are created for use. In man, "so far as he lives according to the divine order, thus in the love of the Lord and his neighbour, his actions are uses in forms and are correspondences by which he is conjoined with heaven." Although the intermediate link which joins the spiritual and natural worlds, man is unable to think in the same modes as the inhabitants of the spiritual world; and it was to provide him with the means of receiving instruction thence that the Word was given him. "For in the Word there is both a literal sense and a spiritual sense. The literal sense is composed of such ideas as exist in the world; but the spiritual sense, of such as exist in heaven: and since the conjunction between heaven and the world is the result of correspondence, therefore a Word was given of such a kind as that every particular contained in it, even to the minutest iota, should have its correspondent." The men of the golden age held direct communication with the angels, being able to read off (so to speak) the phenomena of the natural world, as if they were the printed characters which conveyed the sense of the celestial book. This power declined through the silver and the brass ages, until

in the iron age all knowledge came to be of "hard truth without good."

The light of the heavens is from the Lord, who appears there both as the sun and as the moon—to the inhabitants of the celestial heaven, who receive Him in the good of divine love, appearing as the sun; to those of the spiritual heaven, who receive Him in the good of faith, as the moon. This light is the Divine Truth; and all truths whatever, "whether within the heavens, or without them, shine or give light." There is a difference in quality between the different lights—a difference which Swedenborg expresses with a touch not unworthy of Plato. "Truths without the heavens give a frigid light, like snow, that possesses no heat, because they do not derive their essence from good, as do truths within the heavens; wherefore also that of frigid light, on the illapse light of heaven, disappears, and, if there is evil beneath, is turned into darkness." All spirits constantly turn their faces in the direction of that whence they derive their nature. Hence the angels ever have their faces set towards the divine light, upon which the evil spirits turn their backs.

The angels experience, from time to time, fluctuations of the degree in which they receive the divine light and warmth. This is partly that their apprehensions of good may be quickened by its occasional partial loss; partly because even the angels are not wholly divested of a certain *proprium* (personality, or self), immersion into which excludes them from the divine light and warmth, and plunges them into sadness, until they return to their former state, which they look upon as a return to heaven, "for it is heaven to them to be withheld from their *proprium*."

The angels have no ideas of time and its seasons, or of space. They have ideas merely of various states. Distance, in heaven, consists in the sympathy or antipathy between two spirits. Of this Swedenborg was assured by several angels with whom he conversed, one of whom was much surprised when his visitor expounded to him the earthly notions concerning time and space. Swedenborg never loses an opportunity of reprehending the popular notion that the angels are mere corporeal essences or disembodied spirits—"puffs of wind," as he puts it. Accordingly, with his usual liberal-mindedness and love of symmetry and detail, he informs us that "since angels *are* men, and live in society as men on earth do, it follows that they have clothes, houses, and other things of that nature, differing, however, from those of men on earth by being more perfect, because angels exist in a more perfect state." Their raiment is of various colours, symbolic of the degree and the quality of the divine truths to which its wearer has attained. Their dwellings, too, "are exactly like the habitations on earth

which are called houses, but more beautiful." The ludicrous minuteness with which Swedenborg goes into the details of the heavenly abodes, and of all things therein, is especially apparent in the section "Of Divine Worship in Heaven," where he describes the materials of which the temples were built, the situation of the pulpit, the arrangement of the seats, &c. He ascribes all the actions of men, physical and mental, to an immediate spiritual influence. "Man cannot so much as take a step with his foot independently of the influx of heaven." The angels, in their warfare with evil spirits, derive yet greater powers from this source. "I have seen," says Swedenborg, "mountains which were occupied by the wicked cast down and overthrown, and sometimes made to shake from one end to the other, as occurs in earthquakes. I have beheld rocks also split open in the middle down to the deep, and the wicked who were on them swallowed up. I have likewise seen some hundreds of thousands of evil spirits dispersed by them and cast into hell. Numbers avail nothing at all against them; nor arts, nor cunning machinations, nor confederacies: they see through all, and dispel them in a moment." Each angel possesses powers different from those of his fellows, even as the power of one member of the human body differs from that of the rest. All power, however, proceeds from the divine truth, and "when any angel supposes that he possesses power from himself he instantly becomes so weak as to be unable to resist so much as one evil spirit." "The angels, however, are only in reception of Divine Truth in proportion as they are in the reception of Divine Good; for all power resides in truths derived from good, and none at all in truths without good."

Swedenborg is able to avouch, from personal experience, that the speech of angels, as of men, consists of articulated words formed of the breath drawn from the heavenly atmosphere. It had often been granted "to him to be in company with them, and to converse with them as one friend does with another." On the subject of the angelic speech he writes with peculiar happiness and subtlety. "The sound of their speech corresponds to their affection, and the articulations of sound composing the words correspond to the ideas of their thoughts proceeding from their affection." Thus, the angels can lay "open the life of a person by only hearing him speak; . . . . because they thence discover his ruling love, ... *and that man's Book of Life is nothing else.*" The angels have written "characters," similar to those of man, in which they convey their tenets of doctrine and their sermons! They are possessed of the most consummate wisdom: they are conversant with the truth of things in themselves. "The angels of the inmost heaven do not deposit divine truths in the memory,

and consequently do not form of them anything like a science; but, as soon as they hear them, they recognize them by perception, and commit them to life." Those of the other heavens, however, store up divine truths in the memory, whence they can bring them forth at will. As time does not exist in heaven, it is hard to understand how memory can.

In treating of the innocence of the angels, Swedenborg distinguishes between the different kinds and degrees of innocence. The lowest is that of little children, which is external only, proceeding from the absence of any developed *proprium*, and from all their actions being the result of spontaneous and irreflective impulse. "The innocence of wisdom is genuine innocency, since it is internal." Consequently, the wisdom and innocence of the angels increase in the like ratio. The innocence of any spirit depends upon the completeness of his emancipation from his *proprium*.

Swedenborg discusses very fully the nature of the intercourse between spirits and men. This is generally effected by a spirit becoming so conjoined with a man that he becomes (as it were) the man's own mind for the time being, speaking in and through him, and having no knowledge and memory other than those of the man himself. Sometimes the spirit holds direct intercourse with a man; but this, being dangerous, is seldom granted now-a-days. It principally occurs in the case of ascetics, anchorites, and religious enthusiasts.

From his earliest infancy man has conjoined with him various good spirits sent from above. These are not always the same: they differ according to their affinities with the different periods of his life, the various aspects of his character, &c. He also has conjoined with him divers evil spirits, who, however, are only attracted by the evil in his nature. Although he thus ascribes all human actions to the agency of spirits, good or bad, Swedenborg insists upon man's freewill. He has life and death set before him: it is for him to choose life. The angels cannot force him to receive either; nor can the devils compel his submission.

Swedenborg's description of the origin of melancholia is too characteristic to be omitted. It was "given him to know" that there are certain spirits, not yet conjoined with hell, "who love undigested and malignant substances, such as those of food when it lies corrupting in the stomach. They consequently are present when such substances are to be found in man, because these are delightful to them, and they there converse with one another from their own evil affections." "Hence was made manifest to me the origin of the persuasion entertained by some who do not know what conscience is, by reason that they have none, when they

attribute its pangs to a disordered state of the stomach." The importance attached by all mystics to strict purity of diet on account of its effect upon the soul's material vehicle is well known; but so compendious an explanation of the matter is amusingly characteristic of Swedenborg's genius. It appears that the term "blue devils," popularly applied to fits of depression, is more strictly accurate than one would suppose.

The mystic maintains that there is not only such a dependence of man upon heaven that without it it would fare with him "as *with* a chain upon the removal of the staple from which it hangs;" but that it would also fare "with heaven, without the human race, as with a house without a foundation." This he explains by stating that all the angels, and devils too, derive their origin from the human race. None was created such at the beginning; nor was Satan ever an angel of light, who was, "for his fault, amerced of heaven." *Devil* and *Satan* are merely collective terms for hell, as composed of the aggregate of evil spirits—that is, of sinful men. It follows that the notion of the spirits of men remaining quiescent until the end of the world and the Day of Judgment is a popular delusion. An evolutionary process begins whenever man is dead. "The first state of everyone's life after death is such as he was while in the world"; but this is gradually changed with him either into heaven or into hell. Several lately departed spirits told Swedenborg "that their friends did well to put out of their way what had served them for a body and its functions in the world; and they wished me to say that they were not dead, but alive, being now as really men as before, having only migrated from one world into another."* In this new world, as in the present one, the inhabitants are occupied with various "ecclesiastical affairs, civil affairs, and domestic ones." Some are entrusted with the care and education of the young; others with the tutelage of mankind. They do not, however, ply their tasks for lucre. "All the necessaries of life are given them *gratis:* they are lodged *gratis*, they are clothed *gratis*, and they are fed *gratis*." Marriages, too, exist in heaven. (Our Lord's statement to the contrary is intended to apply merely to carnal unions.) The heavenly marriages consist in the conjunction of two spirits of harmonious dispositions. The male is typical of the understand-

* So Socrates, when Crito asked how they should bury him, replied: "How you will, if only you can catch me, and I escape you not. . . . . But do you go bail to Crito, that when I die I shall not remain here, but shall depart, so that he may endure it the more easily; and, when he sees my body being burnt or buried, may not be grieved concerning me, as though I were suffering some terrible thing, nor may say at my funeral that he is burying *Socrates*, or performing *his* obsequies."—Plato; *Phaedo*, c. 64.

ing; the female, of the will. A perfect marriage is where the truth and the good are of a like nature, acting in concert without a desire of domination on either side: then the two are one angel. No perfect marriage can subsist between those who are actuated by fleshly passion or by mere worldly interests.

Heaven is catholic in the widest sense of the term. Although he represents the Word as the great medium of communication between heaven and mankind, Swedenborg does not confine salvation to those who have lived within the pale of the Jewish and the Christian churches. On the contrary, such Gentiles as have walked by the light within them, and have been true to the precepts of their own religions, attain to heaven; "for heaven is in men, and those who have heaven within themselves go to heaven after their death." Swedenborg conversed with many of these virtuous heathens on the probationary state of spirits, to their great delight and edification, and obligingly read to them several passages of Scripture. "All," he tells us, "are received in heaven who have loved good and truth for their own sake." It is only under the direction of this disinterested love of truth and good that any kind of knowledge is valuable. Hence, merely carnal wisdom is productive of spiritual darkness rather than of light, for "those that receive the world, and not heaven at the same time, receive hell."

The joy experienced in the future life is according to that in which a man's spirit delighted in this life, for "all delights flow from love." It follows that heaven itself can confer no happiness upon those who are unfitted for it. This has been exemplified in the case of certain wicked spirits, who, that this truth might be made manifest, have been introduced into heaven. On approaching the threshold of heaven these begin to be distressed, and to be so inwardly tortured that they feel hell in themselves; wherefore they cast themselves headlong down, and find no rest till they are in hell among their like. Only those who are absolutely free from all taint of self are capable of the bliss of heaven, for all its joys consist in their communicability. The future life of every man will correspond to that which his present life, as moulded by his free will, has been, for Swedenborg's system is equally opposed to the rigid Calvinistic doctrine of predestination and to the belief that salvation may be obtained by a momentary act of grace. "Every man," he says, "is born for heaven, and he is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself while in the world, and he is excluded who does not."

One of the most interesting parts of the book is that which treats "of the world of spirits, and of the state of man after death." It deals with that much-vexed question, by which many

have been so sorely perplexed, what, namely, becomes of those whose life, like the lives of most men, has been "too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse"—a web of mingled good and evil. Swedenborg attempts an answer. Man consists, as to his spiritual part, of understanding, the organ of truth, and of will, the organ of good. He is born, as to his will, into a state of evil, so that, while unenlightened, he is capable of no good thing. His destiny, then, depends upon the use which his will makes of the light conferred by his understanding. Few are wholly good or evil, so as to be fitted, immediately after death, for either heaven or hell. The vast majority make a sojourn in the world of spirits, until such time as their spiritual condition is complete, and the "governing love," or ruling principle of their life, has assimilated the whole of their nature to itself.

It is the spirit of man which, even while in the body, discharges all functions of thought, sensation, &c. The body is merely its instrument; and when, after the death of the body, which occurs upon the cessation of the heart's action, the spirit is translated to the next world, it retains the same form as before, and exercises all functions of thought, sense, volition, &c., retaining, too, all the memories of the man's past life. The dead even rise again in a state corresponding to the time of life at which they died—infants, children, adults, old men, old women.

"What remains with man after death is his governing love; nor is this ever changed to eternity. Every man is the subject of many loves; but still they all have reference to his governing love, and make with it a one"; and with every angel and spirit remains the same affection, both as to quantity and quality, as he had possessed in the world. This is afterwards perfected by impletion, or filling up, a process which goes on to eternity, for good or for evil. Thus, the destiny of man is wholly shaped by the motive principle by which he was governed during this life, as such principle took form in his thoughts and actions.

So soon as the spirit departs from the body, he finds himself in the company of angels, who minister to him. If, however, his nature is not congenial to theirs, he departs from them, and joins himself to others, and so on, until he comes to a society, heavenly or infernal, whose natures and affections present an affinity to his own, for with such alone he can abide. "The love of everyone is like the spongy and porous wood of a tree, which imbibes such fluids as promote its vegetation, and rejects all others." Here his character is perfected. "Truths are taken away from the wicked, and falsities from the good: a process which does not terminate till everyone is made his own love."

Swedenborg enlarges at considerable length upon the occupations

of the blest, which substantially correspond to those in which they were engaged in this life, and include, in particular, a liberal allowance of sermons, which Swedenberg seems to consider an important item in the sum of heavenly beatitudes. Indeed, on the whole, Swedenborg's description forces upon us the idea that the angels, like Froissart's English, "take their pleasures sadly."

He appends some practical reflections upon the divine life on earth, which, he urges, is not so difficult to lead as is commonly supposed. In these reflections he displays much practical good sense, strongly condemning all attempts to obtain to inward scanctity by a life of contemplation and asceticism to the neglect of external duties. "For," he says, "to lead an internal life, and not an external one at the same time, is like living in a house which has no foundation; which, in process of time, either sinks into the ground, or cracks and splits to pieces, or totters till it falls."

The "Account of Hell" calls for but little remark. Hell is, in every respect, the direct converse of heaven. It is fashioned like this world, containing mountains and plains, rivers, bogs and chasms, with habitations like those of men; but all is wrapped in fire and noisome vapours, and pervaded by foul odours. Swedenborg, indeed, makes filth form a considerable part of the environment of evil spirits, and continually manifests a strange delight in dwelling and enlarging upon this part of their *entourage*. From what has already been said, it will be inferred that the notion of the Lord casting any down into hell finds no favour with Swedenborg. According to him, every evil spirit—every spirit, that is, who is immersed in his own *proprium* or personality, in whom the love of self and the world prevails over the love of God and his neighbour—is impelled voluntarily to cast himself down headlong into hell, and never to rest until he has reached a place and society congenial to him. "Since infernal fire, or the fire of hell, is the love of self and of the world, it includes also the lust belonging to those loves, for what a man loves he continually lusts after or covets. It is also his delight;" and it is an article of Swedenborg's creed that each obtains that which he desires, in which is his delight. Not that such attainment is productive of any happiness to the wicked spirit, who discovers that the result of his fulfilled desire is to plunge him into the society of those like him, who, immersed in the same evil personality, and devoid of feeling or regard for others, find his sole gratification in tormenting his fellows. In short, it is in the will that man sins, and in the will that he is punished.*

* Swedenborg's doctrine that heaven and hell are internal states, not external places, has been anticipated, like most other doctrines, by the poets. In an old version of the Faust legend Mephistopheles says: "Hell is no place; but as a bubble of water fleeth in the wind, so is hell ever fleeing before the breath of

When divested of the blemishes arising from a dry and prosaic mode of treatment, from a certain narrowness and limitation of thought, and, above all, from the delusion underlying the whole, Swedenborg's theory of the next world presents, what is in many respects, an elevating ideal of what man's life should be. It is a thoroughly healthy creed. Man is not invited to dream away his earthly life in the raptures of mystic contemplation; nor is he to endure the self-inflicted tortures of asceticism, that in the life to come he may "rest in a golden grove, or bask in a summer sky." No one need hope to win heaven by taking advantage of an amiable weakness on the part of the Deity, or fear to be plunged into hell by the arbitrary decree of an omnipotent tyrant. Life and death are set before one: it is for him to choose life. At the same time, no bare legality will suffice to ensure man's salvation. He must do right for right's sake, for love of the Divine Good and Truth. Right action performed for any base motive—for any motive, in fact, short of the highest—is branded as hypocrisy, and the place for hypocrites is in the nethermost hell.

Despite the prevailing dulness and prosiness of his style, Swedenborg's writings abound in thoughts and passages of singular insight and beauty. This is notably the case in the places in which he dwells on love, on one kind or another, as that which determines a man's life for good or ill, or, rather, is man's life.* "The quality of the life of everyone is," he says, "the same as that of his love." "Everyone *is* his own love, and is of such a quality as his reigning love is." "Delight carries light with it, because it proceeds from love." "The spirit of man, regarded in itself, is nothing but his own affections." "The fire of hell, or infernal love, comes from the same origin as the fire of heaven, or heavenly love, —that is, from the sun of heaven, or the Lord; but it is rendered infernal by those who receive it." "Those who receive the world, and not heaven at the same time, receive hell." "As soon as any

God." So, too, in Marlowe's *Faustus:* "Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it" (I. iii.) *cp.*; Sir Thomas Bourne: "For every devil is an hell unto himself" (*Religio Medici*, i. 51); and Milton:

> The mind is its own place, and, of itself,
> Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven. (*Par. Lost.*)

And,

> Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell. (*Ibid.*)

* Swedenborg's conception of the Deity inspiring with His divine effluence all those who are capable of receiving it with love is similar to Aristotle's First Principle—τὸ πρῶτον κινοῦν ἀκίνητον—which, itself immovable, is the source of all motion in the universe, ὡς ἐρώμενον, "as being loved." So Plato, in his *Phaedrus*, makes love the force which urges the fallen soul to retread the path to his celestial abode. So, too, the Kabbalists held, that between this "King" (*i.e.*, God) and the "Queen," or divine presence in nature, existed a love which caused alike the revolution of the natural world and the return of souls to the Deity.

evil spirit is taken to heaven, he pants for breath, like a person in the agonies of death." Of those whose faith is realised in their lives, he says that "they could not comprehend how believing could be anything else than living." "First to believe truths, and then to deny them, is to commit profanation; of which those who are guilty are thrust down into the deepest and most grievous of all the hells." "Man, regarded in himself, is nothing but his own good and truth." "Man is not a man by virtue of having these elementary particles allotted to him, but by virtue of his being endowed with a capacity to understand what is true, and will what is good." "To think and to will, without doing when there is opportunity, are like a flaming substance shut up in a close vessel, by which it is extinguished; or like seed cast on the sand, which does not germinate, but perishes with all its prolific nature: whereas to think and to will, with doing in consequence, are like a flaming substance in the open air, which diffuses light and heat all around; or like seed sown in the ground, which grows into a tree or flower, and continues to exist." "The rational faculty of man is like a garden and flower-bed, or like a fallow field: memory is the ground; scientific truths and knowledges are the seeds. As the light and heat of the sun are what make the natural earth and seeds productive, and without these there can be no germination; so, unless the light of heaven, which is Divine Truth, and the heat of heaven, which is Divine Love, are admitted into the mind, there can be no growth there." Indeed, Swedenborg frequently reveals such spiritual and ethical truth and insight that we might doubt whether the work be not intended for an allegory of the mind of man, were it not that the author's intense conviction of the objective reality of his experiences forbade us to suppose that it is meant for aught else than what it professes to be—a description of the actual spirit world.

It is impossible to avoid making some comparison between Swedenborg and Dante, that other explorer of heaven and hell and of the intermediate region. There are certain points common to the two. Both are remarkable for completeness of design and elaboration of treatment; both speak with the same tone of intense reality. It is, however, worthy of remark that the poet, although consciously employing a fictitious narrative as the vehicle of his thought, sees and portrays the next world and its denizens with a clearness and vividness which impress his readers with so strong a sense of their reality as the utmost historic truth has never yet produced. The prophet, however, although a doubt of the literal truth of his visions never crosses his own mind, utterly fails, with all his diffuse and often tedious accumulation of detail, to impress us with this sense of reality. He moves about the

spirit world, note-book in hand, a mere reporter, bent on gleaning facts for the support of his theological dogmas. His angels and devils are only the machinery employed for conveying his moral and philosophical lessons, and produce no more sense of their actual existence than the virtues and the vices of a mystery play.

In many respects, Swedenborg's doctrines bear a striking resemblance to the teachings of modern Theosophy. Like the latter, they strenuously inculcate man's personal liberty and responsibility. It is by his own struggle with the evil that is in him and about him that he must work out his salvation, while the thoughts and acts of his earthly life produce their natural effects after death by a law as inexorable as the Buddhist Karma. Like the Theosophist, moreover, Swedenborg makes the emancipation of man to depend upon the completeness with which he overcomes his *proprium*, or self. Hence, attempts have been made to prove that Swedenborg, notwithstanding the Christian and Judaic forms in which his teaching issued, was, at bottom, a Theosophist; it is even asserted that he owed much of his enlightenment to the good offices of certain Mahatmas in Central Asia, with whom he held spiritual communication. An Indian gentleman has written a book to prove that Swedenborg was, in fact, a Buddhist, and in communication, by occult means, with Buddhist Yogis and Arhats; while a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, in a pamphlet entitled *Swedenborg Bifrons*, has collected from Swedenborg's writings passages in which the teachings of "Swedenborg the Theosophist" are placed in contrast with those of "Swedenborg the Christian." Admitting that such contradictions do exist in various passages, and that they should exist is hardly a matter for wonder, the unbiassed reader cannot fail to see that Swedenborg's teaching and convictions are so cast in the mould of Jewish and Christian doctrines that to put any other interpretation upon them would be to disregard alike the letter and the spirit of them, and that his theories of a personal Deity, and of the eternal duration of the individual soul, are inconsistent with the Pantheistic spirit of Theosophy. Swedenborg's doctrines are much more nearly akin to a mode of thought widely prevalent at the present day in the Church of England. Many eminent divines apparently regard heaven and hell not as places, but as states, for which each one fits himself by the use he makes of this life, by the aid of the Divine grace which is offered to all men. Some also declare their belief in an intermediate state between death and the Last Judgment—not to be confounded with the Romish Purgatory—wherein departed souls develop and perfect the nature which was theirs while in the body.

Much, too, of Swedenborg's teaching is in harmony with the

scientific and positivist spirit of our times. He teaches that in the spiritual, as in the material, world no effect is produced without a cause, and, again, that everything is the cause of some further effect; while his theory of the gradual progress and ripening of the spirit through different states of being is of an evolutionary character. Moreover, he strenuously insists upon the best "feature" of Positivism and the Comtist Religion of Humanity: the necessity of sinking one's own individuality, and of living in and for the race at large.

At the present day, few outside the New Jerusalem Church on the one hand, and the Theosophical Society on the other, will be disposed to allow Swedenborg's claim to be regarded as the prophet of a new revelation; but this need not prevent our recognition of the great amount of spiritual and philosophical truth contained in his writings. Nay: it is surely not impossible that, although the true nature of spiritual things can never, so far as we may judge, become the subject of our positive knowledge in this world, it may be in the power of human thought to form some probable conjectures which shall not be so very far from the truth; even as certain of the pagan religions and philosophies contained dim images of many Christian truths before those truths became the subject of direct revelation. We may further presume that, as this world is the allotted scene of our preparation for the next, there is such a "correspondence" between the two that the theory of the former which contains the most, and the most accurate, analogies to the latter stands the best chance of containing a modicum of actual objective truth. This Plato saw when he made his *κόσμος αἰσθητὸς* a dim presentment of the *κόσμος νοητός*; this is the great truth contained in the line of the Son of Sirach, "God hath made everything double, one against the other." If this truth were more often borne in mind by the votaries of religion and of science, it would not be so lamentably easy as it is at present for "wits and schoolmen" to "teach these friends to fight."

CHARLES STUART BOSWELL.

DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS.

"La parole remet la pensée en sensation."—Rivarol.

In the January number of that beautiful publication *Le Figaro Illustré*, there were two companion illustrations which formed an admirable lesson on the difference between past and present ideas on the subject of social entertainment. They were entitled *Chanson d'Autrefois* and *Chanson d'Aujourdhui*. The first represented a *châtelaine* sitting on the terrace of her castle, one of her ladies standing by her, both listening graciously to a scarlet-clad musician, who accompanies his song on one of those inordinately long-necked mandoline-like instruments which suggest the possession of a telescopic arm on the part of the player should he wish to tune the strings. The other picture gives us a modern drawing-room, with a group of men and women in evening dress: the ladies *décolletées;* the men in the scarlet coats, white waistcoats, black knee-breeches, and silk stockings, which the French, with a most praiseworthy desire to regenerate the lamentable appearance of modern man, have tried to introduce as the proper evening garb for Young Gaul. Everything bespeaks the highest modern civilization and luxury, from the palms and vases of flowers to the satin-draped arm-chairs, the coffee-table inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the Eastern carpets. Amongst such super-refinement of surroundings one would expect the entertainment provided for the guests to be selected with equal æsthetic care; but instead of that we see that what fills the group of "fair women and brave men" with animation and delight are the grins, contortions, and grimaces of a *café-chantant* singer, who, in tumbled dress-suit, a tall hat on his head, and a glass stuck in his eye, is giving a life-like portrait of a gentleman "overtaken by drink," and rapidly approaching the footless condition which will call for the intervention and assistance of the *gardiens de la paix*, by whose aid he will pass a salutary and cooling night in the *violon*.

That the moral is forced, or the contrast exaggerated that is drawn by these two pictures between the behaviour in certain social respects of our semi-civilized (as no doubt we term them with lofty con-

sciousness of our own superiority) ancestors and the present perfectly civilized members of society, no one who has any knowledge of the modern world can possibly assert. It is one of the most curious signs of the times we live in that, while we pile Pelion upon Ossa in the way of outward signs of luxury and refinement of taste, it daily becomes more and more evident that the veneer is but skin-deep. The *Ronde du Veau d'or* being the National Hymn of modern society, money, rather than brains or birth, rules the roast, and its influence is felt far and wide. That this perhaps is right and fitting, on the principle of "the greatest happiness for the greatest number" is evident. Wealth may be acquired in many ways, and its methods of acquirement are generously forgotten by those who help to empty the money-bags; but brains and birth are not as yet quoted in the stock and share list, and are reserved for the comparatively few. Now, to amuse oneself, or to know how to amuse others, argues a certain quantum of brains not at all so universally possessed as may be imagined. A capacity for intelligent interest is at least necessary, as well as a certain amount of altruism, neither of which is an absolutely common quality. Hosts and hostesses with more money than pedigree know that ostentatious luxury is the "open sesame" to modern society. If they turn the art-decorator loose in their house to fill it to the full with anachronisms and absurdities, and then open wide its portals, they can be sure to have their house thronged, if beforehand they have taken advantage of the opportunities which the daily and weekly press offers to advertise the precise amount of money that they have lavished on their abode. The fact of enormous sums having been spent on a house attracts the flies of society, even as a jar of sugared beer will lure their humble prototypes. But when the hostess has got them there the question arises, What is she to do with them? The rooms are gorgeous; the electric light blazes in every corner; satins, brocades, tapestries, *objets d'art*, more or less genuine, Louis XVI. furniture, more or less spurious, glut the eye; but even these sumptuous "properties" pall upon the guests. Having inspected the rooms much as they do those of Messrs. Marshall & Snelgrove during a sale, they want to know what they are to do next—"what is going to happen?" The hostess is aware of this state of mind, for she has felt it herself elsewhere. The hope that her guests will amuse themselves is as far from her thoughts as the possibility of her amusing them; brains and tact would in a certain form be necessary to bring either miracle about, and money is the only thing to be had. So to money, the All-Powerful, the hostess wisely turns. Her guests cannot amuse themselves; she cannot amuse them: so she looks up a list of "Drawing Room Entertainments," such as the Bond

Street box offices supply for these children of larger growth, and her mind is at rest once more, and knows only *l'embarras du choix* between the rival attractions of the Georgia Magnet and the Whistling Lady, the fortune-teller with her tent and the ventriloquist with his *mannequins*.

These simple forms of entertainment are admirably adapted to the child-like spirit of the times we live in. The attitude of a small boy at a children's party is typical of that of the majority of grown-up members of society. The joys of conversation are unknown to the small boy, who huddles with others of his kind in the doorways, exchanging monosyllables of an uncompromising nature; but, although averse from imparting the thoughts and reflections which no doubt throng his brain, the small boy likes being amused. He wants his Punch-and-Judy Show, or the conjuror who produces brimming fish-bowls out of his coat-tail pockets; he has strong ideas on the necessity and the quality of supper; he objects to having to talk while he is eating, and looks upon the obligation of having to take a small girl down to the dining-room as being a distinct nuisance and an interference with the liberty of the subject. In most of these characteristics his elders follow in his footsteps, proving once more that, contrary to practical human experience, "the child is the father of the man."

It is, without doubt, owing to the all-pervading non-existence of general conversation in modern society that this new development of social amusements has arisen. It is not too much to say that the modern English *gommeux* and *gommeuses* are incapable of sustaining anything but a *tête-à-tête* conversation. Whether it is a certain modest diffidence as to the general interest their remarks may possess, or whether they find the "parry and riposte," on the rare occasions when the ball of topic is flying to and fro across a dinner-table, too fatiguing a mental effort, is not revealed to the simple student of modern manners; but there is no question that modern society recognizes the practicable impossibility of expecting general conversation by the method it pursues in its entertainments. What possible chance of that most admirable incentive and producer of wit and brilliancy can there be in that form of torture so dear to London hostesses, a dinner-party of twenty or thirty people, who are often so tightly packed that it is a matter of difficulty to raise a spoon to one's lips? It is a modern form of servitude at the galleys; the couple are chained to the same bench for a space of two hours. They must toil at their oar of conversation as best they can for the requisite time, and they acquit themselves in quantity of effort if not in quality, for a dislike to join in general conversation does not at all mean in such cases an inability to gabble; and to remain silently amused and

observant would be "bad form," or "odd," and as such reprehensible. So the stream of ineffable platitudes flows on; and if the dinner-party should take place in the season, it would be a safe bet to wager that each couple at the table have exchanged their valuable opinions on the Academy, the Park, the churches they frequent, the latest marriage, and that friend-in-need to the distressed "small-talker," the weather, before they reach the sweets! Now, as the majority of the guests are probably repeating the same dinner-party experience six nights out of every seven, one shudders to think what feelings may sometimes arise towards the unlucky wight who, as he unfolds his napkin, says with brilliant unexpectedness to his partner, "Have you been to the Academy?" I do not wish to malign conversation *à deux*. It is an excellent thing, and full of hidden merits and possibilities; but a little of it, amid such circumstances, goes a very long way; and it would indeed be hard not to sympathize with the demand for some other form of entertainment, after the nod of the hostess has brought relief and a pleasant escape from the bondage of the dinner-table and the monotony of exchanging views with one person for the space of two formidable hours. The poor couples have talked to each other till they are bored to death; the prospect of having to begin again in the drawing-room is a paralyzing one; hence the delight with which they hail the "drawing-room entertainment," which means the placid and ruminant joys of digestion, with just enough occupation for the eye to stimulate laughter and promote the ruminant joys aforesaid. Thus we get the picture of *Chanson d'Aujourdhui*, a group of people who have eaten and drunk, to say the least, well, who have individually said to each other all they have to say, who are absolutely "gravelled" as regards entertaining each other any longer, and whose inanity finds a pleasing complement in the "high-toned" performance (as the Americans would say) of the modern mountebank before them. It is quite evident that it was not of such *fin-de-siècle* types as these, men and women who would be bored to death in each other's society unless some outside help were given them to enable them to get through an evening without stifled yawns, that Rivarol, that inimitable *causeur*, had in his mind when he said hopefully:—"Il y a généralement plus d'esprit que de talent en ce monde: la société fourmille de gens d'esprit qui manquent de talent." And surely it must be as bad a sign of mental decrepitude in society when it has to be amused (as it were) by force, as it would be in the individual when he can no longer take an intelligent interest in what is going on around him. Perhaps it is that the age of the century is having its effect upon its offspring. Like the children of parents who are in the "sere and yellow" period, the present

generation lack vitality; perpetual excitement of some kind or other is wanted to keep them in any way "up to the mark." They remind one of persons who are suffering from an overdose of opium, and who have to be shaken and punched and forced to walk up and down to keep them from falling into the fatal stupor. Rest they neither know nor understand, and do not desire. When the season is over, Goodwood Races follow, then Homburg or Carlsbad; after which *Monsieur et Madame* return to town to repack their trunks and portmanteaus, and start off again on an autumn round of country-house visits, which can only be likened to the professional tour of the provinces by a dramatic company. Like the actors, they usually stay a week in a place, arriving on Monday and leaving on Saturday, spend Sunday in the train or at an hotel, and arrive on Monday again at some other house, where they will lead precisely the same existence. They will shoot an equal number of head of game, tell the same stories (more or less fit for publication, according to the moral atmosphere of the house), wear the same succession of frocks in an ascending gamut of gorgeousness, embark on the same kind of embryonic flirtations, eat the same kind of British-French food, hear the same ballads of the "De-Lara-cum-delirium" order sung by the same description of frozen amateur (who, though making a deliberate choice of the most impassioned ditties, seeks charitably to mitigate their *troublant* effect by singing with an utter absence of expression), and they will finally move on, when Saturday comes, to begin over again at the next stopping-place on the following Monday. The professional actor and actress complain of feeling fatigued at the end of their autumn tour, though they appear before the public only once each evening, and have the rest of the day wherein to rest or disport themselves as they please. The society actor and actress are made of superior clockwork; they are on the boards from breakfast-time till the small hours of the following morning: and yet these *mannequins* know no fatigue, or at least will acknowledge none. They are "pleasure-proof," as Horace Walpole said of the "Dutch-built" Madame Dusson. Fatigue would mean having to stop; that would mean boredom; and boredom is the "Bogey-Man" of the *mannequins*, the spook that is waiting for them at every corner, the tarantula whose bite can only be cured by a *moto perpetuo*.

When one recalls the fact that not a hundred years have yet elapsed since Horace Walpole died, the change since then in social manners and habits seems doubly extraordinary. In those days conversation was an art which was cultivated as a social necessity, a form of credentials which it behoved people to possess if they would hold their own in a society where everybody was intimate, and where each person was expected to furnish his or her share to the

general entertainment. The presence of such men as Horace Walpole and George Selwyn, and the reputation which has come down to us of their brilliancy of dialogue, argues the fact that not only was the society that they moved in capable of appreciating them, but that it must have been equally capable of drawing them out and acting as steel to their flint. Horace Walpole's remark *apropos* of Montaigne—"What signifies what a man thought, who never thought of anything but himself; and what signifies what a man did, who never did anything?"—is not exactly the expression of a man who would endure patiently the society of dullards. Although the people of his day also were *fin de siècle*, this was not then considered an excuse for riotous vapidity: riotous some of the amusements may have been in a certain sense; vapid they certainly were not. Society not being then the chaotic mass which it has now become, people sought each other for the individual pleasure found in meeting friends with whom they were intimate, with whom they had interests, political, literary, or social, in common, and of whom they knew the birth, parentage, and education. Now-a-days, people in society have no time to make friendships; acquaintanceship of the very slightest kind is all that is required, and in fact all that is necessary among people who are absolutely ignorant of everything concerning those to whom they open wide their doors. It is often uttered as a reproach (and no doubt is a well-deserved one), that there are no women now-a-days capable of holding a *salon;* but a *salon* would be perfectly impossible under the existing conditions of society unless there arose a woman, strong enough in brains as well as in social position, who, recognizing the necessity *de trier sur le volet* the materials before her, would stubbornly refuse an entrance to her *salon* to all, be they brainless descendants of a hundred earls or "silver" kings and queens, who could not show the credentials of wit, intellect, beauty, and grace, which alone should gain them admission among the elect. That there are such materials at hand for those who should know how to bring them together is not to be doubted, even if Rivarol had not uttered the encouraging dictum I have already quoted; but every day the flood-tide of nonentities rises higher and higher, and for want of a sure resting-place, of a rock to act as a gathering point, the Walpoles, the Selwyns, the Rivarols, the Madame de Sévignés, and the Madame Récamiers of our day, who might have been brought together for the joy and pride of our generation, are swept out of sight and submerged in the whirling waters which were first let loose when the Reform Bill of 1832 raised the stemming flood-gates of the political power of the aristocracy.

The dignity of repose, that moral atmosphere of the *grandes dames* of yore, the grace of simplicity, the refinement of manners,

have gone with *les neiges d'antan;* and only here and there are patches of those cooling snows, cooling to the heads fevered with the battle and struggle of life, to be still found. But is it too much to ask, or too late in the day to ask it, that some equivalent for the *salons* of the past should be granted to those among us who object to being treated like children at a Christmas party for whom the silent ecstacies of seeing and swallowing suffice? What is the use of the talk about "education," "competitive examinations," "artistic culture," and all the well-known phrases, if the only outward result is the widening vulgarization of social tastes and manners, the breaking down of the barriers of refinement in thought, customs, and speech, and the acceptance of the modern theory that social hospitality consists of turning your house (or a hired one) into a "variety show" for the benefit of people whom you barely know, who pass through the house like "supers" across a stage, who will perhaps be the first to turn you to ridicule on the morrow? Fortunately, there is a better kind of entertainment than that depicted in the *Chanson d'Aujourdhui*, a kind wherein every one brings his or her quota of wit and intelligence for the benefit of all; and there is no reason why, if modern hostesses would rouse themselves and their guests out of the flippant apathy which makes it easier for them to appreciate "Hi-diddley-hi-ti" than Augusta Holmès' "*Sérénade Printanière*," and, above all, if they would rather seek to restrict the number of their guests than strive to pack them like herrings in a barrel, a condition more creditable to the intelligence of average English society should not arise, and cause whistling and magnetic ladies, strong men and ventriloquists, to return to their natural places at music-halls and "palaces of variety."

Gertrude E. Campbell.

A GRAVE CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

[The following letter touches on a matter of too serious public import, and is written by one too conversant with political affairs, to be printed in the section of the *National Review* devoted to Correspondence. It seems to us to demand all the publicity we can give it, and, accordingly, we publish it here.—Editors *N. R.*]

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,—

The Political Programme of Mr. Gladstone has elicited from public men an amount of hostile comment which grows daily in volume, and, as must necessarily be the case under our Party system of Government, it is being defended with equal vigour and spirit.

I have no wish, even if I had the power, to add anything to that controversy. My purpose in addressing you is a different and, I venture to think, a far more important one. The British Constitution, as everybody knows, is an unwritten Constitution, depending for its principles and practice entirely on custom, tradition, and precedent. Judged by this ancient and well-recognized canon, the position of Mr. Gladstone at this moment is, I submit, glaringly anomalous, not to say absolutely unconstitutional.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the most striking figures in our Parliamentary history. Moreover, he has been, for good or ill, one of the most influential. I wish to write of him with all respect—the respect due to his great attainments, to his colossal energy, and to the enthusiasm his name, character and capacity excite in millions of his countrymen. But, Sirs, Mr. Gladstone is in his eighty-third year, and, exceptionally hale though he may be for a man of that age, he cannot elude the universal lot of humanity. But it is not necessary to argue the point. His absence from the country at the Meeting of Parliament; the repeated rumours during the month of February that he was coming home, then that his return was again delayed, next that a heavy fall of snow had led his friends to persuade him to remain yet longer on the Riviera, and finally that the date of his arrival in England would depend on the

state of the weather; these, and other circumstances one naturally shrinks from indicating with equal frankness, conclusively establish the fact that Mr. Gladstone no longer is, nor can we hope that he ever will be again, in a condition to lead Her Majesty's Opposition, much more to be the Head of Her Majesty's Government, with the active, directing, and controlling capacity expected, and indeed imperatively demanded, from both those public functionaries, by our unwritten, but not on that account less binding, Constitution.

The unconstitutional character of his position will be yet more apparent—as I will endeavour to show directly—should his wish to become Prime Minister once more be gratified. But surely, even as titular Leader of the Opposition, his position is not only anomalous and unprecedented, but of serious detriment to our affairs. He is nominally responsible for colleagues whom he does not in the slightest degree control, for programmes on which he is not even consulted, for speeches in Parliament he does not even hear, for important parliamentary decisions in which he takes no part, and for language and conduct over which he does not exercise the remotest influence. I have no wish to say one word against Sir William Harcourt, a politician of extraordinary combative capacity, or against Mr. Morley, a man who enjoys the sympathy of all the lettered portion of his fellow-citizens. But I think I shall scarcely be wrong, and I trust I shall give no offence, if I say that the country would hardly depose Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour from office in order to substitute for them Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley. Mr. Gladstone's popularity and prestige are so great, that I should not venture to assign any limit to their influence over certain minds. But it is perfectly certain that, whether the Party he nominally leads be in a majority or in a minority in the next House of Commons, its numerical strength will be due entirely to the spell exerted by his personality on the imagination of the constituencies, and in no degree to the attainments or popularity of his colleagues.

Nothing, therefore, can be clearer than that, though Mr. Gladstone is, even at present, confessedly unable to lead the Opposition in Parliament, and would confessedly be yet more unable to lead the House of Commons, were he to become Prime Minister, the return of his Party to power would be due wholly to the fascination of his name.

Surely, that in itself is a very anomalous, not to say unconstitutional, state of things. But how much more anomalous and unconstitutional would the position be, were the present Opposition to emerge from the General Election with a Parliamentary Majority. I have heard it said that Mr. Gladstone has set his heart upon becoming Prime Minister once more, if only for a week,

in order that he may have been at the head of affairs a greater number of times than any other English Statesman. I am unwilling to believe that "the last infirmity of noble minds" has assumed so childish a shape. But, be that as it may, it is certain that, if Mr. Gladstone were to form another Administration, he could not possibly be its Head in any serious or practical sense. Let us suppose him, after the necessary amount of domestic care, making a great effort and introducing a new Irish Home Rule Bill into the House of Commons. Does any one suppose, or will any one pretend, that he would have the strength to defend the Measure continuously, or even at frequent intervals, during its various stages? It is out of the question; and all the world knows it. I have studiously abstained from what is called strong language. But I think everybody who is candid will be of opinion that something very like a fraud would, in that case, have been practised on the constituencies. They would have been asked to vote, and would have voted, with the object of entrusting Mr. Gladstone with the direction of affairs. Direct them he could not. The direction would be transferred to totally different hands.

It will perhaps be said, Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, and died Prime Minister, at eighty-one. But there is no parity between the two cases. Lord Palmerston habitually attended the House of Commons during the Session of 1865; but, during a considerable portion of the time that he was sitting on the Treasury Bench, he was, as everybody knows, asleep. Why should he not have been? His physical slumbers represented with absolute accuracy the policy he embodied and defended. *Quieta non movere* was at that time avowedly his motto. During that same Session, he resisted and threw out, first Mr. Locke King's Bill for extending the county franchise, and then Mr. Baines' Bill for extending the borough franchise. He had openly borrowed Lord Russell's programme, "Rest, and be thankful," and had improved on it. In addressing the House of Commons on Mr. Locke King's proposal, he used these plain words: "All such changes in our electoral system as were desirable have long since been effected. There is, therefore, less desire for further innovations." So quiet was the general situation that Mr. Disraeli described it as "little disturbed," and added, in view of the electoral contest, that "the leaders of the Conservative Party, though they will never shrink from the responsibility of their votes, are not obtrusive candidates for office." Mr. Bright described Lord Palmerston's attitude towards the demand for further electoral reform as one of "contemptuous silence."

Is it possible to imagine a situation or a state of things more utterly different from those that prevail now? No one can say of

the present Opposition that they are not "obtrusive candidates for office." I do not blame them for this. I only indicate the fact, in corroboration of my argument. As for the situation being "little disturbed," it is more disturbed than within the memory of most of us; and instead of a "contemptuous silence" toward the demand for change, there is an almost passionate assent to it.

It is idle, therefore, to attempt to defend the theory that Mr. Gladstone, at his age, is a proper and constitutional candidate for supreme power, by adducing the instance of Lord Palmerston. There is no possible parity between the two cases. Indeed, they can be compared, only to be contrasted.

I have sought to propound the view I hold on this grave constitutional question, and which is held by many beside myself, as temperately as possible; for my object is not to add to Party acrimony, but to promote fair and candid discussion. But I do hold, most strongly, that by the course he is pursuing, Mr. Gladstone is, to say the least of it, putting a heavy and most unfair strain on our unwritten Constitution; and I cannot help thinking he would exhibit more real concern for his reputation, and certainly would manifest far more regard for the Crown, for Parliament, and for his Country, were he to exclaim, as it is only natural he should, *Solve senescentem*.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

February 24th, 1892. CONSTITUTIONALIST.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

From the Links, from under the Hill of Clatto, from the artists' land at Tents Muir on the other side of the estuary, St Andrews stretches out a line of charming background; and what it does for the landscape it does for the dainty gossip of the author of *The Recreations of A Country Parson*. St. Andrews is the ideal city, as Fife is the ideal county, for the picturesque historian; and beyond most cities she has had eminent chroniclers. Mr. Andrew Lang has discovered its people with their god, "the Tomorris"; also their town five hours from the capital, and six if you go in the waggons drawn by fire—a sly hit at a deliberate railway company to whom we owe at least one of Mrs. Oliphant's delightful tales. She, too, has written about it; and Lord Cockburn and Dean Stanley, and Kingsley have felt its attraction. Mr. Froude, judging of it two miles "out" (as the golfers say) thought it the very ideal of a University Town. In his more dogmatic way, Carlyle summed it up as "a grand place." "You have there," he said, "the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland in good and clean condition." One wonders that Carlyle did not miss in St. Andrews, or did not wish to miss, the particular "something of good old Scotch" which he was fond of praising, and which we do not find there. Otherwise his remark was striking. There are the ruins of the cathedral, consecrated in the presence of Robert the Bruce; the older tower of St. Regulus; the town church and St. Mary's; the castle where Beaton, among other eminent men, "hung out"; the University; the West Port, which tells of a Royal Burgh that had gates, at least, if it had not walls; the harbour and the fisher community that recall the days when St. Andrews was the eastermost stake of the chain of trading communities that stretched to Dunfermline. These, and not less so the society of the place—a society of a kind which reminds one of the Edinburgh of Cockburn, and of how changed is the Edinburgh of to-day—justify Carlyle's saying. We are not so sure that the same can be said of the "innovations" of which we hear so much in these Reminiscences;* or that, if he had

* *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews.* Vol. I. Longmans, Green, & Co.

been discussing them with Carlyle, Dr. Boyd would have found him quite so kindly. The "minister" of St. Andrews is here extending his diary, upon which, by the way, he has drawn fully before; we do not complain, for we can dine twice on such a dish with pleasure. Naturally, when the fight about church service and the new liturgics was bitter, the pitched battles and the private feuds of the champions were duly recorded in the diary of one who was himself in the fray and had a pretty wit for discovering the humours of it. To-day, however, the interest has died out. There is still, we believe, a reverend gentleman who addresses crowds on the hill-sides upon "poppish pantomime"; but the crowds come to scoff. It is interesting enough to be reminded, by the way, that the change from sitting at praise to standing nearly divided the Kirk: the controversy was characteristic of Scotland, where more trivial questions have created sects. There is a want of proportion, however, in the space given to it in this volume; and Time might have softened the asperities which rise up, even now, between its lines. To our minds the subject is entirely petty; but, if called upon, we might say a word against the innovators. In certain places the service of the Kirk is a little superfine; some people think that St. Andrews is one of these places. At any rate, a ritual which is barely at home in St. Giles' is plainly out of place within the bare walls of country kirks where we have seen it adopted; and there is something to be said against a service which cannot be uniform. It is quite possible to fall between two stools, although your mind is made up that on one of them you cannot possibly sit. Lord President Inglis, sitting by the Club fire one afternoon, said: "If you plead for a Hierarchy on grounds of expediency, its venerable associations, its social advantages in a country with great diversities of rank, I will take a bishop to my arms to-morrow. *But* if you tell me that Episcopacy is a vital thing, and that without it there is no Church and there are no sacraments, I snap my fingers at you." Dr. Boyd, as a good Presbyterian, no doubt snapped his fingers with the Lord President and then went back to the work of the Church Service Society. We should respect a man who left the Kirk and became a Prelatist; but Principal Shairp's shouting over his window against "Bobby" Lee is a more respectable course than coquetting with Prelacy—which deserves at the least more consideration than a weighing of its social attractiveness. The new service is no doubt more beautiful than the old. Its adoption may be expedient. The vitality of the Kirk of Scotland is as great as ever, and that there will be proof of this when the election is fought upon the question of Disestablishment we have not a doubt; but we are equally certain

that it is not from the new liturgics that it derives any of its strength.

The discussion of "innovations" and a passage in shocking ill-taste about an Editor whose "solitariness" on one point might conceivably be a title to distinction, are all that we could wish away from this volume. We get glimpses of the many eminent men who, in the last quarter of a century, have sustained the reputation of the University. When Dr. Boyd was settled in his charge the Head of St. Salvator's College was Principal Forbes, who, in opening and closing his lecture by a Latin prayer although he had not been ordained to do so, shocked the young minister—unnecessarily, we may be allowed to think. On the other hand, the Principal interested the Essayist of *Fraser's* in being the son of the lady on whose account Sir Walter Scott took a solitary ride into the Highlands. This two-fold view is visible everywhere. The names of Shairp, Tulloch, Baynes, Flint, and Lewis Campbell, are constantly recurring. By their neighbour of the Church the members of the Professorial body are exhibited as a very happy family; not at all like that which Aytoun quitted to write that "Hell was a quiet and comfortable place to live in compared to St. Andrews." Then A. K. H. B. takes up the pen to call to mind that Professor Macdonald, the Highlander in the chair of Natural History, called an eminent colleague "a Galloway Nowt," a very reprehensible title; or that "in departed days, while a wave of what is called *revival* passed over this region, the admirable Shairp was moved to an extreme sensitiveness of conscience. Only, somewhat perversely, his conscience pointed out Tulloch's sins and not his own. And he penitently confessed these to many friends." Of course, we know that the sins were very venial. The inability to be greatly interested in Messrs. Moody and Sankey was possibly a positive virtue. The Scottish "minister," however, is not supposed to think so, still less to say so; which shows the advantage of the Reverend Dr. Boyd being A. K. H. B. as well. Had it not been so, either we must have lost much that is full of relish or he had been excommunicated long ago.

The focus of society in St. Andrews is the Club House of the "Royal and Ancient Golf Club;" and it is a remarkably deft pen that portrays those who were wont to draw round it: Mr. John Blackwood, Dr. Chambers, Lord President Inglis, Sir Daniel Macnee, the Whyte-Melvilles, father and son, Bishop Wordsworth, Dr. Skelton, and many more. For the rarer visitants from across the Borders, with one exception, Dr. Boyd has a full note of admiration; even for Martin Tupper, whose weakness flowed forth in his parting "God bless thee, A. K. H. B., says M. F. T." The exception

is Anthony Trollope, who shouted on the Links, where, tradition says, silence ought to reign, and even fell foul of Sir Walter Scott. Charles Kingsley struck the High Churchman of the Kirk as hypercritical; of Tulloch's preaching he said, "How sad it is that, with that magnificent voice, he spoils the whole thing by that abominable Scotch accent." Now, the abominable Scotch "accent," or, as those better acquainted with English—Scotchmen for example—would call it, "intonation," was not more pronounced in the Principal than in many others. Worse still, having been introduced to a parish minister at Dundee, Kingsley, on learning who he was, exclaimed, "Why! that man's a gentleman!" It was said in absence of mind, it is true; but all the more on that account it betrayed an ignorance of Scottish clergymen. No one will contend that they are the most enlightened of men. Dr. Macgregor said to Principal Shairp, "I go into the Presbytery a humble Christian man: I come out an incarnate devil." We know a parson, not unacquainted with St. Andrews, who has told us that he went into the Presbytery anything but humble, and came out justified. These are unprejudiced testimonies. Here and elsewhere A. K. H. B. has added to them with delicious stories. We remember his clergyman who, at the marriage ceremony, was thankful, in his prayer, that we had been given "wumman to make us koamfortable." Not less funny is this extract from a sermon upon the rich man's request that Lazarus might dip his finger in water: "This seemingly rizzonable, but in the circumstances tottally inadmissible proposition, Abraham hastened to repudiate." Story-telling is infectious; and that shall be our excuse for citing two examples for which we can give place and pulpit in Dr. Boyd's own country-side. Once when Christmas fell on a Sunday the preacher said: "My children you have had many gifts to-day. God sent them because you were good. If you had been naughty He would have sent diphtheria." Oh, for the knout! to echo a frequent wish of A. K. H. B. At another time a minister who was ornate and precise—he spoke of one "wantonly roaming over the fields of domestic bliss"—read the passage upon the difficulty of Zaccheus, and "expunged" it thus: "A pretty place for a Roman centurion! Perched like a burd in the branches of a sycamore tree!" It is true that these things were among Dissenters; but in Scotland there is little difference in status between Dissent and Establishment. There is none in enlightenment. A Free Churchman has written as fervently against the tragedy of Magus Muir as ever Dr. Boyd felt. Dissenters stand at praise now; they have even been known to read *Scotch Sermons*. "Steerage o' the boaddy" and a tendency to "roar" are not monopolies of the State Church. At

the same time, what Dr. John Skelton has so strenuously urged for the religious houses of the Middle Ages might be urged for the manses—using the word in its broadest sense—of more modern times. It was in them that "the sacred flame of liberal culture, of polite learning, of a humane civilization, was encouraged to burn." Lord Chancellor Campbell was born under the roof of the minister of Cupar parish, which borders on St. Andrews. Lord President Inglis was a son of the Manse; so is his successor. To the Scot criticism of "the Manse" ought to be as difficult to stomach as criticism of *Scots wha Hae*.

This garrulous chronicle, which touches on so many men and things, is nowhere more delightful than in recounting the visits of Dean Stanley. It was in Dr. Boyd's church, of course, that he preached and thereby caused much discussion in the South. Twice, as Lord Rector of the University, he addressed the students. Of these events A. K. H. B. has written before in the chapter on *Dean Stanley at St. Andrews;* here we learn that the subject of it was "grateful to have a record of days so delightful." In his rectorial address Stanley "introduces St. Andrews to itself. He had made the old city interesting even to its citizens." The words are not Dr. Boyd's, but Mr. William Hodgson's, whose description of the Rector at the gathering in St. Mary's College Library, written at the time of the event, is so piquant that we must quote it.—

"The Dean is a little sprightly old-looking gentleman, who has nothing of physical command at all. He is short of stature; his bodily presence is of no consideration whatever; and there has, so far, been disappointment to my preconceptions about him. His rectorial address took nothing from his personal appearance, nor from any artifice or effect of manner; and I then first began to realize that the Dean's influence comes from other sources than any which are owned or cultivated by the mere orator. I thought I saw the secret of his power in the Church and in his books to rest in a certain natural affability, and in his picturesque style. . . . In St. Mary's College Library it was altogether a quaint scene in a quaint place, the Dean the quaintest figure of it all. He was in Court (or some such) dress; breeches terminating at the knees; the rest being black silk stockings, ending in shoes with glaring buckles. There was no other figure on the floor or up in the overlooking gallery to play off the unusual suit. The Dean, moving about in the air of his clothes philosophy, reminded me of nothing so much as a Waverley novel on shelves of text-books. He imparted all its special flavour to the unwonted gathering."

And the writer goes on to tell of Stanley's vivacity, of his "gracious comprehensiveness of manner," of how it was said, with pleasing exaggeration, "that hardly one student turned up of whose birthplace, or of some of whose kinsfolk, the Dean was unable to tell something." This gracious comprehensiveness led to an

"awful incident" related by Dr. Boyd, "to which not even his greatest friends ever ventured to allude in talking with him. He had been introduced to a dear old lady, and said a few kind words to her: at the same time bending forward his head in the way we all remember. The aged saint misunderstood the gesture, and solemnly kissed him. My wife had his arm at the moment; but he rent himself away and fled from the spot with extraordinary activity. Few have ever seen Stanley so frightened as he was then."

Somewhere or other Dr. Boyd makes a remark which we would fain interpret as meaning that one day he may write a description of St. Andrews: the place and its people. Were he to do so; were his volume followed by others upon Dunfermline, upon Falkland, upon those trading coast towns whose buying and selling was stopped for a moment only by the pageants of Court or of battle, as a ditcher might gaze for a second after the hunting party that swept past him on a spring morning, ere he returned to his toil; were the whole introduced by the masterly sketch which Dr. Æneas Mackay published the other day, the result would be a valuable contribution to the history of Scotland. Among the workers in this field, Dr. Cochran-Patrick* is not the least distinguished. In the papers which he has collected under the title *Mediæval Scotland*, there is no attempt at a systematic treatment such as we have in Professor Vinogradoff's† work upon a cognate subject. The results of research are set forth in a popular way, and the reader is left with an enlightened view of the state of agriculture, of manufactures, of trade and commerce in early Scotland.

Dr. Cochran-Patrick has no difficulty in showing, even from the few records which are extant, that from very early times the bulk of Scotch trade has been considerable. He attributes the founding of the burghs in the reigns of David and William the Lion to a persistent national desire, in which the Crown shared, to develop trade. It is, no doubt, in the main right to speak of the burghs as the creations of the Crown; but it is wrong to think of them as existing no earlier than their charters. Long before any charter that we know of, there was in the north of the kingdom a group of burghs which bore a striking resemblance to an association of Hanse towns. Both were, in all probability, an outcome of the same trading impulse; but, unlike the free cities of the Continent, the burghs of Britain were subject always to the supreme power.

* *Mediæval Scotland.* By R. W. Cochran-Patrick, LL.D. James Maclehose and Sons.

† *Villainage in England. Essays in English Mediæval History.* The Clarendon Press.

When we are considering the erection of Royal Burghs with their exclusive monopolies of manufacture and of commerce, we should be wrong to ignore the political reason for the Crown's action and to attribute it to anything so unselfish as a desire to stimulate trading enterprise.

The point is one of considerable importance, because to any thorough understanding of the Scotland of the Middle Ages must go the investigation of the customary laws of those burghs. It has been pointed out that in confirming the Hanse towns (if we may so call them) beyond the Grampians William the Lion referred to these privileves in vague terms, as if they were too wide to be easily defined, and spoke of them as having been recognized by his grandfather David. It may have been part of the Crown's recognition of their greatness that in their charters no mention is made of the "Sett" of the burghs. As a matter of fact, while a uniform model was exhibited in the ancient *Leges Burgorum*, in practice each burgh modified it for itself. There are indications, too, that in these early attempts at local government a democratic spirit prevailed in curious contrast to the protective character of the "crafts." It may be said that, as it was only local government, this is of little moment. The *Leges Burgorum*, however, is the completest body of old Scots law of which we know. It is the only old Scots law of which we can say that we have any due conception of the constitution of the court which framed it. That court—the Court of the Four Burghs—received Royal sanction. It claimed for burghers special privileges. The National Parliament, at a time when the burghs were not represented in it, actually recognized their laws; and the King was represented in their Parliament by the Lord Chamberlain. In all this we see, as Professor Cosmo Innes says, the origin of our "Third Estate which has this definite and authoritative organization, and constituted that remarkable Parliament of the *Curia Quatuor Burgorum* centuries before the burghs, as one of the Three Estates, sat and voted in the National Parliament."

Of the *status* and tenure of the tillers of the soil in the Celtic period and (by inference) in the Prehistoric period and in Feudal times, Dr. Cochran-Patrick has many interesting things to say in the chapter on Agriculture. He could not, of course, enter upon that thorough research which has been brought to bear by the Russian scholar upon the position of villeins in England. Professor Vinogradoff's is a work for students; but the general reader who has patience to go through it carefully will find matter of interest on every page.

The bias of legal theory was to bring villainage under the

principles of ancient slavery. The lord was owner of the bodies of the villeins as well as of their chattels. He could remove them from holdings at will and pleasure. They were not placed upon the plot in his jurisdiction to do definite services under the State, but could be shifted from one service to another. The villein was a personal dependant whose dependence was enforced through territorial lordship. There was a constant conflict, however, between logical requirements and the fluctuating facts. For example, the Christian lawyer had to take into account the sanctity of marriage; and this influenced the law regarding the condition of children. Broadly speaking, criminal law treated villeins and free men as having equal rights; and there are traces of a recognition of civil rights which the servile class had in regard to the lord. The element of liberty, Professor Vinogradoff holds, cannot be entirely due to enlightenment of view, to progress of ideas; and this coincides with the conclusion, at which he arrives after the consideration of Ancient Demesne, that in the manorial system there is a stock of freedom which points to Saxon tradition.

Turning to the condition of the peasantry, as exhibited in manorial records, the writer seeks to discover the rights of the lord in three relationships: as one having personal subjection over the villein, as the owner of land which carried burdens, and as one who had political sway. Here we have some interesting propositions. The fact that a lord had power to sell his villein, and seldom did so, is accounted for in this way:—

"The landowner had enough political independence to prevent the State from exercising an efficient control over the dependent population, and for this very reason he had to rely on his own force and influence to keep those dependants under his sway. Personal dependence was locally limited and not politically general, if one may use the expression. It was easy for the villein to step out of the precincts of bondage; it was all but impossible for the lord to treat his man as a transferable chattel. The whole relation got to be regulated more by internal conditions than by external pressure, by a customary *modus vivendi*, and not by commercial and State-protected competition."

Another interesting question was that of commutation: of the movement from natural husbandry to the money system: and of the social results of this movement in the cohesion which it gave to the village communities that participated in it, and in the actual agreements, recognized by law, which it gave rise to between the lord and the villein. Such an agreement was a compromise, for, consistently, an arrangement with a villein, if binding, was a destruction of the power of the lord.

Professor Vinogradoff's second essay deals with the manor and the village community. That community had rights over the

cropping of the soil of the township which actually restricted the practice of the lord. The division of the land into strips and the consequent distribution of one man's land must have had some underlying advantage, for the inconveniences were apparent enough. The method led to constant quarrels and misunderstandings. Especially was this so in the case of civil war. The author considers that its adoption was due to a desire to equalize the quality of the different shares which, in a rude way, such a division satisfied. It also asserted the communal rights. The strips were enclosed when there was a danger of the destruction of the crops. When they were lifted the land was used in common until seed-time came round. The character of the holding which was not divisible, and nominally was equal to other holdings in the same village, is opposed to an individualistic order of things. In reality the holdings were not equal; but this is itself a subtle evidence of the extent to which the individual was subordinated to the requirements of the agriculture of the community. Professor Vinogradoff concludes that this communal element is older than the manorial. Ancient freeholds existed by the side of tenements that had become freeholds by exemption from servile duties. There are evidences of free elements among the peasantry. Hence, whatever way we look at it, "one and the same observation is forced upon us: the communal peasantry is more ancient and more deeply laid than the manorial order."

Our reading this month has taken a somewhat antiquarian turn; but it is not without fiction and criticism. In fiction there are at least two unpretending volumes which have the merit of being a real refreshment. Both are by writers who have made a certain mark; they are alike in their rapidity of movement and in contrast in their outlook upon the facts of life. What is known as the "Story" in *Denzil Quarrier** could be told in three lines; and we deserve more credit on that account for obeying the unwritten law which forbids the telling of it. Still, we are inclined to grumble at the law as absurd; for those who read for the story only are certain at an early stage to turn to the last page, and will find it there, while those who read for more will not be changed from their purpose because they are told before they begin what they could prognosticate in the first chapter. Like Mr. Gissing's other novels, *Denzil Quarrier* is thoroughly modern. It is not only that its action concerns itself with matter-of-fact people of the most matter-of-fact order known to admirers of Mr. Gilbert as "the upper-middle class," and with their politics, such as they are: it is modern in its tolerance of all things which verges on contempt

* *Denzil Quarrier.* By George Gissing. Lawrence and Bullen.

although not quite committing itself to it—not making its heroine by any means too-heroic nor its villains too deep-dyed. There is a good deal of fun poked at the "old crusted party" at Potterham, and quite as much at the Radicals with their tendency to wreck their Party on their fads. A touch of cynicism is the breath of fiction. Yet the book has a moral, which is almost terrible, in the inconsequence of the actions that lead to such fatal results. There is a moral, too, which points the tale; it springs naturally from it, and is therefore bearable.

In *On the Way Through** and in the other tales published in the same volume Miss Gerard continues to portray Austrian Society, and to portray it with a charmingly delicate and light touch. The action of the story from which the volume takes its title is laid in Moravia. There is no riskiness in it, no skating on thin ice; and this gives it a distinction among most novels of the day. There is nothing more serious than an accident which might have been so; Miss Gerard once more indulges her liking for giving the dark cloud a silver lining, and for making her heroines very ready to recognize it. Sadder and sterner notes are struck in the shorter stories, which are told in the same simple manner that is so attractive in the larger.

He who reads many novels, good, bad, and indifferent, with an eye upon "how they are done" must be surprised at the variety of guises in which the walking gentlemen of fiction appear. In the very charming *Essays from Blackwood*† there is one upon "Illustration," in which Miss Mozley enforces our debt to the wits and the poets of all time for the incorporated metaphor which gives vitality to our ordinary talk. "It has required a real poet these several hundred years past," she says, "to hit off anything new out of the subjects of it. But they are all capable in his hands of a sudden illumination, of figuring in new characters, of imparting the surprise which is the essence of the illustration proper." The walking gentlemen of fiction are like those incorporated metaphors. We have met them all before in one guise or other. We know exactly what is expected of them; almost as exactly how they will do it. If we should have occasion to require them, they will engage their services to us as to all the world. They are mere mercenaries. But they are all capable, in the hands of a great novelist, "of a sudden illumination." If we may carry a somewhat whimsical analogy a little farther, we should say that, even as

* *On the Way Through; and other Tales.* By Dorothea Gerard. Eden, Remington and Co.

† *Essays from Blackwood.* By the late Anne Mozley. William Blackwood and Sons.

much of the figure of our ordinary language, although full of exaggeration if analyzed, has yet come to be accepted without the exaggeration, so it is with the characters in fiction. In the case of those of them, at any rate, which are used for the carrying on of the action of the story—the inferior villains, the meddling women, the shadowy cousin, the doctor or the parson, the self-sacrificing ugly man—there is an understanding between the author and his reader who is deeply versed in fiction. Even a writer of the strong individuality of Mr. Gissing makes use of this understanding; venturing upon an extravagance with impunity, or leaving the merest shadow of a representation to assume the proportions of the same type of character which have become traditional. If we are right in this assumption, the widening of the field of readers in our day must have an influence upon our fiction. For those readers who have not been bred in its traditions will be unable to fill up the conventional outlines; and it may be that it is their demand which is supplied by the analytical novel, so wearisome to those who are never bored with three volumes. Here, too, may lie the secret of the frequent failure in the novel of those who have been successful with the short story, and especially with the short story the action of which is laid in new countries and among strange people. On the smaller canvas the fresh, original, unconventional characters could be kept well in hand; but on the larger the author was wrecked on one or other of two opposing dangers: of being inartistic through want of proportion, or unconvincing through the absence of detail.

We have already referred to the *Essays from Blackwood;* and they demand a fuller expression of our admiration. The Memoir which is prefixed to them is as reserved and as sympathetic as such a memoir ought to be. From it we learn that Miss Mozley's interests were in womanly affairs, and that no one out of her own family circle suspected the extent of her literary work. These Essays are an apt illustration of what some one has been saying lately: that clever women often reach conclusions in a way which can only be accounted for by their thinking more rapidly than men. The subtlety of their criticism is due to pace of mind. The paper on "Social Hyperbole" is full of fine discrimination.—

"It is only the minority who can do their work, knowing precisely its amount of importance and utility; most men need magnifying-glasses. . . . Happily, this strain [vituperative hyperbole] does not perpetuate antipathies. Superlatives break no bones. An hyperbolical philippic leaves us much where it found us when the storm is over; hence the magnanimity with which foaming disputants and rival editors can compliment and felicitate each other when the occasion for panegyric arrives."

Of course the weakness of moral stamina implied in the exaggeration of familiar discourse is pointed out; but its good effects are subtly discovered.—

"Hyperbole is the inexhaustible resource of the circus, where by no means the worst hyperboles are to be met with; the figure owing its success, as we see in American humour, to a fine natural view rather than to a polished cultivation. The wit of the clown introduces a simple audience to intellectual exercises, of which their common life is too bare, and so serves an educational purpose. The mouth he knows, that is wider than from (y)ear to (y)ear, for it is from here to yonder is a difficult idea for even a practised intelligence to catch and make its own, but the effort does something, inducting the infant and the rustic into abstractions."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in The National Review in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the Review is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in The National Review, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Farmers and Consumers.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,—

In April, 1890, you permitted me to lay before the readers of the *National Review* the result of a very short interview I had had with an old woman who kept a street-stall in the east of London, and the record of a purchase from a costermonger in the west. Having bought a turnip from the costermonger, I asked the price of other vegetables he was selling, and was so struck by the contrast between their cost and the small money the articles would fetch where they were grown, that I verified the reply to my half-idle questions by further inquiries in other parts of the metropolis. The answers I received went to confirm an impression that poor people, and others too, were paying unnecessarily high prices for some common articles of food. To be quite sure, I bought a few bushels of these, or ascertained their cost, near Thurston Station, between two and three hours off on the Great Eastern line. I inquired what was charged for their carriage to town, and, finding it so small as not to account for the difference between the price received for them in the country and that paid in London, expressed to several home producers my surprise that they did not send more of their goods to be sold there. The general answer was, "It's no use trying."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because of those blessed middlemen."

One small farmer had despatched some twelve or fourteen pounds' worth of greens to town, and had been charged over £4 for sale and commission. Others had received nothing, and had found difficulty in getting their sacks or hampers returned; some had given up the attempt in despair. Of course, the larger growers, who had crops from hundreds of acres to sell, had found no difficulty in

disposing of them, though the prices were grievously low. That, however, was not the point. The machinery for their disposal was found sufficient. Trucksful of their goods went, necessarily, into the great corn market, for distribution among hundreds of millers, bakers, and other retailers of field produce, Their bulk prohibited any easy sale to individual consumers. It was the perplexing case of smaller growers which was brought before me by my inquiries, as well as that of those private consumers in London who were unable to put themselves into direct communication with such country people as had a limited amount of goods for sale. Could no means be found for the bringing of these together? Why should not the country grower deal at first hand with the town consumer? One difficulty was not merely that of ascertaining beforehand the cost of sending small parcels of farm and garden produce to town, but that of ensuring their distribution when they got there, without their being compelled to pass through the market and having, as they passed, a great bite taken out of them by some middleman. That was serious. Another bar to their disposal was the uncertainty of knowing who could be found to buy them, even if fresh channels were opened for their direct sale.

When I had acquired all the information I could from town consumers, country producers, and the authorities of the Great Eastern Railway, I began to think that I might possibly be able to put it into some shape which would, at least, draw fresh attention to a real grievance, even if no immediate mitigation of it could be suggested. After putting the result of my inquiries on paper, I ventured to hint at what I thought might point to a way out of the difficulties. I sent my paper to the Editors of the *National Review*, who published it; and I watched for the result.

A leading article on my paper appeared in the *Times*, and that was followed by others in authoritative journals in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Recently I received a newspaper from Sidney, N.S.W., containing an article of complaint about the same drawbacks as are felt here. It says, referring to some statistics supplied by a correspondent, that "the enormous difference between the price received by the grower and that paid by the consumer of garden produce &c. may seem very large (the middleman's profit had been stated to be 20 per cent. on his invested capital); but his conclusions in this matter are really moderate and not overstated; and they are amply substantiated by the facts disclosed in an interesting article by the Rev. Harry Jones in the *National Review*, which is an effective and eloquent plea for cheaper vegetables for the London poor, wherein he shows by actual purchases made in numerous poor districts, that," &c. &c. &c.—the Australian writer going on to quote some of the facts with which I had made myself acquainted more than a year and a half ago, and which had been published in April, 1890. The Sidney paper goes on to show how very widely and deeply the evil complained of is felt; and the freshly aroused interest about it seems to indicate that people are not disposed to put up with it much longer. The world is beginning to realize that the present

use of the market is the outcome of a state of things which has nearly passed away. At all times there have been people who wanted to sell, and others who wanted to buy; but, except in the case of small neighbourly transactions, a would-be seller was usually unable to discover would-be distant buyers, and when he did, there was no easily available private means of intercommunication between him and them. He was obliged to commit his goods to the main (and often slow) river of traffic which flowed into some central market from which they could supply themselves. This is so convenient an arrangement that it has been almost universally accepted as final. With rare individual exceptions, a man has always sent the produce of his labour to the nearest centre of exchange, which has come to be called a "market town," and is frequented by large buyers from a distance, as well as visited by neighbours. In the case of populous cities, where consumers have no opportunity of communicating with remote producers, this has come to be almost the only way in which they can deal with one another.

Large reservoirs have been provided, into which rivers and streamlets of produce have flowed from all parts of the country. It has seemed as if there could hardly be any other means of intercourse between those who wanted to sell and those who wanted to buy. For the conduct of this convenient business there has, inevitably, arisen that of the middleman, who stands between the two and is master of the situation. His position, moreover, is often guarded by special privileges or charters which make it more secure. No one has any right to deal except through the market which he commands.

Of course, there must be some agency or intermediate channel for the transfer of goods, as well as for an interchange of information between would-be buyers and would-be sellers; but while men have been, almost unconsciously, accepting as final the provision for this which is found in the market, there has quietly grown up a system for the conveyance of information, and the distribution of produce, undreamt of during the long years in which the market grew into acceptable existence. The postcard and the telegram have enabled widely-separated people to make their wants known to one another with readiness and certainty. Railways have appeared, willing to pick up any parcel at any of a thousand stations, and whisk it away to any place, especially a city, where its owner wishes it to go. Thus, the question comes (to use an illustration which I have employed before), "Why should not railways, whose trunks already have branches, put forth twigs as well, and, in the discharge of a great many transactions, be the only middlemen between many producers and many consumers?"

Let me now go back to the existing difficulties in the way of direct intercourse which I mentioned in the early part of my paper. They are mainly two. One is that of securing the cheap delivery in cities of small parcels of produce. The farmer or the gardener who does not deal in a large way with the consuming world has something which he wants to dispose of, but for which there is, practically, no outlet, except in the needs of neighbours, or in a market (often overstocked) in the

nearest country town. As I have said, many such a man has tried in vain to find customers by sending his inconsiderable consignment to one of the great reservoirs in London; but it has been swamped in the wide sea of commerce, and he has often found it hard to get back even the little boat in which his goods were despatched. He loses his potatoes, greens, walnuts, and the rest, and has to write three or four times to recover his hampers or sacks. That has been his common experience; but that is not my immediate point. His initial difficulty arises from his not knowing what it will cost him to place his parcel in the hands of any town customer whom he may hear of. How can he manage to evade the charges of the market middleman, and get the full worth of his goods?

Now, among the numerous communications I received in consequence of my paper in the *National Review*, there was one from the manager of the Great Eastern Railway, asking me to meet him and talk over the suggestions it contained. I went to see him. After several interviews with him and the chairman of the line, who was accompanied by directors, the Company agreed to publish a leaflet, to be first distributed in Suffolk (the scene of my earliest inquiries about the home value of farm and garden produce), explaining precisely the cost of sending even small parcels of goods to town, from every station, and distributing them within an area, of some eight or ten miles across, the centre of which should be the Bishopsgate terminus. This was a great step—a step which, I have reason to know, was hailed as a boon by many farmers and gardeners on the line. It was soon followed by a spreading of similar information, in the same way, throughout the counties of Essex, Norfolk, Huntingdon, and Cambridge.

Meanwhile (I cut short the record of a year's procedure) meetings and conferences (at Liverpool Street, in a room at the House of Commons, and at agricultural centres in East Anglia), of prominent landowners and farmers interested in the matter, resulted in the formation of a "Farmers' and Gardeners' Supply Society." This is not a company with shares. It aims at bringing producers and consumers into direct communication, so that they may deal with one another at first hand, and evade the costly intervention of the market. An "office" was granted to us by the Great Eastern Railway Company, and a corresponding agent, skilled in the conduct of the work contemplated, was provided. Our office was opened in May, 1890. Its first business was to make the objects of the Society known to producers in East Anglia and to consumers in London. For this purpose, we posted information and written instructions to the likeliest centres of agricultural intelligence, and our agent called on the managers of many charitable and business institutions who might care to make use of the advantages offered by the Railway Company. We put ourselves into communication with groups of working men who might like to combine for the purpose of getting vegetables &c. at a much cheaper rate than they had been accustomed to.

How were our proposals received by those three sections of society?

The country producers began by asking far too much for their goods. This had to be corrected. The answers we received, moreover (howsoever greedy), were few. This slowness was to be accounted for by the fact that most country produce was, during the summer, either underground or on the bough. When the autumn came there arrived offers for the direct sale of hardy roots, geese, apples, hay, &c. In short, here and there a farmer was perceived to be waking up to the proposals which we had made. We had indications, moreover, that the information contained in the leaflets which had been distributed was being appreciated. We had letters asking why the Railway Company had [unwittingly] charged a penny or so too much for the carriage and delivery of some small consignment. Of course, we knew nothing of this; but the questions showed that the experiment was not unlikely to succeed.

When working people realize that if several families combine for the purpose of having up a sack of garden produce from the country they might get their vegetables much more cheaply than at present, they will not go on paying a penny for a good parsnip, and three pence for a small bundle of carrots. I do not see, moreover, since they mostly buy their coals by the hundredweight, and at a high price (if the same direct communication is established between the mine and the cellar as is, on one line, now opened between the farm and the cupboard), why they should not supply their grates as well as their tables at first hand. This is by the way. Meanwhile, they need to understand that they can have small parcels of fresh garden growth delivered at the staircase (say) of a model lodging-house if only the families living upon it will combine to have it up from the country. I have already been in consultation with Miss Octavia Hill about the best means of letting the working classes understand the potential advantages now offered by the new departure of the Great Eastern Railway Company in providing for the distribution of farm and garden produce in London, as well as for its carriage to town.

The managers of "institutions" have begun to realize our suggestions with readiness. A co-operative store wanted eggs. There seems to be no insuperable reason why we should get most of our eggs from Italy, France, and Denmark. Of course, the system of peasant proprietorship which prevails abroad is, especially in France, well adapted to the need for producing eggs. Still, there are many small farmers who, with a little more care and intelligence, might stock the shops of town poulterers with new-laid English eggs, especially in the winter, when they fetch a higher price. As it is, they then give their hens no messes of hot fresh-boiled food, and let them sleep in draughty houses whistling with frosty wind. There is no wonder that the poor fowls shrug up their shoulders and have no heart to lay. We introduced an inquiring manager of a certain co-operative store to an enterprising countryman, who undertook to supply him with 2,000 eggs a week. Where he got them was no business of ours. They were home-laid, and went straight from the nest to the kitchen. It has been the same

with other country produce. Our agent called at charitable institutions and houses of business, and left papers explaining the purposes of The Farmers' and Gardeners' Supply Society with their managers. The result, up to the present time, is that five hospitals, two convents, and sixteen homes, orphanages, asylums, are being supplied with country produce directly from the garden and the farm. Beside these twelve hotels and restaurants are making use of the new channels between the field and the street; and thirteen miscellaneous houses of business are buying what they want, either for consumption or for sale, from country producers, at first hand. I heard, the other day, of two farmers near a town in East Anglia who used to send goods for what they would fetch into the neighbouring market, but now, having found customers in London, dispose of much produce there without being obliged to depend upon the costly town salesman. Hitherto, the heads of comparatively few private households have established direct communication with home growers; but when our suggestions become better known, and as our machinery works with more ease, the number of these will, no doubt, increase, perhaps largely. When the result of direct dealing between the country and the town comes to be more fully appreciated, we shall realize that railways themselves might be, to a great extent, for many articles of food, the only middlemen needed for the dealing of agricultural districts with city districts. It must be remembered that our object is to simplify transfer, and, by enabling the parties at each end of the line to deal directly, to reduce its cost to that of its carriage and of distribution. It is not to be supposed, however, that this can be done for nothing. We are no traders. We handle no goods. The expenses of our office and experiment, however, have to be met; and we expect these to be covered by a small payment for the introductions we effect. When a country producer has put himself into well-established communication with a town consumer, we desire to leave the two to go on dealing directly with one another with no drawback upon their transactions beyond the inevitable cost of the carriage between them.

I have reason to believe that our attempt is meeting with favourable consideration. Its possible worth has been recognized, as will have been seen by the action of the Great Eastern Railway Company. It has drawn much approval from the London and the provincial press, and some of those whom we desire to benefit are making practical use of the advantages which are offered. The Board of Agriculture, moreover, has (unasked) expressed an interest in the matter. Another department of the Government has been approached. In company with others, chiefly stimulated by Mr. Henniker Heaton, I attended a deputation to the late Postmaster-General, with a view towards urging such an expansion and cheapening of the Parcels Post as would largely facilitate the direct sale of garden produce, and thus supplement our suggestions for the carriage and distribution of small consignments of country growth. We were listened to with promising interest. We desire to spread as much information about the matter as possible, and to answer any

inquiries that we can. The work of our office is superintended by our Hon. Secretary and Treasurer; and if any of my readers will write to our corresponding agent, Mr. Cuthbert, The Farmers' and Gardeners' Supply Society, 2, Bethnal Green Road, London, E., their letters will receive attention.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

HARRY JONES.

8, York Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.
January 7, 1892.

Dissatisfaction in the West Indian Colonies.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

Our West Indian Colonies have been attracting an unusual measure of attention. The various attempts to make themselves and their wants more generally known seem to show that they are at last awaking from the lethargy and indifference into which they collapsed on the introduction of beet sugar, and the consequent severe financial crisis which suddenly faced them—a crisis from which they are only beginning to emerge.

Owing to their proximity to America, their most natural markets are to be found in the United States; and a feeling is steadily gaining ground that unless they receive more consideration from the Mother Country they would do well to seek the protection of the Stars and Stripes. It is reasonable they should consider their pockets before their patriotism; and it should be borne in mind that a large and increasing population of intelligent and educated natives cannot be expected to feel any great love to England, whose influence is felt as an incumbrance, not as a support. That this feeling is general in the Colonies will be admitted by all who have an intimate acquaintance with them, except by some of the officials, whose office naturally clouds their keen perception. The separation of Colonies has been talked of for a year or so, and has doubtless had the effect of causing us to study their interests more closely.

I should like to point out the most pressing disadvantages under which these Colonies are suffering: the unsatisfactory condition of the Civil Service, of the Law, of the Legislative Council, and of the Crown Agents.

As to the Civil Service: Owing to being divided into six different Governorships, each of which has an independent staff of officials, a judicial system, &c., the Colonies are put to unnecessary expense by being overloaded with officials, and, being unable to pay them highly,

cannot command the same class of men that a more extensive service would embrace. In the present state of affairs the promotion is necessarily narrowly limited and slow; and in the case of the smaller Colonies there is absolutely no inducement for energetic and capable men to enter the service. Many grave evils are certain to arise from the small experience of the officials, and in times of excitement charges of partiality are made freely against Judges and officials, some of which bear a strong resemblance to truth. The Civil Service of India bears an unsurpassed reputation for honesty and efficiency; and it seems not unreasonable to assume that, by making a Common Civil Service throughout the West Indian Colonies (selected by competitive examinations), with properly regulated promotion, we could very soon establish a system combining greater efficiency and economy by the abolition of many posts not requisite in a larger system of government, and by offering better prospects of advancement to efficient servants. In the same way, Judges could go on circuit, and not be confined to such small spheres as at present: a gain which only those who are *au fait* with the present unsatisfactory condition of the administration of the law in the Colonies can properly appreciate; such anomalies as Judges sitting on their own Appeal cases, and their absolute power to suppress any inquiry as to their behaviour, would be no more.

As to the Law: It has been said, and with some truth, that as long as our laws are made by the lawyers there will be uncertainty. This is assuredly the case to some extent in the West Indies, where for successive generations local Judges and Attorney-Generals have introduced law upon law, and precept upon precept, until in each separate Colony there are peculiarities quite unknown to its neighbour. The bad effect of this state of things is felt by the mercantile and planting interests more than by others. There has been a constant cry about the dearth of capital and the reluctance of English capitalists to invest in these Colonies. This state of affairs must remain as long as the present systems prevail. A deed of mortgage which is unassailable in one Colony can be invalid in a contiguous island. In one island property is secured by registration of title and issue of certificates; in another by deposit of original deeds at the Registrar's office; in another simply by recording the original deeds. In one Colony Receivers take precedence over everybody; in another, consignees' lien could upset a mortgage; and many other peculiarities could be pointed out. I would urge most strongly the necessity of the laws being made universal, especially as regards tenure of land, &c., such local enactments only being permitted as may be found requisite to deal with the peculiarities of any specific cultivation. The recodification of the laws on these lines would facilitate the adoption of the circuit of Judges advocated above.

As to Legislative Assemblies: In the Crown Colonies these are not at present representative. The nominees of the Governor, together with the official members, constitute a majority; in consequence of which, the Governor can pass financial and other important measures against the wish of the Colony. This produces very bad effects—first,

the abstention of many of the most prominent and desirable colonists from becoming members of the Council, by reason of their votes being practically powerless; secondly, the passing of many ill-considered schemes involving heavy debts on the Colony (such as the recent attempt at road-making in Dominica); and, thirdly, general discontent, arising from a wish to have an effective voice in the management of their own affairs.

As to Crown Agents: The nature of this office appears to be as mysterious as its power and enthralment are absolute. Although it was originally created for a good purpose, its scope has become so enlarged, and so loyally is it supported by the Secretary of State, that the Colonies are bound to it, hand and foot; so that whether a loan has to be raised or certain contracts to be placed, all must be done through this office, which has become a mighty monopoly. Complaints as to their charges, and the unsuitability of goods supplied, and as to the delay in the execution of orders, are frequent. Spasmodic attempts to remedy matters have been made; and always, from sheer despair, the subject has been allowed to drop. I do not wish to see the Crown Agents' offices abolished; but their services should be made optional. I maintain that the Colonies should be allowed to put out their own business to competition, and not be compelled to pay what the Crown Agents choose to ask, and blindly to accept and pay the men they send out, and the stores they supply.

It may be said that adoption of these suggestions would involve the Federation of the islands. That, I believe, is the natural solution of the question—a change which should be gradual, and not the outcome of some political cry (the bane of all thorough and impartial reform). We need a Federation, not demanding an amalgamation of Treasuries, but a Federation on broad lines (including representative government), such as has been proposed by able statesmen—a Federation which will restore the Colonies to their former prominence as a valuable part of the British Empire. At present they are a conglomeration of small islands full of discontent, petty jealousies, unseemly scandals, and an asylum for officials for whom each political party in turn wishes to provide a recompense for services directly or indirectly rendered.

Gentlemen,

I am yours faithfully,

C. B. Heygate.

65, George Street,
Portman Square, W.,
February 2, 1892.

An Unscientific View of Vivisection.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,—

Dr. Allan Grant is good enough to reassure your readers respecting the supposed horrors of vivisection. Lady Paget had referred in her article to those who "singe, burn, bake, freeze, cut, tear, and mangle helpless creatures." Dr. Grant says: "I confidently assert that such men among the medical 'scientists' of Great Britain are unknown; I have had practical experience, and understand the things I speak of."

Confidence in Dr. Grant's assurance would be so priceless a relief to thousands of us that I must trespass on his courtesy with a single question which will elucidate the whole controversy once for all.

How are we to understand the records of such experiments as Lady Paget describes which we find thick-strewn in the papers of English scientific journals, and generally with the signatures appended of the experimenters themselves? For example:—

In the *Practitioner* for October, 1884, we read of a cat whose (*internal!*) heat was raised by Drs. Lauder-Brunton and Theodore Cash to 115° Fahrenheit, at which temperature the animal died. In a lecture at the Royal Institute on May 29, 1885, Mr. Coleman described experiments by Dr. M'Kendrick, in which rabbits were frozen to death at 100° below zero. In the *Journal of Physiology* for August, 1891 (p. 20), Drs. Bayliss and Starling describe how they opened the chest and pericardium of living animals, stitched the covering membrane of the heart to the chest wall, and then stimulated the heart with electricity. In the *Practitioner*, Vol. 44 (1890), Prof. Roy recorded experiments on the hearts of curarized dogs; their chests were opened, their hearts exposed, and a hooked wire was inserted over the valves. In the *British Medical Journal* of March 14, 1891, are described the experiments of Messrs. Shattock and Ballance at the Brown Institute; they opened the stomachs of eight monkeys, seven dogs, three sheep, and inserted therein pieces of cancer from human beings, causing lingering death.

I could multiply such experiments by hundreds, with references equally precise. But these, I think, sufficiently cover the ground of Lady Paget's assertion in the November number of the *National Review*.

Will Dr. Grant be obliging as to explain whether all these records are mere solemn fooling on the part of the editors of these scientific periodicals, and that the supposed experiments never took place? If

they be serious, will he repeat his "confident" assertion that such men as Drs. Lauder-Brunton, Cash, M'Kendrick, Bayliss, Starling, Roy, Shattock, Ballance and Co., "are unknown" among "the medical 'scientists' of Great Britain"?

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Hengwrt, Dolgelley,
February 9.

An Historical Sketch of the Labour Question.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

There is some danger lest, in the heat of the economical and political controversies raised by the chronic conflicts between capital and labour, the origin and history of these conflicts should be forgotten or obscured. We are so accustomed to associate Trade Unions with the most recent democratic developments that we sometimes forget the ancient parentage of those industrial combinations. An investigation into what may be called the lore of the Labour question forms no part of the task of the Royal Commission, whose report we shall soon be expecting. It may therefore not be unreasonable,—while the newspapers are chronicling for us the ups and downs of strikes and lock-outs, and Party annalists are keeping up the spirits of excited combatants in a costly war which threatens ruin to both Parties concerned, and, at any rate, the weakening of the tissues of our national strength,—to revert for a moment to the earliest growth of those industrial disputes, which seem now, to some minds, so alarming. It is well, amid those circumstances, that we should be reminded that what we see around us is not merely ephemeral, but an aspect of a chronic contest which has lasted for many centuries.

"There is nothing," says Dr. Brentano, the chief historian of the Gilds of the Middle Ages, "that gives more consolation, joy, and hope, than the investigation of history in reference to these questions. It frees us from the feeling of responsibility which must weigh us down if the Labour question has really been created by the legislation of the

nineteenth century." According to Brentano, the ancient Gilds of which he writes formed the centres around which craftsmen of all kinds gathered to protect themselves against what they regarded as the tyranny of their employers and feudal lords. The so-called "Frith Gilds" were recognized by the laws of Athelstan as early as the tenth century. Farther on we find three of the oldest Gilds, which appear to have had a religious as well as an industrial and political bond of union, at Abbotsbury, Exeter, and Cambridge. In the case of the Exeter Gild, the Brothers assembled to worship and pray for their living and dead members three times a year. Mutual assistance in all their troubles,—industrial and social,—was the bond of all their Brotherhoods. They were variously called "Frith Gilds," "Market Gilds," and "Craft Gilds." Craft Gilds were chiefly started in the twelfth century. They lasted through many vicissitudes for nearly five centuries. Their decline and fall at the close of the eighteenth century were due to various causes. The accumulation of capital, and the introduction of machinery concentrating into few hands the directing power, which had previously been diffused among many, led to disputes. The Brotherhoods came into conflict with the municipal authorities of the towns. In addition to all the internal causes of decay and disorganization, the Gilds had to contend with the rapacity of the Crown. Henry VIII., who had extorted a loan from them in 1544, soon afterwards confiscated their property in favour of his own privy purse—an example which was followed by Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., and through the period of the Civil War and the Commonwealth. Thus it came to pass that, before the close of the eighteenth century, Gilds, which had already disappeared in France and in Germany, ceased to exist in England as a power in the manufacturing and trading community.

Before their final extinction several attempts at legislative intervention in labour questions were made. The Statute of Labourers (23 Edward III.), followed by statutes of Richard II. and Henry IV., inflicted penalties on labourers who refused to work at certain fixed rates, and in 1350 we find the Lord Mayor of London regulating wages and prices. It was in the reign of Elizabeth, however, that the first decided legislative interference in the mutual relations of employers and employed was made. By the 5th Act of Elizabeth, called the "Statute of Apprentices," seven years' apprenticeship, beginning at the age of twenty-one, was made a necessary qualification to enable any one to carry on trade as a master. The hours of labour were fixed at twelve in summer, and from day-dawn till dark in winter. Wages were, under this statute, to be assessed yearly by the Magistrates at Easter Sessions. The chief industry to which this statute applied was the woollen manufacture. The other great industries, such as frame-work knitting, cotton-spinning, and calico-printing, were not then developed. The provisions of the 5th Act of Elizabeth were not observed; and, after long agitation, the measure was, in 1814, repealed by Statute 54, George III., cap. 96.

Trade Unions, which were the successors of the Craft Gilds, grew out of combined efforts to enforce the observance of the 5th Act of Elizabeth. Weavers, cutlers, shipwrights, builders, hatters, tailors, and others formed Trade Unions. Then, in consequence of riots, the breaking of machinery, and other disturbances, came the laws against combination, which began with the 40 George III., cap. 116, and ended with the 6 George IV., cap. 129. Those laws, after various Committees and Royal Commissions, were all finally repealed in 1875. Trade Unions, which first appeared under the guise of Friendly Societies, in order to escape the penalties imposed by the then existing combination laws, have now, as is well known, for their main objects the raising of wages and resistance to the reduction of them, the shortening of the hours of labour, and the general regulation of all matters relating to the employment and discharge of workmen. The ordering of strikes is one of the most important functions assumed by them, including the blockade of workshops against the ingress of free-labourers by a system called "picketing." In the meantime employers combine also in self-defence against a system which threatens, as they allege, to deprive them of any margin of profit in their business.

Economic science has not been unfruitful of suggested remedies for a state of things so pregnant with national disasters. Co-operative production, or profit-sharing, had, at one time, a charm for certain sanguine philosophers. The advocates of profit-sharing in industrial enterprises point to the success of M. Godin at Guise, and to that, more recently, of the Parisian house decorator Leclaire. In England the successes of this movement have been few and far between. Its breakdown at Whitwood Collieries in 1874, which was caused by the action of the West Yorkshire Miner's Union at Normanton, dealt a heavy blow to a system which can only be worked when the men who share in profits in good times of trade are prepared also to share in losses in bad times. Even where profit-sharing shows any probability of success, the *soi-disant* friends of the working man, fearing, as is said, any abridgment of his power of striking, warn him, as against a snake in the grass, to accept no offer, howsoever liberal, which may deprive him of that privilege. Sometimes we fancy we see a silver lining to the cloud of industrial strife in the schemes of arbitration and of "Courts of Conciliation" of which we hear so much; but, without discouraging any efforts from without to reconcile the conflicts we deplore, I think it is only on the basis of mutual confidence that employers and employed can arrange their differences and carry on their affairs in peace. That this is so my personal knowledge of one class of industrial enterprise enables me to testify. No better test of mutual good feeling between employer and employed can be found than *length of voluntary service.* It is within my knowledge that out of a staff numbering 16,000 of all grades employed by one railway company 25 per cent. have served that company for no less than twenty years. I quote this case not as exceptional, but as a fair sample of the industries of England; and I feel sure that those

who are more largely conversant than I am with the trade of this country will support me when I say that our industries depend more on their own sound internal organization than on any outside intervention that can be devised. Emperors may hold Congresses; Popes may issue Encyclicals; Governments may appoint Commissions; and Legislatures may attempt to regulate the hours of labour. Such methods will succeed only in proportion as the communities of the world discover that the prosperity of one class cannot be built up on the ruins of another, and that the grand old rule of doing as we would be done by is the only principle on which the well-being of employer and employed can be maintained.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MILLS.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,
December 9. 1891.

Why should Liquor and Tobacco be Taxed?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

I have for years cherished the hope that, as a Conservative-Democrat, I should be in a position to contest a Scotch constituency in which the working classes predominate. With this end in view, I have seriously pondered the political programme that it would have been my duty to submit. I may, with all modesty, claim that I have thought more of the public good than of my own immediate success. To me, it would have been a comparatively small matter whether I was returned or not; and if my views have, as I hope, anything in them that is likely to advance the general good, their discussion must have a beneficial effect. I now find with much sorrow that business considerations, which I need not explain, will prevent me, for some time, from taking an active part in politics; and I therefore crave permission to state the distinctive "features" of my political programme in the pages of the *National Review*.

I am decidedly of opinion that the manual toilers of this country contribute more than a fair share of Imperial taxation. This is a doctrine

that finds little favour with most of my Conservative friends. They tell me that working men contribute nothing worth speaking of to the National revenue, except to the extent that they voluntarily assess themselves by drinking alcoholic beverages and smoking tobacco. This is true. Nevertheless, I submit that working men who like a "dram" and a smoke have a distinct grievance if, as I contend, they have either to contribute more than their just share to the revenue of the country or to deny themselves their favourite luxuries. I cannot see why Good Templars and other objectionable persons should be exempted from taxation, while an honest man who enjoys his pipe and his glass is penalised.

The excessive taxation on liquor is justified by theorists on the plea that drinking should be discouraged on moral grounds. From this view sensible men who really understand the matter dissent absolutely. Tee-total drinks are as a rule abominable; and if lead-impregnated aerated waters and kindred poisons were taxed out of existence no man worth his salt would think of complaining. On the other hand, good beer, honest whisky, and sound wine, when taken in very small quantities, do no harm; and their consumption in moderation should be encouraged by all legitimate means.

As a step in this direction I would suggest that the taxation on beer, spirits, and wine should be reduced by a half

I am well aware that many persons who pose as social reformers think that a change of this kind would be a very long step on the road to national ruin. To my thinking it would be a salutary measure of temperance reform. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that most of the evils of drink, of which so much is now heard, arise from drinking bad liquor. I know one country town, which may be typical of many others, where the farmers who come in weekly to market cannot afford to pay more than twopence for a small glass of whisky. The publicans assure me that they cannot sell a really good spirit at that rate, and I pity those who have no choice but to drink the harsh raw stuff supplied. In sampling expeditions I have tasted exceedingly vile spirits in the less reputable public-houses in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, and Aberdeen. I have had similiar experience of beer in the large towns in England. Indeed, I was ill for a week after drinking, as an experiment, a single glass of beer in a Liverpool ale house.

In the light of my investigations, which have been careful and prolonged, I suggest, as a temperance reform, that simultaneously with the reduction of the taxes upon all alcoholic beverages Parliament should prohibit the sale of bad liquors. Whisky is the National drink of Scotland, and I would not permit it to be sold for consumption till it had been three years in bond.

Also, I advocate cheap and good tobacco. When travelling on the Continent I see that working-men, in most European countries, although wages are lower than with us, can afford to enjoy moderately good

cigars, while in Britain such luxuries are only within the reach of men with large incomes. A fairly prosperous man belonging to the middle class, who has learned the difference between good tobacco and brown paper, will, while within the four seas of Britain, seldom indulge in a cigar. A good one can hardly be got for less than sixpence, and for a man of moderate means this is too much for a single smoke. As for ordinary British working men: They would never dream of smoking good cigars unless they happened to get a few for nothing. This scandalous state of matters suggests some questions which "Social Reformers" should ponder seriously. Why should not the British working man have as good a chance as his Continental brethren of smoking a decent cigar? How can a high ideal of life be expected from a man who cannot get anything better than Lurgan roll?

I throw out these suggestions, not with the idea of bribing the working classes with cheap and good drink and cheap and good tobacco, but simply with a view to doing them justice. I hope these subjects will be carefully considered between this and the General Election by Conservative candidates in all parts of the country. Conservatives cannot, like their opponents, swallow their principles and promise to make everyone prosperous and happy by stealing from the rich and giving to the poor; but they can see that anomalies are redressed, and that equal justice is dealt out. It is no part of their traditions to grind extra taxation out of working-men under the pretence that they are taking care of their morals. Such hypocrisy may suit Gladstonians, but it behoves all Conservatives to take a broad and healthy view of life.

In taking up this position I have been largely guided by a desire to do as I should wish to be done by. As becomes a sober and frugal Scot, I am in the habit of taking a modest dram of good whisky after my dinner each day, and I feel the better for it both morally and physically. What is good for me would, I feel assured, be good for the meanest hind in the country.

I am in the habit of going to hiring fairs, whenever I get the chance, for the purpose of studying men and manners. On such occasions many of the rustics become intoxicated, and superior persons sometimes comment freely on their "beastly habits." Such criticism is the hasty generalisation of ignorant prigs. Many of the Scotch farm-servants, unfortunately, do not taste whisky from one hiring fair to another, except about the New Year time; and consequently, a very little drop puts them off their balance. Besides, the liquor supplied at hiring fairs and rural gala days is generally vile enough to put anyone out of his senses. The obvious remedy is to let farm-servants have a moderate supply of good whisky constantly. They will then, in an easy and natural manner, learn to reject the inferior fluids. This is no new doctrine. A good many years ago it was zealously enforced in the Free Church General Assembly by a well-known and highly respected peer.

I am strongly in favour of temperance reform. I do not think our present licensing system the perfection of common sense; but I am not at all sure that, in the light of experience, the time has come for a comprehensive measure of reform. I would rather urge various experiments in different areas; and it would obviously be desirable to make the experiments with a due regard to local feeling.

The men of light and leading in Liverpool and the neighbourhood are, or were, largely in favour of free trade in liquor. I think this sensible; but I am open to conviction. Of course, along with Free Trade, rigorous police supervision and stringent measures for the prevention of adulteration would be necessary. With these restrictions, the Liverpool authorities would do a great public service if they granted licenses to sell alcoholic liquors to all who asked them, and watched the results.

Total Prohibition, so far as the retail trade is concerned, might be tried for (say) six months in Aberdeen. If this policy could succeed anywhere, the "Granite City" is certainly the place. The magistrates, who are indirectly elected by the ratepayers, have for several years been "returned" on the "teetotal ticket." I am credibly informed that no respectable man in the city would think of entering a public-house by the front door. My informant, however, adds that it is not unusual for Aberdeen public-houses to have two or three side and back doors. Also he made references to an obsolete custom of tippling "behind the treacle cask." If these allegations are true, there would be little difficulty in developing a system of clandestine drinking to minimise the evils of Total Prohibition. In any case the experiment would be interesting, and the teetotal magistrates would doubtless see that it had a fair trial.

In these Socialistic days many persons think that the best plan for solving the liquor question is that the municipalities should take the traffic into their own hands. In such matters experience is the sole criterion. Among all the municipalities of Britain, that of Glasgow has been the most successful in dealing with large enterprises. Therefore, the Legislature might grant the city fathers of St. Mungo powers to take over the liquor traffic if they were so inclined. The system could easily be tried on a sufficiently extensive scale in the commercial capital of Scotland.

Without insisting on details, I am strongly in favour of trying experimental areas in the meantime. Also I think that enlightened temperance reformers should encourage working men's clubs where the members could get a glass of good beer or a "nip" of good whisky when they wanted it. Nothing would do more to encourage moderation and self-restraint. The man who can have liquor when he wants it is rarely tempted to indulge to excess, while the man who has seldom an opportunity to get a "dram" is apt to take a skinful when he has the chance. Some silly persons wish all clubs, rich men's and poor men's, put under the licensing laws. That is preposterous. A man's club is

practically his own house, and he should have as much liberty in the one as in the other. Every morning at one A.M. I take a "night cap" before retiring to rest; in which act surely I inflict no hardship on my neighbour, a pillar of the Free Church, who has been slumbering for two complacent hours.

Gentlemen,

I am, yours faithfully and obediently,

MALACHI MALAGROWTHER.

Quothquan, Lanarkshire, N.B.
February 13, 1892.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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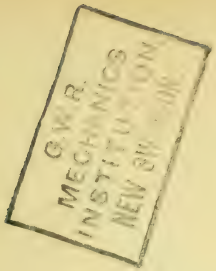

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

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THE QUEEN IN POLITICS.

A CONTROVERSY to which it is not necessary to make minute reference here has raised the question of the part played by the Queen in the conduct of public business. The common idea, which according to Mr. Bagehot prevailed in his youth among the peasantry of Somersetshire, was that the Sovereign did everything. The extension of popular education and the diffusion of general enlightenment have led to the precisely opposite impression, that the Sovereign does nothing. The ignorance which is half knowledge is often as misleading as the lie that is half a truth. Her Majesty, like the queen of the nursery rhyme, is supposed to spend her time "eating bread and honey," or in some employment as remote from public concern. "They that wear soft raiment are in kings' houses," and their function is to be the wearers of soft raiment. Macaulay in one of his essays describes the street-porter's view of the Ministerial crisis which, when he wrote, was occupying the public mind. "So Lord Goderich says, 'I cannot manage this business: I must go out.' So the King says, says he, 'Well, then, I must send for the Duke of Wellington—that's all.'"* If the Ministerial crisis of 1880 were described with a similar Herodotean simplicity, according to the now prevalent conception of a Ministerial crisis, the supposed conversation would run thus: "So Lord Beaconsfield says, 'These elections have gone against me,' he says, 'and there's no use in my trying to stop in any longer. You must send for Lord Hartington,' he says. So the

* Macaulay: *Miscellaneous Writings* (ed. 1865), p. 108.

Queen says, 'May not I send for Mr. Gladstone, or, at any rate, for Lord Granville?' 'No,' says Lord Beaconsfield: 'you must send for Lord Hartington: he's your man.' 'Well, then,' she says, 'I suppose I must, since you say so.'" It seems to be commonly believed that the Sovereign is simply a pageant out of doors, and a puppet in what used to be called the closet; that she cannot come to a decision without taking somebody's advice, and that then she must come to the decision which she is advised to adopt; that she cannot take a step without leaning upon somebody's arm, and can move only as she is moved. So far as I have seen, all the journals, with the single exception of the *Saturday Review*, which took part in the controversy about the Ministerial change of 1880, assumed that Lord Beaconsfield was by constitutional necessity and moral depravity the prime mover in what was represented as an intrigue for the exclusion of Mr. Gladstone from office. He therefore recommended the Queen—not merely to ignore Mr. Gladstone, but—to pass over Lord Granville, whose devotion to his old chief was well-known, and to send for Lord Hartington, a man younger than either of them, and of less experience in public affairs and in the functions of a Parliamentary leader. The recommendation of the out-going Minister, according to this view of the working of our political system, is practically an instruction which the Sovereign has no alternative but to act upon.

This grotesque conception of the office of the Monarch, during the period which intervenes between the resignation of one Minister and the appointment of another, is probably due to the misinterpretation of two current phrases. "The Queen reigns, but does not govern." But this does not mean that she takes no part in the government. The Houses of Parliament legislate, but do not govern, though they, and one of them more particularly, have a good deal to do with the government. The other misleading words are "Ministerial responsibility"—misleading because they are applied to a state of things in which Ministerial responsibility has necessarily ceased to exist. The right of advising the Sovereign depends on the Minister having the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons, to which he is responsible for the advice he gives, and for such action as may be taken upon it: "the Queen can do no wrong." But the Minister whose resignation has been tendered and accepted, though he still holds office in order to carry on the routine of administration until his successor shall be appointed, has from the nature of the case forfeited (or, if his resignation follows on a general election or on an adverse vote in the new Parliament, failed to win) the confidence of the House of Commons. It would be an usurpation on his part, calling for

rebuke, and perhaps for Parliamentary censure, if he presumed, in his character of Ministerial *locum tenens* or care-taker, to tender his unasked advice to the Sovereign. Lord Beaconsfield was too good a courtier to fail in deference to the autocracy of the Queen in the single incident of the Royal office to which the word autocracy can be applied. His monarchical doctrine was too high to permit him to intrude upon ground which is reserved for the Sovereign alone, even if his acquaintance with English history and politics did not suffice to guard him from the mistake in etiquette and constitutional usage which is attributed to him. Of course, the Queen, if she had chosen, might have asked for his opinion, as the privy councillor and peer at the moment nearest to her, in both capacities constitutionally entitled to counsel her. But she was neither bound to ask for it nor bound to take it if given. Proximity, it is true, goes for something, and close and first-hand acquaintance with affairs. But, after allowing for these things, it may perhaps be said that the outgoing Prime Minister is the very last person whose opinion ought to be taken, because, even if we attribute to him the most chivalrous sense of duty to his Sovereign and his country, it is scarcely possible that he should completely lay aside the personal feelings generated by conflict, and the instinct of a political leader to do the best for his party and the worst, or at any rate only the second best, for his opponents. The idea that the outgoing Prime Minister authoritatively recommends to the Sovereign the statesman for whom she shall send—that is to say, that he practically nominates his successor, and in so doing decides the character and to a great extent the personal composition of the new Cabinet,—is almost too absurd for statement, though it seems not to be too absurd for general belief. The Emperor Napoleon might almost as naturally have been trusted with the selection of the commander of the English forces : in which case, we may be sure, the Duke of Wellington would not have fought at Waterloo, nor would there have been any Waterloo to be lost and won.

It is the right and duty of the Queen, if the situation is not perfectly clear to her own mind, to seek further information from the knowledge, and light from the sagacity, of persons supplied with either, whether they be peers, or privy councillors, or mere observers of affairs. But, though these persons may enlarge or correct the Sovereign's materials for judgment, the judgment is hers alone. This is true, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out, of the ordinary exercise of sovereignty, in which the Queen is sheltered by the responsibility of her Ministers. But there is one exception, he goes on to say, to the Sovereign's right of free counsel, an exception which does not admit of being reduced to a formula, but

which, in practice, is easily recognized, and on which right feeling and a sense of the becoming will act with infallible discernment. It would not be proper for the Queen to prepare herself for those discussions with her Ministers which contribute as much, perhaps, as the deliberations of the Cabinet to the shaping of public policy, by taking counsel with the leaders of the Opposition.* If this limitation be reasonable with respect to the ordinary conduct of business under a settled administration, it is certainly not less valid at that critical moment when the character of an administration is definitely determined by the selection of the statesman who is to form it and preside over it. The absurdity, already dwelt upon, of the doctrine that the outgoing Prime Minister has practically the nomination of his successor is deducible from the general doctrine that the Queen should not take counsel with the leaders of the Opposition upon the measures and policy of her Ministers. Nor is there any necessity that she should do so. Her Majesty has probably a much better knowledge of the characters and capacities of the eminent statesmen who have been her confidential servants than they have of each other. She knows Mr. Gladstone probably better than Lord Beaconsfield did. She understood Lord Beaconsfield, it may reasonably be assumed, more thoroughly than Mr. Gladstone was able to do. The colloquies of the closet are more confidential than the conversations of political rivals behind the Speaker's chair,—to say nothing of debate and dialogue across the table. The Queen, after more than half a century of sovereignty, must have as just an appreciation of the position of the leading politicians in Parliament, of their relations to each other, to the several sections of their respective parties, and to those parties as a whole, of their influence in the House of Commons independently of party, and their authority in the country, as the venerable Father of the House himself, or any other Parliamentary veteran.

To use Mr. Gladstone's words: "The Sovereign, as compared with her Ministers, has, because she is the Sovereign, the advantages of long experience, wide survey, elevated position, and entire disconnection from the bias of party."† This experience, at once continuous and infinitely varied, is a training for the conduct of public business which, except the Queen herself, no person in her realm has or can have. It qualifies her for "the exercise of a direct and personal influence in the whole work of Government," for which (to use once more Mr. Gladstone's words) the admirable arrangements of the Constitution, completely shielding her from personal responsibility, have left ample scope.‡ This

* Gladstone's *Gleanings of Past Years*, Vol. I. p. 73.
† Gladstone's *Gleanings*, p. 41. ‡ *Ibid.*

participation applies to the ordinary working of the political machine. If the Queen cannot bring the Ministers to her way of thinking, and they possess the confidence of the House of Commons, and presumably of the country, she will acquiesce in their proposals. Oftener, perhaps, than is suspected, there is a process of give-and-take, and a reasonable harmony is established, more closely corresponding to the intentions of both parties to it than the unreconciled proposals of either. The late Lord Derby bore public testimony in the House of Lords to the great and beneficial influence which the Queen had exercised on public affairs in the discharge of those duties of her office which Mr. Gladstone describes in the essay from which we have quoted a few sentences.* The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, even when they are not one and the same person, are usually supposed to possess a sort of joint dictatorship in foreign affairs, which is practically a single dictatorship wielded by that Minister who is the stronger of the two. When the Foreign Minister was the elder Pitt, the younger Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, or Palmerston, the premiership of Newcastle, Devonshire, Rockingham, Portland, Liverpool, and Grenville gave no real supremacy. Lord Palmerston in our own days was supreme at the Foreign Office under Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and, until their quarrel, Lord John Russell. On the other hand, such First Ministers as the younger Pitt and Canning, Wellington, and Lord Palmerston were practically Foreign Ministers also, though they did not ostensibly combine the two offices. The Cabinet, if we are to believe complaints sometimes heard, is often as much in the dark while foreign policy is being shaped as the House of Commons itself. But, as Mr. Morley points out in his essay on the Cabinet, which forms, perhaps, the most interesting chapter of his sketch of Walpole, the Queen can appeal from the Prime Minister, or any other Minister, to the Cabinet as a whole, and did so in the troubled period of 1859–61.† This salutary recourse by the Sovereign to a sort of Ministerial *referendum* calling into life the suspended authority of the Cabinet as a whole, probably saved England from the recognition of the Southern States, as a few years later it may have prevented the participation of this country in a war against the two great German Powers in behalf of Denmark. But in these cases, as in others analogous, it was not the mere will of the Sovereign which prevailed against the First Minister or the Foreign Minister, but her superior discernment and prudence, acting on and through the Cabinet. Independent kingship in England, Mr. Gladstone says, died when George IV. surrendered his personal opposition to the Roman

* *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, vol. cxxx. p. 103.

† Morley's *Walpole*, p. 159.

Catholic Relief Act.* It is sometimes said that it revived under his brother in 1834, when William IV. dismissed the Ministry of Lord Melbourne, which was still in possession of a majority of the House of Commons, and sent "the hurried Hudson" to summon Sir Robert Peel from Italy. Though holding that the King's conduct was unwise, as the result proved it to be, Mr. Gladstone denies that it put any strain on the Constitution, inasmuch as it was an appeal from the Ministry to the country.† On similar grounds Mr. Albert Dicey has vindicated the action of George III., in 1783, in dismissing the Coalition and calling Mr. Pitt to power. It is quite possible that a leader of the Opposition in our day might hold that the Queen would not put any strain on the Constitution if she were to dismiss a Minister who, though still retaining a majority in the House of Commons, might seem, on the evidence of bye-elections and on other grounds, to have lost the confidence of the country. It may be doubtful whether Lord Salisbury would have disapproved this intervention of the Sovereign in 1884, or whether Mr. Gladstone would not have found it as Constitutional in 1891 or '92 as he believes it to have been in 1834.

Whatever may be the limits and conditions of the Queen's authority in the ordinary processes of government, it is without limits and conditions other than those imposed by good sense and a regard for the public well-being—an understanding, in one word, of the political situation—in the interval between the resignation of one Minister and the summoning of his destined successor. "The whole power of the State" (to quote Mr. Gladstone once more) "periodically returns on to the Royal hands when a Ministry is changed."‡ A passage in Sir Robert Peel's speech in 1846 is classical, and has passed into text-books of the Constitution. For that reason, though it is, or ought to be, well known, it is worth while to cite it. Correcting the statements of the newspapers that on his resignation he had advised Her Majesty to send for Lord John Russell, he said: "I offered no opinion as to the choice of a successor. That is almost the only act which is the personal act of the Sovereign: it is for the Sovereign to determine in whom her confidence shall be placed."§ In the Ministerial complications of 1850, Lord John Russell, writing to the Prince Consort, expresses his satisfaction at the fact that the action of the Queen has been such as to remove the danger, which he apprehended, "that the prerogative of the Crown might pass to the House of Commons."‖ The theory that the prerogative of the Crown has passed to the

* Gladstone's *Gleanings*, vol. i. p. 38.
† *Gleanings*, vol. i. pp. 38 and 78.
‡ *Gleanings*, vol. i., p. 88.
§ *Hansard*, vol. lxxxiii. p. 1004.
‖ Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii. p. 349.

leader of the Opposition, which has survived for nearly half-a-century the formal contradiction given by Sir Robert Peel, has been sufficiently refuted. There is more plausibility in the contention that it has passed to the House of Commons. The Prime Minister, it is said, is practically though indirectly nominated by the Parliamentary majority. It would be more correct to say that since 1868 he is practically though indirectly nominated by the country; for it is the habit of the Prime Minister, since Mr. Disraeli's set the example, to recognize at once his defeat at the polls and not to wait for a formal vote of want of confidence in the new House of Commons. Normally, there are two parties in the State, each with its recognized chief, who is the natural and inevitable head of any administration, drawn from the party to which he belongs. He must more than any other command the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons, though this does not necessarily involve his being a Member of the House of Commons. The selection of the late Lord Derby and of the Maquis of Salisbury was made in conformity with this rule quite as much as the choice of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. Ordinarily the appointment makes itself. There is usually one statesman who is first, with all the rest nowhere. But there are emergencies in which this automatic action of the Constitution fails. The first instance in the present reign was in the year 1850, when Lord Palmerston avenged himself on Lord John Russell's ejectment of him from the Foreign Office by putting him in a minority on the Militia Bill. Lord John Russell resigned; the late Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley), Lord Aberdeen, and Lord John himself failed to construct a new, or to reconstruct the old, administration; and the Queen had recourse to the advice of the Duke of Wellington. The problem which had to be solved was submitted to the Duke in a memorandum, which is a State paper of a high order, in substance and by adoption, and in some measure probably in authorship the Queen's.* The history of the negotiations shows how real and vital is the action of the Crown when the most critical task in the conduct of public business has to be performed. President Lincoln's well-known advice not to swop horses in crossing a stream is sound, perhaps, in American politics. A Ministerial crisis, usually occurring when great issues are involved, is in its essence the swopping of horses while crossing a stream; and the exchange, sometimes at least, requires greal skill and management.

In 1852, on the resignation of Lord Derby, Her Majesty, instead of submitting to the recommendation of the outgoing Minister as to the choice of his successor, acted upon her own

* *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol ii. pp. 346–354.

clear and sagacious discernment of the situation. "The Queen felt that the time had now come for the formation of a strong Administration, and for closing the unsatisfactory epoch of government upon sufferance which had resulted from the disorganization of parties since 1846."* With that view she asked for the counsels of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Lansdowne, men who though members respectively of the Conservative and the Liberal parties, can scarcely be considered partisans. In 1859 there was an embarrassment of another kind. The defeat of Lord Derby's second Administration made a Liberal Administration inevitable. The Liberal party had two chiefs, each of whom had been Prime Minister and led the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell agreed that in the event of either being sent for by the Queen the other would serve under him. The Queen, however, was uninformed of this understanding, and, being unwilling to subordinate either of these veteran statesmen to the other, entrusted Lord Granville with the task of forming an Administration, which Lord John and Lord Palmerston were invited—not by Lord Granville only, but by the Queen herself in autograph letters—to join. Lord Palmerston, with a generosity not less admirable because it was doubtless accompanied by a confidence that his own ascendency in the Cabinet did not depend upon his titular primacy, replied that, though his understanding was with Lord John only, he conceived that the spirit of public duty which led him to enter into that engagement bound him to assist Lord Granville in the execution of Her Majesty's commands.† Lord Palmerston felt, doubtless, that a position which had been filled by Chatham and Charles James Fox was not one of derogation on his part. Lord John Russell, however, took a very different view of the course which the spirit of public duty dictated, and of the deference due to the Queen's commands; and, Lord Granville giving up the task committee to him, Lord Palmerston reaped the reward of his magnanimity by being appointed to the office of First Minister, which he held until his death. Lord Granville was never charged with having shown want of loyalty either to Lord Palmerston or to Lord John Russell in making them the proposal with which the Queen had charged him. The expedient of trusting the ostensible premiership to a respectable peer as a means of balancing the claims of rival leaders was common enough before the Reform Act. The renewal of it in a not distant future, in the event of the Liberal Party retaining office (if it should gain it) after Mr. Gladstone's retirement, is commonly spoken of as the best solution of

* *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii. p. 482. *Hansard*, vol. cxxiii. pp. 1701–2.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv. pp. 453–4.

an embarrassing personal problem. Lord Spencer is spoken of as the next Liberal Premier. But the device is less suited to the political conditions which have prevailed since 1832 than to those of the previous century. Of the nine statesmen who have held the office of First Minister since the Reform Act only two, Lord Melbourne and Lord Aberdeen, were not designated for it by their position in their respective parties. Of the twenty and more First Ministers who have held office since the accession of George II. to that of William IV. there are only five or six—Walpole, North, Shelburne (possibly), William Pitt, Canning, and Grey—whose official position was due to their undisputed personal ascendency. When the Queen, in 1885, determined the dual Leadership of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, by calling the former to the Premiership, she recognized the moral title of the stronger man, as she had done five years earlier in sending for Lord Hartington in preference to Lord Granville. Mr. Gladstone, it must be remembered, had not then formally recalled what seemed at the time his perpetual renunciation of office. He continued to the last moment to speak of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington as his leaders, and of himself as only their follower. It was conceivable, though not probable, that short of absolute retirement from official life he might be desirous to accept, in an administration presided over by a younger man, a position analogous to that which he himself in 1868 offered to his old chief Earl Russell; that he might take the view of public duty which in 1859 led Lord Palmerston to accede to the overtures of Lord Granville, rather than that which more than half a century before prompted Pitt's good-humouredly contemptuous rejection of the proposals of Addington. The solution which was arrived at was, amid the circumstances of the case, natural and inevitable. With a reviving eagerness for official life and Parliamentary leadership on Mr. Gladstone's part, no other Prime Minister than he was possible in 1880. The Liberal Party throughout the country was Gladstonian; and the House of Commons was his House of Commons. But the procedure by which the essential facts of the situation were made to declare themselves was natural and constitutionally proper. The censure ostensibly thrown on the imaginary recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield is ignorantly, perhaps, rather than maliciously, aimed at a higher personage.

There is a certain amount of general truth in the statement that since 1832 Ministers have been more Parliamentary Ministers and less Ministers of the Crown than they were before. But the distinction is less one of dates than of persons and circumstances. Mr. Morley points out that the General Election of 1705 enabled Godolphin in 1706 to force Sunderland on the Queen, and after-

wards to remove Harley from her councils. The saying that the King gave Walpole to the nation, but the nation gave Chatham to the King, shows that there was a popular as well as a Royal sovereignty a century and a half ago. The proscription of Carteret and Pulteney and Shelburne by the Whig leaders was as marked as the Royal proscription of the elder Pitt, of Fox, and of Grey. George III. said that the Coalition had done everything short of nominating the Ministers by name in the House of Commons. In our own day, the suggestions of the Crown have much to do with the distribution of Offices of State; and, if instances currently spoken of are correctly cited, have effected a more reasonable adjustment than was at first designed of places to capacities—of round and square men to round and square holes. For good or evil, and in past no doubt for both, the Democracy (to use an objectionable abstraction) is supreme. But it may sometimes happen that its opinion, and still more its inarticulate sentiment, will find more accurate interpretation in an able Prince than in a Minister of the second order, in an Isabella of Castille, or a Maria Theresa (let us say) than in a Henry Pelham or in a Henry Addington. It is as Providence shall cast the parts. Happily, the mechanism of the Constitution lends itself in the long run to the unforced and insensible ascendency of the more powerful mind and the more winning character upon the intelligence and sentiment of the nation.

FRANK H. HILL.

THE TYRANNY OF THE NOVEL.

A Parisian Hebraist has been attracting a moment's attention to his paradoxical and learned self by announcing that strong-hearted and strong-brained nations do not produce novels. This gentleman's soul goes back, no doubt, in longing and despair to the heart of Babylon and the brain of Gath. But if he looks for a modern nation that does not cultivate the novel, he must, I am afraid, go far afield. Finland and Roumania are certainly tainted; Bohemia lies in the bond of naturalism. Probably Montenegro is the one European nation which this criterion would leave strong in heart and brain. The amusing absurdity of this whim of a pedant may serve to remind us how universal is now the reign of prose fiction. In Scandinavia the drama may claim an equal prominence, but no more. In all other countries the novel takes the largest place, claims and obtains the widest popular attention, is the admitted tyrant of the whole family of literature.

This is so universally acknowledged now-a-days that we scarcely stop to ask ourselves whether it is a heaven-appointed condition of things, existing from the earliest times, or whether it is an innovation. As a matter of fact, the predominance of the novel is a very recent event. Most other classes of literature are as old as the art of verbal expression: lyrical and narrative poetry, drama, history, philosophy,—all these have flourished since the sunrise of the world's intelligence. But the novel is a creation of the late afternoon of civilization. In the true sense, though not the pedantic one, the novel began in France with *La Princesse de Clèves*, and in England with *Pamela*—that is to say, in 1677 and in 1740 respectively. Compared with the dates of the beginning of philosophy and of poetry, these are as yesterday and the day before yesterday. Once started, however, the sapling of prose fiction grew and spread mightily. It took but a few generations to overshadow all the ancient oaks and cedars around it, and with its monstrous foliage to dominate the forest.

It would not be uninteresting, if we had space to do so here, to mark in detail the progress of this astonishing growth. It would be found that, in England at least, it has not been by any means regularly sustained. The original magnificent outburst of the

English novel lasted for exactly a quarter of a century, and closed with the publication of *Humphrey Clinker*. During this period of excessive fertility in a hitherto unworked field, the novel produced one masterpiece after another, positively pushing itself to the front and securing the best attention of the public at a moment when such men as Gray, Butler, Hume, and Warburton were putting forth contributions to the old and long-established sections of literature. Nay: such was the force of the new kind of writing that the gravity of Johnson and the grace of Goldsmith were seduced into participating in its facile triumphs.

But, at the very moment when the novel seemed about to sweep everything before it, the wave subsided and almost disappeared. For nearly forty years, only one novel of the very highest class was produced in England; and it might well seem as though prose fiction, after its brief victory, had exhausted its resources, and had sunken for ever into obscurity. During the close of the eighteenth century and the first decade of the nineteenth, no novel, except *Evelina*, could pretend to disturb the laurels of Burke, of Gibbon, of Cowper, of Crabbe. The publication of *Caleb Williams* is a poor event to set against that of the *Lyrical Ballads;* even *Thalaba the Destroyer* seemed a more impressive phenomenon than the *Monk*. But the second great burgeoning of the novel was at hand. Like the tender ash, it delayed to clothe itself when all the woods of romanticism were green. But in 1811 came *Sense and Sensibility*, in 1814 *Waverley;* and the novel was once more at the head of the literary movement of the time.

It cannot be said to have stayed there very long. Miss Austen's brief and brilliant career closed in 1817. Sir Walter Scott continued to be not far below his best until about ten years later. But a period of two decades included not only the work of these two great novelists, but the best books also of Galt, of Mary Ferrier, of Maturin, of Lockhart, of Banim. It saw the publication of *Hajji Baba*, of *Frankenstein*, of *Anastatius*. Then, for the second time, prose fiction ceased for a while to hold a position of high predominance. But Bulwer Lytton was already at hand; and five or six years of comparative obscurity prepared the way for Dickens, Lever, and Lover. Since the memorable year 1837 the novel has reigned in English literature; and its tyranny was never more irresistible than it is to-day. The Victorian has been peculiarly the age of the triumph of fiction.

In the history of France something of the same fluctuation might be perceived, although the production of novels of a certain literary pretension has been a feature of French much longer and more steadily than of English life. As Mr. Saintsbury has pointed out, "it is particularly noteworthy that every one of the eight names

which have been set at the head " of the nineteenth-century literature of France " is the name of a novelist." Since the days of Flaubert—for the last thirty years, that is to say—the novel has assumed a still higher literary function than it held even in the hands of George Sand and Balzac. It has cast aside the pretence of merely amusing, and has affected the airs of guide, philosopher, and friend. M. Zola, justified to some extent by the amazing vogue of his own writings, and the vast area covered by their prestige, has said that the various classes of literary production are being merged in the novel, and are ultimately to disappear within it:

" Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympia Jove
Grow faint, for killing Truth hath glared on them;
Our hills, and seas, and streams,
Dispeopled of their dreams,"

become the mere primary material for an endless series of naturalistic stories. And even to-day, when the young David of symbolism rises to smite the Goliath Zola, the smooth stones he takes out of his scrip are works of fiction by Maurice Barrès and Edouard Rod. Schools pass and nicknames alter; but the novel rules in France as it does elsewhere.

We have but to look around us at this very moment to see how complete the tyranny of the novel is. If one hundred educated and grown men—not, of course, themselves the authors of other books—were to be asked which are the three most notable works published in London during the present season, would not ninety-and-nine be constrained to answer, with a parrot uniformity, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *David Grieve*, *The Little Minister*? These are the books which have been most widely discussed, most largely bought, most vehemently praised, most venomously attacked. These are the books in which the " trade " has taken most interest, the vitality of which is most obvious and indubitable. It may be said that the conditions of the winter of 1892 were exceptional—that no books of the first class in other branches were produced. This may be true; and yet Mr. Jebb has issued a volume of his Sophocles, Mr. William Morris a collection of the lyric poems of years, Mr. Froude his *Divorce of Catherine of Aragon*, and Mr. Tyndall his *New Fragments*. If the poets in chorus had blown their silver trumpets and the philosophers their bold bassoons, the result would have been the same: they would have won some respect and a little notice for their performances; but the novelists would have carried away the money and the real human curiosity. Who shall say that Mr. Freeman was not a better historian than Robertson was? yet did he make £4,500 by his *History of Sicily*?

I wish I could believe it. To-day Mr. Swinburne may publish a new epic, Mr. Gardiner discover to us the head of Charles I. on the scaffold, Mr. Herbert Spencer explore a fresh province of sociology, or Mr. Pater analyze devils in the accents of an angel,—none of these important occurrences will successfully compete, for more than a few moments, among educated people, with the publication of what is called, in publishers' advertisements, "the new popular and original novel of the hour." We are accustomed to this state of things, and we bow to it. But we may, perhaps, remind ourselves that it is a comparatively recent condition. It was not so in 1730, nor in 1800, nor even in 1835.

Momentary aberrations of fashion must not deceive us as to the general tendency of taste. Mr. Hall Caine would have us believe that the public has suddenly gone crazy for stage-plays. "Novels of great strength and originality," says the author of *The Scapegoat*, "occasionally appear without creating more than a flutter of interest, and, meanwhile, plays of one-tenth their power and novelty are making something like a profound impression." What plays are these? Not the Ollendorfian attitudinizings of M. Maeterlinck, surely! The fact is that two years ago it would have been impossible for any one to pen that sentence of Mr. Caine's, and it is now possible merely because a passion for the literary drama has been flogged into existence by certain able critics. With a limited class, the same class which appreciates poetry, the literary drama may find a welcome; but to suppose that it competes, or can, in this country, even pretend to compete, with the novel is a delusion, and Mr. Caine may safely abandon his locusts and wild honey.

That we see around us a great interest in the drama is, of course, a commonplace. But how much of that is literary? When the delights of the eye are removed from the sum of pleasure, what is left? Our public is interested in the actors and their art, in the scenery and the furniture, in the notion of large sums of money expended, lost or won. When all these incidental interests are extracted from the curiosity excited by a play, not very much is left for the purely literary portion of it,—not nearly so much, at all events, as is awakened by a great novel. After all that has been said about the publication of plays, I suspect that the sale of dramatic contemporary literature remains small and uncertain. Mr. Pinero is read; but one swallow does not make a summer. Where are the dramatic works of Mr. Sydney Grundy, which ought —if Mr. Caine be correct—to be seen on every book-shelf beside the stories of Mr. Hawley Smart?

If, however, I venture to emphasize the fact of the tyranny of the novel in our current literature, it is without a murmur that I

do so. Like the harmless bard in *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, I "write no satire," and, what is more, I mean none. It appears to me natural and rational that this particular form of writing should attract more readers than any other. It is so broad and flexible, includes so vast a variety of appeals to the emotions, makes so few painful demands upon an overstrained attention, that it obviously lays itself out to please the greatest number. For the appreciation of a fine poem, of a learned critical treatise, of a contribution to exact knowledge, peculiar aptitudes are required: the novel appeals to all. Experience, moreover, proves that the gentle stimulus of reading about the cares, passions, and adventures of imaginary personages, and their relations to one another, a mild and irresponsible mirroring of real life on a surface undisturbed by responsibility, or memory, or personal feeling of any kind, is the most restful, the most refreshing, of all excitements which literature produces.

It is commonly said, in all countries, that women are the chief readers of novels. It may well be that they are the most numerous, and that they read more exhaustively than men, and with less selection. They have, as a rule, more time. The general notion seems to be that girls of from sixteen to twenty form the main audience of the novelist. But I am inclined to think that the real audience consists of young married women, sitting at home in the first year of their marriage. They find themselves without any constraint upon their reading: they choose what they will, and they read incessantly. The advent of the first-born baby is awaited in silent drawing-rooms, where through long hours the novelists supply the sole distraction. These young matrons form a much better audience than those timorous circles of flaxen-haired girls, watched by an Argus-eyed mamma, which the English novelist seems to consider himself doomed to cater for. I cannot believe that it is anything but a fallacy that young girls do read. They are far too busy with parties and shopping, chatting and walking, the eternal music and the eternal tennis. Middle-aged people in the country, who are cut off from much society, and elderly ladies, whose activities are past, and who like to resume the illusions of youth, are far more assiduous novel-readers than girls. But, if we take these and all other married and unmarried women into consideration, there is still apparently an exaggeration in saying that it is they who make the novelist's reputation. Men read novels a great deal more than is supposed, and it is probably from men that the first-class novel receives its *imprimatur*. Men have made Mr. Thomas Hardy, who owes nothing to the fair sex; if women read him now, it is because the men have told them that they must. Occasionally we see a very original writer who decidedly

owes his fame to the plaudits of the ladies. M. Paul Bourget is the most eminent example that occurs to the memory. But such instances are rare, and it is probably to the approval of male readers that most eminent novelists owe that prestige which ultimately makes them the favourites of the women. Not all men are pressed by the excessive agitations of business life which are habitually attributed to their sex. Even those who are most busy find time to read, and we have been lately informed that among the most constant and assiduous students of new novels are Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone. Every story-teller, I think, ought to write as though he believed himself addressing these illustrious veterans.

As I say, I do not revolt against the supremacy of the novel. I acknowledge too heavy a debt of gratitude to my great contemporaries to assume any but a thankful attitude towards them. In my dull and weary hours each has come like the angel Israfel, and let me listen to the beating of his heart, be it lyre or guitar, a solemn instrument or a gay one. I should be bankrupt instantly if I sought to repay to Mr. Meredith or Mr. Besant, Mr. Hardy or Mr. Norris, Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Kipling—to name no others—one-tenth part of the pleasure which, in varied quantity and quality, the stories of each have given me. I admit (for which I shall be torn in pieces) that the ladies please me less, with some exceptions; but that is because, since the days of the divine Mrs. Gaskell, they have been so apt to be either too serious or not serious enough. I suppose that the composition of *The Wages of Sin* and of *Donovan* serves some excellent purpose. Doubtless these books are useful to great growing girls. But it is not to such stories as these that I owe any gratitude, and it is not to their authors that I address the presumptuous remarks which follow.

A question which constantly recurs to my mind is this: Having secured the practical monopoly of literature, having concentrated public attention on their wares, what are the novelists going to do next? To what use will they put the unprecedented opportunity thrown in their way? It is quite plain that to a certain extent the material out of which the English novel has been constructed is in danger of becoming exhausted. Why do the American novelists inveigh against plots? Not, we may be sure, through any inherent tenderness of conscience, as they would have us believe; but because their eminently sane and somewhat timid natures revolt against the effort of inventing what is extravagant. But all the obvious plots, all the stories which are not in some degree extravagant, seem to have been told already, and for a writer with the temperament of Mr. Howells there is nothing left but the careful portraiture of a small portion of the limitless field of

ordinary humdrum existence. So long as this is fresh, this also may amuse and please; to the practitioners of this kind of work it seems as though the infinite prairie of life might be surveyed thus for centuries, acre by acre. But that is not possible. A very little while suffices to show that in this direction also the material is promptly exhausted. Novelty, freshness, and excitement are to be sought for at all hazards, and where can they be found?

The novelists hope many things from the happy system of nature, that supplies them, year by year, with fresh generations of the ingenuous young. The procession of adolescence moves on and on, and the front rank of it, for a month or a year, is duped by the novelist's report of that astonishing phenomenon, the passion of love. In a certain sense, we might expect to be tired of love-stories as soon as, and not before, we grow tired of the ever-recurring March mystery of primroses and daffodils. Each generation takes its tale of love under the hawthorn-tree as something quite new, peculiar to itself, not to be comprehended by its elders; and the novelist pipes as he will to this idyllic audience, sure of pleasing, if he adapt himself never so little to their habits and the idiosyncracies of their time. That theory would work well enough if the novelist held the chair of Erotics at the University of life, and might blamelessly repeat the same (or very slightly modified) lectures to none but the students of each successive year. But, unfortunately, we who long ago took our degree, who took it, perhaps, when the Professor was himself in pinafores, also continue to attend his classes. We are hardly to be put off with the old, old commonplaces about hearts and darts. Yet our adult acquiescence is necessary for the support of the Professor. How is he to freshen up his oft-repeated course of lectures to suit our jaded appetites?

It would be curious to calculate how many tales of love must have been told since the vogue of the modern story began. Three hundred novels a year is, I believe, the average product of the English press. In each of these there has been at least one pair of lovers, and generally there have been several pairs. It would be a good question to set in a mathematical examination: What is the probable number of young persons who have conducted one another to the altar in English fiction during the last hundred years? It is almost terrible to think of this multitude of fictitious love-makings,—

> "For the lovers of years meet and gather;
> The sound of them all grows like thunder:
> O into what bosom, I wonder,
> Is poured the whole passion of years?"

One would be very sorry to have the three hundred of one year poured into one's own mature bosom. But how curious is the

absolute unanimity of it all! Thousands and thousands of books, every one of them, without exception, turning upon the attraction of Edwin to Angelina, exactly as though no other subject on earth interested a single human being! The novels in which love has not formed a central feature are so few that I suspect that they could be counted on the fingers of one hand. At this moment, I can but recall a single famous novel in which love has no place. This is, of course, *L'Abbé Tigrane*, that delightful story in which all the interest revolves around the intrigues of two priestly factions in a provincial cathedral. But, although M. Ferdinand Fabre achieved so great a success in this book, and produced an acknowledged masterpiece, he never ventured to repeat the experiment. Eros revels in the pages of all his other stories.

This would be the opportunity to fight the battle of the novelists against Mrs. Grundy. But I am not inclined to waste ink on that conceded cause. After the reception of books like *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and even *David Grieve*, it is plain that the English novelist, who cares and dares, may say almost anything he or she likes without calling flame out of heaven upon his head. There has been a great reform in this respect, since the days when our family friend Mr. Punch hazarded his very existence by referring, in grimmest irony, to the sufferings of "the gay." We do not want to claim the right which the French have so recklessly abused of describing at will, and secure against all censure, the brutal, the abnormal and the horrible. No doubt a silly prudishness yet exists. There are still clergymen's wives who write up indignantly from The Vicarage, Little Pedlington. I have just received an epistle from such an one, telling me that certain poor productions I am editing "make young hearts acquainted with vice, and put hell-fire in their hearts." "Woe unto you in your evil work," says this lady, doubtless a most sincere and conscientious creature, but a little behind the times. Of her and her race individually I wish to say nothing but what is kind; but I confess I am glad to know that the unreflecting spirit they represent is passing away. It is passing away so rapidly that there is really no need to hearten the novelists against it. If they are so poor-spirited as to be afraid to say what they feel they ought to say because of this kind of criticism, their exposition of the verities is not likely to be of very high value.

But I should like to ask our friends the leading novelists whether they do not see their way to enlarging a little the sphere of their labours. What is the use of this tyranny which they wield, if it does not enable them to treat life broadly and to treat it whole? The varieties of amatory intrigue form a fascinating subject, which is not even yet exhausted. But, surely, all life is not love-making.

Even the youngest have to deal with other interests, although this may be the dominant one; while, as we advance in years, Venus ceases to be even the ruling divinity. Why should there not be novels written for middle-aged persons? Has the struggle for existence a charm only in its reproductive aspects? If every one of us regards his or her life seriously, with an absolute and unflinching frankness, it will be admitted that love, extended so as to include all its forms—its sympathetic, its imaginative, its repressed, as well as its fulfilled and acknowledged, forms—takes a place far more restricted than the formulæ of the novelist would lead the inhabitant of some other planet to conjecture.

Unless the novelists do contrive to enlarge their borders, and take in more of life, that misfortune awaits them which befell their ancestors just before the death of Scott. About the year 1830 there was a sudden crash of the novel. The public found itself abandoned to Lady Blessington and Mr. Plumer Ward, and it abruptly closed its account with the novelists. The large prices which had been, for twenty years past, paid for novels were no longer offered. The book-clubs, throughout the kingdom, collapsed, or else excluded novels. When fiction reappeared, after this singular epoch of eclipse, it had learned its lesson, and the new writers were men who put into their work their best observation and ripest experience. It does not appear in the thirties that any one understood what was happening. The stuff produced by the novelists was so ridiculous and ignoble that "the nonsinse of that divil of a Bullwig" seemed positively unrivalled in its comparative sublimity, although these were the days of *Ernest Maltravers*. It never occurred to the authors when the public suddenly declined to read their books (it read "Bullwig's," in the lack of anything else) that the fault was theirs. The same excuses were made that are made now,—"necessary to write down to a wide audience;" "obliged to supply the kind of article demanded;" "women the only readers to be catered for;" "mammas so solicitous for the purity of what is laid before their daughters." And the crash came.

The crash will come again, if the novelists do not take care. The same silly piping of the loves of the drawing-room, the same obsequious attitude towards a supposititious public clamouring for the commonplace, inspire the majority of the novel writers of to-day. Happily, we have, what our fathers in 1835 had not, half a dozen careful and vigorous men of letters who write, not what the foolish publishers ask for, but what they themselves choose to give. The future rests with these few recognized masters of fiction, and with their successors, the vigorous younger men who are preparing to take their place. What are these novelists going to

do? They were set down to farm the one hundred acres of an estate called Life, and because one corner of it—the two or three acres hedged about, and called the kitchen-garden of Love—offered peculiar attractions, and was very easy to cultivate, they have neglected the other ninety-seven acres. The result is that by over-pressing their garden, and forcing crop after crop out of it, it is well-nigh exhausted, and will soon refuse to respond to the incessant hoe and spade; while, all the time, the rest of the estate, rich and almost virgin soil, is left to cover itself with the weeds of newspaper police-reports.

It is supposed that to describe one of the positive employments of life,—a business or a profession, for example,—would alienate the tender reader, and check that circulation about which novelists talk as nervously as if they were delicate invalids. But what evidence is there to show that an attention to real things does frighten away the novel reader? The experiments which have been made in this country to widen the field of fiction in one direction, that of religious and moral speculation, have not proved unfortunate. What was the source of the great popular success of *John Inglesant* and then of *Robert Elsmere*, if not the intense delight of readers in being admitted, in a story, to a wider analysis of the interior workings of the mind than is compatible with the mere record of the billing and cooing of the callow young? We are afraid of words and titles. We are afraid of the word "psychology," and, indeed, we have seen follies committed in its name. But the success of the books I have just mentioned was due to their psychology, to their analysis of the effect of associations and sentiments on a growing mind. To make such studies of the soul even partially interesting, a great deal of knowledge, intuition, and workmanlike care must be expended. The novelist must himself be acquainted with something of the general life of man.

But the interior life of the soul is, after all, a very much less interesting study to an ordinarily healthy person than the exterior. It is surprising how little our recent novelists have taken this into consideration. One reason, I cannot doubt, is that they write too early and they write too fast. Fielding began with *Joseph Andrews*, when he was thirty-five; seven years later he published *Tom Jones*; during the remainder of his life, which closed when he was forty-seven, he composed one more novel. The consequence is that into these three books he was able to pour the ripe knowledge of an all-accomplished student of human nature. But our successful novelist of to-day begins when he is two- or three-and-twenty. He "catches on," as they say, and he becomes a laborious professional writer. He toils at his novels as if he were the manager of a bank or the captain of an

ocean steamer. In one narrow groove he slides up and down, up and down, growing infinitely skilful at his task of making bricks out of straw. He finishes the last page of "The Writhing Victim" in the morning, lunches at his club, has a nap; and, after dinner, writes the first page of "The Swart Sombrero." He cannot describe a trade or a profession, for he knows none but his own. He has no time to look at life, and he goes on weaving fancies out of the ever-dwindling stores of his childish and boyish memories. As these grow exhausted, his works get more and more shadowy, till at last even the long-suffering public that once loved his merits, and then grew tolerant of his tricks, can endure him no longer.

The one living novelist who has striven to give a large, competent, and profound view of the movement of life, is M. Zola. When we have said the worst of the *Rougon-Macquart* series, when we have admitted the obvious faults of these books,—their romantic fallacies on the one hand, their cold brutalities on the other,—it must be admitted that they present the results of a most laudable attempt to cultivate the estate outside the kitchen-garden. Hardly one of the main interests of the modern man has been neglected by M. Zola, and there is no doubt at all that to the future student of nineteenth-century manners his books will have an interest outweighing that of all other contemporary novels. An astonishing series of panoramas he has unrolled before us. Here is *Le Ventre de Paris*, describing the whole system by which a vast modern city is daily supplied with food; here is *Au Bonheur des Dames*, the romance of a shop, which is pushed upwards and outwards by the energy of a single ambitious tradesman, until it swamps all its neighbours, and governs the trade of a district; here is *L'Argent*, in which, with infinite pains and on a colossal scale, the passions which move in *la haute finance* are analyzed, and a great battle of the money-world chronicled; here, above all, is *Germinal*, that unapproachable picture of the agony and stress of life in a great mining community, with a description of the processes so minute and so technical that this novel is accepted by experts as the best existing record of conditions which are already obsolete.

In these books of M. Zola's, as every one knows, successive members of a certain family stand out against a background of human masses in incessant movement. The peculiar characteristic of this novelist is that he enables us to see why these masses are moved, and in what direction. Other writers vaguely tell us that the hero "proceeded to his daily occupation," if, indeed, they deign to allow that he had an occupation. M. Zola tells us what that occupation was, and describes the character of it carefully and minutely. More than this: he shows us how it affected the hero's character, how it brought him into contact with others, in what

way it represented his share of the universal struggle for existence. So far from the employment being a thing to be slurred over or dimly alluded to, M. Zola loves to make that the very hero of his piece, a blind and vast commercial monster, a huge all-embracing machine, in whose progress the human persons are hurried helplessly along, in whose iron wheels their passions and their hopes are crushed. He is enabled to do this by the exceptional character of his genius, which is realistic to excess in its power of retaining and repeating details, and romantic, also to an extreme, in its power of massing these details on a huge scale, in vast and harmoniously-balanced compositions.

I would not be misunderstood, even by the most hasty reader, to recommend an imitation of M. Zola. What suits his peculiarly-constituted genius might ill accord with the characteristics of another. Nor do I mean to say that we are entirely without something analogous in the writings of the more intelligent of our later novelists. The study of the Dorsetshire dairy-farms in Mr. Hardy's superb *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is of the highest value, and more thorough and intelligible than what we enjoyed in *The Woodlanders*, the details of the apple-culture in the same county. To turn to a totally different school: Mr. Hall Caine's *Scapegoat* is a very interesting experiment in fresh fields of thought and experience, more happily conceived, if I may be permitted to say so, than fortunately executed, though even in execution far above the ruck of popular novels. A new Cornish story, called *Inconsequent Lives*, by that very promising young story-teller, Mr. Pearce, seemed, when it opened, to be about to give us just the vivid information we want about the Newlyn pilchard-fishery; but the novelist grew timid, and forebore to fill in his sketch. These are instances in which, occasionally, or fantastically, or imperfectly, the real facts of life have been dwelt upon in recent fiction. But when we have mentioned or thought of a few exceptions, to what inanities do we not presently descend!

If we could suddenly arrive from another planet, and read a cluster of novels from Mudie's, without any previous knowledge of the class, we should be astonished at the conventionality, the narrowness, the monotony. All I ask for is a larger study of life. Have the stress and turmoil of a successful political career no charm? Why, if novels of the shop and the counting-house be considered sordid, can our novelists not describe the life of a sailor, of a game-keeper, of a railway-porter, of a civil engineer? What capital central figures for a story would be the whip of a leading hunt, the foreman of a colliery, the master of a fishing smack, or a speculator on the Stock Exchange! It will be suggested that persons engaged in one or other of these professions are commonly

introduced into current fiction, and that I am proposing as a novelty what is amply done already. My reply is that our novelists may indeed present to us a personage who is called a stoker or a groom, a secretary of state or a pin-maker, but that, practically, they merely write these denominations clearly on the breasts of lay-figures. For all the enlightenment we get into the habits of action and habits of thought entailed by the occupation of each, the fisherman might be the groom and the pin-maker the stock-broker. It is more than this that I ask for. I want to see the man in his life. I am tired of the novelist's portrait of a gentleman, with gloves and hat, leaning against a pillar, upon a vague landscape background. I want the gentleman as he appears in a snap-shot photograph, with his every-day expression on his face, and the localities in which he spends his days accurately visible around him. I cannot think that the commercial and professional aspects of life are unworthy of the careful attention of the novelist, or that he would fail to be rewarded by a larger and more interested audience for his courage in dealing closely with them. At all events, if it is too late to ask our accepted tyrants of the novel to enlarge their borders, may we not, at all events, entreat their heirs-apparent to do so?

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE PLOUGH AND THE PLATFORM.

It has long been a stock saying that under a rather stolid exterior the average English peasant conceals a large share of natural sagacity. But the shell is hard and thick, and none but a skilled operator can get very readily at the oyster. This is not, I think, due to any conscious reserve on the labourer's part, but rather to that intellectual stiffness which grows upon a man the horizon of whose experience is limited, and whose opportunities of discussion and conversation are proportionably few. He is not gregarious like the townsman. A good deal of his daily labour he performs alone, or with the assistance of a boy who does not do much to call his mental powers into play. If he goes to the public-house in the evening, he may hear something to stimulate his faculties. But many labouring men never do go to the public-house, and of those who do not a quarter form part of the advanced thinkers who gather round the carpenter and the cobbler to hear them talk politics, or read aloud the local paper. The great mass of them, though they have heard and seen enough during the last few years to set their minds at work, have not acquired the power of expressing themselves with facility on any subject unconnected with their daily toil, or of understanding very easily what is said to them in language other than what they are accustomed to listen to in the fields and lanes and their own cottages. No doubt, when they read a newspaper, or hear the liturgy in church, they have a general conception of what is meant. But that is not enough when you come to talk to them on controversial questions, and have to deal with fallacies and misrepresentations the exposure of which makes a demand on their reasoning powers as well as on their knowledge of words. If they have to think about the meaning of the terms used, and the conclusion to be drawn from them, at one and the same moment, they will probably understand neither.

It is well to remember sometimes that persons unversed in the dialect or accent of any particular district often find it just as difficult to understand the labourer as he finds it to understand them. The English of educated people—book English, literary English: call it what you will—is just as much a different dialect

to them as the talk of a Wiltshire or a Lincolnshire ploughman would be to an intelligent Londoner. I will go further than this: I think I may assert that even now many persons might be found, in the middle and lower-middle ranks of life, who do not very clearly understand one half of what they read in the simplest and most plainly-written book. They do not know this till they begin to explain the contents of it to some one else. They then become conscious that they have never attained to more than a very general perception of the author's purpose, and that when they try to state his arguments in their own language, or in a briefer and more colloquial form, they are utterly at sea. What can we expect, then, from the present generation of agricultural labourers, who have forgotten all they learned at school, and who have probably never whetted their wits on a single intellectual problem since they left it? In canvassing such men for their political support, the advantage will clearly lie with those who most thoroughly appreciate the necessity of learning how to make themselves intelligible. It is to be feared that the Gladstonian Party have stolen a march on the Conservatives in this respect. I see now that the Rural Labourers' League has taken up the matter, and has already an organization on foot for combatting the misrepresentations of the opposite Party, by "agents chosen from the labouring class, or in touch with the rural population, and able to explain to the labourers, in their own language, the meaning of the Allotment Acts, and other beneficial measures passed during the last five years." But this is not enough. The Rural Labourers' League is an excellent institution, and is doing a great deal of good; but its exertions are limited to only one out of many pressing questions with which the labourer ought to be better acquainted before the General Election. A similar organization is required on a wider basis, embracing the whole circle of opinions which constitute the Conservative creed, and forming a standing protest against the disintegration of English society and of the institutions with which it is connected.

There is another characteristic of the English peasant, which enhances the difficulty of making sure that he understands us; and that is the natural politeness which he almost always exhibits in conversation, whether he has anything to gain by it or not. He is not easily irritated; and unless he is irritated he "minds his manners," and shrinks from contradiction, as savouring of rudeness. Some countrymen, of course, will go farther than this, and say only what they think you would like them to say. But this form of insincerity may be met with everywhere. I am only referring to the difficulty which the labourer now finds in giving utterance to opinions different from those which

you are pressing upon him at the time, without using language which he would consider to be rough or disrespectful; and his consequent habit of taking refuge in silence, which, as it is quite free from any taint of sullenness, may easily be mistaken for acquiescence. The danger of making such a mistake is one against which we ought always to be on our guard in talking to the countryman. The townsman would soon give you to understand what he thought about the subject in hand; and would be able to traverse your assertions without being, or feeling afraid of being, the least uncivil. In short, he has learned something of the comity of discussion, while, on the other hand, he is less influenced than the peasant by the traditional courtesies which still to a great extent link class to class in rural England, and prevent the labourer from speaking his mind on occasion, not out of servility in the least, but in obedience to his ideas of good taste.

I have so far referred only to such difficulties in the way of exchanging ideas with the labourer as spring from his imperfect comprehension of the language talked by educated people, from his unfamiliarity with argument, and from the natural civility which makes him reluctant to give offence by disputation. We have pointed out how easy it is for the labourer to carry away a wholly wrong impression of what is said to him by an educated man who does not fully realize the situation; and how equally easy it is for his interlocutor to mistake civility for assent, and the slowness with which the labourer arranges his thoughts, for a proof that his opinions have been staggered by the weight of the reasoning addressed to him. If he is silent, however, it may be either from unreadiness, or from the feeling that he does not quite know how to express himself so as to avoid all semblance of impertinence; not because he has nothing to say for himself. But we have other difficulties to consider before we have done with this part of the subject: which are, perhaps, the most serious of all.

It follows, from what has been already said, that some effort must be made by those who wish to address the labourer on political and social subjects to clothe their topics of persuasion in words that he can fully understand, of which the meaning is clear to him instantly, and the sound familiar. Now, it is not everybody who can adapt his style of talking or of writing to the peasant's comprehension, without letting him see that he is doing it. To write or to speak in his language, and not your own, without being found out, is one of the most difficult tasks which the rural canvasser has to face. But it must be done, if any real success is to be achieved. I do not mean, of course, that he is to use the local dialect, or to speak with the local accent. He need not say

"Gen it him" for "Gave it him," "He told I" for "He told me." In Norfolk he will not ask a tailor to "puss his coat;" nor will he imitate the nasal twang of the Eastern counties, or the broad vowel sounds of the Midland. To do so would betray him at once. What is necessary is that he should be master of a colloquial style which is racy of the soil and sounds familiar to the peasant's ear. These remarks do not, of course, apply to those cases in which the canvasser is chosen from among the labourers themselves—when it would seem only natural to them that he should talk in their own manner. But when a gentleman is speaking to them they like him to speak as a gentleman; and the difficulty is to comply with this demand, and yet to use language which shall be perfectly plain to them. The suspicion that you were talking down to them would be fatal at once to any influence you might otherwise exert.

In any organized system for explaining Conservative and Unionist principles to the agricultural labourer penetrating, as it ought, into every village and hamlet of the United Kingdom, there must necessarily be a great many men employed who are not personally conversant with the habit of mind characteristic of the English peasantry; and it is chiefly with a view to such workers that these remarks have been written—but not exclusively. There are many persons who have lived in the country all their lives, but are still in the habit of conversing with the labourers in a manner which, I am certain, they dislike. Such men cannot help talking to them as if they were children, using childish illustrations to explain their own meaning, and adopting a patronizing tone of voice, which is still worse. I admit that to find a middle course between soaring too high and descending too low, between a style which only confuses them and a style which only irritates them, is a very difficult thing to do. But that is in the day's work. Our canvassers cannot all be composed of such men as the agents of the Rural Labourers' League. And, even if they were, there are many things necessary for the labourers to know which such men would be unable to explain to them. It is absolutely necessary that among our house-to-house canvassers we should have educated men and gentlemen able to interest the labourer in rather wider questions than those which touch his own immediate interests. The writers of leaflets for the labourers must necessarily possess those qualifications. Many of the gentry, and even more, perhaps, of the clergy, do possess them. But many certainly do not. It is not given to every man to change the tone of authority for the tone of persuasion at a moment's notice. If we may be allowed a familiar illustration on such a subject, we should say it is the man who, having authority, knows how to use it as one should

use the onion in a salad that bears away the palm as a canvasser. Let it lurk in his discourse—

"And, unsuspected, animate the whole,"

but never intrude itself. His talk will be all the more effective for the subtle flavour of authority, which the auditor cannot trace to its source—either to the pulpit or to the justice room. But, any way, whoso is anxious to win the ear of the village labourer must carefully avoid talking down to him, unless he is sure of being able to avoid detection. Whether the superiority which peeps out in his address be that of the schoolmaster, or of the employer, or of the clergyman, or of the landowner, whether it smacks of superior learning or condescension, or of wealth or power, the peasant will resent it, and turn a deaf ear to all the blandishments which are clothed with so objectionable a livery.

Closely connected with the above difficulty is another which, though it lies more upon the surface, is just as frequently stumbled over as the last; and that is the difficulty of avoiding all direct statements or indirect allusions which tend to suggest the eleemosynary element in the relations between the labourer and those placed above him in the rural hierarchy. This is a point in the case which requires more delicate handling, perhaps, than any other. On the one hand, it is absolutely necessary that the Radical canvasser should not be allowed to poison the labourer's mind against all the good offices for which he has so long been indebted to the squire, the clergyman, and the farmer. It is necessary to recall to him all that he would lose by the abolition of the present system. But this should be done in the simplest and most matter-of-fact manner possible. Appeals to the best feelings of his nature should be carefully avoided. The least said about gratitude the better. He has less scruple about "flying in the face of the Catechism" than Mrs. Poyser had, and will do it on smaller provocation. Of the kindness and sympathy which he has experienced from the clergy and the gentry he does not require to be reminded. But I think it might be possible to make him see more clearly, perhaps, than he sees now what is likely to be the effect of carrying out the whole Radical programme in rural England, meaning, as it does, nothing less than the extinction of the country gentlemen as a class, and the degradation of the clergy to a much lower position in society. I think he might be led to reflect on all that such a change implies both moral and material, without any reference to coals, beef, and blankets.

It should never be forgotten that both socially and intellectually the peasantry are in a transition state. Education in the rural districts has gone just sufficiently far to make

the labourer doubtful of his old ideas, and to plant new ones in his mind alongside of them, without having gone far enough to cultivate his logical faculty, or enable him to detect even the grossest fallacies which are presented to him in the guise of argument.

If it is asked how the Radical canvasser surmounts some of the difficulties we have mentioned, our answer is that his is a much easier task. What are impediments to the Conservative are facilities for the Radical. He is not called upon to reason with the labourer, to analyse propositions, and to show him that all is not gold that glitters. His business is the reverse. He has only to appeal to his prejudices and his hopes: to point out to him what lies upon the surface, and to assure him that what glitters is gold. He has only to treat him as Dousterwivel treats Sir Arthur Wardour, in *The Antiquary*, in order to persuade him of the existence of hidden treasures on his estate. A few bits of ore picked up here and there, a horn of old coins of very trifling value which the adept had hidden away himself, some big words and scientific jargon, were all that was necessary. Nothing deserving the name of demonstration was demanded; and so with the Radicals and the labourers. The rural Dousterwivel points to a few specious appearances, a few superficial anomalies; concocts a few plausible grievances; employs a few big words; and the job is done. Most people understand pretty plainly what you are saying when you tell them that they have a right to be better-off than they are, and that their neighbours' property ought to be their own. When that is the purport of a man's speech, very few listeners fail to comprehend him, however superfine his phraseology. With that bait at the end of his line, a lecturer may talk down to his audience as much as he likes, without any fear of giving offence. Similarly, when he is abusing the parson and the squire, and the farmer and the Board of Guardians, he stands in no need of argument: he makes no appeal whatever to the reasoning faculties. Boys will always listen to abuse of the schoolmaster, even though they think it undeserved.

It is, finally, to be borne in mind that there are many varieties of the agricultural labourer; and that what is true of him in one county is not necessarily so in another. In one district the agrarian agitation of the last twenty years has hardly come near him; in another it has almost changed his nature. The conditions under which he works must also be taken into account in the application of these suggestions. In a word, the constitution of each particular class of patients must be carefully studied, and the prescription blended in accordance with it.

We have laid so much stress on the manner of addressing the labourer because, whilst the questions which are to form the

subject-matter of our discourse with him have been treated at length by many other writers, this particular point seems to have been comparatively neglected. But there is still room for something to be added on the attitude of the peasantry toward the Church, the land, the Poor Law, local councils, old-age pensions, and the like. There is no subject, perhaps, on which village opinion differs so much, in different parts of England, as the Church. In some districts the old loyalty of the peasantry to the Church, as it existed down to the second quarter of the present century, is wholly untouched, and Dissenters are still regarded with suspicion and dislike. In others, though not substantially impaired, it has been to some extent shaken, and questions are asked about tithe and glebe, and Church and State, which show that the age of willing and undoubting acquiescence is on the wane. Elsewhere we find that the battle has fairly begun, and that the village is divided into Church people and Dissenters familiar with all the worst vices of party warfare. But, in all alike, the one point on which, in spite of all that has been spoken and written, the peasant still needs instruction, is the nature and history of Church property.

The agricultural labourer is still, in many English villages, under the firm impression that this is a tax levied on the whole people for the support of one religious institution. What it is still necessary to make him understand is that Church property was given to the Church by those who had a right to give it, and that the proportion of the land which tithe represents does not belong to those who are now called its owners. What he has to learn is that tithe commutation is only one way of buying back this land from the Church, whom we have no more right to defraud of the price of it than we have to cheat our neighbour out of the purchase-money of a house or of a field. If the glebe is a tax, all property is a tax. If the original donor was the legitimate owner of the land, his bequest is no more in the nature of a tax than the peasant's bequest of his own five acres of land to any given purpose which he fancied, would be a tax on the rest of the community after his own death. Whether the parson let the land himself, or receive the produce in the shape of tithe from some third person who holds it in trust, the principle is exactly the same.

Simple and elementary as the argument may appear to be, it is one which has been kept carefully out of the labourer's sight by his Radical patrons, and it will have to be set before him in as easy and popular a form as possible if the impression they have created on his mind is to be removed. We must not forget, of course, that when driven out of this position the Radicals fall back upon another, contending that, if they admit all this, still tithes and glebe were not given to the Church of England, but to the

Church of Rome. The truth is very well known to historians; but how very little understood by the labourer. The points to be aimed at are as follow: Out of the many centuries during which the Catholic Church mentioned in the Prayer Book has existed in England, she was only Roman Catholic during a few—that is, recognizing the Papal supremacy: for it all turned on that. Some amount of property was left for the execution of trusts, which after the Reformation became impossible—the saying of masses, for example—in which case it should be explained to the labourer what the doctrine of *cy pres* means. By far the larger part of the parochial endowments of the Church were the gifts of the landed proprietors, who built and endowed churches in their own villages, keeping for themselves in return the right of presentation to the living. In the great majority of these cases there would be no thought of Pope or of mass. Morning and evening prayers were said then as now, with some slight divergence of doctrine and ceremony at some particular points, but so immaterial that the great body of the clergy accepted the revised liturgy without hesitation. The Church was the same: she had got rid of the Papal accretions. That was all. A man is the same man, said Dr. Hooke, after he has washed his face as he was before. I think the labourer might be made to understand this. It is surely very hard that the Church of England should be punished for what has always been considered a meritorious action.

But the labourer's new instructors will have told him that the benefactions were bestowed upon the Church when every man, woman, and child in the country belonged to the Church. So at law they do now. But, to waive that point for the moment, let us concern ourselves only with post-Reformation endowments. The benefactor then said, "I bestow a certain gift upon the religions part of the nation, coupled with a condition which I have a perfect right to make—namely, that they shall be members of the Church of England." What pretence has anybody now to set aside that condition, and say, "Oh! no: we will all have a share in it?" Take the case of a charity. A benefactor leaves to his native village a sum of money or a piece of land, the interest or the rent of which is to be distributed annually among the poor of the parish. He makes it a condition that the recipients shall have been born in, and are *bonâ-fide* inhabitants of, the parish. What would the persons entitled to this bequest think, or say, if some one should cry out that the condition was a bad one—that the parochial system was obsolete, that Pedlington had no right to such a monopoly—and propose to distribute the money among all the villages in the Union, the best plan being to let it go in reduction

of the poor rate? Yet this is precisely what the Dissenters propose to do with the Church property acquired during the last three hundred years. I think again that labourers might be made to understand *this*.

Let us turn to the land. On this subject I doubt if they have much to learn. They have the facts before them. They know that the gentry and the clergy were the first to provide them with allotments. They know that it is the Conservative Party which has given them the two Allotments Bills, removing the last shred of difficulty in the way of obtaining land, and extending to allotment-holders all the securities enjoyed by tenant farmers. They now also know that it is a Conservative Government which is engaged in framing a measure for the gratification of one of their most cherished aspirations, and that a path is being opened to them by which, with the help of industry and frugality, they may mount into a higher sphere, and die independent men. If they will not believe the evidence of their senses on these points, neither would they believe though one rose from the dead. It may be mentioned, in passing, that none knows better than the agricultural labourer how much land is out of cultivation, which the owners would be only too happy to sell if they could find a purchaser; and the very same land, too, which the labourers themselves have constantly asserted that they could cultivate profitably if they had the chance. They know perfectly well that there is no necessity for introducing any compulsory provisions into the Small Holdings Bill, and that they would only increase, instead of diminishing, any obstacles which still exist to the realization of their wishes. The Report of the Rural Labourers' League shows that the landowners have everywhere shown themselves willing to provide allotments where none were already in existence. Hitherto the chief difficulty in the way of Small Holdings has been the expense of the new buildings that would be necessary. This has prevented the landlords from doing of their own accord what it is now proposed that the County Councils shall do for them. But for this difficulty, which will now be overcome with the assistance of the ratepayers, the landed proprietors of England would probably long before this have anticipated at least one half of Mr. Chaplin's scheme.

If the Radical canvasser has obtained such an influence over the rustic mind that no Conservative canvassers, howsoever well qualified for the task, can obtain a hearing for these simple truths, there is no more to be said. If he has shrouded their common sense in such thick folds of sophistry that no arrow from the armoury of truth can penetrate to it—if he has cast a "numbing spell" upon the peasantry, such as no superior powers can unlock,—the game

is up. But few people who know the English people well will believe that story ; though it is not without an element of truth, which must on no account be omitted from our calculations. There are parts of England where the Radicals have managed to plant a superstition in the rural mind akin to that which held that no good thing could come out of Nazareth. The Conservative will in such places find himself confronted by a silent incredulity which it is very difficult to combat. He will detect in time the existence of a belief seldom uttered, but none the less generally entertained, that whatever has been done for the poor man by the "high Party" has been done grudgingly and of compulsion ; and that whatever has been done by the "low Party" has been done spontaneously and sympathetically. The poor man's brethren in the towns could tell him a very different tale, and to their evidence he should always be referred. This spirit, I think, is sporadic, scattered up and down the peasantry, and only here and there very powerful. But it has to be reckoned with, though I know of no specific for its immediate eradication. It must be left to die out under the influence of increasing knowledge, and the gradual process by which facts and experience overtake and extinguish prejudice.

There is one other point to be noticed before we quit the subject of the land. The labourer should be asked, we think, whether he would prefer to see the English counties remain substantially on their present footing, adequate provision being made for the wants and wishes of the peasantry, and their self-government also, if they desire it ; or whether he would like to see the whole of the land divided among peasant proprietors, and the landlord and the country gentleman eliminated. Does he wish to see England become a country of yeomen, shepherds, and ploughmen or remain as it is—a country in which all these are mingled with a rural aristocracy, either the descendants of the old families, or richer men who have purchased their estates ? If he prefers the first alternative—if he thinks he would gain more by such a change than he would lose by the removal of so many centres of employment, liberality, and kindness—by the disappearance of a class of men whom he has so long been accustomed to respect, and whose birth and education so well qualify them to be the leaders of the county—if he thinks this, and still clings to the vision of a rural Utopia, in which there shall be neither rich nor poor,—here, again, I think, he must be left to the teaching of experience. But if the peasantry do not think this, it would be well to point out to them what they have to expect from allowing the Radical Party to work their own will upon our old system of rural life. It is often said that it is a good thing for the country that the old proprietors, whom bad times have impoverished, should be

bought out, and that new men with plenty of capital at command should take their places. But let the labourer be asked why any man with plenty of capital at his command should buy land now. Will he buy it simply as a good investment? The notion is ridiculous. Will the merchant who has made a fortune in business risk the loss of it in agriculture, or buy land in order to become a farmer? That idea is still more preposterous. No: he will buy it exclusively as an article *de luxe*—for the sake of the dignity, the privileges, and the pleasures which the position of a country gentleman is supposed to carry with it. An old family, whose ancestors have held the land for centuries, will have many motives for retaining it, even when robbed of its attractions. But the outsider will have no such motive for buying it. Deprive the landed proprietors of the local influence and authority which have always belonged to them; make county business odious to them, and field sports impossible; and how many people would buy landed estates for the sake of being called squires? The labourer should be shown that, if he wishes men of capital to settle on the land, they must have their *quid pro quo*, which they certainly will not find in the shape of either rent or agricultural profits.

I repeat, once more, that if the labourers choose to say that they do not care for men of capital on the land, and would rather see it cut up among themselves, we have reached the point at which further argument is useless. The love of independence is, if not their ruling passion, one of the strongest sentiments by which their opinions are moulded; and I am not prepared to deny that many of them might be found willing to sacrifice all other considerations if it seemed te be necessary to this paramount and natural aspiration. Like most other things in this world, we may pay too dearly even for such a blessing as that. But the labourers must please themselves. There are some among them, no doubt, who have become thorough politicians, and have been taught by their Radical instructors to regard country gentlemen as a nuisance which ought to be exterminated. But, I think, the greater number would say that they only desire room for all, and that they would not like to see the counties left without any gentlemen at all in them, and the old halls converted into farm-houses. This question should be plainly put to them. The great thing is to accustom them to look to consequences, and to rouse them out of that state of mind in which men habitually mistake what is unfamiliar to their own minds for what is impossible. There is no necessity to undertake any defence of the present order of rural society in talking with the labourer: he knows all about that. What ought to be impressed upon him is that certain proceedings must end in the

destruction of that order; and he must be asked if this is what he wishes.

We remember a Radical shoemaker in Shropshire, who was at the same time a good Churchman, but always refused to see that the success of his political Party would cause any danger to the Church. When told that a powerful section of that Party was working directly for disestablishment and disendowment, his invariable reply was, "I ca'a'nt think that, sir." And from this position it was impossible to move him. It is this kind of passive resistance to the force of facts, this half-wilful blindness to the sequence of cause and effect, which it is so exceedingly difficult to combat in dealing with the English peasantry. That we do not readily believe what we do not wish to believe is true of all mankind. Educated people believe it at last, under the irresistible compulsion of prolonged and well-developed reasoning. But the uneducated or half-educated man does not; he only understands what is put before his eyes for the moment, and cannot calculate remote results. In talking with the labourer, it is not, I think, of much avail to appeal to sentimental considerations. These may occur to him spontaneously, and I believe he is still partially affected by them; but it is wiser not to suggest them from without. The most important thing to do is to draw him on as far as possible to make use of his reasoning and calculating faculties. It is uphill work; but his natural sagacity will come to his assistance if only his suspiciousness can be conquered. The speaker who has tact enough to gain his confidence should then encourage him to put two and two together, and to work out certain elementary social and economic problems for himself. Conservatives and Unionists who take a desponding view of the next General Election forget too often, I am afraid, that the Radicals have not fundamentally so strong a hand as their own on which to go to the country. They have a more specious case, it is true. But if we can trust history, or philosophy, or political economy, the Conservative theory is the *true* one; and this consciousness, if we really feel it, should sustain us in our efforts to bring home its doctrines to the minds of those who now possess such enormous power, for good or for evil, over the destinies of this great Empire.

We now come to another question, one by which the labourers' feelings are perhaps more deeply stirred than even by the land: and that is the Poor Law and Poor Relief. Without denying that a rigid enforcement of the Workhouse Test has been attended with marked success in more than one English county, it is perhaps fair to inquire whether this result is not due to the exceptional ability with which the Poor Law has been administered in particular Unions, and if it is reasonable to expect that under only

average management the same record could be shown. But whether it could or not, I cannot see that the poor man's reluctance to enter the workhouse is a matter of reproach against him. If he is not ashamed to receive outdoor relief, why, it is urged, should he be ashamed to go into "the house?" The one form of charity is just as degrading as the other; and, in the second place, he would be more comfortable in the workhouse than he is in the miserable cottage to which he clings with such tenacity. But the labourer's cottage is his home. There, perhaps, he has lived half his life; and whatever moments of domestic happiness or comfort he may have enjoyed are all associated with it. Moreover, as long as he remains in it he has his freedom. Whatever difference he himself may feel between receiving parish relief in the house and receiving it in his own cottage, it is not for outsiders to interpret or appraise. He does feel it; and the feeling is one, which even when it cannot be gratified, ought to be respected. I am quite sure of this: nobody will ever gain the ear of the labourer who does not respect it. It is easy to pick out particular instances in which it may be shown that the labourer has acted very foolishly in refusing to leave his cottage. I have heard of cases in which old people who for a long time had sturdily resisted every attempt to persuade them to take indoor relief have afterwards thanked the clergyman who at last overcame their reluctance, acknowledging that they were much more comfortable than they had been before. But one swallow makes no summer. And, take the peasantry as a whole, their abhorrence of the "big house" is as strong as ever it was.

But, after all, what is there so degrading in the receipt of outdoor relief? Do we not acknowledge, in many departments of life, that men who are past work are entitled to some provision for their old age over and above what they have saved themselves? The agricultural labourers work for the farmers and other ratepayers in the Union area. Why should not these contribute to the support of their worn-out servants as the Crown does to the support of soldiers, sailors, and civil servants, or as the Church does to the support of disabled clergymen? This is only outdoor relief under another name. A rate levied on the employers to supply so much a week for the superannuated peasant is only like a rate levied on the whole public to supply so much a week to the superannuated soldier. I cannot see, at all events, that there is more degradation in receiving the one than in receiving the other. I must indeed admit against myself that there does seem to have been a time when a stigma attached to the receipt of parish relief in the eyes of the agricultural labourer. The evidence given before the Poor Law Commissioners in 1834 proves that.* But "the good old

* See Report: pp. 84, 243.

English labourer who boasted with pride that he had never been beholden to a parish officer" existed under social conditions very different from those which prevail at present. By the Act of 1723 "the workhouse test," as it is called, was established; and it remained in force down to 1796—that is, for a period of seventy-three years. But during nearly half of this period the English peasantry were much better off than they ever have been since, unless it is at the present moment; and one can understand how it was possible for them to dispense with parish assistance even in their old age. To show how this was would lead me too far afield for our present purposes. But I have traced the condition of the labourers from the end of the last century to the present time, elsewhere. And, as I do not see how the social conditions which existed in the reign of George the Second can very well be reproduced now, I think we must admit that it is necessary to regard the operation of the Poor Law from a somewhat different point of view. With the declining prosperity of the agricultural labourer, Mr. Pitt, a political economist, desired deliberately to change the feeling with which he had been in the habit of regarding outdoor relief, and make him cease to consider it degrading.

We must remember, too, that when it was so regarded, it was chiefly the receipt of it by able-bodied men, and not by the aged and infirm, that clothed it with this discreditable aspect, and that it was associated in the rural mind with the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and the idle loafing vagrants who would never work if they could help it. These when employed by the parish were for a long time paid at a lower rate than the independent labourer, to mark the distinction between them. Mr. Pitt was of opinion that under the new social conditions on which England was then entering the old restrictions upon outdoor relief must be modified. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for State-aided pensions is only a step in this direction and I confess I can see nothing whatever that deserves the epithet of "degrading" in it.

It seems, then, that in canvassing the peasantry it is open to us to dwell with a clear conscience on the advantages of such a scheme as this, or of any other system which provides them with a superannuation allowance in their old age. I contend that all superannuation allowances, by whatever name they may be called, rest upon the same principle. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in his speech at Bristol on the 6th of January, referring to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, asked, "Now, what was the difference between that and a humane and wise administration of outdoor relief which was practised under the ordinary law in several parts of the country?" "He confessed he saw very little indeed." Nobody

desirous of gaining the support of the agricultural voters could do better than learn the whole of that speech by heart: particularly the passages which relate to outdoor relief, and labourers' cottages. In many parts of the country the peasantry feel strongly on the subject of cottage accommodation; in others they are comparatively apathetic; but in our intercourse with them we must never forget the subject. Let them be given distinctly to understand that the Conservative Party are in favour of superannuation allowances for the aged and deserving poor, by whatever name they may be called, and that they are prepared to consider the possibility of some State contribution towards the improvement of their dwelling-houses. These again are things they will understand.

I had intended to say something on the subject of District Councils. But the labourers can scarcely require to be told that a Parish Council for every parish in the Kingdom would be a simple absurdity. Whatever extension of Local Government may be contemplated will probably be a mixed system. There are parishes with twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, and parishes with only seventy or eighty. The latter must be formed into groups, or, when that is impossible, must be attached to some more populous parish in the close vicinity—a sort of combination which would not, I think, work very well. All, however, that it is necessary for the labourer to know is that the Party which began the reform of County Government intend to finish it, and would have finished it before now but for the obstruction of those who pretend to be his only friends. If the peasantry will but use their common sense; if they can be persuaded to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of shibboleths, and look facts in the face; if they will see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears what has been done, and what is likely to be done, for their own order, by the two Parties now claiming their support; if these things happen, and if they ask themselves how they would act on such evidence in any ordinary matter of business, there need be little fear of the result. The agricultural labourer has plenty of shrewdness; but, to ensure it fair play, he stands in need of instructors possessed of special qualifications, who know the way to his understanding, and can tell him the truth in a plain matter-of-fact manner without any appearance of lecturing, or any assumption of superiority.

T. E. Kebbel.

A PRIG IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

"'The President of the Immortals had finished his sport with Tess.' Had he, indeed? It seems to me he had only just begun!"

It was Tess herself who spoke. She had been ruminating alone, in the Shades, all the afternoon, and her thoughts were resentful. Since her departure from the realms of her earlier life, her character had become definite. No longer passive under the compulsion of what her creator called destiny, her intellect was luminous and agile, and her sense of justice, even whilst she fully perceived it to be criticism of an invincible necessity, resolute. Her past life, she perceived, had been a mockery; and her present life, that which had succeeded the finite, was just as bad. She had never had a fair chance. She had never been allowed a will of her own. Why had she been born? For what purpose——?

"Well, Tess, my dear," said Alec D'Urbeville, suddenly appearing, and cutting her reflections short, "why so sad? Thinking of old times?"

"No," she replied: "I have been thinking of no time in particular. It is Time itself that I object to—Time and Space, which have now become eternity—what's the good of them?"

"Dear me, lass! how can I tell?"

"Who can if you can't? You used to know all about eternity when you were a preacher."

"Tuts, Tess! That's not fair. How could a fellow know that this sort of place was the life to come? Besides, we can't help it. Let's make the most of things as they are. This is a sorry place for young people of active habits; but it's not without attractions. Folk can still have their own opinions and disagree, and while that is so they needn't be unhappy."

"That is true," said Tess, brightening a little. "Bad as it is to be always suffering for what one does against one's will, it would be worse to have no capacity for resentment—for the luxury of woe."

"Of course, it would. All poetry is revolt, as one of the mortals said; and if we were at peace with all men and things—that is, if we were not in a chronic state of dissatisfaction—these Shades

would be uninhabitable. Let us be thankful that we are minds, not molluscs; cantankerous critics, not amiable angels. The angelic state must be incompatible with happiness; for happiness presupposes reflection, and reflection presupposes materials for thought—contrary possibilities and varying circumstances of all kinds, which yet resolve themselves into our own environment, within which we cannot be happy, or even conscious, unless we are dissatisfied with it. In short, this could not possibly be paradise if it were not a pandemonium.—'Pon my word, Tess, you've made me a reformed character since you repeated to me the wise sayings of Angel Clare. I feel a great philosopher now!"

"Yes? By the way, have you seen Mr. Clare this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes—just left him half an hour ago. He, and David Grieve, and Felix Holt, and Bobbie Elsmere were trying to form a society for the conversion of the Bishops; but they couldn't agree about which of them should be president. Davie claimed the post on the ground that he had a special knowledge of prelates, having in his former life shown up the Bishop of Manchester; and Angel wanted it on the ground that his father would have been a Bishop, and a shocking example, if he had only lived long enough. What a swell our Angel is! Here he comes."

Angel entered.

"Well, Clare, have you got the society on its legs yet?" asked D'Urbeville, jauntily.

"Not quite. We agreed to refer the question of the chairmanship to Madame Blavatsky, upon whom we called. She gave us afternoon tea, and opposed the project out and out. We must leave the Bishops alone, she said. If we undid them, her occupation would be gone. The more the mortals are under the domination of religion, she explained, the wider is the scope for her own arts. If the mortals believed nobody else, they certainly would not believe her. She had just been watching the precipitation of a portrait of herself into the study of the man who agreed, before her death, to be her chief disciple among the mortals if the portrait did mysteriously appear. The experiment, she says, was quite a success. Portraits are becoming fashionable in occult wonders now. Dorian Gray, for instance; and now Madame Blavatsky. But I'm rather sick of the other side. They're too practical. They don't soar."

"Who?" asked Tess. "What other side?"

"The anthropomorphic population of these realms," Clare replied, sententiously,—"the creatures of the earth who have come into this nether world. We are superior beings—we, the Characters of Fiction. We are more defined, and in our first lives we exercised a wider and deeper influence. The mortals are but

shades, which come, and flit, and go. Scarcely one of them is remembered by the world six weeks after he has gone. It is different with us. We move the hearts of the mortals to their depths, and some of us never die. We, indeed, are the only real immortals —myself, for example. Who is the German Emperor, compared with me?

"Who, indeed?" said Tess, smiling. "And yet all the mortals regard you as a terrible prig; and, as for the relative realities of creatures, some of the mortal critics have a view of you quite different from your own—Mrs. Oliphant, for example, who has been dusting your jacket in *Blackwood*, says you're an 'image,' a wandering, bodiless bundle of—I forget what: she doesn't even credit you with being a bundle of abstractions. She seems to think you a mere disagreeable nobody."

"In the manner, I suppose, of the melancholy mortal who, in trouble about his soul, felt a grievance against God for not existing. Precisely. And you will be surprised to hear that, instead of being offended at Mrs. Oliphant, I am at one with her. I was hardly dealt with by my creator. Instead of worshipping him, I am gravely displeased with him. I——"

"So am I," exclaimed Tess and D'Urbeville, simultaneously. "I should never have acted——"

"No," said Clare, taking up the common proclamation: "we should never have acted as we did act, if he hadn't made us act so—for his own ends. Possibly I might not have left you on the day of our marriage."

"And," said D'Urbeville, "possibly you shouldn't have married her at all. Left to myself, I should have made love to her on more approved principles."

"And I'm not sure," said Tess, coquettishly, "that I should have married either of you. But all that is past. We used each other very badly. Our creator did not endow us with free will. He was determined to stand, like other thoughtful persons, by the principle that art is greater than nature; and so nature, as you would say, hadn't a look in with any of us."

"What of that?" asked D'Urbeville. "Let our mortal contemporaries say what they will of us. We are now exalted even above our creator, and look down upon them all. And the pleasure of our serene contemplation exceeds the keenest pleasure of the mortal life. It should, at any rate,—shouldn't it, Angel?"

"Yes," said Clare, dubiously: "in a manner. But it is not all unmixed joy even here. Although we have divested ourselves of our dramatic finitude, and are no longer under the determinism conditioned by our creator's artistic needs, we retain our essential characters; and that's a bother."

"A bother!" said Tess. "Why?"

"Because one can't be cock of the walk here. It was all very well when I had only you, and the milkmaids, and D'Urbeville, to deal with. I was superior to all my contemporaries then. But it is different here. Yesterday afternoon I got George Eliot to take me to tea at Waverley Hall, and the people there laughed at me outright. We went on to the President's of the New Republic, which, I fancied, was more in my line; and they actually stopped their discussion about the Aim of Life—even Saunders, whose arguments I meant to back up, looked upon me with high-sniffingness. I haven't yet ventured to call upon Pickwick, nor upon Diana of the Crossways; and Heaven knows where a man of my aspirations will be if the population of our side goes on increasing at the present rate. A thousand novels a year, and hardly one of them without a character which doesn't look down on me!"

Clare's companions laughed.

"I see nothing to be amused at," he said, gloomily.

"Don't you?" said D'Urbeville. "Don't you think it's rather comical to see an Agnostic masher in a rage because he's found his level at last?"

"I haven't found my level," Clare rejoined, testily. "It is they who haven't realized theirs—the level of me."

"You—a prig like you! I suppose you would expect Mr. Luke to listen to you—and Sir Walter to entertain you at dinner?"

"Why not?" asked Clare, complacently. "What if I am a prig? I can't help it—I hadn't the making of myself. I deserve no more blame for being a prig than Ronald Strang deserves praise for being a poet. If our creators have unequal powers, or unequal purposes, it is not the inferior creatures who should suffer for the inferiority. 'The gods themselves, as mortals, have descended.' The real trouble is that there are too many gods. More than one are too many. But we can't help that—we can't reform the characters of the gods. We must accept our own characters, and make the most of them. I should deserve censure only if, being a prig, I behaved as if I were something else."

"But surely you can try to improve yourself—to cease from being a prig," Tess suggested.

"Surely," D'Urbeville echoed.

"Why should I?" said Clare, with much feeling. "You are really very ignorant still. Moral and intellectual characteristics are permanent. Certain physical ones are not so. A man who drinks too much may possibly become a total abstainer; but all intellectual characters are unalterable. He who is born a liar, or a braggart, or a genius, or a histrion, will live a liar, or a braggart, or a genius, or a histrion. It might be well for his fellow-creatures

if, in any of these cases, he suppressed the peculiar intellectual energy with which he was gifted by the gods—but for his fellow-creatures only. It would not be well for himself. An intellectual quality suppressed is not an intellectual quality annihilated. It is only deprived the exercise to which it is, by the laws of nature, entitled; and it is as much a source of pain as food undigested. This is notably so in the case of any one who happens to be a prig first and a man afterwards. Like all other living organisms, a prig instinctively seeks 'the line of least resistance'—to adopt the habit of life which, being natural, gives him pleasure most readily. As a man who is born a prig could not possibly shine as a hero or as a poet, it is cruel to ask him to reform, and absurd to blame him for not reforming. His life would be wretched if he ceased to be actively a prig. He would have no pleasure in it, for he is capable of none other than the pleasures of a prig—episodical and transient as they are. Look at me, for example. Why did I leave Tess on the day of our marriage? To say that I left her because I was a prig touches only the fringes of the problem. I left her because, not being an ordinary man like you, D'Urbeville, I should have found the domestic joy of staying less a pleasure than the high moral and intellectual satisfaction of going away."

Tess's lips moved as at a stinging insult, and D'Urbeville remarked that prigs were usually "damned cads as well."

Clare placidly resumed his discourse.

"Nothing darkens counsel so much as moral terms. They solve no problems. The use of them is but a kicking against the pricks. You do not settle any question by calling me a prig. If by doing so you could make me a hero or a poet, you should do so by all means; but you could not reform me—even as you could not by calling him a coward have made a poltroon of the Duke of Wellington. It's all a matter of temperaments, which are ineradicable; and so——"

"I'd eradicate you if I had my way!" D'Urbeville exclaimed. "It's clear that the world can't make a better of you; but there are various methods of treatment which would be more than kicking against the pricks. The world might resolve to hang all prigs, or at least to banish them like lepers."

"That," said Clare, "would be manifestly unjust. "I can no more help being a prig than Hall o' the Wind—who gives himself airs, by the way—can help being a romantic swash-buckler."

"Justice or injustice," D'Urbeville replied, "is not in the question. These are moral qualities, whose names, as you remarked a moment ago, darken counsel. There are occasions on which, either individually or as society, men quite properly sacrifice some canon of justice in the abstract for the sake of justice in its

practical mode. This happens every time a burglar is cast into jail, every time a murderer is hanged. According to your theory of temperaments—which must be sound; otherwise the phrase 'criminal classes,' which all the world uses, without challenge, as denoting a body which is as measurable as any species of animals or of plants, would have no meaning—according to your theory, neither the burglar nor the murderer could help his crime—the criminal action flowed out of his temperament as naturally as a sonnet flows from the pen of a poet. It is the same with the leper, whom society banishes: he was not responsible for his leprosy. Why, then, should we stand prigs? I'm rather a coarse brute myself, and must not preach; but I should willingly see a penal code established to overtake the shortcomings of such as I am, if it were accompanied by another to make an end of such as you are."

"My dear D'Urbeville," said Clare, smiling superior, "you are too practical. You speak as if we were discussing the codification of the law. If that were our subject, I should have something to say to you in answer to your angry argument; for there are certain moral infirmities against which, howsoever much it may detest them, society cannot possibly protect itself. But that is not our subject. In these Shades, as there is no marrying or love-making permitted,———"

"Worse luck!" D'Urbeville remarked.

"——we cannot act; for (this I will demonstrate at some future symposium) all activities of the mortals have their motive in the relationship of the sexes, of which our creator has given the world such a picturesque exposition: we can only reflect and talk—there is no other conscious joy in paradise. Let us reflect, then, calmly. Apart from the practical difficulties in the way of ridding the world of prigs and other persons whose temperaments are objectionable to the normal man, and to the heroic man, and to the imaginative man, there are sound reasons why society should do nothing to exterminate, or even to diminish, the objectionable species."

"Indeed!" said D'Urbeville, sneeringly. "And what may these precious reasons be?"

"They are partly artistic, and partly utilitarian. Where would the stage be if criminals were the only foil against which beauty in distress and chivalry show off? The piquancy of the best plays—the 'literary dramas' which are now being instinctively produced in response to a new need of society, the need for an amusement adequate to the increasing complexity and subtlety of its realizations—is constituted—not by card-sharping rogues or dishonest stock-brokers, as at the Adelphi; not by husband-poisoners, as at

the Garrick; not by any of the old machinery of virtue and vice in their elementary crudity; but—by certain weak creatures who do nobody any particular harm—girls who regulate their love affairs by mathematics and logic, as in the new play at Toole's; men with some intellectual strut, as in the plays of Ibsen and in *Beau Austin;* not to speak of the *poseurs* in *Lady Windermere's Fan,*—by prigs, in short—prigs brought up to date; prigs half-extenuating, half-satirizing, the new intellectual forces and tastes of the age. It is the same with the art of fiction. With you the only bad man in it, *Tess* would have been insipid. It would have been insipid even if, instead of myself, Tess had had a lover entirely worthy of her. I—the prig—was the redemption of the piece. It is so with all good plays and all good novels. In the evolution of social life, heroes and villains, women who are merely virtuous, and women who are merely vicious or intriguing, have been supplemented. As was remarked by way of preface to 'Parnellism and Crime,' the world has become tired of its old moral conventions, and has lost the capacity for believing that any man can be either very good or very bad. Society is jaded with elemental virtues and vices. Its sentiments have become flabby. Like a child crying in the night, not knowing what it wants, society has developed a need for something to tickle its instinct of intolerance —an instinct quite as natural, and quite as entitled to satisfaction, as any other. Priggishness meets the need, and the prig is the Man of the Time. He amuses society because he is its own image in miniature—true enough to life to arrest the sympathy which all artistic creations, to be successful, must arrest; and yet untrue enough to give each man and woman in the theatre, and each reader of the novel, justification for feeling that it is not he or she, but some dear friend, whom the prig 'takes off.' Hence the success of 'the literary drama,' in which society finds a clear voicing of its new feeling that loose morals, after all, are not quite unjustifiable, since they have become the vogue with men of elegant and truculent intellectuality; and hence my own success — the triumph of that Agnostic and emasculate Puritanism which is the same spirit of the age viewed on its other side. Let us hope, then, that the mortals will cherish their new play-wrights and their new novelists, as well as Toynbee Hall. Theirs are the brief abstracts and the true chronicles of the time; and Nature has only been at her old wise trick of readjusting herself in inspiring them to make the prig their hero. Without the new villainy—the villainy of moral and intellectual posturing—virtue, which has ceased to be manliness, and has become mere taste, would itself have languished —from want of a direct antithesis in which to see the reflection of its own worth."

"Then, after all," D'Urbeville exclaimed, "it was you, not I, who was the blackguard? I begin to have rather a good conceit of myself when I hear dear Angel explain himself."

"You're quite entitled to," said Clare, modestly. "I'm not better than you. Nobody is better than anybody else. We're different—that's all. It takes many sorts of people to make a world."

"But what," asked Tess, "is the use of the world if we're all alike in that sense—if when we look into the essence of things there is no superiority in any of us: no differences of characters to justify any of us in feeling better, or less bad, than anybody else, or in feeling that there are some whom we can rightly reverence? Have the creators of the universe any purpose with it at all?"

"None whatever," Clare answered, promptly,—"except it be to amuse themselves with us, and give us the pleasure of being angry at them—wretched puppets that we are: all of us—the realities of fiction and the phantasms of reality alike. Pardon my again asking you to contemplate me as an example. In the other world, you will remember, the problem of social inequality bulked largely in my thoughts. I was unable to justify this inequality; and the sense of injustice made me, as you know, a robust Radical. It also tended to make me a theist, and to think that the matter must be redressed in another and a better world. Well, here we are, and——"

"This is a happy land,
Far, far away,"

D'Urbeville sang, lugubriously.

"——and we are at length all equal," Clare continued, not heeding the interruption; "equal, in the consent of all of us, on the fundamental considerations we have been discussing; yet what the better are we? Among the mortals we had social inequality; here we have unsocial equality—and that's much worse than the other. The hostile emotion with which I used to be distraught on thinking of a patrician family was nothing to the pain I feel at the aloofness of Felix Holt."

Clare sighed, and relapsed into meditation.

"Well, Tess," said D'Urbeville, after a pause, "what do you think of our Angel now? I'm rather at a loss myself. This is not the sort of place I thought I was inviting sinners to when I was a colleague of the man who decorated the country walls and stiles with texts about hell in red paint."

"I'm not sure, after all," Tess answered, "that this is the last place we'll see. I dreamt last night that there's still a beyond—a place where one may meet one's mother and father, and be at peace, without thinking. But, as matters stand, it seems to me that Mr.

Clare is right. Thinking, which is here the only mitigation of our misery, is itself miserable. One can think only of oneself, and self is 'a wandering sorrow in a world of dreams.' Sympathy, if it were possible, would help us; but it is not possible. One can only see the need for sympathy, without really sympathizing."

"With whom, Tess? Me—or is it Angel, after all?"

"With neither. With woman—that's oneself, of course; but I was thinking for the moment of a particular case."

"The milkmaids whom this bright youth made wretched?" D'Urbeville suggested.

"No," said Tess: "I was thinking of a girl whose betrothed died recently. All the fellow-creatures were full of sincere grief at her loss, and did their best to soothe her. But they failed until one of the greatest of them wrote a poem; and then all the world thought the matter was satisfactorily settled by two lines—

> 'The toll of funeral in an Angel ear
> Sounds sweeter than the merriest marriage bell.'

Could there be a hollower mockery? A woman from whom death has snatched her lover—what consolation can she find in such words? What to her is the entire population of paradise? The idea is brutal—impious! Whose caresses of her lover but her own are right? What angel——?"

"Ah! did you speak to me?" said Clare, waking up from his profound thought.

"No," said Tess, who had been speaking passionately, calming down: "I was only thinking aloud."

"Well, then," said Clare, once more brisk, "I have just discovered what's the matter with the universe. Human nature has ceased to be action; it is now acting. Art as a universal habit has supplanted impulse. Listen. I have much to say. I——"

"What!" exclaimed D'Urbeville. "At it again? Talk—talk—talk——"

'Yes," said Clare: "I'll talk till the stars fall."

W. Earl Hodgson.

"MARAH."*

In the course of the last six months many prominent national figures have passed beyond our ken; but of all the well-known forms that will be seen amongst us no more not one, perhaps, is missed more sorely or mourned more deeply by all who had the privilege of his friendship than our late ambassador at Paris, Lord Lytton. Heir to an illustrious name, he inherited that most precious and most rarely bequeathed of human legacies—the genius and the intellect of his father. Known to the world as poet, as statesman, and as diplomatist, the nation may well mourn in him the loss of one of her great ones. Known to all who came into close relations with him for his personal charm, for his rare and delightful powers of conversation, and for his universal and overflowing sympathy and kindliness of heart, his friends will truly say of him, "We shall not see his like again." This, however, is neither the place nor the time to speak of his public or private character: we are here concerned with the poet alone.

Marah, by "Owen Meredith"! Such is the title of this latest work, to which the circumstances of its publication give a strange pathos. The vigour of mind and the intensity of feeling which live in these pages make it hard to believe that the brain which conceived, and the hand that wrote them, have for ever finished their work on earth. The spirit of the poet has passed "through Nature into Eternity," and our praise or blame can no longer affect him. But for our own sakes let us, if we can, judge him fairly and impartially with something of the spirit of reverence with which we judge our dead.

The small volume before us opens with a prefatory notice, written by Lady Lytton herself, deeply touching in its simplicity, and deeply interesting from the facts confided in it to the public. Lady Lytton tells us that these poems were written in leisure hours during the past and previous years, and that the last weeks of her husband's life were occupied in revising them. They were in proof, though not finally corrected, at the time of his death; and

* By Owen Meredith. Longmans.

it should be borne in mind, when notice is taken of certain inequalities in the work, that it had not received the finishing touches from the artist's hand. At the end of the volume, in the form of an appendix, are lines bearing the title, "Lord Lytton's Last Poem," and of these Lady Lytton writes: "There was a poem originally included in the first part which he did not think good enough, and made up his mind to omit. The last days of his life were spent, as if in haste, in the composition of another to take its place. This was never finished; but I give the fragment as I found it by his bed side with the ink hardly dry on the paper." Before entering upon the subject of the finished poems of the book, it is natural to turn first to the unfinished fragment of which Lady Lytton here speaks. The character of this last poem makes it difficult for us to see how it could ever have been fitted into the present collection as now arranged, and leaves us wondering how far Lord Lytton had it in his mind to alter that arrangement. It is a poem without a beginning and without an end. The tenderness of its tone makes one realize at once that it was intended for the first part of the volume; but its narrative form seems to separate it from the other lyrics of the book, and it almost reads like a single page out of a complete love story. Although technically still in the rough, it yet bears evidence of the author's mastery over verse, and contains many beautiful lines. The sentiment in it combines in wondrous manner perfect intimacy with perfect refinement. The intensity of pure boyish feeling has been mellowed and subdued by the intervening years. It is youthful, yet rather with a youth recalled than a youth renewed, so as to inspire something of that hallowed pathos which we feel at the discovery of a withered rose in an old book. "Love's good Faith" are the last words with which the poem breaks off, the last words ever written, almost the last words expressed, by "Owen Meredith."

We do not know precisely at what time of life all the poems in *Marah* were written, but these lines alone are enough to show that although Lord Lytton had reached the age of sixty, his poetic faculty had in no way deserted him; and the present volume contains, though in a limited sense, the very flower of his genius. Byron has said, "One hates an author that's all author," and in almost every work of Lord Lytton we feel that the man comes before the writer, and still more perhaps that the poet comes before the artist. By this we mean that, although in the music of his song the note of inspiration is rarely lacking, we miss in it too often the effort of self-restraint and self-criticism which must ever be applied before

the genuine feeling can be set in the perfect form. In the present volume, however, we do not find the defects of art which have marred many of his previous writings, and the beauty of some of these poems reveals his genius at its best. In the course of the present article the comparative method of criticism will be avoided. We need not attempt to decide whether Lord Lytton is greater or less great than this or that other writer, or what is the precise place to which he is entitled amongst the poets of his generation. Posterity alone can settle this for us. Let us concern ourselves only with the questions, "What does he say to us in these pages? How does he say it?"

It will at once occur to the reader to ask why the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith" has been once more adopted. We may take for granted that this was done deliberately, and two reasons at once suggest themselves in explanation of a return to the old name. In the first place, we may take it as an indication that in these verses the writer lays aside the responsibilities of the public man, and speaks to us in the character of the poet alone. In the second place, the nature of this new work suggests comparison with the early poems of *The Wanderer* more than any of the author's subsequent writings. Like them, it appeals more exclusively to the emotions than to the intellect, and its interest is in large part derived from the strongly personal note which pervades it. Yet, as we shall note presently, these later love poems differ in many important respects from the earlier. A comparison will be more easily followed if we attempt first to give an outline of the general plan of *Marah*.

The character of the poems in *Marah*, taken separately, is lyrical; but it is necessary to add that there is a well-marked dramatic element in the arrangement of the series. They represent, not the history of a love, like Tennyson's *Maud*, but rather the history of a life: the mental stages of one who has searched for happiness in the free play of the emotions and lived only to find despair. The book is divided into four parts, each with its appropriate motto prefixed, and presents us with the whole cycle of human passion,—the spring, summer, autumn, and winter of the heart. The prologue gives the key-note to the volume.—

I.

"Lured by the promise of a better land,
They wander'd in the wilderness of Shur;
Vagrants from bondage fled, a weary band,
Whose weariness each day made wearier;
And waterless was all the desert sand,
No wells at hand!

II.

"A place at last they reach'd, in sore distress,
Where water flow'd, but from a bitter spring.
Then cried they, 'Here we die of thirst, unless
God turn this bitter sweet!' And, murmuring,
They call'd it Marah. Nor can speech express
More bitterness."

Bitter as the waters of Marah, therefore, are many of the songs of this little book; but to those who in the writings of a poet look first for poetry, their beauty and power must surely appeal, and to men who are neither critics nor poets, men who have lived and suffered without versifying life and suffering, they will speak through the force of their unmistakable sincerity. While reading these poems many will murmur "How sad!" some will add "How true!"

The first part tells the story of the dawn, the fervour, and the setting of a pure happy love, passionate but tender, and too short-lived to end in disenchantment. Here it finds no "earthly close," but flawless and beautiful lives and dies. Years do not taint it, life does not turn its sweetness into gall, death saves it from the future and enshrines it for ever in the beauty of the past.—

". . . . Life might have marr'd all this,
And spoilt the sweetness Death perpetuates.
Now, all that was, unmix'd with all that is,
Remains itself, and perfect. The harsh Fates,
That menace all things happy, from my heart
Thy truth can turn not, nor thy love estrange.
Far, far, beloved, beyond my reach thou art,
But also far beyond the reach of change."

The second part tells a sadder and a bitterer tale, of a love that in its own passionate reality asks for truth and receives falsehood, gives all, and is first misunderstood and then rejected. It is the tragedy of many written poems, and of how many unwritten lives?

I.

"I gave her love: I gave her faith and truth:
I gave her adoration, vassalage,
And tribute of life's best: the dreams of youth,
The deeds of manhood, and the stores of age.

II.

"She took my gifts and turn'd them into pain.
Each gift she made a bitter curse to be.
Then, marr'd, she gave them back to me again,
And this is all she ever gave to me."

The first love was "the worship the heart lifts above;" the second

love is idolatry, and at the end the idol is broken and the faith reposed in it for ever shattered.

The third and the fourth parts tell no story, but describe a state of mind. The third represents "the sadness of immense satiety" following on an unhappy love in the history of the man of the world who has already drunk his fill of life's experiences. All freshness of feeling is gone, all illusions are destroyed, and, in order to escape from the *ennui* which is left by a "dead pain," the now way-worn Wanderer throws himself into the pursuit of pleasures which pall and of emotions which do not satisfy. All in vain, however, for he is ever haunted by the unconquerable hankering after the lost joy, and the higher ideal, which he still pursues, but cannot grasp.—

I.

"I have invoked with songs, and sued with tears,
A love still unresponsive to my call.
To find it, I have roam'd the waste of years;
To win it, spent my all.

II.

"Yet still do I believe in it, still cherish
An unrequited faith, and in the fume
Of fires unblest, that on its altars perish,
Life's substance still consume;

III.

"Like some poor alchemist, whose days have pined,
In bondage to bright dreams that but betray'd,
Still raking ruin'd crucibles to find
The gold he never made."

In the wild dreams of the fourth (and finest) part of the book, the blind forces of nature are summoned to play their part upon the stage. The tired spirit, finding no satisfaction in the fleeting joys of love and life, turns to the inanimate world, to find there its own restless counterpart. Interpreting all sights and sounds by the light of his own despair, the poet recognizes in the roar of the waves, the moan of the wind, and the dreary desolation of the landscape, an infinite, in the place of a finite, sorrow. His individuality sinks from him, and he becomes part only of a groaning and travailing creation. Take, for example, this very sad, but very fine, poem.—

I.

"Greyer and dimmer grow the dim grey bounds
Of the leaden twilight, salter the sea's breath,
And harsher, angrier, the low moan that sounds
Yon crags beneath.

II.

"The unquiet sea-birds seem unquieter,
And more importunate their plaintive quest.
About the sullen beach begins to stir
A vague unrest.

III.

"Sightless has set the ineffectual sun.
There is no moon, no star, no visible cloud.
But land, and sky, and sea are swathed in one
Sepulchral shroud.

IV.

"And now that shroud is troubled, tho' unrent.
There comes a menacing movement from afar,
And sounds as of a distant armament
Arming for war.

V.

"It is as tho' the elements—earth, air,
And water—each in its own camp aloof,
Were furtively beginning to prepare
And put to proof

VI.

"Each its own weapons, or to organize
Each its own forces, for some strife impending.
Swift silent signals for the winds to rise
The air is sending.

VII.

"The sea is gathering from the outer deep
Its heavier waves. Like some beleaguer'd giant,
The land is setting fast on cliff and steep
A front defiant.

VIII.

"And coldly, shudderingly, creepily,
With these awakenings of the torpid pain
Pent in the pallid land, the pallid sky,
The pallid main,

IX.

"My heart begins to move once more, and be
Again the battle-field of ghastly hosts
At war with one another and with me
Legions of ghosts!

X.

"Yet will the abortive stir beginning now
Change or determine nothing. When 'tis o'er,
Heaven, earth, and sea, and I, will all, I know,
Be as before.

XI.

" Rest, wretched slaves of Nature, whose mad zest
Of movement makes the curse that you inherit
Harder to bear! Rest, winds and waves! Rest, rest,
Perturbèd Spirit!"

If we now turn from these lyrics to the early poems of *The Wanderer*, how great the change. The two volumes are alike in one respect—they are both startlingly genuine. Gœthe has said that emotions, like oysters, will not bear keeping, and the first and foremost quality to be looked for in any lyric is that it should spring from the heart. The poems of *Marah* and *The Wanderer* do not describe emotions which are conceived without being felt: the poet, following the advice of Sir Philip Sydney, looks into his heart, and writes without any self-conscious attempt to tone down the force or truth of what he finds there. The prevailing tone in both is melancholy; but in *The Wanderer*, if there is the sadness of love, there is also the strong rebound of youth, the consciousness that, in spite of disappointments, life and all its opportunities lie before, and not behind—that, if much has been suffered, more remains to do. *Marah* reveals, on the other hand, a profound weariness of existence. The pathos of its emotion is like the dying glow of the setting sun warning us of night to come.—

" O could I weep, weep, weep away this weight
Of tearless, time-worn inarticulate pain,
Whose heavy burden no blest hopes abate!
O for release, rest, death! In vain, in vain!"

The tears of *The Wanderer* are sorrowful, but not bitter; in *Marah* we are confronted with "a pain which burns worse than tears drown." The sentimentality of youth is replaced by the cynicism of mature age, and we are reminded in some of these poems of that mocking sorrow which cries through laughter in the writings of Heinrich Heine.

The Wanderer is full of narrative, dramatic, and descriptive interest. The incidents of that sentimental journey are related with all the circumstance of time and place, and we are led from Italy and "its yearning skies" to France, England, Switzerland, and Holland.

Marah, on the other hand, has no locality. All of it save the fourth part might have been written in any land at any time. It is also practically without narrative interest, if we except the fragment in the Appendix which recalls the love scene in the prologue to *The Wanderer*. Both works tell the history of many years and many moods; but *Marah* is in tone and form far more subjective than *The Wanderer*. The latter relates in full the varied

experiences of the man of the world, who comes in contact with divers types of men and women, and makes us realize their personalities as well as his own. The former gives us the accumulated result of experience rather than the narrative of any particular experience; the analysis of human emotion, rather than the description of any human being. There is a certain similarity in the general plan of the two works which makes the contrast between them all the more striking. The first part of *The Wanderer* tells the old but ever new story of a first deep love. Surrounded by the glamour of the "magic land," Irene, the most prominent character of the book, is loved, wept over, scolded, and forgiven. She is in all respects a definite and tangible woman of flesh and blood, idealized but still human. Her face, her hair, her dress, her talk, are all described; and her image haunts the poet with an imperishable charm. She is seen again and again in other faces, and her memory is recalled in the midst of newer pains or pleasures. *Marah* has no such heroine. It is rather the bitter record of the artist, who aims at perfection, to find in any human form the realization of an ideal which has no earthly prototype. Such a sorrow is the martyrdom of all genius in this world, for genius, like the old Titan demigod, brings fire from heaven and finds on earth only clay to mix with it.—

> "Genius, sufficing to itself, abounds
> In its own being. Love can but fulfil
> Its being in another."

When, therefore, Genius and Love go together, the ideal companionship is sought after, and only the imperfect human companionship found. The hankering after an unattainable ideal is a note already heard, though but faintly, in *The Wanderer;* and through all Lord Lytton's subsequent writings it is reiterated with ever growing force and persistency, till in *Marah* it has become predominant.

> "She is gone, and I have lost her! Yet a little while ago
> She was there; and for a moment in your eyes I saw her smile,
> In your voice I caught her accents, on your lips I felt the glow
> Of her kiss, and I am certain she was there, tho' but a while.
>
> "Had you recognized her also, had you known her as I knew,
> It had then been well for both of us. But through some fault in each,
> Now the search for her, you cannot aid, must all begin anew,
> And the moment we retain'd not is already out of reach.
>
> "Hush! No vain recriminations! Life has years to count upon,
> But for love are moments only. Love that all the whiles between,
> Looking forward to their coming, or recalling them when gone,
> Bears two names: the one 'I shall be!' and the other 'I have been.'"

Here the Ideal is represented as some Fata Morgana, held for one moment as truth and then lost again. In "Episode" the Ideal is conceived but has never been realized; and the conception leaves the poet dissatisfied with all earthly realities.—

"We miss'd each other in the porch of Birth,
And there took different ways: mine earthward set
And hers I know not whither. But on earth
We have never met."

In "Lies" (the versification of which is an astonishing *tour de force*) the poet wilfully deceives himself, and gazing on beauty makes believe that for the time being the whole truth of love is there. Similar contentment in a lower ideal may be found in the clever dialogue of "Horace and Lydia." In "Selene" there is a yet different conception of the ideal. This poem is one of the most powerful and original in the book. Its meaning is at a first reading obscure, for in it, as in many of the poems of the third part, the author seems deliberately to perplex his reader by suggesting a double interpretation. They seem at first to refer not to a type but to an individual, and if this interpretation be accepted there is something almost brutal in the fierce resentment of their tone; but a more careful study of them will show that they express not the bitterness of a lover so much as the disappointment of the "Artist of the Beautiful," who, having pursued a substance, only grasps a shadow. The strange love described in "Selene" is blest by the moon, and lives only in the dreams of night.—

"White moon, forth-pouring floods of pallid fire
From founts that leave thy sallow orb forever
Ravaged and sear'd, and worn with wan desire,
But fervid never!

"Bless the pale pleasures of my love and me,
Whose day of life, like thine, is the dark night!
From all the world I have chosen one like thee
For my delight."

Cold, unreal, and passionless is this moonlike phantom beauty, whose existence is but an unembodied mystery in the mind of the poet. His love is neither virtuous nor vicious; but it desires all things and realizes nothing.—

"She whom I love has from the dawn of time
Been love's despair. All pleasure and all pain
Her breath begets. All virtue and all crime
Are her domain.

"Her intricate charm is like a magic maze,
Whose central secret never can be found
By any of the interminable ways
That wind it round.

"The perilous realms of Unreality
Her witchcraft rules. And my pale paramour
Fills all their phantom forms, from her faint sigh,
With strenuous power."

We have said that in *Marah* there was no locality. Nature is in these poems nowhere described in and for itself, but only with reference to the human emotions which the poems illustrate. The poems of the last part, however, are obviously suggested by some cold northern seashore where the land is grey, bare, and desolate, and the wide sweep of ocean bounds the horizon. The more romantic and imaginative poems at the end of *The Wanderer* are also sea pieces. "The Fugitive," "The Shore," "The North Sea," and "The Fisherman's Hut," may be compared with the poems in the last part of *Marah;* but are greatly inferior to them in imaginative power, in originality of conception, in concentration and in beauty of form. "Nocturn," "Saturnalia," "Storm," "Moonland," and "Selenites," are of that order of weird imaginative literature to which belong the masterpieces of Coleridge, and are worthy to rank with the finest examples of their kind.

In "Saturnalia" the interest of the imaginative conception and setting of the poem is greatly enhanced by the undercurrent of intense personal feeling. It is daringly bold in thought and expression, but with, nevertheless, the self-control and reserve power which distinguishes all true art. The description of this phantom midnight-ride is a masterpiece of literary skill. Every verse increases the sense of rapid motion, and adds to the unholy horror of the nightmare; yet the language is studiously subdued and even cynical up to the final verse. Then, and not till then, this tone is thrown aside, and the grim power of the poem culminates in the last agonized cry—

"Too late . . . . the Sun!"

"Storm" is perhaps yet more original. No thunders, no sheets of lightning, no driving clouds, are here described—all is grey: grey sky, grey water, grey land. There is movement, ceaseless movement, and yet no change. Dulness has become so colossal that it grows to terror: the terror lies in the dread—not of what is to come, but—of eternal sameness.

It is impossible in the compass of the present article to do full justice to all these poems. They would need to be quoted in full to be appreciated. The sound of the sea is heard through them all: now moaning, now lashed to storm, now monotonously terrible, now sighing with the mysteries of night, now silent under the sorrowful light of the moon. In one poem, "Oceanus," these various moods of ocean are collectively described. Here the sea speaks with all its voices, and gives utterance to the sorrows of

the ages: the wrongs bewailed, the rights betrayed, from the beginning of time.—

"Like a strong, beautiful, ill-used wild beast,
The Ocean caged between its craggy shores,
Stretches its long limbs out, with panting breast,
And rolls, and roars.

"Its large lair is for its large life too small.
For here are the world's waters all in one,
And all the sounds of all the nations, all
In a single tone!"

Not only, however, are "the echoes of all sorrows and all crimes" heard in the sea's deep tones.

"Yet 'mid thy moanings multitudinous
A silenced song's pathetic echo floats,
Slight but still sweet. What is it moves me thus
In those low notes?

"It is that in a holier happier time
The harp of Orpheus lull'd thy lyric shores,
And thou hast listen'd to the rhythmic chime
Of Argo's oars:

'It is that Aphrodite's natal morn
Beheld her borne upon thine azure breast,
And once thy furrow'd desert, now forlorn,
Was Alcyon's nest."

In form *Marah* differs from *The Wanderer* as much as in thought. The early volume is essentially rambling, and bears all the traces of immaturity. Its verse, though never conventional, is often imitative; and its phraseology, though rich, is redundant. In *Marah* there is a more distinctive individuality, and the charm—not only of form, but—of a finished style. The verse has lost nothing of the spontaneity, the beauty of imagery, and the ease of expression which are distinguishing characteristics of all "Owen Meredith's" best work; but it has gained in concentration and power. There are few superfluities in *Marah*, and the definite artistic plan on which the book is constructed is never lost sight of. Nevertheless, the poems are not all equal: weaknesses will be detected here and there, which Lord Lytton might have strengthened had life been spared him; and here and there we catch an echo from some other poet. These, however, are matters of slight importance: where genius is apparent it seems an impertinence to dwell upon every little surface imperfection. What matter if the diamond have flaws, so long as it be a diamond and not merely flawless glass? Let us remember Byron's reply to Moore when the latter had written of the second canto of *Don Juan* that one half of it was good. Byron, after declaring that if this were true it would be the finest poem in existence, goes on

to say: "No poetry is *generally* good, only by fits and starts; and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight *all stars*, as rhyme all perfect." According to this standard, *Marah* ranks highly indeed. Nevertheless, the admirers of *The Wanderer* may still prefer their old favourite, with all its youthful imperfections. Love poems find in the young their most appreciative public; and youth is an age of faith—faith in life, and faith in love. In *Marah* emotion remains; but buoyancy is gone. The glow of feeling is still unquenched; but it is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Lord Lytton was a disciple of Schopenhauer, and all his later works tend to pessimism.—

> "I have search'd the Universe, beneath, above,
> And everywhere with this importunate lyre
> Have wander'd desperately seeking Love,
> But everywhere have only found Desire.
>
> "I have probed the spheres above, the spheres beneath.
> Their dim abysyms have echo'd to my shout
> Invoking truth. But time, space, life, and death,
> And joy, and sorrow, only answer'd, 'Doubt!'"

On the ground of its sadness alone, however, we need not condemn Lord Lytton's poetry. The world has not withheld the laurel crown from Shelley, or from Heine, or from Leopardi.

It is the privilege of poetry to express all the brain can know and the heart can feel: not only the joy and the goodness of life, but also the bitterness of sin, and the sorrow of breaking hearts. Poets, as Lord Lytton has himself well said, should not only reveal us to ourselves: they should reconcile us to ourselves by interpreting our natures poetically. If, therefore, the song they sing to us is beautiful, can we reject it, even if in its accents we detect no hope? *Marah*, with all its bitterness, bears the unmistakable stamp of poetical genius. We may dissent from its philosophy; but we have little fault to find with its art. Nor is it quite true to say that even *Marah* is entirely without a hint of hope. The poet who utters his sadness in song, by that very utterance purges it in part away, and leaves room for the suggestion of final harmony and reconciliation, though it be beyond the horizon of mortal ken.—

> "My songs flit away on the wing:
> They are fledged with a smile or a sigh:
> And away with the songs that I sing
> Flit my joys, and my sorrows, and I.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "The Now is an atom of sand,
> And the Near is a perishing clod:
> But Afar is as Faëry Land,
> And Beyond is the bosom of God."

A. B.

GLIMPSES AT A GAME-BOOK.

In his *Memoirs of an ex-Cabinet Minister*, Lord Malmesbury records that what seemed to strike Mr. Disraeli more than anything else, when on a visit to Heron Court, was an autograph journal kept by Lord Malmesbury's father, recording his sporting pursuits daily for forty years: a journal in which is noted every bird he killed, or missed, with a careful memorandum of the weather. Mr. Disraeli visited Belvoir Castle on two occasions; but he cannot have come across the Game-Book there, or no doubt he would have mentioned it in the letters to his sister. At the present moment there are three enormous volumes there, works which are a monument, to succeeding generations, of industry and perseverance. From 1848 to the present day there is recorded every day's shooting at Belvoir, at Cheveley Park (the partridge-driving manor in Cambridgeshire), and at Longshaw, the shooting-box on the Derbyshire moors. The date, the name of the beat, the names of the guns, and the amount of game shot by each, are carefully stated; also, full particulars of the weather, and of any interesting incident.

To the sportsman—especially to the shooting man—these books are full of interest. They show how hard our ancestors must have worked to get their bags; how driving has increased the head of game on the moors; when driving began; and how enormously "battue-shooting" has increased since the days of our grandfathers.

At Longshaw day after day the Duke (for he kept the book himself) tells the same sad tale of birds being unapproachable—so wild were they. It is mentioned that the Duke of Bedford once got only two shots all day. That day five guns bagged twenty-four grouse. Next day the Duke, Lord George Manners, and Mr. Drummond got only six birds. No wonder the Duke records "birds innumerable, but quite unmanageable"! A week later he mentions "no grouse to be killed but by stalking them." Two weeks later an amusing incident delayed the party considerably. "As we began, a grouse with a game leg was marked down, shot at, and wounded. We followed him up, and he took us away from our intended beat to White-edge. We put him up several times,

he getting wilder each time; and, we having begun with him at 12.15, he was killed at 2.30."

Next year at Longshaw is extremely interesting. There is an entry for the 11th September, 1849, containing the first mention of driving on the Longshaw moors. In the Duke's own words, "the birds were unmanageable; and at two o'clock we took station by a wall dividing an oatfield from Brown-edge, and killed a few birds out of packs which were driven past. We saw immense lots following each other along the brow of Brown-edge."

This idea of taking a station behind the wall must have sprung from a discovery made by Lord Granby and Lord George Manners three or four days before. The late Duke of Rutland has often told me (he was Lord Granby at the time) that the idea of driving first suggested itself amid interesting circumstances. He and his brother, Lord George, had been out all day, walking hard, and getting very few shots. Towards the evening they were becoming very tired. Lord George said he would go on along the road and stand at the end, just taking his chance of any bird that might happen to come along. The result was that Lord Granby, fagged, was wading knee-deep through a thick bit of heather—the birds getting up out of shot all round him, and all going forward to his brother, who was stationed under the wall bringing them down as fast as he could, in the days when breech-loaders were not invented. The idea of driving arose from that experience. Three days afterwards we find the whole party trying it for the first time, and the Duke's entry of the fact in the game-book.

Immense numbers of grouse are reported in the next year, 1850; "Lord Stanley strenuously asserting that he saw 5,000." If this was so, the guns, who were the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Granby, Lord Stanley, and Lord Forester, do not seem to have done very well: they got only 88 out of the 5,000.

In this year the mentions of driving are numerous. On the 4th, birds are "inordinately wild. Killed several by driving." Again, on the 9th: "Impossible to do any good by following our vocation on the moors; and we placed ourselves in the evening behind walls, and had the grouse driven. The enormous quantities which were put in a state of motion were surprising." On the 13th: "Immense numbers of birds, which fly in heaps. Except by driving them, it was almost impossible to succeed with them." It would be tedious to give further instances of driving. Suffice it to say that on each occasion driving is mentioned as if it were a new thing. But driving was still infrequent, and only resorted to when birds could not be obtained by walking. Moreover, like the sportsmen of the present day, the party found that a Longshaw grouse coming with the wind is not a bird easy to stop. "The

difficulty of killing birds proved immense to all the shooters—from the pace of the birds." Next year, 1852, we find the first mention of batteries being erected. Apparently the birds did not like those strange objects, which they avoided. "Embankments had been raised to facilitate the murder of some birds; but totally without effect." It is now well understood by keepers that butts must be built long before the driving season. In that case the birds may become accustomed to them.

To show clearly the benefit which driving confers upon a moor, I here append a table giving the annual bag for five years, from 1850 to 1854 (before driving was established), and the bag for five years, from 1870 to 1874 (when driving had been well established).—

	Grouse.		Grouse.
1850 - - -	1,080	1870 - - -	5,633
1851 - - -	1,076	1871 - - -	5,785
1852 - - -	1,394	1872 - - -	6,529
1853 - - -	418	1873 - - -	1,271
1854 - - -	1,400	1874 - - -	2,479

Before quitting the subject of Longshaw, I cannot refrain from relating one story connected with it, as well as one rather curious personal incident. The first story is in reference to the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1875. The Duke had a favourite retriever called "Prince." One night, at dinner, the conversation turned on this dog, and the Duke said that lately he had not been behaving well. The subject dropped. Next day the Princess came out to luncheon with the shooters. The carriage drove up just before a drive. Her Royal Highness waited until it was over, and then walked on to where the Duke, who was the nearest gun, was busy picking up his birds. "Well, Duke," she said, "and how is the Prince behaving to-day? Pretty well, I hope?" "Very badly indeed, Ma'am," the Duke replied. "He won't pick up his birds. If he doesn't behave better after luncheon I will send him home." The Princess was naturally astonished; but she said nothing, and went on to luncheon. A little later the Duke was informed that it was *the* Prince that had been inquired after—not the dog—and so hastened to make his apologies.

One night, at Longshaw, the conversation centred on an allusion, in the *Badminton Library* volume on "Shooting," which had just come out, to a grouse coming straight towards you at a certain angle. If you shoot at it at that angle, it will probably knock you clean out of your battery. This was strikingly illustrated to me on the subsequent day—although the circumstances were not exactly similar, inasmuch as at the time I fired at

the bird he was not flying straight towards me. We were having a drive; the guns were posted in a deep gully. I was the left gun; the gun on my right was out of sight of me over the shoulder of a hill. The sun was troublesome on my right; I had to shoot very quickly, before the birds could fly into the sun. I saw a bird coming very high on the right, and making straight between the two batteries, and *not* flying directly for my battery. I fired, and, owing to the sun, could not see what happened to the bird. Almost immediately afterwards I saw a bird coming low on my left, and turned to shoot at it; but before I could pull the trigger, bird number one had struck me on the right temple and cheek, and I fell, momentarily stunned, into the arms of my loader, while a keeper, who was scoring for me, caught the gun as it fell from my hand. The bird, as I said, was a very high one, and had evidently been on the wing a long time; it was coming with the wind, and had acquired a tremendous momentum. The bird itself, dashed to pieces, was picked up in the bottom of the battery. It was some minutes before I could see anything, and my face was covered with blood. The curious part of the matter was that the bird must have seen the gun on my right before it saw me, and changed the direction of its flight obliquely for my battery; and it must have been at that precise moment that the shot struck it. My mouth was badly cut inside; I swallowed much blood, and for two days I was continually spitting blood.

The four best days at Longshaw were in 1872. The guns were the Duke of Rutland, Lord Bradford, Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Huntingfield, and Lord Newport. The scores for the four days were 748, 461, 566, 707. Lord Huntingfield got 238 one day, Lord Newport running him very close with 201.

In 1883 five guns got 800 grouse, of which Lord Newport killed 257—105 birds at one stand.

The best score of partridges recorded in the Game-Book is Lord Huntingfield's, at Cheveley Park: 86 birds to his own gun.

The four best scores at pheasants at Cheveley, in the shooting of the Links Coverts, are the Duke of Cambridge's 244, Mr. F. Fryer's 232, Mr. George Manners' 225, and the Duke of Cambridge's 220.

Sir Richard Sutton used to shoot at Cheveley in the old days of muzzle-loaders, and was scarcely ever known to miss. In those days of flints the time was so long between the moment of pulling the trigger and the shot reaching the quarry that Sir Richard used to stand looking at the bird inquiringly, until it was seen to crumple up suddenly and collapse; then he gave a grunt of satisfaction. If ever he missed, he used to say "All stomach, sir,—all stomach!" and took a pill; after which he could see a partridge wink.

Another interesting personage whose name is often recorded in

this Game-Book is the late Mr. Ferrand, once a prominent member of the House of Commons. His stories, of which he possessed a fund, bordered on the marvellous. Here is one.—

"I was once out for a walk at Belvoir with a gun in my hand. I went down to the canal, and walked a little way along the towing-path. Suddenly a duck got up out of some rushes. I fired, and killed it. At the same moment a fish rose in the water, and the same shot that killed the wild-duck killed the fish. The report of my gun going off frightened a hare which was lying in some rough stuff by the bank of the canal. She jumped up, ran backwards between my legs, tripped me up; I fell on her, and, being a heavy man, killed her. Thus, sir, in one shot, I killed fish, fur, and fowl!"

Another story connected with Cheveley, and I have done. It was in 1816, and the Duke of Rutland of that day was passionately devoted to shooting. They had been working their birds all the morning towards a large turnip field in which there was beautiful cover. The operation had been successful,—the field was alive with birds,—and the Duke and his party were on the point of entering when they saw a man on horseback galloping through the field towards them. Of course, the Duke was furious. They shouted to him to stop; but on he came, the birds getting up in all directions. As he came nearer they could see that both horse and man were exhausted, and had evidently come a long distance. Then the Duke saw that it was one of his own grooms from Belvoir. The man was just able to throw himself off his horse and say, "The castle is burnt, your grace." He had ridden the whole way from Belvoir to announce to the Duke the melancholy intelligence of the great fire at Belvoir which had destroyed the castle and consumed many valuable pictures.

George Manners.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

I.—Momus: A Socratic Dialogue.

[*In the smoking-room of "The Palladian."* Falkland, *a dramatic critic, and* Blessington, *a playwright, seated. To them enters* Skelmersdale, *a dilettante observer of men and things.*]

Skelm. Ah, my friends! I wish I could salute you with a learned quotation which should be worthy of your intelligence. But for the life of me I can only think of "Propria quæ maribus!"

Falk. The pertinence of which I confess I do not perceive.

Skelm. Really? Would it not do as a good motto to write over a smoking-room? I take it, for example, that you have been discussing your friends with that emphatic stress on their infirmities which is so appropriate to men of leisurely talent and smart literary instincts. Over ladies' boudoirs we might inscribe "Souvent femme varie," or in some cases, perhaps, "Bella, horrida bella." But in my poor experience there is no such place for uncomplimentary allusions to the absent as a masculine smoking-room. Perhaps "les absents ont toujours tort" would do even better as a motto round the walls of a room like this!

Bless. Yes: just as "hope abandon," &c. ought certainly to be displayed on the portals of a theatre.

Skelm. Dear me, Blessington! what fresh disappointments has the dramatist been undergoing lately?

Bless. Oh, nothing new, of course. It is only the old, old story. What do the public care for? Pageants. What do the actor-managers prefer? Pantomimes. But a man who believes himself to have some genius, and is full of a desire to write literature, must be content to hide his light under a bushel.

Falk. Or else poise it on a somewhat rickety candlestick, and become an actor-manager himself.

Skelm. Now, this is really very interesting to an outsider like myself. I have read your criticisms, Falkland, with something approaching to emotion (I was suffering from the influenza at the time), and I should have supposed from your fine fervour that some of the plays

at present on the London stage were not only good but transcendent. Do not laugh, pray; for, of course, I thought you only wrote what you meant—or am I to imagine that truth, which has flown from the critic's stall, finds a refuge in a smoking-room, and lurks at the bottom of a brandy-and-soda? And as for you, Blessington, in my innocence I supposed that your plays, unlike Shakespeare's, spelt affluence.

Bless. But what I complain of is that what the public admires in them is the way they are put on the stage, and not their literary elements.

Skelm. And as you don't put them on, but only write them, you are naturally indignant with the actor-manager? After all—poor actor-manager!—he naturally thinks a drama means action and not fine writing. What do you say, Falkland?

Falk. You forget, Skelmersdale, that in dramatic matters we are now at the parting of the ways. On the one side—the old, conventional, stationary side—stands the whole machinery of "situation," effective termination of acts, costly scenery, and traditional ethical sentiments. On the other side——

Skelm. Ah! I want to hear what stands on the other side.

Falk. On the other side stands freedom, freshness, the unusual, the psychological, the revolutionary, the non-moral, the independent,—all of which can be acted in a barn.

Skelm. Yes: of course; but I am anxious to know on which of these two sides you have elected to take your stand?

Falk. Well, to tell you the truth, I have not quite made up my mind. You see, I know Althorp of the "Erectheum" almost as intimately as I know Carrington of the "Liberty," and they are at opposite poles. I am really somewhat indebted to both, and I have to be careful. I have to please the older generation; but it would never do for me not to recognise the newer lights rising in the firmament.

Skelm. (*laughing*) What a very awkward position for a guide to public opinion! I should think your best way would be to write for two papers and let Althorp know only of your contributions to the one and Carrington know only of the other! And you, Blessington, to which dramatic school do you belong?

Bless. My dear fellow, forgive me for putting it so; but I am really above "schools!" I write as my own genius directs.

Skelm. Oh, I beg your pardon! My question was an absurd one. But then, you know, I only see your plays as they have been—doubtless—bowdlerized and vulgarized by the actor-manager: hence I was somewhat uncertain of your views. Let us get on neutral ground. What, for example, do you think of *Henry VIII.* at the Lyceum?

FALK. If you are speaking to me, I think its production is a retrograde step.

BLESS. While, in my opinion, the play is an absurd one.

SKELM. Come now, this is trenchant, at all events. I have been to see it two or three times; but then I am not professional enough to pretend to be a judge. One at a time, please. You, Blessington, think the play is an absurd one?

BLESS. Most certainly I do. As I said to Smithson—one of my fellow-dramatists, you know—on the first night of its production: "If you or I, Smithson, had written a play like that, we should be hooted off the stage!"

SKELM. What's the matter with the play?—Forgive these elementary questions.

FALK. Well, it's not Shakespeare's, to begin with, but Fletcher's, or some other of the scribblers of the time.

SKELM. Not a wholly bad dramatist either, since he belonged to the Shakespearian era. That, however, is a detail. But I ask, What's the matter with the play—whoever wrote it?

FALK. It's a mere series of pageants.

BLESS. It has no unity of construction.

FALK. No one can make out which is the central character.

BLESS. Nor what the christening scene at the end has to do with it.

FALK. All the principal people—Buckingham, Wolsey, Katharine—drop off one by one—the first in the second act, the second in the third, the third in the fourth—and we are left with a baby. What a sorry *dénouement!*

BLESS. Besides, it is so badly written. Some of the set speeches are so tawdrily and emptily rhetorical. Double-endings to the line, you know, and all that.

FALK. Moreover, it does not give a chance to the actors. Irving is not at his best in it, nor Miss Terry either.

BLESS. In fact, its only merit is that it is a fairly good pantomime.

SKELM. Come, here are a goodly list of criticisms, at all events. I suppose the production is a failure?

BLESS. No: that's the worst of it. It *ought* to be a failure; but, as a matter of fact, it's a great success, I am told.

FALK. That, however, is only a sign of the bad taste of the public, which likes scenic exhibitions.

SKELM. Well, I confess I enjoyed it very much. But then I saw it from the pit, where every one seemed enthusiastic—not from the seats of the scornful, where you probably, Falkland, shared your views with equally enlightened critics. You have seen it, of course, since the first night?

FALK. Not I. There have been too many *premières* since then.

BLESS. Nor I. I don't want to see it again. I have got enough experience in playwriting to judge a thing like that at the first blush.

SKELM. What a terrible disadvantage it is to me to be so ignorant! As a matter of fact, I, too, saw it the first night; but, as I felt I did not understand it, I went two or three times. And now I fancy that I am beginning to comprehend it better. What do you suppose, Blessington, is the central idea?

BLESS. It has not got one, my dear friend.

SKELM. Well; but here is a curious fact. You tell me it's a great success, and I can testify that the house has been not only crammed, but enthusiastic, when I have been there. On the other hand, intelligent criticism, as represented by you two eminent men, decides that, as a play, it is worthless. For whom does the theatre exist, do you suppose—for the few or the many?

BLESS. For the many, unfortunately.

SKELM. And the many have decided that the play is a good one?

BLESS. I suppose so.

SKELM. Well; but if there be a contest between the large body of the public and the slender band of critics, who, do you think, are likely to prove victorious?

BLESS. Oh, the public, of course—more's the pity!

SKELM. Then, if an actor caters for the public, and ventures to disregard even the most accomplished and well-informed critic, he is not exactly a fool—is he? I would go further. Throughout all the best parts of its history the stage has been a great educator of the people—the best of educators, because in order to effect its mission in this respect it must begin by pleasing before it can instruct. So that if the majority of the people like *Henry VIII.*, and crowd the theatre where it is being performed, the Lyceum is true to the best traditions of the stage.

FALK. What a vulgar line of argument, Skelmersdale! You are putting the uneducated before the educated!

SKELM. But, my dear friend, what am I to do? I suppose things are a success when they please the larger portion of the people—stalls, boxes, pit and gallery—and a failure when they do not; and at present I am only suggesting that in theatrical matters it is more true than in other subjects that the *vox populi* is in the right. But now, if the public are pleased, there must be some reason for it: there must be some method in their madness.

FALK. Oh, they like "a show." "Panem et circenses," you know.

SKELM. Yes: I recognized the allusion in your critique. But I wondered where "the bread" came in. If all they got in the

Lyceum is the "circenses," where do they get the "panis"? Not from the critics certainly, who are apt, when the public asks for bread, to give them something as angular and ponderous as a stone. What supplies "the bread" in this instance?

BLESS. Oh, the music, perhaps!

SKELM. My dear Blessington, you are frivolous. Well, if neither of you will answer me, I must answer myself. I should say that there was one absorbing interest for the people in *Henry VIII.* —the historic idea—and also, though I am afraid I shall offend you, some admirable dramatic characterization. You need not laugh, Blessington: of course, it is not characterization of the salient and somewhat repulsive modern type, such as gives the modern actor an opportunity for what are called character parts—I suppose because the said actor has in them some chance of acquiring a character which nature has denied him.

BLESS. But, my dear fellow, *Henry VIII.* is nothing but a masque. You forget the occasion for which it was written.

SKELM. Well, no one knows what the occasion was, nor do I imagine that it very much matters. The play may have been produced in 1603 or 1612. With your historical knowledge, you probably are aware that when Burbage acted it in 1613 under the title of *All is True* the theatre caught fire and was burnt to the ground. You doubtless think that that was a very proper vindication of the theatrical providence, which had determined that such plays ought not to have the chance of a run. However, to return to our point. No doubt *Henry VIII.* consists of a series of pageants, and if it is to be produced at all it can, in my opinion, only be produced with all those aids of scenery and pomp which you can see for yourself at the Lyceum. But no play yet was ever made a success solely through the scenery, and there must be some other reason for the popular approval in the present instance. Perhaps you think the people have no knowledge of history?

FALK. I do not think that they have knowledge of anything.

SKELM. Not a very minute and accurate acquaintance, no doubt, such as you possess; but the people know in some dim fashion that there was one critical period in their history when it became a question whether this commonwealth of ours should be held subservient to the papacy of Rome or should worship God in the way it pleased. The crisis of that struggle between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism took place in the reign of Henry VIII., and is in this play typified by the contest between Wolsey and his king. I am quite aware that Protestantism does not enjoy a very good reputation with superfine critics to whom all creeds are alike; but I venture to say that, if ever there was a nation which was practically made by its Protestant creed, that nation is the English.

I think that the people realize the enormous importance of the reign of Henry VIII., and that in some fashion, which, of course, is not explicit but still very sincerely felt, the interest in the Lyceum play is explicable on this ground. Even the baptism of Elizabeth, which appears such a disconnected episode, acquires some meaning from these considerations; for it represents the dawn of an era which for ever dispossessed the claims of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Now, if this is the historic idea, it is easy to see what kind of attraction belongs to the characters of the drama. —My dear Blessington, I am afraid I have sent you to sleep!

Bless. (*yawning*) Well, I confess that this discussion makes me somewhat drowsy. What were you talking of?

Skelm. Oh, nothing, my dear fellow. Pray continue your slumbers. "Aliquando dormitat Homerus," and a constructive dramatic genius like you may well be pardoned for following his example. Well, Falkland, I shall address my remarks to you. Pray take another brandy-and-soda, for then I shall be sure of discovering your real opinions. You said, I think, that there was not much acting in the play?

Falk. I certainly think so. Such speeches as there are are wearisome partly because they have so often figured at school prize-givings, partly because in themselves they exhibit such poor workmanship.

Skelm. You will allow, perhaps, that there are some moments of dramatic intensity. There is Buckingham, for example, representing the old order of nobles who formed a perpetual menace against the throne. Shakespeare—I beg your pardon—Fletcher managed to invest Buckingham with a certain amount of tragic interest. Then, there is the death of Queen Katharine. Some one has said that her death-scene ranks above any scene in any other poet. Who was it? Johnson—was it not?

Falk. I really do not know. I do not make my dramatic judgment depend on that of any previous commentator.

Skelm. Well, any how, Katharine is a queenly figure who is placed in one or two very striking situations. Henry VIII., too, I should imagine, was a very interesting part for an actor to play. Some of his worst vices are kept very cleverly in the background, although they are everywhere suggested, while his amiable qualities, his *bonhomie*, his citizenlike affability, his easy familiarity, are touches which prove to me that Shakespeare, or whoever delineated him, knew how to enlist the sympathies of the public. Rightly or wrongly, the people are inclined to forgive Henry VIII. because he represented a great national movement, and so far I think Froude is entirely in the right in representing him as a national hero. But, of course, the main character is Wolsey himself.

FALK. Who was a "butcher's cur." Do you find in the Lyceum play any suggestion whatsoever that Wolsey had this humble origin?

SKELM. My dear fellow, that does not seem to me to be a criticism of your usual acumen. In the first place, Shakespeare borrowed very largely from Cavendish's life, either directly, or indirectly through Holinshed, and this particular tradition does not appear in Cavendish at all. In the next place, no actor can go beyond his brief, and the dramatist, at all events, has not painted Wolsey except as an extremely refined and intellectual man; and, in the third place, there is at least this historic justification for Shakespeare's view, that Wolsey was decidedly a patron of learning and education, and perhaps you will remember from your university and scholastic experience that there are certain royal foundations which owe a good deal to this reputed descendant of the butchers. Finally, whatever may have been his antecedents, at the time when the poet is depicting his career, he is the one man in England who, through the force of his intellect, has obtained absolutely the first place—who has all the ingenuity of the Jesuit, and the subtle scheming propensity which we usually connect with the instruments of the Church of Rome. How on earth could a great ecclesiastical dignitary be represented with a butcher's apron and a carving knife?

FALK. My dear Skelmersdale, what you say may be very true; but no one can say that Irving is at his best in this particular character.

SKELM. Well, even that I think is an arguable point; but I expect our difference of view really depends on the different attitude in which we approach an artistic creation. Should I be wrong in saying that in your conception the critic exists for the detection of faults? For myself, who am only a humble spectator, I go to the theatre in order to appreciate excellences. And that, after all, is the point of view of the great body of the public—a fact which your critic is always forgetting. Every great man has his weak sides—he has, to use the hackneyed phrase, the defects of his own qualities;—but unless he had the qualities his popular reputation would be quite inexplicable. It would be absurd on my part to define why Irving is so great a favourite with the public; but at least I can say this much—he is not only always interesting; but he has always something to tell one, something to reveal.

FALK. I do not much care for his methods.

SKELM. Ah! there you use a technicality which I frankly do not understand. I can imagine a painstaking man laying down for himself certain rules to guide him—certain established ways of securing his effects,—and then no doubt "methods" would be the

right term; but as our friend Blessington would say (if only he were not snoring so placidly) the artist, in so far as he is an artist at all, has assimilated all these rules at a very early period of his novitiate. Or perhaps, to use more exact language, the genius does not consciously put any rules in practice at all. He produces his effects owing to the strength of his personality, and not because he has any recognized means of attaining them. Have you ever thought what is the difference between a mummer and an actor?

FALK. (*sulkily.*) Oh, pray expound! It is not my business to go into these minute distinctions.

SKELM. Well, I confess it seems to me a very elementary distinction for any one who poses as the guide and interpreter of public opinion. The mummer is the man who can with infinite cleverness divest himself of his own personality; the actor, on the contrary, is the man who everywhere makes use of his personality to tell you something of what he is interpreting. Your most accomplished mummer is he who can represent with admirable finish any of those varieties of personage which our friend Blessington so ably portrays. All these characters have one or two salient, well-marked traits; but what the man is apart from these traits no one on earth can imagine. A mummer is always found out when he plays a Shakespearian character, for that has a certain rotundity and wholeness of its own quite apart from the one or two qualities which are manifested in the scenes in which the character appears. Only an actor can represent a Shakespearian part—a man who asks you frankly to accept his personality as something that is valuable and interesting in itself, and shows you in and through that personality what he believes the Shakespearian hero to be in the flesh. We get, in consequence, numerous true representations of Shakespearian characters, although they may be attacked from entirely different sides, so long as the actor has a personality of his own to exhibit. The mummer, when you get him apart from his one or two excellent mimic presentments, has unfortunately no personality—he is merely himself, and a very poor and unilluminating self it generally is. Do you follow me?

FAULK. My dear Skelmersdale, I have no time to go into these refinements: I only judge what I see before my eyes, and that is quite enough for me.

SKELM. Yes; but I doubt whether it is enough for the public at large. What is the one thing which attracts the public? It is "un grand soi-même." This is what they admire and follow after. They do not care for its possible defects: in fact, just as we like a friend because of his failings quite as much as for his good qualities, so the public gets to be really almost fond of a great character's defects—not because he is full of faults, but because his masterful

ego can carry off all these failings so triumphantly. What did the public care about General Gordon's weaknesses? They knew that he was a fanatic; but they knew that he was also a hero. What did the public care about Manning's faults? They forgave him readily because he was a sincere lover of the people. What did the public care about Spurgeon's narrowness? They only knew that his goodness was of that quality which is possible only to genius. And the same holds true, I suspect, about Irving. But I am afraid I bore you.

BLESS. (*waking up and yawning.*) Still talking, Skelmersdale? What a loquacious vein you are in! Well, I must go and write my new play.

FALK. By the way, Skelmersdale, I think with all these ideas of yours you had better become a critic.

BLESS. (*going.*) Or else write a play: and if you send it to me I'll promise to point out all its mistakes.

FALK. (*going.*) And when it is represented on the stage I shall be delighted to sit in front and do my best to damn it.

SKELM. (*sitting down.*) No doubt, no doubt. "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" Good-bye, my dear friends. Well—— (*lights a cigar*).

(*Scene closes.*)

W. L. COURTNEY.

II.—MR. TREE'S HAMLET.

Nothing could be more natural than that every fresh interpretation of the part of Hamlet by any actor of intelligence and charm should in these days revive the endless controversy as to the character of that most complex of Shakespearian heroes. Whether this is quite as satisfactory as it is natural is another question. It may be that the chief reason why Hamlet has so irresistible an attraction for the age is that the age is itself becoming more and more like Hamlet. His inordinately retro pective bent of mind may well be his chief attraction for the men of to-day: they may be drawn towards him by that which a rising young civil engineer once described to me as Hamlet's "thoroughly unhealthy absorption in insoluble problems." And their passion for psychological analysis may in this case, perhaps, be whetted by the knowledge that the process cannot possibly lead to any definite, or at least any indisputable, result. No doubt, there is "something too much of this" (to use that incorrigible self-analyst's own expression), and some apology may, perhaps, be expected from

anyone who proposes to add to it. Especially is such an apology due to that portion of the public who are most apt to resent the perpetually iterated discussion of mental, moral, or spiritual problems. They know what iteration means—none better; for are they not accustomed to consume two or three solid newspaper columns of it every morning at breakfast? Do they not delight in having the same old political songs ground out to them from the same old political organs by the same old political grinders to one or the other of the same two old political tunes? Yes! one is certainly bound to apologize to them—as I hereby do—for adding another pebble, howsoever small, to the enormous cairn of Hamlet criticism. Their quick susceptibility to boredom, their impatience of a monotony of subject, entitle them to this consideration.

For the rest, the extremely interesting qualities, unquestioned even by those who are least in sympathy with it, of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's assumption of this most fascinating of all Shakespearian characters must plead my excuse. Its incitements to the critic and commentator afford the strongest testimony to the actor's art, for the reason that its appeal to them is of so purely dramatic a kind. There is no straining after novel and extra-dramatic effects, no affectation of an impossible originality of conception, no perverted cleverness in the search for new readings of this scene and new arrangements of that situation, no endeavour, in short, to be "wise above what is written." Mr. Tree has probably found quite sufficient complexities in the character on the simplest and most literal interpretation of the text; and has rightly judged it superfluous to dig deeply below its surface in order to provide himself with fresh difficulties of his own unearthing. The mind of Hamlet has apparently struck him as many-sided enough to relieve the student from the necessity of cutting more facets on it with his own hand. So far as what may be called the externals of character are concerned, Mr. Tree has been content to set before us "the courtier, soldier, scholar" of Ophelia's sorrowing admiration; in the deeper regions and more secret recesses of Hamlet's nature he finds, it would seem, a sufficient mixture of strength and weakness, of great qualities and fatal defects, of courage and irresolution, of practical sagacity and dreamy subtlety, of gaiety and despondency, of sanity and madness, to engage all an actor's intellectual powers in conceiving it and all his artistic resources in portraying it, without inspiring him with any desire to add new ingredients of his own.

There are, of course, many Hamlets "in the skin," as the French say, of the Prince of Denmark. "It is *we* who are Hamlet," declares Hazlitt; and at this rate we shall have to wait for the ideal Prince until the appearance of some dramatic

Anacharsis Clootz—some histrionic spokesman for the human race, who shall be to all other actors, past and present and to come, what Shakespeare is to all other poets. In the meantime, and pending that somewhat remote-looking Avatar, it is obviously incumbent even upon an actor not endowed with these universal gifts to conceive and present to us at least two of the many Hamlets of whom Hamlet consists. For there are two conspicuous above all the rest. There is the Hamlet to whose profound reflections upon life and man we listen with so keen an intellectual interest, whose penetrating insight and whose "large discourse of reason" excite in us so high a respect and admiration—the Hamlet of "To be or not to be?" and of the musings over the dead jester's skull. And there is the Hamlet whose unfitness for the world of action presents so affecting a spectacle, whose throes of self-reproach and self-contempt appeal so strongly to our sympathies—the Hamlet of "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" and of "The time is out of joint. O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right!"

Whatsoever else the actor does or leaves undone, wheresoever else he succeeds or fails, he must at least set these two Hamlets vividly, and, as far as may be, with equal vividness, before us. And he ought so to do this that the Hamlet of the commanding intellect and the Hamlet of the feeble will shall mutually plead for each other; that the pity which is stirred by the latter shall be saved from the contemptuous through the respect inspired by the former, while in its turn preventing that respect from growing chill and loveless; that, in a word, we shall ever be so thinking of the philosopher when we are watching the waverer, and so compassionating the waverer when we are listening to the philosopher, that the moralizings of the one shall never provoke our impatience nor the vacillations of the other our disdain.

That no actor of Hamlet has ever brought these two aspects of the character to precisely the same height of relief is a point upon which the experience of most of us, I suppose, agrees. Looking back upon the Hamlets of the past, we can, for the most part, roughly classify them according to the predominance of their appeal to the heart or to the head. There is the Hamlet whom we were sorry for; and the Hamlet whose intelligence we held in high respect. Of course, if the particular actor whose performance we happen to be recalling was above the average, we did not fail to mingle some respect with our pity and some pity with our respect; but, as a rule, we have never been left in any doubt, either at the time or afterwards, as to which of the two emotions prevailed. The ideal Hamlet, when he arrives, will perpetually perplex us between them; but in the meantime, and speaking only

of my own personal impressions, I must own to having never before found these two emotions interchange so freely or balance each other on the whole so equally as in witnessing the Hamlet of Mr. Tree.

Most people who are familiar with the style and methods of this actor would be able, no doubt, to make a shrewd guess at the leading characteristics of his Hamlet without having seen it; or, at any rate, to say under which of the two categories it would be likely to fall. The voice, the manner, the face, and indeed—for he has many—all the faces, of the actor suggest a keenly, an even nervously, sympathetic temperament; and one would expect him, if he laid undue emphasis upon either side of Hamlet's character, to lay it on the emotional side. And this is in effect the objection which I have most commonly found to be taken to his rendering by those who have objected to it at all. The picturesque, the poetic, the lovable quality of his Hamlet, I have never heard questioned, and I do not think that any competent critic would question it. The sweetness of the young Prince's nature, the noble simplicity and courtesy of his manners, the charm of his conversation, the graceful geniality and friendliness of his address, have never had fuller justice done to them; and it was by dint of their winning influence that one spectator at any rate was filled with a new and keener sense of Hamlet's tragic inequality to his fate. With a true dramatic instinct Mr. Tree seizes on the stormy soliloquy at the end of the second act, and with it strikes a note of passion which vibrates in the memory of the hearer throughout all the rest of the play. The bitter self-reproach, the scathing self-contempt of which Hamlet unpacks his heart in the lines beginning "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" find an utterance of thrilling intensity. That speech in the mouth of Mr. Tree is not what so many actors make of it, a mere piece of rhetorical declamation: it is a cry of agony from the very depths of a human soul. And its effect, as has been said, is enduring. It abides in the mind throughout, accounting for everything, atoning for everything: for the slow movement of the narrative, for the halting purpose of Hamlet, for the confused and casual evolution and the "hurried bloody *dénouement*" of the play. To follow this tragedy from first to last without for a moment feeling that the indecision of its hero is improbably protracted, and the delay of its action too long drawn out, is, for some of us, a rare experience; and it is clear, I think, that we depend for obtaining it on precisely that quality in the impersonation for which Mr. Tree's Hamlet is conspicuous.

So vitally important is this quality—to those, at any rate, who go to the theatre to be made to feel as well as, if not rather than,

to think—that one might well put up, it seems to me, with some shortcomings in the performance on what may be called its philosophic side. I confess, however, that for my own part I cannot see that on this side there are many shortcomings to overlook. I have heard the new Hamlet occasionally described as "sentimental;" as "too emotional," as "wanting in dignity," and so forth; and have also met with the more specific complaint that too much is made by the actor of the feigned or real—or of the feigned *and* real—insanity of the Prince. It would, of course, be idle to combat criticisms derived from a preconceived ideal of Hamlet, which differs, perhaps, with every mind that forms it. If one conceives of the "melancholy Dane," after the manner of a certain old school of actor, as an habitually gloomy and attitudinizing gentleman in black velvet, with a singularly mobile pair of bushy eyebrows, and a hand which instinctively inserts itself in the breast of his doublet whenever he is moved to soliloquize on human life, one may well find Mr. Tree's Hamlet lacking in solemnity and repose. No doubt it is possible for a Hamlet to lack solemnity and repose; but surely we are entitled to say, on an unbiassed review of the part, that it is easier to make it too portentously and statuesquely solemn than to treat it in too emotional and excitable a style. May one not say, indeed, that the second and more specific complaint which has been above noticed suggests the answer to the first? Insanity, real or pretended, is a highly emotional condition, and even to be "but mad north-north-west" throughout a five-act play must necessarily give an actor many more restless than reposeful moments. Whether Mr. Tree be not *too* agitated in these restless moments is, of course, another question, and one on which those who cannot agree should, if their time be at all valuable, as soon as possible agree to differ. Only, it cannot surely be denied that when Hamlet's real or feigned madness is on him he is, or seems to be, very mad indeed,—madder in fact in the "book of the play" than he is usually allowed to be, or than Mr. Tree allows him to be on the stage: for the "Art thou there, old truepenny?" and the "Well said, old mole!" and the other wild and whirling words, which are clearly the utterances of a mind actually if only temporarily unhinged, are "cut" in Mr. Tree's as in almost every modern representation of the part.

No doubt the Prince's "antic humour" requires a more subdued treatment by the actor of these days than it did in the time of Dr. Johnson, who tells us that "the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth"—a remark which seems to show that there was an Old Humour which has become extinct, even as there is a New Humour which the middle-aged among us will perhaps fail to

appreciate before they become extinct themselves. No doubt it was easier to render Hamlet's madness in the days when your artistic aim was attained by "causing much mirth," just as, before the epoch-making discovery of Macklin, there must doubtless have been convenience in playing Shylock as a low comedy character. The risks and even the results of exaggeration were so much less serious. With the Hamlets of our own day the case, of course, is different. With them the exaggeration of either of the "antic-humour" or of the actual dementia is undoubtedly a fault to be avoided, and those who think that Mr. Tree has not succeeded in avoiding it will rate his Hamlet the less highly in consequence. I own that I am not of their number; and, indeed, without going so far as to say that it is impossible for an actor of any taste and skill to overdo Hamlet's madness, I cannot but think that those who impartially consider some of his talk with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, much of his dialogue with Polonius, and, above all, his demeanour and utterances at the grave of Ophelia, will agree with me that the feat would be no easy one.

It is surely not on the side of over-emphasis in any direction that Mr. Tree's performance errs. One would rather say that it fails to give due accentuation to Hamlet's sudden changes of mood, and that it lacks variety in consequence. The lower tones of the picture are, no doubt, too much insisted on. The music of the performance modulates too often into a minor key, and remains in it too long. Even the occasional distractions of Hamlet's brooding mind which enable him for a moment to forget the burden of his fate, even the rare and fitful but endearing glimpses of his gaiety, —these are hardly made the most of. The advice to the Players, —admirably delivered from the merely elocutionary point of view, —is not so alive as it should be with the eager artistic interest which must be supposed to have inspired it. And the lighter strokes of the brush receive no sufficiently contrasted foil from its harsher touches. Hamlet's affectionate familiarity with Horatio, his princely kindliness to the strollers, the good-natured irony of his earlier colloquy with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, would be more impressive if equal justice were done to the fierce scorn with which he dismisses the two courtiers, and to the almost brutal *brusquerie* of Polonius's occasional treatment at his hands.

But to say that the performance suffers from these and like defects is only to say that the ideal Hamlet,—the actor who can give full and equal expression to the dignity and sweetness, the wit and humour, the thoughtfulness and melancholy, the subtlety and shrewdness, the fire and the irresolution, which are combined in this so singularly fascinating character,—has not yet been found. Nor has he. But, in the meantime, Mr. Tree has given us a

Hamlet that we may warmly welcome—an eminently picturesque and poetic impersonation fairly satisfying (to put it no higher) to the claims of the intellect, and finely responsive to the demand of the emotions.

H. D. Traill

III.—Should Shakespeare's Plays be Acted?

In the March Number of *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. Mowbray Morris wrote on "*Hamlet* and the Modern Stage." The article is (as was to be expected) full of interest and suggestion. Yet on some points one would fain break a lance with Mr. Mowbray Morris in courteous tourney.

The gist of his argument, put baldly (which is far from his more excellent way of putting it), is that *Hamlet*—letting alone other of Shakespeare's plays—must lose by presentment on the stage: by the poet's imagination, which has appealed to the student's imagination, being placed before the student in stage panoply: by the finest speeches in the play being delivered to the public by the actresses and actors who have given (let us say) at least as much study as the student has to their "quiddity"—to use a word loved by Lamb, whom Mr. Morris quotes as on his side of the argument. Now, no one appreciates Lamb more than Mr. Mowbray Morris; no one, probably, could delight more in Lamb's brilliant expression of his equally brilliant insight into the powers and limitations of the actor's art. Would Lamb, could Lamb, ever have written some of his most delightful excursions on Shakespeare had he not seen Shakespeare's fancy embodied by actors—sometimes of genius, generally of the highest talent? Did not Dodd's playing of Sir Andrew Aguecheek (to take an instance of talent) inspire Lamb to write living passages which had never been born save for Lamb being in front of the footlights while Dodd was behind them? Instances of greater actors who affected Lamb in the same way might be multiplied; but Mr. Mowbray Morris might reply, not without justice, that individual facts do not affect a general theory, though Mr. Mowbray Morris does adduce one "modern instance," with which this is not the place to deal, save to agree with the praise which he bestows on the piece of acting selected for illustration.

"Let it be granted," writes Mr. Mowbray Morris, after quoting Lamb, "that Lamb has been sometimes deliberately unjust to the actor;" [in other parts of his works he was *not*, for "a' loved an actor"]; "let it be granted that he did not sufficiently care to distinguish between the inevitable limitations of acting and the accidental

limitations of bad acting" [he *did* in other works *passim*]. "Will any one refuse to grant that, as matters now stand, Shakespeare's plays are 'made another thing by being acted'?" No: no sensible person will refuse to grant that; but by many sensible persons the grant will be made "with a difference" from Mr. Mowbray Morris's grant. The plays are made another thing by the living inspiring force of great acting. He who has studied them most carefully, who thinks that he has plucked out the heart of their mystery, may yet discover that when a well-graced actor interprets to him his own most loved and admired passages he finds himself in a sudden sphere of revelation—finds himself (to go back no farther than Edmund Kean) "reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." That this is a very possible (indeed, not an uncommon) experience is surely known to many playgoers of the present day who would not willingly yield to Mr. Mowbray Morris in love of and admiration for Shakespeare's plays "in the study." In the study one may no doubt have a complete idea, right or wrong, of how a character was conceived by the Poet. One may even hear the intonations, in one's mind's ear, appropriate to any passage of exceptional meaning and beauty. Yet, take the case when the actor's conception agrees with your own: one piece of "stage business" consonant with the actor's and your reading may throw a new light upon the whole purport of the scene as that scene belongs not only to the chief figure in it, but also to those figures who, subordinate to the principal one, are yet as needful to him as he to them. And here is surely an exercise of art which only an actor can bring to bear upon public appreciation and understanding. Not John Parry himself, were he to revive with a tragic instead of a high-comic faculty of making you see by his own individual power a room crowded with different kinds of women and men, could produce the effect made by an actor playing a great part in a scene where his insight and sympathy draw the players of lesser parts into complete harmony with his broad view of the scene, and so make of it a living whole, and not a detached effort of genius and training. More than one case in point might be easily quoted from distinguished actors now before us; but it is needless to particularize. The thing must be familiar to all who have lovingly followed Shakespeare on the stage as well as in the study.

To go back to the supposed case of actor and student being in sympathy as to the conception of a part; and to take the opposite case. If the student is entirely at odds with the actor, even if he thinks the actor downright bad, yet there is always something to be learnt from the actual presentment of the part on the stage, with all its stage illustrations. It was said, and on the very highest

authority, of the great Malibran, that when she was about to undertake a part unfamiliar to her she invariably cast about to see another singer and actress play that part. If the general execution was bad or indifferent, it gave her "points of departure." If it was good, it gave ideas for her genius to work upon. Mr. Mowbray Morris may say that this is a false analogy. Yet it scarcely is; for the student of Shakespeare off and on the stage, if he has any love for acting as well as for the poet, must feel in a lesser degree what Malibran felt,—"This is wrong, and I see how to set it right"; or, "This is right, and I see how it may possibly be bettered."

To go farther afield with Mr. Mowbray Morris. He objects (and very rightly, in theory) to the necessary "cutting" of *Hamlet* for the stage of the present day. And no doubt those who remember *Hamlet* on the Dresden stage, before the old theatre was burnt down, will also remember the fine effect, without any anti-climax, of Fortinbras's entrance and speech in the last scene. Also, it is true that the omission of other scenes in *Hamlet* are as harmful to the entity of the play as is to that of *Othello* the omission of the scene with *Bianca*. Yet, what would you have? Because, under the conditions of modern society and playgoing, there must be "cuts," are we therefore to have no Shakespeare on the stage? The thing may be partly logical, but is not practical. No one can now tell us if the full text was ever spoken on any stage. And the "cuts" necessary from considerations of time must be left to each manager's individual judgment. That any reasonable "cuts" can spoil the inmost beauty of such a play as *Hamlet* is to be doubted. "The play," as Mr. Mowbray Morris justly says, "cannot be acted [now] as Shakespeare wrote it." That is true. But is that any reason for not acting it at all?

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

IN DEFENCE OF PHANTASMS.

A RECENT writer on "The Supernatural?" after devoting many pages to demonstrating that "ghosts," when not due to trickery or to mistaken identity, are hallucinations—a point which to the Society for Psychical Research never at any time seemed to need demonstration—throws it in our teeth that we have "not yet been able to unearth a real objective ghost." The taunt is pointless enough, and deserves mention only as illustrating the overwhelming influence of preconceptions in this subject. For the writer in this case can hardly plead ignorance of our position, since more than one of the instances on which his demonstration is founded are borrowed from our *Proceedings*, where they are used to illustrate the genesis and development of ghost stories from casual hallucinations. Another point in the book is noteworthy as showing a slight advance in popular criticism. Ten years ago an intelligent journalist thought that he had disposed of the matter when for every instance of an apparition coinciding with a death he undertook to bring forward another case of an apparition without any coincidence. Dr. Weatherly, author of the work alluded to, does not manifest the same ignorance of the simplest elements of the theory of probabilities. He professes himself "certain that, whereas the affirmative instances may be counted in hundreds, the negative would rapidly run into millions." But he makes no attempt to substantiate these airy statistics. The Society for Psychical Research, however, has endeavoured to provide for such calculations a more certain basis than irresponsible conjecture. A census was instituted by the late Mr. Edmund Gurney with a view to ascertaining the relative frequency of hallucinations among normal persons, and answers were received from about 5,700 people. From this census it would appear that of hallucinations taking the form of a recognized living human figure about one in sixty is coincident with the death of the person seen. It is not, of course, claimed that these figures should be accepted as final: indeed, there is a systematic attempt now being made to obtain a wider statistical basis for determining the proportion. But even these tentative results, gained at an enormous cost of time and labour, will perhaps be

accepted as having more value than the *obiter dicta* of a critic, howsoever confident in the certainty of his intuitions.

From belated dogmatism and conjectural statistics we have little to fear, and less, unfortunately, to learn. But there are critics of another kind, who pay us, and the public whom they address, the compliment of reading some at least of the evidence which they undertake to appraise, and of understanding in part the conclusions which they seek to challenge. An unfavourable judgment from writers of this temper deserves careful and as far as may be dispassionate treatment on our part. A weighty indictment has been more than once brought against the evidence published by us for what we have called "phantasms of the living." The Society has been in existence for ten years. During the whole of that time we have been accumulating evidence for the occurrence of sensory hallucinations or other marked impressions coincidently with the death or some other crisis in the life of the person to whom the impression has reference. To make the supposition of a causal connection between such entirely dissimilar events plausible, it is obvious that we must have conclusive evidence that the impression was of a marked, and indeed quite exceptional, kind in the experience of the percipient. After the coincidence is established there will be a certain tendency to magnify in the retrospect the singularity of the impression or the closeness of the coincidence; and the most satisfactory evidence, therefore, is that furnished by a memorandum or letter written beforehand. Now, evidence of this kind, it has been pointed out, is rarely to be found in our records. It is, indeed, sometimes asserted by the witnesses that memoranda were made or letters written immediately after the occurrence of the hallucination; but these documents are seldom forthcoming. And yet, it is urged, the owner of a letter describing a death wraith, written before the knowledge of the death, with dates and postmark complete, might find the document valuable even commercially. Such a letter, it is suggested, would fetch in the market a thousand guineas. Is it credible, then, that the usual receptacle for these documents should be—not the British Museum, but—the waste-paper basket? It may perhaps be suggested that the commercial value of such evidence would be less, and the market more limited than our critics feign to believe: that, although a well attested ghost story may be, to its possessor, of more value than gold, it is very doubtful whether an investigator can afford to give sixpence for it. The Society for Psychical Research, at any rate, early decided that it could offer no remuneration whatever to informants, holding it essential to avoid any inducement to the production of false or doctored evidence.

A sensory hallucination is, no doubt, a striking experience, and,

if a man is in the habit of writing up a diary day by day, it is possible that he will record it. But very few men in the midst of the thousand preoccupations of daily life, which leave little leisure or inclination for tasks of doubtful utility, would set themselves to write a letter on such a matter. It is but rarely that the subject of such an experience is aware that the phenomena are of scientific interest. By an overwhelming majority of educated persons they are regarded as purely subjective, the products of some transient cerebral disturbance, as little worthy of record as a head-ache or an attack of dyspepsia. Even when a deeper impression is made on the percipient, it is not likely that he would court the ridicule of his acquaintance, or exhibit himself in the light of a victim to a foolish and degrading superstition. And, conversely, the dislike of seeming to admit even to himself that a particular hallucination might conceivably have a sinister significance would no doubt act with some as a restraining influence. These considerations prevent persons from writing letters about such experiences, even to intimate friends, especially before the coincidence is known. It is the kind of thing more naturally communicated in conversation, when your friend is in a sympathetic mood. The same causes prevent the letters from being kept, even when the recipient of them has been impressed; for he is likely to regard the incident as a matter purely private and personal, and therefore of mere passing interest. Such letters are probably destroyed along with others, or mislaid so that they cannot be found without a more thorough search than the courtesy of our correspondents can induce them to make. That (whatever importance may be attached by the percipient to a sensory hallucination) he rarely records his experience at the time of the occurrence is sufficiently evident from the results of a kindred inquiry. Apparitions coinciding with a death or other event form but one species of a large class—to wit, sensory hallucinations. As already indicated, we have statistics of the occurrence of some hundreds of such hallucinations among normal and healthy persons. In a very small proportion of these cases, however,—about 3 in 100—have we any evidence that a note was made or letter written within twenty-four hours of the occurrence. The critics seem in this instance to have made an assumption which would, in the supporters of telepathy, have been justly characterized as prejudging the question at issue—to wit, that the coincidental hallucination differs radically from other hallucinations, and may be recognized as differing at the time of its occurrence. In fact, as we have always endeavoured to show, the two phenomena are essentially similar, the difference, when it exists, lying mainly in the degree of vividness; and it is only the discovery of the coincidence, in many cases, which gives to the

subjective experience a retrospective importance. The demand that it should be treated beforehand as exceptional is an unconscious concession to an inherited animism.

A striking illustration of this persistent tendency among critics of the evidence to regard the apparition as something more than a hallucination has been recently afforded. A well-known traveller gave us an account of a vision which she experienced about the time of the death of one "Mountain Jim." Writing of the apparition twelve years after the event, she used the phrase, "He very slowly and distinctly said, 'I have come as I promised.'" In a contemporary account which is now at hand, it appears that she described her experience in the following words: "There was an impression on my mind as though he said." It has been seriously argued, by a recent writer, that this variation of phrase constitutes a discrepancy so formidable as to destroy the value of the whole narrative. To ourselves it is as though the narrator had written, "He said in my dream," instead of "I dreamt that he said." For, once more be it said, the apparition was not the soul of a dead man; it was a hallucination, a waking dream; and whether the impression on the sense of hearing was, or was not, as vivid as the impression on the sense of sight is a matter of the very smallest importance; both alike were probably appreciably less vivid than the impressions derived from the external world.

One of the main objects aimed at by those who founded the Society for Psychical Research was to remove from the minds of educated persons at least such misconceptions as to the real nature of these phenomena, and to dispel therewith the kindred prejudice that it indicates mental weakness either to have or to take an interest in their occurrence. It was anticipated that with the disappearance of these prejudices such experiences would for the future be more promptly recorded and more readily placed at the disposal of investigators. We hope that something has already been accomplished in this direction; but progress is slow, and much remains to be done.

The manner in which such impressions are actually regarded at the time is well illustrated by two cases in which a letter written immediately after the occurrence has fortunately been preserved. In the first case* a well-known scientific draughtsman, Mr. J. G. Keulemans, when working in London one morning, at about 11 A.M., had a vivid pictorial impression that his infant son, then absent with Mrs. Keulemans at Worthing, had just fallen out of bed on to the floor. Previous impressions of the kind in Mr. Keulemans' experience had been proved to be representative of external events. Mr. Keulemans tells us that he instantly wrote to his wife, and yet,

* Published in *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 196

"I thought it rather bold to tell my wife that the baby had to my conviction really met with any accident, without being able to produce any confirmatory evidence; also I considered that she would take it as an insinuation of carelessness on her part: therefore I purposely wrote it as a *postscriptum*." The letter has fortunately been preserved, and the envelope bears the Worthing post-mark of October 3rd, 1883, the day on which the accident actually happened. The postscript runs as follows:—"Mind little Gaston does not fall out of bed. Put chairs in front of it. You know accidents soon happen. The fact is, I am almost certain he has met with such a mishap this very morning." It is to a rare combination of favouring circumstances—the occurrence of the impression to a trained scientific observer, whose own experiences had led him to attach weight to impressions of the kind, and whose absence from his family compelled him to write a letter in order to ascertain the facts—that we owe even this imperfect record. The majority of persons are neither skilled in exact observation nor predisposed to regard such subjective experiences as in any way significant; and, whilst in most cases the need for writing a letter could not have arisen, we may think it improbable that if written the letter would have contained any allusion to the writer's experience.

In a second case,* a student of naval engineering at Portsmouth, when thrown into an hypnotic trance by a fellow student, had managed, on two occasions, at intervals of three days, to cause a hallucinatory apparition of himself to be seen by a lady of his acquaintance in London, who was in complete ignorance of the experiments. The hallucination on both occasions seems to have been sufficiently vivid to produce the impression of an actual figure standing in the room. Yet even in this case it was not until after the second occurrence, and in the absence of an expected letter from him, that the percipient thought it worth while to write to the agent to seek for an explanation. As the more striking of the spontaneous cases are concerned with death, and as, in the wise parsimony of nature, it is permitted to men to die but once, we can rarely look for the recurrence of such a happy conjunction of circumstances. And yet the percipient in this case is perhaps not less representative of mankind in general than the punctual scribe who issues in panoply of pen and diary from the Olympian brain of the critic.

Even where the note is made or the letter written the risks which militate against its preservation are many. Very few will be found to take a general and impersonal (in other words, a scientific) interest in occurrences of this kind. Their own isolated

* *Ibid.*: Vol. II., pp. 671 *et seq.*

experience may possess a deep and abiding interest for themselves, and, less certainly, for their friends: a feeling, however, which is quite compatible with the treatment of the attesting record as wastepaper. For, unless it can be used to illustrate or support a theory of a future life, few persons regard a "ghost story" as having any value other than that derived from the personal environment. It appears, indeed, to possess little more significance than the recital of an extraordinary run of luck at cards, or a fortunate escape from a railway accident, between which it is commonly sandwiched.

Again, it is only those whom circumstances or education have made familiar with evidential inquiries that are likely to attach much importance to documentary records. The following extracts from our correspondence with a lady who had given us a valuable case aptly illustrates a mental attitude which is far from being uncommon.—

> I had written down the dream months before it came to pass. In writing it out for Professor Barrett and yourself I copied the original, only compressing yours so as to make it shorter. . . . I have not got the originals: I destroyed them immediately I sent them (*sc.*, the copies) to you, because I knew they would be more permanently preserved and recorded being authenticated to Professor Barrett and you—there was no further need of them.

There is current among bibliophiles a pathetic legend that a unique "uncut" folio of Shakespeare was once in the possession of two elderly ladies, who persistently refused to sell their treasure to an importunate amateur of their acquaintance. At length, wishing to show their gratitude for some service rendered by their friend, they resolved to present him with the volume; and, in furtherance of their purpose, sent the book to the binders that the broad and time-stained margins might be trimmed. So might an unconscious Delilah have shorn in all good faith the too luxuriant locks of her Sampson; and so to our friendly informant did it seem more fitting to send us a clean copy on fine white foolscap in place of her original notes, untidy, diffuse—and priceless.

Notwithstanding these various adverse chances, we have already, in addition to the narratives above summarised, published accounts of eight other cases in which a memorandum written at the time had been preserved and inspected by us. And this number would be substantially increased if copies of original memoranda were also reckoned. From the mass of evidence which has been received by us since the publication of *Phantasms of the Living*, in 1886, I select a few other cases in which evidence of the kind indicated is forthcoming. Miss X—— is a lady (who for private and sufficient reasons desires to withhold her name) well known to the writer and his colleagues. In the course of her life she

has had many impressions, in some cases rising to the level of distinct hallucinations, which have been subsequently shown to correspond with incidents in the life of one or other of her acquaintance. In two instances the experiences, which were of a marked kind, were communicated by letter to Mr. F. W. H. Myers before the precise measure of coincidence had been determined.

The first case is described* by Miss X. as follows:—

On December 14, 1885, I went, about 11 o'clock in the morning, to visit a friend. While waiting alone for her in the library I became suddenly conscious of a presence in the room, and, looking up, met the fixed gaze of my friend M——, whom I knew to be in the East. The face, which I knew as one more than ordinarily calm and bright in expression, bore a terrible look of pain and apprehension. I recorded it in my diary the same day thus:—"To ———, 11 o'clock. *Saw* M——. Write to [her mother] when can." I was so startled as to be for the moment unable to control my agitation when immediately after my friend entered the room; and she was somewhat perplexed when, in answer to her inquiry, I replied that I had seen M——, of whom she had never heard. To this she testified in writing as follows:—

"January 9th, 1888.

"I do not, of course, remember the date; but I perfectly remember that one morning when X. was here, and my sister and I came into the room, she said she had seen M——."

My diary of the next few days shows that I took all possible opportunity of inquiring after M—— amongst her relatives; but I heard only that she was, so far as was known, in her usual health and spirits. A few weeks later I received a few pencilled lines from M——, saying that she was recovering from a severe accident in the hunting field, but naming no hour nor date. She had been thrown in such a manner that her head was for some minutes between the horse's hoofs, while the animal was kicking so violently that it seemed almost impossible she should escape a blow which must have caused her death. My friend kept no diary, and was unable, when afterwards asked to do so, to furnish me with date.

It was not until after Mr. Myers had seen, in January, 1888, the entry in Miss X.'s diary, that she took the necessary steps to ascertain, by reference to the owner of the horse, the exact date of the accident. It then appeared that the accident happened on December 14, 1885—the date of Miss X.'s impression, which, allowing for the difference in longitude, it preceded by about seven hours. Miss X. added that M——, although in a condition of acute suffering for many hours after the occurrence, was never unconscious at all.

In the second case referred to, Miss X. wrote to Mr. Myers on October 12, 1891:—

. . . I was much upset yesterday by the consciousness that a *Master* X. . . . (son of A—— B——) had arrived unexpectedly upon the scenes—no nurse—doctor three miles off—husband away. Being Sunday, I could not telegraph; but the news as to hour and sex arrived this morning. My

* *Proceedings of the S. P. R.* Part XVI., pp. 369–70.

impression was at 2.30 onwards. He arrived at 3.30, and in the interval I heard her voice over and over again calling my name. All is well now; but these impressions are not always comfortable.

In a later letter Miss X. writes:—

A——'s own account is that (about two, I think) when she was made aware of her danger, the thought passed through her mind how fortunate it was that the impossibility of telegraphing would prevent any anxiety at home, and then —that any way *I* should know. No one expected to have any cause for anxiety for at least a week. Yes: I ought to have sent to Mrs. Sidgwick; but I was so wretchedly ill that—don't shudder—I never at the time even *thought* of the S.P.R. I had been dreadfully worried all that week, and was utterly worn out. . . .

In this case, it will be observed, the hour of the birth and the sex of the child were known at the time when the letter was written. It was not, however, ascertained until afterwards that, also, Miss X.'s impression as to the absence of the husband and the nurse was correct. Even here it will be seen, in the case of a witness who was herself interested in these impressions and fully alive to the importance of having their occurrence attested beforehand, that an unfortunate accident has robbed us of an important piece of evidence.

The account which follows was written by Miss C——, a lady with whom the present writer is personally acquainted, in 1889.—

I heard some one sobbing one evening last August (1888) about 10 P.M. It was in the house in Dunbar, Scotland, as I was preparing to go to bed. Feeling convinced that it was my youngest sister, I advised another sister not to go into the next room, whence the sounds seemed to proceed. After waiting with me for a few minutes, this sister went into the dining-room, and returned to me, saying that our youngest sister was in the dining-room, and not crying at all.

Then I at once thought there must be something the matter with my greatest friend, a girl of twenty-four, then in Lincolnshire. I wrote next day, asking her if, and at what hour, on the previous night, she had been crying. In her next letter she said Yes: she was suffering great pain with toothache just at the time, and was unable to restrain a few sobs.

I have seen the letter referred to, together with three others, extracts from which are given below. It will be seen that Miss C—— was mistaken in supposing that she wrote *next day*. The letter was actually begun three days after—on the Wednesday—and completed on the subsequent day, after the receipt of Miss M——'s letter, written on the Tuesday evening. In view, however, of the fact that Miss C—— wrote of her impression before the receipt of her friend's letter, the mistake seems not material.

From Miss C——.

DUNBAR,

Wednesday, August 22, 1888, 9 P.M.

Were you crying on Sunday night near eleven o'clock? Because I

distinctly heard someone crying, and supposed it was H—— in the next room; but she was not there at all.

Then I thought it must be something 'occult,' and that it might be you and I felt so horrid.

. . . . .

Thursday, August 23, 1888, 4.45 P.M.

Thank you very much for your letter just come. I am so sorry your face was sore. Did it make you cry on Sunday night?

From Miss M. M——.

The cover of this letter has been preserved, and bears the postmark—"Spilsby, Aug. 22, 1888."

Tuesday Evening, August 21, 1888.

. . . . .

On Sunday we went to see Wroxham Broad. We had an immense amount of walking to do altogether, and I think I got a little cold in my face in the morning, and all night I suffered with it, and my face is swelled still.

. . . . .

In a second letter Miss M. M—— writes:—

Thursday, August 23, 11 P.M.

I am putting poultices on my gums. I have never had such a huge swelling before, and it *won't* go down. It is so horribly uncomfortable.

. . . . .

Saturday Afternoon.

Thanks for letter. Yes, I was crying on Sunday night—only on account of he pain. It was awful; but I only cried quietly, as Edith was asleep. . . .

From Miss C——.

Monday, August 27, 1888, 10.30 A.M.

Thanks for your letter. I am sorry it was you crying. You don't seem at all struck—I was very much so. It was a subdued sort I heard, and though H—— was trying not to let it be heard.

I shall always be afraid now of hearing things.

Of all forms of mental impression, dreams, from their frequency, and from the vagueness and incongruity of their contents, are of least value in this connection as evidence. In the two cases which follow, however, the dreams are proved, by the fact of their being recorded at the time, to have been of an exceptional nature, and the accounts are perhaps deserving of record. The first case comes from Mr. R. V. B., London, who wrote to us on July 30, 1884:—

In India, early on the morning of November 2nd, 1868 (which would be about 10 to 11 P.M. of November 1st in England), I had so clear and striking a dream or vision (repeated a second time after a short waking interval) that, on rising as usual between 6 and 7 o'clock, I felt impelled at once to write an entry in my diary, which is now before me.

At the time referred to my wife and I were in Simla, in the Himalayas, the summer seat of the Governor-General, and my father-in-law and mother-in-law were living in Brighton. We had not heard of or from either of them for weeks; nor had I been recently speaking or thinking of them, for there was no reason

for anxiety regarding them. It is right, however, to say that my wife's father had gone to Brighton some months before on account of his health, though he was not more delicate than his elder brother, who is (1884) still living.

It seemed in my dream that I stood at the open door of a bedroom in a house in Brighton, and that before me, by candlelight, I saw my father-in-law lying pale upon his bed, while my mother-in-law passed silently across the room in attendance on him. The vision soon passed away, and I slept on for some time. On waking, however, the nature of the impression left upon me unmistakably was that my father-in-law was dead. I at once noted down the dream, after which I broke the news of what I felt to be a revelation to my wife, when we thought over again and again all that could bear upon the matter, without being able to assign any reason for my being so strongly and thoroughly impressed. The telegraph from England to Simla had been open for some time; but now there was an interruption, which lasted for about a fortnight longer, and on 17th (fifteen days after my dream) I was neither unprepared nor surprised to receive a telegram from England, saying that my father-in-law had died in Brighton on November 1st. Subsequent letters showed that the death occurred on the *night* of the 1st.

Dreams, as a rule, leave little impression on me, and the one above referred to is the only one I ever thought of making a note of, or of looking expectantly for its fulfilment.

Mrs. B—— writes as follows :—

6th August, 1887.

I well remember my husband telling me one morning, early in November, 1868, when at Simla, in India, that he had had a striking dream (repeated) in which my father, then at Brighton, seemed to be dying. We were both deeply impressed, and then anxiously awaited news from home. A telegram first reached us, in about a fortnight, which was afterwards confirmed by letters telling of my father's death having occurred on the same night when my husband had the dream.

The following entries were copied by the late Edmund Gurney from Mr. B——'s diary.—

Nov. 2. Dreamed of E's F[ather] early this morning.

Written before dressing.

Nov. 17. Got telegram from L. H—— this morning of his father's death on 1st Nov. inst.

The following obituary notice of the decease of Mr. B——'s father-in-law occurred in the *Times* for 4th November, 1868 :—

On 1st Nov., at Brighton, William H——, late of Dieppe, aged 72.

It appears that the death actually occurred at 2 P.M. in England —that is, allowing for the difference in longitude, about nine hours before the dream.

In the next case the information conveyed by the dream is of a somewhat more unusual, if also more trivial, kind. It is true that we have to rely upon the percipient's memory for the details of the dream; but it seems not unreasonable to trust the memory to this extent, since the dream was admittedly sufficiently striking to cause a note of it to be made by a person not in the habit of taking such notes.

Mr. E. W. H——, of London, W., writes on April 6, 1888:—

On Tuesday morning, March 20, 1888, I woke up with the impression of a very vivid dream. I had dreamt that my brother, who had long been in Australia, and of whom I had heard nothing for several months, had come home; that after an absence of twelve years and a-half he was very little altered in appearance, but that he had something wrong with one of his arms; it looked horribly red near the wrist, his hand being bent back.

When I got up that morning the dream recurred constantly to my thoughts, and I at last determined to take a note of it, notwithstanding my natural prejudices against attaching any importance to dreams, to which, indeed, I am not much subject. Accordingly, in the course of the day, I made in my little Letts' diary a mark thus: X, with my brother's name after it.

On the following Monday morning, the 26th March, I received a letter from my brother, which bore the date of the 21st March, and which had been posted at Naples (where the Orient steamers touch), informing me that he was on his way home, and that he hoped to reach London on or about the 30th March, and adding that he was suffering from a very severe attack of gout in the left arm.

The next day I related to someone this curious incident, and I commented on the extraordinary coincidence of facts with the dream with all but one detail, and that was that the arm which I had seen in my dream did not look as if it were merely affected with gout: the appearance it had presented to me was more like extremely bad eczema.

My brother duly reached England on the 29th, having disembarked at Plymouth owing to the painful condition of his arm. It turned out that the doctor on board ship had mistaken the case: it was not gout, but a case of blood poisoning, resulting in a very bad carbuncle or abscess over the wrist joint.

I may add that, notwithstanding an absence of twelve years and a-half, my brother has altered very little in appearance; and that I have not to my knowledge ever noted a dream before in my life.

Mr. Gurney inspected the diary with the entry ("X, Clem") under Tuesday, March 20th, 1888, though, as Mr. H—— says, "it was early the next morning that I had the dream; for I generally consider all that appertains to bed relates to the day on which one gets into it."

Mr. Gurney also saw the letter, signed "Clement E. H——," and dated Naples, March 21st, 1888, which says, "Am suffering from very severe attack of gout in left arm."

Records written before the coincidence are, of course, most to be desired; and we take every opportunity of impressing this on all interested in the investigation. But in many other cases the improbability of any error of importance is extreme: *e.g.*, if the experience was told to other persons before the coincidence, and noted immediately after it. Especially is this the case where, as in the narratives which follow, and in Miss X.'s second account, the interval which elapsed before the experience is recorded is less than twenty-four hours. In such cases, it will perhaps be admitted, there is hardly room for much accretion of mythical elements round the central incident.

Miss B. H——,writes to us in February, 1890 :—

In the spring and summer of 1886 I often visited a poor woman called Evans, who lived in our parish, Caynham. She was very ill with a painful disease, and it was, as she said, a great pleasure when I went to see her; and I frequently sat with her and read to her. Towards the middle of October she was evidently growing weaker; but there seemed no immediate danger. I had not called on her for several days; and one evening I was standing in the dining-room after dinner with the rest of the family, when I saw the figure of a woman dressed like Mrs. Evans, in large apron and muslin cap, pass across the room from one door to the other, where she disappeared. I said, "Who is that?" My mother said, "What do you mean?" and I said, "That woman who has just come in and walked over to the other door." They all laughed at me, and said I was reaming; but I felt sure it was Mrs. Evans, and next morning we heard she was dead.

Miss H——'s mother writes :—

On referring to my diary for the month of October, 1886, I find the following entry: "19th. B—— startled us all after dinner, about 8.30 last evening, by saying she saw the figure of a woman pass across the dining-room, and that it was Mrs. Evans. This morning we hear the poor woman is dead."

On inquiring at the cottage we found she had become wandering in her mind, and at times unconscious, about the time she appeared to B——, and died towards morning.

February 25, 1890. ANNIE R——.

The next account was sent to an associate of the Society on the very day of the occurrence described. In an accompanying letter Mr. H—— says, "everything happened exactly as stated".—

February 7, 1891.

I reside with my husband at —, Lupton Street, N.W. This afternoon I was lying on the sofa, sound asleep, when I suddenly awoke, thinking I heard my husband sigh as if in pain. I rose immediately, expecting to find him in the room. He was not there; and, looking at my watch, I found it was half-past three. At 6 o'clock my husband came in. He called my attention to a bruise on his forehead, which was caused by his having knocked it against the stone steps in a Turkish bath. I said to him, "I know when it happened: it was at half-past three, for I heard you sigh as if in pain at that time." He replied, "Yes: that was the exact time, for I remember noticing the clock directly after." The gentleman who appends his name as witness was present when this conversation took place. LOUISA E. H——.

Witness: Henry H——, —, Bunhill Row, E.C.

From the general considerations previously urged, and from an analysis of the cases above quoted, it must be evident that the briefness of the interval between the impression and the receipt of the news, the preoccupation of the percipient, the slight value set upon such experiences, the general ignorance of their scientific interest, and many other causes, conspire against us in the inquiry; and that it is only amid exceptional circumstances, or with observers more than ordinarily careful, gifted with more than common leisure and aptitude for correspondence, or specially

predisposed to attach weight to experiences of this kind, that we can hope that contemporary records should be made, or, if made, that they should be preserved. But whilst it may fairly be urged, in reply to our critics, that the absence of such attesting records cannot in itself be regarded as a suspicious circumstance, I should admit that when such attestation is wanting the evidence falls short of the standard which is rightly demanded from the supporters of a novel hypothesis. So long as the exponents of the "germ theory" could support their position only by arguments derived from observation of the distribution of certain diseases, their manner of propagation and development, their periodic character —phenomena which, although sufficiently striking, are not by themselves susceptible of exact interpretation—the doctrine remained a more or less plausible hypothesis. It was not until the germs whose existence had been so long suspected were actually isolated in the laboratory, and on being introduced into other animal bodies had reproduced the disease, that the connection of certain maladies with the presence of specific organisms in the body became an accepted conclusion of Science. So here, if the case for telepathy rested upon the spontaneous phenomena of hallucinations, the public would be justified in waiting for these facts of observation, necessarily dubious and inconclusive, to be interpreted by facts of experiment. But when the required experimental corroboration is forthcoming, the supporters of the doctrine have surely a right to demand in turn that the verdict shall not be given against them on consideration of one set of facts alone.

We ourselves have been the first to admit the insufficiency of the evidence for thought-transference derived from the spontaneous phenomena. It was only the results previously obtained from repeated experiments in the transference of purely mental images that suggested to certain of the writer's colleagues the application of the clue thus obtained to the phenomena of coincident hallucinations. The intermediate link between the two classes of phenomena —experimentally produced hallucinations—was not demonstrated until later. It will be serviceable, perhaps, to give one or two illustrative cases from this small transitional group, and the more so as the nature of the phenomena has been widely and grotesquely misunderstood. For unless we are prepared to admit that a hallucination may be an astral form, or a thought-body, or an ethereal counterpart, or indeed anything else than a hallucination, there is nothing ludicrous in such experiments, nor are they intrinsically more incredible than other experiments in thought-transference at a distance. Without doubt there is need of further demonstration. But there is nothing at present to indicate that

it is more difficult to produce one kind of impression at a distance than another—to produce a hypnotic sleep than to call up the image of an object, or the apparition of the experimenter himself. And we know that in hypnotic subjects it is possible by verbal suggestion in the trance to produce, in the normal state, a deferred hallucination, which may take the form of a human being or any other object at the discretion of the operator. The experiment is commonplace at Nancy and at Paris; and the late Mr. Edmund Gurney, during his lifetime, on more than one occasion caused a subject, by suggestion given in the trance, to see his apparition at the appointed hour on the following day. It is perhaps to be regretted that recent experimenters in thought-transference at a distance have not attempted to call up an impersonal image such as a cypher, or a diagram, or the Queen of Hearts. But it is absurd to suppose that the image actually produced, because it has in most cases taken the form of the experimenter himself, was not equally unsubstantial.

In a little book, published in 1822, entitled "*Der Magnetismus und die allgemeine Weltsprache*," the author, Herr Wesermann, Government Assessor, etc., at Düsseldorf, gives an account of some experiments of his own in conveying impressions to friends at a distance. In the most striking of these trials he caused the figure of a lady, dead five years before, to appear to two officers, who were seated together in a room six miles distant. The two percipients, who were wholly ignorant that any experiment was being tried upon them, each gave Herr Wesermann a separate account of the apparition: a figure dressed in white, with a black kerchief, which entered the room, greeted the occupants, and then retired as it came. In four other cases Wesermann caused his friends to dream on subjects chosen by himself. There are traces of a similar power of influencing persons at a distance having been exercised by others long before the Society for Psychical Research began its inquiries. And it is obvious that many of the most marvellous stories of witchcraft would receive here a ready and sufficient explanation. From more recent experiments of this type, not hitherto published, I select the following, of which we originally received an oral account from the agent, Dr. Freiherr von Schrenck-Notzing of Munich. The percipient, at our request, wrote down the following narrative on May 11, 1888.—

There is not much to tell concerning the incident of which you ask me to give an account, It happened thus:—Baron Schrenck was returning home one night in March (or April: I am not sure as to the date) (1887) about 11.30, and stood for some time outside my bedroom window, which looked on to the street. I was in bed at the time, lying with closed eyes, nearly asleep. It seemed to me as if the part of the room where my bed was had become suddenly light, and I felt compelled to open my eyes, seeing at the same time

(as it appeared to me) the face of Baron Schrenck. It was gone again as quick as lightning. The next day I told my friend Fräulein Prieger of this occurrence; she went skating that same day, and met Baron Schrenck on the ice. They had scarcely conversed together five minutes before he asked Fräulein Prieger if I had seen anything last night. Fräulein Prieger repeated what I had told her, whereupon Baron Schrenck said that, at the time of my seeing him, he was standing outside my window, trying hard to impress his presence upon me. This never occurred again, and I believe Baron Schrenck did not have occasion to repeat the experiment.

In a further letter Miss—— adds (1) that the blinds of her room were drawn down, and (2) that she has experienced no other hallucination of any kind.

We received in June 1888 the accounts which follow from Fräulein Prieger and the agent.—

The winter before last, shortly after Christmas, I was suddenly awakened in the night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, by my friend——, who asked me in an excited manner if I *also* saw Baron von Schrenck, who was close by her bed. On my objecting that she had been dreaming, and should now quietly go to sleep again, she repeated that she had been completely awake, and had seen Baron von Schrenck so close to her that she could have caught hold of his beard. By degrees she quieted herself, and we both went to sleep.

The following day, on my way home from the ice, I told Baron von Schrenck of this exciting nocturnal scene, and noticed to my not slight astonishment that he seemed greatly rejoiced, as though over a successful experiment, which had received its completion in what I communicated to him.

My interest in the whole occurrence increased from the moment when Baron von Schrenck related the following to me.

Gubelsbergerstrasse, 15 I. LINA PRIEGER.

THE AGENT'S ACCOUNT.

In the winter of 1886–87 (I think it was in the month of February) as I was going along the Barerstrasse one evening at half-past eleven, it occurred to me to make an attempt at influencing at a distance, through mental concentration. As I had had, for some time, the honour of being acquainted with the family of Herr——, and thus had had the opportunity of learning that his daughter Fräulein —— was sensitive to psychical influences, I decided to try to influence her, especially as the family lived at the corner of the Barerstrasse and Karlstrasse. The windows of the dwelling were dark as I passed by, from which I concluded that the ladies had already gone to rest. I then stationed myself by the wall of the houses on the opposite side of the road, and for about five minutes firmly concentrated my thoughts on the following desire:—Fräulein —— shall wake and think of me. Then I went home. The next day, when I met Fräulein ——'s friend on the ice, I learnt from her (they shared a bedroom between them) that something strange had happened to the ladies during the preceding night. I remarked thereupon to Fräulein Prieger (such was the friend's name) that the time when the occurrence took place was between half-past eleven and twelve; whereat she was greatly astonished. Then I obtained from the lady an account of the circumstance, as she herself has written it out on the accompanying sheet of paper. For me the success of this experiment was a proof that under certain circumstances one person can influence another at a distance.

ALBERT FREIHERR VON SCHRENCK-NOTZING.

It is much to be regretted that none of the persons concerned thought it worth while to write down an account of the incident at the time. It will be observed that even in the comparatively short interval that elapsed before this was done one slight discrepancy—as to the time at which Fraülein Prieger was told of the impression—crept into the narrative: a warning against relying upon the memory for such details even after little more than a year's interval. In any case there seems to be no doubt as to the experience having been described before Fraülein Prieger met Baron von Schrenck-Notzing.

The next narrative is of value, both as having been written within a few weeks of the occurrence and because the incident described forms one in a long series of trials in thought-transference at a distance between the same persons, many of which were attended with some measure of success. The instance here quoted, however, is the only one in which the impression transferred took the form of a hallucinatory figure of the agent. Mr. Joseph Kirk, of 1, Ripon Villas, Plumstead, at our suggestion tried to impress on Miss G——, with whom he had previously experimented, an apparition of himself. He wrote to us on the 7th July 1890, that from the 10th to the 20th June he had tried each night; and once, on the 11th, in the afternoon; the experiments were conducted without the knowledge of the subject. Up to June 23rd, Mr. Kirk heard nothing from Miss G——, and concluded that he had failed. On that day, however, he learnt that the trial made on the afternoon of the 11th, the day and hour of which had been noted at the time, had completely succeeded. He writes:—

I had been rather closely engaged on some auditing work, which had tired me, and as near as I can remember the time was between 3.30 and 4 P.M., that I laid down my pencil, stretched myself, and in the act of doing the latter I was seized with the impulse to make a trial on Miss G——. I did not, of course, know where she was at the moment; but, with a flash, as it were, I transferred myself to her bedroom. I cannot say why I thought of that spot, unless it was that I did so because my first experiment had been made there. As it happened, it was what I may call a "lucky shot," for I caught her at the moment she was lightly sleeping in her chair—a condition which seems to be peculiarly favourable to receiving and externalising telepathic messages.

The personal appearance of the apparition is of considerable interest, and is important in that it affords direct proof that an agent, when experimenting, is, in some indefinable way, conscious of his outward aspect. Thus, the figure seen by Miss G——, was clothed in a suit I was at the moment wearing, and was *bareheaded*, the latter as would be the case, of course, in an office. This suit is of a dark reddish-brown *check* stuff, and it was an unusual circumstance for me to have had on the *coat* at the time, as I wear, as a rule, an office coat of *light* material. But this office coat I had, a day or so before, sent to a tailor to be repaired, and I had, therefore, to keep on that belonging to the dark suit.

I tested the reality of the vision by this dark suit. I asked, "How was I

dressed?" (not at all a leading question). The reply of Miss G—— was, touching the sleeve of the coat I was then wearing (of a *light* suit), "Not this coat, but that dark suit you wear sometimes. I even saw clearly the *small check* pattern of it; and I saw your features as plainly as though you had been bodily present. I *could not* have seen you more distinctly."

Miss G——'s account of this is:—

June 28th, 1890.

A peculiar occurrence happened to me on the Wednesday of the week before last. In the afternoon (being tired by a morning walk), while sitting in an easy-chair near the window of my own room, I fell asleep. At any time I happen to sleep during the day (which is but seldom) I invariably awake with tired, uncomfortable sensations, which take some little time to pass off; but that afternoon, on the contrary, I was suddenly quite wide-awake, seeing Mr. Kirk standing near my chair, dressed in a dark brown coat, which I had frequently seen him wear. His back was towards the window, his right hand towards me; he passed across the room towards the door, which is opposite the window, the space between being 15 ft., the furniture so arranged to leave just that centre clear; but when he got about 4 ft. from the door, which was closed, he disappeared.

I feel sure I had not been dreaming of him, and cannot remember that anything had happened to cause me even to think of him that afternoon before falling asleep.

In this discussion we have departed from the natural order of the evidence. Instances of the experimental production of hallucinatory figures are of great theoretical importance as forming a transition between the spontaneous apparitions before described and the experiments on a smaller scale which are mainly concerned with the transference of faint mental images rarely rising to the level of hallucinations. But cases like those last-quoted are still too few to form a strong item of evidence in themselves. Both these and the spontaneous apparitions must ultimately depend for acceptance on a great mass of experimental work, work which, although less stimulating to the imagination, is likely to afford more solid satisfaction to the reason. In experiments conducted under appropriate conditions all the chief sources of error which weaken the force of the evidence amid other circumstances are eliminated. There remains one form of error to be guarded against: wilful deception. Whether the results of our experimental work so far published are open to suspicion on this account the public are in a position to judge. But it seems clear that it is on this ground alone that the argument for telepathy can be reasonably resisted. If all the cases hitherto published of hallucinations coinciding with external events could be shown one by one to be explicable by other causes, the result would indeed be to add a remarkable chapter to the history of human error: we should perhaps be permitted to marvel a little that so many intelligent witnesses should have been mistaken, and with

such undesigned unanimity, and that a whole class of alleged phenomena should have sprung up without any substantial basis. But the grounds for a belief in some mode of communication between human minds other than the ordinary sense-organs would not be appreciably affected. We should merely have to modify our conceptions of the limits of its action.

To revert to our former illustration: If we desire to ascertain the causes of cholera, it is of little profit to study the history of popular epidemics: we must make ourselves acquainted with the results obtained, in the laboratories of France and of Germany, from the cultivation and propagation of the cholera bacillus. And the man who desires to be satisfied whether or not telepathy is a fact in nature would be ill-advised to devote his attention in the first instance to manifestations of doubtful import, whose seasons and operation he can neither forecast nor control. Such observations will be of value in elucidating the nature of the new mode of perception only when he has obtained proof of its existence by studying its workings on a humbler scale. The task may be tedious; but if the result be to resuscitate a hidden form of sensation which, after doing good service (it may be) to our far-off ancestors in the barbarian struggle for life, had now become almost atrophied through disuse, the achievement may be held worth the pains.

FRANK PODMORE.

THE "PROGRESSIVE" VICTORY.

At the first elections for the London County Council three years ago the leaders of the Conservative Party, and the leaders of the Party in most of the London constituencies, desired to conduct the contests on non-party lines. As a fact, in a majority of the constituencies there was no candidate formally selected by the Conservative Association as its nominee, and in those cases in which the Associations subsequently recommended particular candidates, they did so on the ground—not that they were Conservatives, but—that they were the fittest candidates before the electors for the special work of the County Council. The contest in the City in that year illustrates the temper and hopes with which an essentially Conservative constituency approached the election of the first Council. The poll stood thus:—

Sir John Lubbock . . .	8,976
Lord Rosebery	8,032
Mr. B. L. Cohen . . .	3,925
Mr. H. Clarke	3,622
Mr. G. Shaw	2,752
Mr. G. N. Johnson . . .	729

The last four candidates on this list were Conservatives. But the bulk of the Conservative voters preferred to them two Liberals, because they were men of distinction and ability. Of the Councillors returned under these conditions, it is sufficiently accurate to class 70 as Progressives, and 50 as Moderates. But on the election of Aldermen the number of the Progressives was swollen by the selection of 18 Progressive Aldermen out of the 19 to be elected.

This initial act of partisanship was followed by many other votes and resolutions, which proved that the Progressives were not satisfied with their municipal supremacy, but were always thinking of how, through it, to promote the interests of Gladstonianism in London. And, finally, in the autumn of last year, their manifesto to the electors was issued—not by themselves, but—by the Committee of the London Liberal and Radical Union, while at the beginning of this year a "Radical Siege of London" was proclaimed, to be conducted by the Gladstonian leaders for the double purpose of winning seats for their Party at the next Municipal and winning

Parliamentary Elections. I think it will be admitted that it was impossible for the leaders of the Conservative Party in London, and in its several constituencies, to ignore this partisan challenge, and to allow the municipal elections to be decided without their active guidance and interference. And so in virtually every constituency it was resolved that the selection of Moderate candidates should be made by the local Conservative Associations, who should give them their full support, and fight their battle as if it were the battle of the political Conservative Party. No doubt, in the minds of many leading Conservatives there was the conviction that the unceasing attacks of the Conservative Press, and of certain London Members, on the County Council had produced an impression on the electorate. No doubt it was generally thought by such men that the indiscretions of individual County Councillors had injured the reputation of the whole body; that the School Board elections had revealed a reaction against Radical extravagance in local administration; that the County Council was responsible for an apparent increase of the rates, and would receive its deserved condemnation from the ratepayers; and, generally, that by the employment of the party machinery it would be possible to move into effective action the existing Conservative majorities in the constituencies. As a result of this policy, Moderate candidates were found for every constituency except South Islington. In Hampstead, South Kensington, East Marylebone, South Paddington, and St. George's, Hanover Square, Moderates were returned unopposed, and in the remaining 52 constituencies there were contests between Moderates and Progressives. The Moderates gained two seats in the City and in Holborn; and the Progressives two seats in Clapham, Central Hackney, and North Lambeth, and one seat in Bow and Bromley, Brixton, Deptford Fulham, East Islington, Kennington, Lewisham, Poplar, South and West St. Pancras, Stepney, and Woolwich, making the elected members of the Council consist of 84 Progressives and 34 Moderates. To estimate accurately the real significance of this apparently overwhelming victory, two facts must be borne in mind. Firstly, while 238,000 electors voted, 251,000 abstained from voting. Secondly, the proportion of Progressives elected to Moderates elected is very largely in excess of the proportion between the votes given to Progressives and those given to Moderates. The total number of Progressive votes given (adding to them the figures of 1889 in constituencies in which there was no contest) was 273,400, and that of Moderate votes 234,133. Or, if we take the number of voters on the two sides, 136,007 Progressives voted, as against 111,148 Moderates. This gives the proportion of voters on the two sides as 68 to 55, and under any system of accurate proportional representation would

give to the Progressives 65, and to the Moderates 53 Members on the Council.

I will state presently some of the causes which, in my judgment, produced this result. But first let us examine the figures of the several polls, to ascertain, if possible, what indications they give of the probable results of the next General Election in the same constituencies. A comparison of the votes polled by the Progressives with the votes polled by the Radicals at the last election shows a general approximation throughout London of their numbers. It may be fairly inferred from this fact that the Progressives in every constituency polled roughly the full Radical vote. On the other hand, with equal universality, the Moderate polls were below the number of votes polled by the Unionists at the last election, and, consequently, it may be assumed that the strength of the Moderate Party does not represent the strength of the Unionist Party. There are one or two glaring examples of this fact which it is well to note. At Lewisham, at the bye-election last August, the Unionist candidate obtained 4,585, the Radical 2,892, votes. But at the County Council election two Progressives head the poll with 2,694 and 2,405, against 2,049 and 2,038 votes given to the Moderates. No one can suppose that this Unionist seat is imperilled by this very different result. In the same way, at the bye-election in the Strand in October last Mr. Smith polled 4,952, while the first Moderate candidate the other day obtained but 2,618. It would be absurd to suppose that there has been any such shrinkage in the Conservative vote in the Strand since October. As the bye-elections in London, and throughout the country, have, on the whole, shown that the Unionists have maintained their voting strength of 1886, it is reasonable to believe that at the next General Election in London they will be able to bring approximately the same number of voters to the polls as in 1886; and, if that be so, the results of the County Council elections have a dangerously menacing import to Unionists only in those constituencies in which the Progressive poll exceeded in number that which the sitting Unionist member obtained in 1886. This was the case in the following constituencies :—

	Highest Progressive Poll, 1892.	Unionist Poll, 1886.
Battersea	5,168	3,497
North Camberwell	3,430	2,717
Clapham	4,063	3,816
Greenwich	3,667	3,240
Walworth	2,155	1,983
West Newington	2,670	2,447
South St. Pancras	1,935	1,915
Bow and Bromley	3,467	2,967
Limehouse	2,415	2,230

Before leaving statistics, it is interesting to note that the Fabian author of the London Programme, Mr. Sidney Webb, obtained 4,088 votes at Deptford, while the next Progressive polled only 2,503, and that at Battersea, Mr. John Burns, the writer of the article "Towards a Commune," received the largest number of votes given to any candidate (outside the City), viz., 5,168, and 698 more than his colleague Mr. Tims; and that the two favourite butts of Conservative journalism, Mr. M'Dougal and Mr. Parkinson, were re-elected.

But what are the causes that have produced this great and universal discrepancy between the Unionist and the Moderate polls? By Conservative leader-writers it was generally ascribed to "indolence," "apathy," and "indifference to municipal affairs," which were said to be characteristic of London Conservatism. I do not question that many voters in every constituency stayed at home from these ignoble motives. But I am convinced that a more powerful cause of Conservative abstentions was that amongst large sections of voters there is much vague dissatisfaction with the incidence of rates, and with the apparent immunity from them of the ground landlords. To such voters the water and gas companies have not endeared themselves, and to them there is something attractive in the idea of London water and gas being managed by their own representatives. Out of the necessities of the case, the Moderate candidates were on such subjects compelled to take the less popular attitude. The Progressives made promises involving changes in the law, which, as County Councillors, they will have no power to perform. The Moderates, properly enough, said that these were questions not for them, but for Parliament, to deal with. To this extent, I think, the comparative unpopularity of the Moderate attitude is inevitable. But the contest between the two conflicting sets of opinion was carried on this year under other conditions, which appear to me to be peculiarly and unnecessarily favourable to the Progressives. As I have pointed out elsewhere, the Progressives had a leader of brilliant oratorical power, and of admitted administrative capacity. Their control of the business in the last Council, and their selection of Aldermen, had enabled them to associate most conspicuously with the work done by Councillors and Aldermen of their own side. They had enlisted the sympathies of the Labour organizations, of Nonconformity, and of the Temperance Party. They were passionately puffed by the Radical press, and their municipal campaign was aided by a set onslaught on London by the leaders of the Gladstonian Party. The Moderates, on the other hand, with an unattractive name, had no leader. They had, as a Party, put forward no sort of authoritative criticism of the acts of the late

Council, no statement of the work they had themselves accomplished, or of the evils they had mitigated, and had given no forecast of the administrative work which they wished to carry out in the future. Their individual spokesmen had dwelt too exclusively on an alleged increase of the rates, which was controverted by their opponents. Some of their influential members were returned unopposed, and, consequently, had little opportunity of educating public opinion. In too many divisions these new candidates were men of no business or administrative experience, lacking distinction, and without local connections with the district they were standing in. Two of the most capable and valued (as I gather the facts) of their old members, Mr. Beechcroft and Mr. Ackworth, did not seek re-election, and had publicly dissented from the tone and the character of much of the newspaper criticism of the work of the late Council. In effect this criticism had defeated its own object. It was so acid and so indiscriminate as to produce amongst the middle and poorer classes a revulsion of feeling in favour of men who were working out an administrative experiment of enormous difficulty. It had, moreover, by its continuous carping at the Council, and belittling of its position, tended to deter fit men from standing for it. Finally, in the attitude of the representatives of the Moderate Party, there was a want of adequate appreciation of the potential dignity and utility for administrative purposes of the County Council of London. There was not sufficient sympathy with the hopes of increased comfort and amenity in London life, which its creation had, hosowever wildly, excited. It is right to criticize and strenuously oppose Socialistic schemes. It is foolish, with a democratic franchise, not to avow sympathy with social aspirations, howsoever difficult or impossible they may be to realize. When I recall these conditions of the County Council fight, and when I remember that the Moderate candidates were precluded from dealing with those political questions—of foreign policy, of the Union, and of the legislative and administrative achievements of Lord Salisbury's Government—which excite, and will excite, enthusiasm amongst the electors of London, I am astonished—not that they polled so few, but—that they polled so many votes. Nor do I think that any future elections can be fought under conditions so favourable to the Progressives. Outside the Council, when the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Town Holdings has made its final report, it is earnestly to be hoped that Conservatives will promptly carry out its recommendations. Mr. Goschen, at least, ought to be willing to give effect to his long held support of a division of the rates between owners and occupiers. Inside the Council, by the time of the next Election, either the majority will have found themselves unable to translate into action

their socialistic and trading schemes, in which case there will be an ebb in the tide of working-class enthusiasm for their Party, or, on the other hand, if they succeed to any extent in putting their theories into practice, there must inevitably come such an increase in the rates as will dispel the inveterate apathy, and swamp the lurking municipal Radicalism, of the small ratepayers. As a truer cleavage asserts itself between Parties in the Council, it may be hoped that a less dislogistic title may be found for the opponents of the so-called Progressives. The real conflict will be between those who wish to make use of the Council as a machine for the propagation of a particular code of political teaching, and for the promotion of the external interests of the Party which holds to those views, and all other men, who, whether they have called themselves Moderate or Progressive in the past, are equally opposed to this abuse of the powers of the Municipal County Council. Councillors may be as "progressive" as they will in their treatment of the matters which are delegated to them by Parliament to administer, and yet be astounded when Lord Rosebery lightly talks of the London County Council as "England's second Parliament." Gradually the Moderate Party must absorb, amid such circumstances, men like Sir John Lubbock, whom it will be impossible to stigmatize as Reactionary or wanting in sympathy with the sober wishes of the community. The immense importance of the interests at stake must also, we would hope, drive into more active local life fit leaders of the permanent interests of each locality. The proved failure of a policy of mere negation and small criticisms to interest and excite the dominant Conservative majorities in the constituencies must induce the leading opponents of Socialism to shape their course in the Council so as not merely to please "Monopolists and Landlords," and music-hall proprietors, but to show the constituencies at large that, in the strict discharge of the municipal and administrative work entrusted to them by Parliament, they are bringing sympathies as popular, activity as keen, and aspirations as lofty, as those of the most eloquent of the so-called Progressives.

C. A. Whitmore.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

It is an ungrateful task to say a word against the pretty book * from whose lengthy title we may extract the shorter one of *Jules Bastien-Lepage*. Our adverse criticism may not appear very gracious; for it is directed—not against the contents, in themselves, which are excellent enough, but—against the presence here at all of some of them. Ingenious writers have taken pains to prove that the desire for fame is not unworthy. It will rank high as a virtue if, hereafter, memorial volumes are to be converted into debating unions. We cannot help thinking that the plan of this memoir would be dangerous as a precedent, even if it did not include the chapter on Marie Bashkirtseff. For that, neither the alleged reason that she was a pupil of Bastien-Lepage, nor the other and more personal reason which is not mentioned, is sufficient: it is only to be accounted for by the interest which is taken in a clever woman who has had the misfortune to be "boomed," and, on that account, to be esteemed by many, unfairly perhaps, a rather disagreeable person. The contributions of Mr. Clausen and Mr. Sickert, on the other hand, are perfectly relevant; and they are able. Not infrequently the writing of the life of a painter is entrusted to a literary friend whose artistic conceptions are largely derived from the painter himself; in which case the dogmatic expositions of the artist—and artists, although tolerant in most things, are as a rule very certain about their own methods—will not have tended to make more sober the enthusiasms of his friend. A critical estimate from without, therefore, will often be a valuable addition to the biography of a painter. Our doubt is whether it will succeed in its purpose if it is made controversial by appearing above the signatures of leaders of opposite schools.

M. André Theuriet's Memoir leaves us with a very pleasant impression of Bastien-Lepage, the man. Here and there it falls into the sentimental strain of one well-known biography of Millet;

* *Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art. A Memoir.* By André Theuriet. *Jules Bastien-Lepage as Artist.* By George Clausen, A.R.W.S.; *Modern Realism in Painting.* By Walter Sickert, N.E.A.C.; and, *A Study of Marie Bashkirtseff.* By Mathilde Blind. Illustrated with reproductions of Bastien-Lepage's and Marie Bashkirtseff's works. T. Fisher Unwin.

but it does not err, as (Mr. Sickert says) all the biographies of Millet err, in seeking the leading note of the artist's life in that of his work. We are not told any more of the man than we are justified in wishing to know of an artist who died at the age of thirty-six, leaving the stamp of his individuality on the painting of France, and, more markedly than many suppose, on that of our own country. We have a record of hard work unusually early crowned with success; and a pleasant picture of the household at Damvillers, to whose members that success was ample reward for the sacrifices they had made towards its attainment. It is a usual picture enough; but it is kindly, and should interest many readers to whom the painstaking essay of Mr. Clausen and the more radiant attack of Mr. Sickert must be bewildering.

He is a hardy writer who makes art his subject and a wise reader who does not look for finality in it. We will not be foolhardy and attempt to reconcile the theories of the two artists who give us their estimates of the young painter of the Meuse. For of art-criticism, in its highest sense, we might say, as Mr. Clausen says of realism as an end in art: It leads nowhere. It is not exactly a blind alley, as (he says) the other is; rather, a circular maize in which, apparently, the artists lose their way as readily as the laymen. You could not desire better companions than Mr. Clausen and Mr. Sickert; but they will not bring you to the solution which stands at the centre—if, indeed, there be any such solution. The one considers that "the work of Bastien-Lepage ranks with the very best in modern art;" the other sees in it a typical monument of the disregard of tradition, reverence for which has given vitality to the purely artistic painting of recent years. According to Mr. Sickert, Bastien-Lepage's *technique* was such as is to be acquired in the studios, his pictures were *machins*, he was an inveterate *salonnier;* none of which Mr. Clausen will have, although he is too candid to be all wonderment at the Frenchman's critics mistaking his naturalism for a pose. In fact, they are on the old battle-grounds: of traditions; of the value of conventions, for their own sakes and as "factors" in the realizations of the public; of methods. And the fight will go on until the millennium, when other things will occupy our attention, although they may have a bearing on these. Happily, there are many people who are not sticklers for the rigour of the game, who think that there is as much fun in dealing a hand as in playing it; and they will always find entertainment in the higher criticism of art, although, like the avenue in the spasmodically futile Battersea Park, which Mr. Blomfield derides, it leads nowhere.

In the same way, hundreds who do not take up their heads with the principles of design—and, in England, few do—will read

Mr. Blomfield's very delightful book* on the formal garden in England without wishing to skip a word. We are charmed by the illustrations which are drawn by Mr. Thomas, to whom belongs a share of the credit of collecting, from rare and quaint sources, the materials for the history of one of its developments, since, in the opening words of Bacon's famous Essay, "God Almighty first planted a garden." Yet this is a controversial work, designed as much to contest the position of the landscape gardener as to be an apology for the so-called formal garden. The war is carried briskly into the enemy's quarters. "A London square," it is written, "is an entirely artificial affair. It is bounded by rectangular blocks of buildings and straight roads and fences. It would only be reasonable to adhere to this simple motive; but hand this over to the landscape gardener and he will at once set to work to contradict the whole character of the place by means of irregular curves and irrelevant hummocks. His dislike of a simple straight line and a plain piece of grass amounts almost to a mania." We are told indignantly how, until within a few years ago, there was in Bloomsbury, no less, "a good old-fashioned square garden, laid out in four simple grass plots, with a lime walk and a border of flowers running round the sides," which was handed over to a landscape gardener who "charged a handsome sum for having destroyed one of the few square gardens in London with any pretence to design." Again, it is asked whether, if there were any truth in his cant about nature, the landscape gardener would bed out his asters and geraniums and dahlias (hideous nomenclature) in curious plots, bordering them with paths of asphalt? "The beauty that he claims for his garden," it is thrown in his face, "is not his, but that of the flowers, the grass, the sunlight and the cloud, which no amount of bad design can utterly destroy." There may be bad design—we all know that there is—in the formal garden; as usual, the writer has chapter and verse for us: "Merely to introduce so many statues or plaster casts is to begin at the wrong end . . . and this is why the attempt at formal gardening at the head of the Serpentine was such a failure." But the formal garden entails intelligent design—design, that is, in relation to the house as well as in beautifully filling a given space; landscape gardening does not. So says Mr. Blomfield with a reiteration that will make the apologist of the one crow and the landscape gardener inflate with the indignation of Colonel Starbottle. The ordinary reader is probably an honest planter-out of dahlias within asphalt paths. Or his ideas of formal gardening may be derived from the terrible "plots" of

* *The Formal Garden in England.* By Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas. Macmillan & Co.

the city man returned to the bosom of his family; and he will mildly wonder at the attack upon the landscapist, remembering that once, over his wall, he saw a garden which had run wild for a year, and in spring and again in autumn was a perfect vision of beauty. The ordinary reader, then, may be prejudiced, or he may not have a very intelligent grasp of the question at issue; but he will rest thankfully with Mr. Blomfield among the gillyflowers and columbines, sweet-williams, hollyhocks and marigolds, bergamot and dittany, pease everlasting (what music in the names), set within "a high strong pale, or a great ditch with quickset hedge;" a sweet pleasure, especially—as one who has tried it may assert—after going farthest east and south and west at the heels of an Anglo-Indian Globe-Trotter.

In fairness let it be said that our Globe-trotter has written a very entertaining book* with a proper rollicking independence. This independence even those who have not travelled beyond the four-miles radius could appreciate, for they cannot be ignorant of the cult which glorifies the Japanese Woman. Out of sheer contrariness, let us read and rejoice that, although "the young girls [of Japan] have a freshness and a rosy complexion that is decidedly pleasing, after the yellow of Burmese girls and the darker shades of India, down to the blackness of Madras," it is impossible to conceive of a beautiful Japanese woman—a woman of thirty or more! We cannot go round the world with a man who has such courage of his opinions without learning much. What our author is most ignorant of he might have learned without going round the world. To have a style—we are consulting Mr. Sickert once more—is to know your notes by heart, and to sing them as the linnets sing, as kittens play, as butcher-boys beam to *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay:* that and much more, the possession of which it is a proper modesty in most men to deny. But a tolerably correct style may be acquired as easily as the square brushwork of modern painting; and it should be by anyone who writes a book. Very high spirits, a certain slackness, facetiousness even—if the exquisites of the New Humour will pardon us—is permissible at times, as the "blazer" and the doubtful story in certain companies. The letters* of Charles Dickens, just published, furnish a good enough illustration of undress writing in its proper place. Of these letters we may say, in passing, that while they are not

* *Farthest East, and South and West. Notes of a journey home through Japan, Australasia, and America.* By an Anglo-Indian Globe-Trotter. W. H. Allen & Co.

* *Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins, 1851–1870.* Selected by Miss Georgina Hogarth. Edited by Laurence Hutton. James R. Osgood McIlvaine, & Co.

particularly interesting—not nearly so much so as we should expect from the array of names to be found in the index—they throw a lively light upon the character of the writer. In them Dickens displays his boundless spirits, a certain *naïveté* in his "guid conceit" of himself, and a kind heart to his friends, of whom Wilkie Collins was one of the closest. One letter will illustrate. He writes that he has heard of Collins's illness; and he adds :—

"It is not to convey this insignificant piece of intelligence, or to tell you how anxious I am that you should come up with a wet sheet and a flowing sail (as we say at sea when we are not sick), that I write. It is simply to say what follows, which I hope may save you some mental uneasiness—for I was stricken ill when I was doing *Bleak House*, and I shall not easily forget what I suffered under the fear of not being able to come up to time. Dismiss that fear (if you have it) altogether from your mind. Write to me at Paris at any moment, and say you are unequal to your work, and want me, and I will come to London straight and do your work. I am quite confident that, with your notes, and a few words of explanation, I could take it up at any time and do it. Absurdly unnecessary to say that it would be a makeshift! But I could do it, at a pinch, so like you as that no one should find out the difference!"

Whether, even because of their bearing upon a method of collaboration in fiction, these letters were worth republishing—they had appeared in *Harper's Magazine* already—may be questioned; no one need object to their free-and-easiness. The same quality is excusable in a journal; but when the writer of the journal publishes it it is well to clothe it more decently—especially when it contains a criticism on the literary dress of a few thousands of people. For the author of *Farthest East, and South and West*, besides denying to Young Australia good manners and purity of pronunciation of English, falls foul of his Americanisms—the "I guess," and "you know," and "so long," a detestable substitute for "good-bye" not confined to Australia; and of his colloquialisms —"swag" for kit, "push" for party, and many more. Very good: only, it is dangerous for those who live in glass houses to throw stones; and Young Australia may gather many for his sling: on page 40 alone, "tartlet" (Cockney "tartlet," we believe; but none the more allowable on that account), "boned" for "stole," "specs" for "spectacles," and many more to the hand of the stripling, who will use them none the less surely because he himself is a Philistine.

The country from which our Globe-Trotter set out on his entertaining survey of the world is pretty well compassed by the narratives of Lord Connemara's Tours in India, with which may be mentioned other two volumes referring directly to Lord Connemara's administration.* Mr. Rees was Private Secretary to the

* *Lord Connemara's Tours in India* 1886–90. By J. D. Rees. Kegan Paul. *Speeches by His Excellency Lord Connemara, G.C.I.E., Governor of Madras*, 1886-90. *Lord Connemara's Administration*, 1886–90.

Governor; and these narratives, originally written for private circulation, have not been pruned very severely in their preparation for publication. This gives them a certain value, however; for often the most trivial occurrences suggest the incongruous elements in Indian life. At Tinnevelly one of the assistants to the collector was a young Brahmin of good family, who dressed like a European, and rode well, and observed his caste customs. Another young Brahmin, a Bachelor of Arts, was employed in jungle work, which was interfered with by his terror of wild beasts.—

"He hears elephants 'growling all night, which sends his heart down to zero point of courage.' He has, he says, been 'chased by a blue-eyed bison,' and, flying 'with a great velocity,' dropped his theodolite. . . . . When remonstrated with he said he dropped the theodolite 'in order to save life' (his own). On another occasion he fell down a precipice and 'would have been killed had not gravity come to his aid!' Nor is this the full tale of his adventures. One day, while carrying a big stick, he met a bear, or thought he did, and fled, leaving all his work-people to face the animal. Mr. Taylor, the executive engineer, told him he should not have left his men; but he explained that on seeing the bear he immediately made a mental calculation of his stick's powers of resistance by Hodgkinson's tables, and found them insufficient. As for the work-people, he left them 'because they could not run as fast as he could!'"

Amusing passages, such as this, brighten up a record of administrative work, upon which the speeches of Lord Connemara throw a further light.

There is another record of travel* which, although it is not a book of the month, is well worthy of mention at any time of the day. Mr. Wolff's *Country of the Vosges* tells of a walking-tour suggested by another in the Black Forest, of which, if we mistake not, the story has been related already. Looking westward from the Black Forest, Mr. Wolff's curiosity was aroused by the picturesque mountain-chain; and, finding no one who could give him more reliable information than that it was beautiful and wild, and held wolves, and perhaps a bear or two, he set out to explore for himself. Instead of wolves, he found *gendarmes*—otherwise he does not seem to have met many obstacles in the enjoyment of a country which he has travelled until he has become enthusiastic about it. His very readable book will help the process of opening up the Vosges, at which the Germans are hard at work. On that account, many may wish that France had had the keeping of them shut. The energies of Germany in Alsace-Lorraine are directed towards material prosperity and towards making the Alsatian the German which he was two centuries ago. In part, at least, it was the humaneness of French government that bound him to France; the inference from which is that it will take long for dragooning and Prussian "blood and iron" to break the bond. It is not of

* *The Country of the Vosges.* By Henry W. Wolff. Longmans.

the political question alone, or even in great measure, that Mr. Wolff writes. His book is full of legend and history and story; his descriptions are vivid, and show an intimate knowledge of their subject. In fact, *The Country of the Vosges* is one of the most entertaining volumes which we have read for many a day.

English literature has been enriched, and the high standard in our periodicals demonstrated, by the publication of four volumes of collected Essays,* with which may be mentioned a new edition—the fifth—of Dr. Jessop's delightful papers on East Anglia.† These collections have many points in common. More or less the Essays in each deal with one great subject or period. They are by no means "holiday articles"—meaning, by that term, what presumably most people, except grave historians, understand by it. All display the characteristic of the modern Essay, the absence of the rhetorical quality; concerning which it is an interesting speculation how far it arises from the sensitiveness of the historical conscience which sets accuracy before the picturesque, and how far from a repression of enthusiasms, which are the dread of modern writers.

We turn with most interest to the *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, two series of reprints of Sir James Stephen's contributions to the *Saturday Review*. These essays treat of books; yet they are not so much literary criticism as philosophical appreciations. In the four upon Hobbes, for example, there is not, so far as we remember, a reference to the position of that author as a writer of English. The first series contains papers on Joinville, Froissart, de Comines, Montaigne, the works of Laud, of Hooker of Chillingworth, of Jeremy Taylor of Hacket, of Lord Clarendon; the second, on Hobbes, Locke, Mandeville, Bayle, Voltaire, Butler, Warburton, Conyers Middleton, Hume, Gibbon. There is a good reason for detailing the contents, for the method of treatment is the same in all. That upon Mandeville furnishes a convenient example. The history of the *Fable of the Bees* is given briefly, and its scope defined. Its theory is then summed up: "Compressed in the highest degree, it comes to this. If men really cared for virtue they would live otherwise than they do. What they really like and pursue is pleasure, and that is opposed to virtue. The answer to it, given in the fewest possible words, is that the writer confounds the proposition that prosperity produces vice with the

* *Historical Essays.* Fourth Series. By Edward A. Freeman. Macmillan. *Horæ Sabbaticæ.* First Series and Second Series. By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. Macmillan. *The Flight to Varennes and other Historical Essays.* By Oscar Browning. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. *Christian Monasticism from the fourth to the ninth centuries of the Christian Era.* By I. Gregory Smith, LL.D. A. D. Innes & Co.

† *The Coming of the Friars and other Historical Essays.* Fifth Edition. By the Rev. Augustus Jessop, D.D. T. Fisher Unwin.

proposition that vice produces prosperity." This answer is expanded; Mandeville's relation to the great writers of whom he is generally supposed to be a disciple, is set forth; what in his work is really valuable in dealing with the problems of morality is extracted, and the general principles which are opposed to Mandeville's are summed up in a series of propositions. This process of analysis of their works, followed by a careful and judicial estimate of their position, is adopted in the case of all the writers of whom Sir James Stephen treats. Here and there we have flashes of grim humour; everywhere great seriousness. The Essays are, in the best sense of the term, instructive and, therefore, of the highest value to the reader whose desire to know of the scope of these great works is not likely to be gratified by a perusal of them.

Except that they do not, as the author explains, illustrate any one great portion of history, the Essays in the new series which Professor Freeman published just before his death are very similar to those in the volumes which have gone before: they exhibit the scholarship, the profuse knowledge, the earnestness, as well as the waywardness and the want of an artistic sense of proportion which will ever be associated with his name. Many of them meet on common ground, sometimes to the extent of repetition. That upon the "House of Lords" is compiled from articles contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Contemporary Review*, *Subjects of the Day*, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* the same plan of compilation is followed in the delightful essay on "French and English Towns." Shorter papers, suggested by passing occasions, but not confining themselves to the immediate question, are included. A good example is "Alter Orbis," in which the proposal for a Channel Tunnel leads to an inquiry into the "insular character of ourselves and our land." Mr. Freeman's arguments remind us of the observation of the Grand Jury of Middlesex, quoted by Sir James Stephen:—"We are justly sensible of the goodness of the Almighty that has preserved us from the plague [of pamphlets 'against the sacred articles of our holy religion'] which has visited our neighbouring nation. . . . . But how provoking it must be to the Almighty that His mercies and deliverances extended to this nation, and our thanksgiving that was publicly commanded for it, should be attended with such flagrant impiety." In the same Essay Mr. Freeman remarks upon the close bond between the histories of England and France. Mr. Browning's volume deals in great measure with our relations with France of the Revolution. The "Flight to Varennes," however, is a sally against the picturesque historian in general and against Carlyle in particular.—

"Carlyle would have said, if he had been asked, that his one object in writing history was to tell the truth. It is for this reason that he multiplies fact upon fact and detail upon detail, until he has brought the scene vividly before the eyes of the reader. His accuracy can be trusted where he has visited the scenes which he describes, and where he is not carried away by preconceived prejudices or ideas. In history truth is always more tragic and more moving than fiction. If it can be shown that in Carlyle's account of the flight to Varennes, crammed as it is with picturesque details, he has not only failed to read aright the authorities at his disposal, but that he has completely failed to grasp the direction in which truth would reveal itself in the future, he will be held to have forfeited his claim to be a historian of the first rank."

This is Mr. Browning's proposition, and we are surprised that with such a good case was not afraid to state it. Carlyle was "wrong in his facts:" for one thing, he had not gone over the ground on a bicycle, nor can we imagine his doing so. The Duke de Choiseul did not pass and repass between Metz and the Tuileries. The "stupendous new coach" was not out of the common just because it was "of the kind named 'berline';" it was specially built for a rapid journey—seven miles an hour for 150 miles—not for Carlyle's snail's-pace of 69 miles in twenty-four hours. The Queen did not lose her way in the Rue du Bac; her concern for her toilet was not unnatural, seeing the position of Austria. In his Essay upon Gibbon Sir James Stephen speaks of the ability to form a sound judgment as to the value of his authorities as one of the most valuable gifts of the historian. In his narrative of the flight Carlyle trusted to Bouillé and to Choiseul, both of whom were apologists for their own share in the undertaking. Altogether, Mr. Browning robs the best chapters of *The French Revolution* of much of their glamour. We ought to be obliged to him; but we do not know that we are. The other Essays in this volume are painstaking studies of details of history, through which there runs an almost sentimental desire to "trace the momentous effect of small divergencies, and to place our finger on the point at which the scale of fate seemed to tremble as it swerved." Sentiment, however, is the very last thing for which we are to look in them. Their author is too serious a historical student to attempt to beguile the "ordinary reader," for whom his contempt is not hid. *The Foreign Policy of William Pitt* and *England and France in 1793* contain much curious information about the events which preceded the outbreak of war in 1793. That the war was forced upon the English Ministry, and that Pitt, with his anxiety for peace, could not have averted it, is the generally accepted opinion; and on these points Mr. Browning is as "sound" (as the Scotch would say) as Lord Rosebery himself. When we come to the three events which strained the relationships between the two countries, it is different. "No doubt the English had

ample provocation," Mr. Browning says; but he adds, in his tentative manner which is rather irritating, that "it may be questioned whether the English Government maintained to the last that system of dignified abstention and neutrality which they had at first displayed." Evidently he thinks that sufficient allowance was not made for the bombast of the decree of November 19.—

"In the French manner of those days a few isolated facts repeated by a member were made the occasion for asserting a number of sweeping generalities, and the terms of the hastily-passed decree went even beyond the intention and meaning of those who passed it. Was it worthy of a powerful nation like the English to treat every word of the hasty declaration, 'translated into all languages,' as if it were the solemn and authoritative voice of a grave and powerful legislature representing a united people?"

In the same way, he "questions" whether the opening of the Scheldt would have been a sufficient reason for going to war, seeing that it was the carrying out by one power of a measure which we had ourselves suggested to another; and he cites the negotiations pending between the Dutch and Dumouriez under the sanction of Lord Auckland at the time when the war did break out as showing that we should not have considered it as a *casus belli* in the last resort. The dismissal of Chauvelin as an ordinary alien he holds to have been indefensible. Had we not ourselves, a century and a half before, executed a king after trial? These examples will show how matter-of-fact a student of history Mr. Browning is. With State papers and secret diaries before him, he strives to hold the balance evenly. In this method of writing history, however, as in certain schools of painting which we have been considering, there is a danger of missing the larger truth in insisting upon details.

This danger has been avoided in *Christian Monasticism*, into which form Dr. I. Gregory Smith has cast various essays contributed by him to the Dictionaries of Christian Biography and Christian Antiquities. Although full of detail, the result of learned research, it leaves a large impression upon the reader. So far as the author's own views declare themselves they are not favourable to monasticism, in which he sees at work a very subtle selfishness; but the great part played by it is acknowledged with a fairness which is in striking contrast to Dr. Jessop's writings upon the same subject.

There appears to have been a slight check upon the output of fiction this month. A good many of the veterans have been engaged, like the Essayists, in collecting their scattered treasures, or in setting them in new cases. Additional volumes of the New Series of Mr. William Black's novels have appeared; and the admirers of Dr. George MacDonald will welcome a new edition of

*Castle Warlock.** America is well represented by Mr. Henry James, who has published a collection of stories under the title of *The Lesson of the Master;* and by Mr. W. D. Howells, whose *Mercy* will delight those who, like Miss Katherine Earle, "don't know what they would give to have a novel of Howells that they have not read." Miss Katherine Earle is the heroine of *In a Steamer Chair,* thé longest and the best of some twelve readable enough stories in Mr. Robert Barr's latest volume.† Nothing more need be said of it than that it is dedicated to the Witenagemote Club of Detroit, and to the Vagabond Club of London; and that is an excuse for dwelling for a moment on the desire of certain popular new humorists among us to ally themselves with those of America. There are many who do not think of them more highly on that account, "American humour," with considerable good reason, having come to be used as a term of reproach. Such generalizations cannot be other than harmful; this one is unjust. It is many years since *The Luck of Roaring Camp* discovered a very genuine humorist. Between then and now Mr. Bret Harte has written scores of stories; and we notice that it is an ungrateful fashion with some people to give them a half-welcome only. As was inevitable, all of them have not touched the high level of *Mliss,* of *Thompson's Prodigal,* of *How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar,* of the more recent *A Ship of '49.* Many are distinctly unworthy of the author of these; among them, one or two in the volume‡ which he has just published. But in all his stories, even the latest, there are fancy, ingenuity, and high literary qualities, as well as those of the humorist. The best in the present volume—"The Postmistress of Laurel Run," "A Night at Hay's," "Johnson's Old Woman,"—tap an old seam of sentiment—a sentiment which we may feel to be none the less false, because it is not of the common maudlin kind—; yet, considered as echoes merely, they display great artistic qualities. To the many admirers of Mr. Conan Doyle it may appear absurd to cite a work of his as lacking in the fancy and the ingenuity which we admire in the stories of Mr. Bret Harte. Ingenuity of a kind there is in *The Doings of Raffles Haw.*§ It is all spent upon the "doings" of the billionaire; there is none left for the telling of them. The moral is as subtle as that of the good and the bad apprentices, and almost as subtly pointed. In a story of this

* *Castle Warlock. A Homely Romance.* By George MacDonald, LL.D. Kegan Paul.

† *In a Steamer Chair, and other Shipboard Stories.* By Robert Barr (Luke Sharp). Chatto & Windus.

‡ *Colonel Starbottle's Client and some other People.* By Bret Harte. Chatto & Windus.

§ *The Doings of Raffles Haw.* By A. Conan Doyle. Cassell & Co.

nature, we do not look for character-drawing, nor, perhaps, for pathos and humour and humanity. But we might expect now and then the vivid word, the luminous phrase and passage, the piquant dialogue, the sudden turn of wit, which we find in every page of *Colonel Starbottle's Client*. The disrepute into which much of American humour has fallen ought not to blind us to the fact that in the best of it there is a distinctly literary quality, which is not possessed by a great deal of the writing that is modelled upon it. What is worse: it does not seem as if that quality were greatly missed.

It is sound workmanship rather than the brilliancy associated with the short story that we look for in the three-volume novels which Mrs. Oliphant seems to write as fast as most people can read. The *Marriage of Elinor* * does not disappoint us. No one can read it without perceiving that its author has mature experience of novel-writing as well as of life. There are not many incidents in the story of Elinor's unhappy marriage, and Mrs. Oliphant drives them through her three volumes, never failing to keep them well in hand. In the story itself there is no concession to sentiment. Nothing, indeed, could be more grim than Mrs. Oliphant's acceptance of the facts of life. Elinor's marriage with Philip Compton turns out as we know it must turn out; as John Tatham predicted. At a dozen points of the story, however, we are half-expectant—forgetting, for the moment, that it is Mrs. Oliphant who writes—that the author will exercise an author's prerogative to mete out death as liberally as a school-boy essayist on Tudor Kings, to dispense poetic justice, to tickle the reader into fancying that the great actions in life are not very consequential after all. Mrs. Oliphant does not exercise that prerogative: she does not even give us the satisfaction of a tragedy. Of that Mr. Braunston Jones, on the other hand, gives us a surfeit; which is not wonderful considering that his novel † contains some eight hundred pages of close print. That fact redounds to his credit, however; for in spite of the truth of his motto—"Time is trouble"—one reads to the end somehow. Mr. Braunston Jones is a very able man who has compressed into his story wide experience and great knowledge, and has proved that these are not sufficient equipment for a novelist. What else is required is learned from a study of such a work as the *Marriage of Elinor*, which, by the way, contains some hints about the artistic depicting of character; or as *Elsie Venner*, which the motive of Mr. Jones's story immediately suggests.

* *The Marriage of Elinor.* By Mrs Oliphant. Macmillan & Co.

† *Mithazan. A Secret of Nature.* By W. Braunston Jones. T. Fisher Unwin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Clapham-by-the-Sea.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

In the interests of Social Science, I beg of you to publish the letters of which I append copies. They discover a condition of affairs in which, whilst the inexperienced may find it incredible, Claphamites will recognize reality—the actual relationship of religiosity to Radicalism, and of social inequality to both.

Gentlemen, I remain,

REGINALD KLAUSSEN.

The Temple, March 9, 1892.

[*From* ROBERT BRETT *to* REGINALD KLAUSSEN, *Pump Chambers, Temple.*]

CLAPHAM-BY-THE-SEA,
February 10.

MY DEAR KLAUSSEN,

Fortune seemed to have flung me upon such a barren shore that I have not troubled you with any account of its inhabitants. But I have had forced upon me the truth of a remark that once fell from your philosophic lips: that life was always worth living so long as other people thought it so. Since the arrival of Mr. Coriolanus Guy Pop, the study of my neighbours has fascinated me; and I am inclined to think that you may find the results somewhat amusing.

This Pop is a dark gentleman fringed with spotless linen. His lips are full as those of a Sphinx; but he lacks the calm of the nostril, for his nose, although aquiline in its way, is flattened so that it puts me in mind of those eighteenth-century mares upon which Mr. Hugh Thomson

delights to mount his Sir Rogers. He is not of the sooty order. He wears a moist countenance which betokens good humour; and he is good-humoured, being, as I have said, an unmitigated nigger. It appears that he belongs to the second generation of emancipation; and civilization has done much for him besides curtailing the exuberance of his linen. His mother's emancipation came before the general. It was touched with this much of romance: that, an Englishman having bought her and set her free, she came to England and was married to another black *protegé*, for whom, in the interests of decency, it was found necessary to provide a wife. The outcome of these acts of grace was this Coriolanus Guy Pop.

His name, you will observe, is a relic of his parents' barbarity, qualified by a grateful tribute to Guy Merrick, the English officer, who could scarcely have anticipated such a reward for generous deeds. I daresay the poor fellow, bred in civilization, considers it a heavy price to pay for the family pride of the parent Pop; but he ought not to grudge it, seeing that he is an affluent orphan. He owes that to certain settlements and tyings-up of moneys by a white philanthropist through whose advice the son has put his dollars into the business of Others, now Others and Pop; and has settled down in Clapham-by-the-Sea.

I know, my dear Klaussen, that it is the type, rather than the individual, which interests you. I will not, therefore, trouble you with the topography or the history of the place; but will only describe it in its psychological bearings. It is, then, a comfortable and most respectable town upon which this black man has descended. His new neighbours strike me as being especially at ease in it and in Zion. The more fortunate among them—those, as it happens, who patronize young Pop—speak as if they think that Zion can differ from their own town only in its being free from the awkward quality of mortality. I think that the poorer sort hope that there may be a reduction in the rates. With few exceptions, however, all of them in their welcome of Mr. Pop, have displayed that taste for the funereal which poets and others, of late, attribute to the inhabitants of Paradise.

One of the exceptions is Mr. Richard Tosh—an old gentleman who would figure excellently in the play which you are always telling me you are going to write. He is a banker and lawyer in this angelic community, and especially to the firm of Others and Pop. It is his habit to speak through his nose; and yet (curiously, considering the nature of his conversation) he has a very delicate organ of smell, and I am not surprised that, having lived here all his days, he is rather testy. At his first meeting with Mr. Pop he indulged his preparatory habits, and faced the stranger with a handkerchief to his nose, and his lungs, as much as possible, in reflex action. I am well enough acquainted with him to know that when he discovered how intelligently the young Pop can grasp a bargain, and especially when it became clear to him how much he had to bargain with, he acknowledged to himself that it was impolitic to act as if the second generation of emancipation smelled.

"Demmit Jabes," I heard him say to his friend in the club here:

"d'ye know, I would back the bleck against an ordinary hubab being."

"Jabes" Smart is another queer character—a bookseller, who is a Tory for the sake of Mr. Tosh's custom;—and he agreed that it was a disturbing discovery. It was like symptoms of reasoning in a dog. Evidently "hubab" beings—that is, Englishmen and (probably) a few gentlemen on the Continent—have so long appropriated the higher qualities that even if it were discovered that they were possessed by others, and always had been possessed by them, they would still have a feeling that Providence had not played a square game. Mr. Richard Tosh, and "Jabes," and others in few who think with them, have no instinctive love for Coriolanus Guy. It is herein that they differ from their neighbours, to whom, with his uplifted Toryism, Mr. Tosh is the head and front of an offence. To these enlightened neighbours the human race is a brotherhood. Moreover, they are righteous men in a land where it is well known that Toryism is ungodliness; or is, at least, without that special godliness which runs a church and a trade, taking care, the while, that religion shall not so encroach upon commerce that commerce shall suffer from the contact.

Here, then, you will see that the entry of Mr. Pop presented Clapham-by-the-Sea with a nice problem: with an international problem, in fact. For Freedom's Cause was not as far away as Paris is, or anything like it. On the contrary it was embodied in its midst in Mr. Pop. Now, it seemed to me—theory and practice are arrayed; and I thought that in such a community the women would be the stumbling-blocks to the application of Radicalism to life. There I erred. Mr. Pop presented the difficulty as a *reductio ad absurdum*. He was a statement of the case so exaggerated, he was such an absurd demonstration of it, that he was treated as an exception; and access to the town's society—the *élite* of "hubab" beings—was granted him. No doubt, you will say that that did not show a very logical recognition of Fraternity. But, remember, the ladies do not reason: they feel. The strong point about Clapham-by-the-Sea is overflowing emotions; and these good ladies must be allowed to feel. Further, are you sure that Fraternity with limitations, a qualified Fraternity, a Fraternity of the Poor-relation kind, is incompatible with Liberal sentiment? For it exists. There is a band of young scoffers who frequent the Billiard Room here, from whom I learn the humours of the place; and they, being admirers of Mr. Barrie, call this the "cock's argument." If you have read *The Window in Thrums* —and who has not?—you will remember that when Tammas Haggart was relating how the Greeks and the Persians watched from the hills the game-cocks fighting in the valley a sceptic asked him, "Were there game-cocks in they days?"; and Tammas answered, "Ay, or hoo could they twa ha'e been fechtin?" The young gibers detect something false in the argument; but, with evidence every day before their eyes to corroborate it, they find it unanswerable. For, truly, the Claphamites are all brothers; but brothers of different degrees. The two things are not incompatible evidently, or how then could they exist side by side as they do?

But, my dear Klaussen, I am taking up your time with what can only interest an exile; and yet you cannot understand how interesting a problem is the Claphamite in the flesh. Perhaps, with your County Councillor rampant, you have found it out.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT BRETT.

[*From* ROBERT BRETT *to* REGINALD KLAUSSEN, *Pump Chambers, Temple.*]

CLAPHAM-BY-THE-SEA.
February 29.

MY DEAR KLAUSSEN,

I was greatly amused by your remarks about the Claphamite; and, having nothing about myself to tell you except that my railway progresses well, I will return to the subject.

Since I wrote you, this place has been very dissipated. I must tell you first, however, that you are wrong in thinking that the female population is composed of Mrs. Lynn-Linton's wild women. Unlike the men, the ladies here have not adopted Radicalism, as such. They have embraced a Radical religion. It has become their mission in life to "witness;" and, inasmuch as woman has more individuality than man and bases her walk and conversation—not upon logic, which is the high-road, but—upon instinct, which sometimes is a short-cut and sometimes rambles, they show a remarkable resource in "witnessing." So far as I can make out, although they are all of a mind as to the necessity of their own cure, one or two only are so critical that they have no time left for that of others. Some of them speak to all—directly, searchingly, without any Peterly denial of their own regeneration. More of them confine their attentions to one—and that a man. A few, the salt of the earth and of Clapham everywhere, good, honest hearts pricked by conscience to the unwomanly task, tremble to its fulfilment, or stop short. There are some to whom the self-imposed duty, to many a luxury, carries with it a trial which they persuade themselves is spiritually healthy.

It is an amusing condition. For example, there is a pretty girl here: one Miss Cecilia Wilson, who bought a new dress. In that there is nothing extraordinary except as events which occur once or twice a year are noteworthy. She bought it, however, with care in shade, in texture, in price. Now, Miss Cecilia's maid—I give you the story as it was told to me—struck with the outward beauty of holiness, shortly appeared identically clad; and she is still in amaze over Cecilia's order to take the garment off and not re-appear in it. The incident presents the difficulties of equality in the realms of Religiosity, the ethics of which are not to be grasped instinctively but require revelation. It seems that Cecilia condescended upon her maid on matters spiritual in view of a pending irruption of evangelists; and the maid, not being instructed in the principles of soul relationship, fell into the natural error of supposing

that the social relationships might be equally free and easy. I daresay, Klaussen, you will agree with me that the maid's difficulty is really the difficulty of life: the puzzle of which is the where exactly the line ought to be drawn. I must say, however, that Clapham-by-the-Sea has solved the riddle; and Cecilia Wilson's action is praised on all hands. I suppose it is the result of being well grounded in the Cock's argument which proves that soul fraternity goes hand-in-hand with a knowledge of one's place, even as social fraternity runs in the traces with inequality.

All this is by the way. What I set out to tell you was that the Evangelist—Revivalist, they call him—is upon us, and that everybody is dissipating in emotions. For weeks it has been impossible to read a local paper without gruesome warnings insinuating themselves under your nose. The town savours of Exeter Hall. Just now, under the windows of the Club where I write, men in most marvellous Eastern costumes parade with boards displaying scriptural texts carefully selected. You would be dreadfully shocked to see the matter-of-fact way in which everybody here goes to be "roused" (that is the word), even as they might go to be amused at a music-hall, if such a place existed; but I think that they must not be taken too seriously. Most of the folks here are Dissenters; but there is a sprinkling of Churchmen. Between the churches there is a great rivalry for the presence of the preacher. I looked in once to hear him. He told us quite frankly that he was at one time a terrible rake: I take it that his crowning sin was blasphemy, and that he is not yet quite purged. But, truly, the condition of affairs is too humiliating to afford amusement.

Before I stop, however, let me tell you that friend Pop flourishes in it. He is shrewder than the maid-servant of Cecilia of whom I was speaking. Yet it seems that you cannot humble a black; and that is a merciful dispensation of Providence which has given him a colour that cannot be made equal and fragrance which qualifies fraternity even in the dark. As a lady's man—being a nigger—he has set about adapting himself to the sex. He has found out that religiosity is a royal road to women's hearts—to some women's hearts. Not to the best, I grant you; but, then, with white women a nigger may not pick and choose—except, indeed, to pick of the choosable. So the dark Lothario, who has a voice of wonderful compass, is a great man in the present evangelistic function, and is, spiritually, I hear, under the guidance of Miss Cecilia Wilson.

But enough. How goes the novel? I shall be glad to hear that it nears an end, or that it has been delayed by the pressure of many briefs.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT BRETT.

[*From* Robert Brett *to* Reginald Klaussen, *Pump Chambers, Temple.*]

Clapham-by-the-Sea,
March 9.

My Dear Klaussen,—

This place becomes positively entertaining, and would be completely so were you here to enjoy its humours with me. You will have seen by the newspapers that, since I wrote you about the new aspect of Clapham-by-the-Sea opened up to me, the epidemic has carried off its M.P., and we are now dwelling in the joys of an election fight. I daresay you wonder, from what I have told you of the habits of mind of the natives, that anybody but a Gladstonian proposes to contest the seat. I rather wonder at it myself. There are one or two burghs joined with Clapham, however, which—from contrariness or otherwise—are sufficiently strongholds of Conservatism to induce a Unionist to stand. So we have two candidates, both young and able, fighting tooth-and-nail.

The result is that nobody here does much work at present. The day is spent in discussing what the evening brings forth; and I find infinite amusement in studying the ways of these would-be politicians. I wish you were sitting by me in the Club just now and listening to the argument for which I have lifted my pen for a second. Every question is ultimately reduced to the personal. At present some local Radical's relations with his workmen are under examination.

"Ah," I hear a Gladstonian say, "he's too sensitive: too much of a humanitarian to do so."

"I don't know anything about his humanitarianism," replies a matter-of-fact Tory; "but I know that he keeps a dog that worries my cat."

Of course, the IrishQuestion is the focus of the fight; and, equally of course, the Gladstonians, to a man, are Anti-Parnellites. The Parnellite treachery is "cakes" to my old friend Richard Tosh, who presses it sorely home. The other afternoon I overheard him and a magistrate of equal age and testiness having a battle royal on the pavement outside. It was about some matter of ancient history, and Richard proposed to refer on the question of fact to the columns of *The Times.*

"*The Times!*" replied the other. "Who would believe *The Times?* Look at the lies it told about Mr. Parnell."

"But I've heard you say worse things about Mr. Parnell this week than *The Times* ever said since its beginning," chimed in James Smart, who, as Richard's bottle-holder, is never away from his heels in these days.

"Quite right, Jabes. Quite right," Richard said.

"You're perhaps quite right," replied the Magistrate; "but you're devilish impertinent." And away he stalked to discuss the topic with the neighbouring group.

So you see that to take *The Times* back to their bosoms would mean a readjustment of their conceptions of history; which shows that more than Printing House Square should be humiliated by their disapprobation.

These comedies occur on every yard of pavement; and time does not grow heavy on one's hands. I suppose that in such a play there must be a villain, and if I had to furnish one it would be in the person of Cecilia's Papa. Take the essences of the native growths and infuse an oily body with them, and you have got Mr. Wilson, the Radical agent. He is a great man in the church and a great man in the world; and nobody knows how large a fortune he has scraped together between them. He has persuaded his candidate to join the tide of Revivalism which has been moving rather sluggishly since the Election stream set in.

When the preacher asked the Gladstonian candidate to come to hear him he scandalized the company by saying: "You look after the ladies. Leave the men to me, and I'll reform them." It was like to have lost him a score or two of votes; but his presence at one or two of the meetings since has worked wonders. There is no doubt that Wilson is a wily dog whom one would have fighting for him rather than against him. The gossip is that he aspires to have the old magistrate for a son-in-law, and that the said magistrate is anxious for the post; but Cecilia, child of Clapham as she is, has visions of Romance, and will not hear of it. I do not doubt, however, that in this little drama the villain will come off victorious.

But I must stop. This place is a Babel; and soon there will be a stampede to the Town-hall for the nightly oratory, which I should not miss for the world. Such is the condition to which the want of you and the evil communications of Clapham have reduced

Your sincere friend,

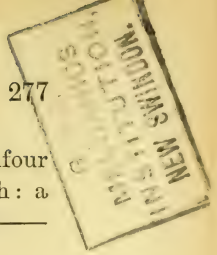
ROBERT BRETT.

[*From* ROBERT BRETT *to* REGINALD KLAUSSEN, *Pump Chambers, Temple.*]

CLAPHAM-BY-THE-SEA,
March 14.

MY DEAR KLAUSSEN,—

I've just come in from the counting of the poll, and sit down to tell you that our man has won! The story is so funny, connected as it is with that delightful "object-lesson" in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Mr. Coriolanus Guy Pop, that, so far as the crowds around me and the yells and shouts on the street permit, I must regale you with it. How much had I told you? Not, I think, that that wily fellow Wilson had planned a grand entertainment for the edification of those who hold the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood. This was nothing short of an oration by Mr. Pop in behalf of the down-trodden Irish race. The emancipated negro was to stand forth in his freedom and plead the



cause of the Irishman, our brother, ground by the heel of Mr. Balfour and of any other despot that history or mythology could furnish: a touching spectacle, especially on the eve of a poll. As it turned out—— But I must revert, as the novelists say.

The ins and the outs of the story are not very clear. The news, at any rate, that Mr. Pop—the Darky, as he is familiarly called—was to speak spread like fire over a young fir-tree; and the Town-hall was crowded. The Magistrate presided. It was arranged that he was to make a speech, and that at the proper moment in the peroration Wilson was to marshal Mr. Pop to the platform. The chairman was in his best form. He blackguarded the Government. He set them up with all their iniquities to sweep them away in the flowing tide. He appealed to eternal Justice; and then showed that there was no necessity in appealing to it, for it held the Radical cause under sheltering wing on its march to victory. Then Ireland was reached. Its population was described under the domination of the Castle, afraid to creep out of its cabins for fear of policemen, racked in its rents, shivering in the ditches, and its homes ablaze. The speaker allowed the cheers to die away. "Brothers," he said impressively, "we have come together for to jine hands in hands." The peroration had been reached; and he looked round for the entry of the Brother of the evening. But Pop did not appear. The chairman had to creep away from the point; but not so far but that he could pounce upon it when required. Five minutes passed; ten minutes. The glowing figures of the speaker were paling. His emotions were running dry. Hoary heads on the platform behind him were held together in whispering converse. Men went in and out of the side-room on their tip-toes, making a terrible noise. The audience were becoming impatient; and cries of "Pop!" and "the Darky!" rose on all sides. At length the side-door opened, and Wilson rushed in.

"He's gone," he shouted.

"Gone!" cried the chairman, as the audience pressed forward over the seats.

Wilson whispered a few words.

"Cecilia," gasped the Magistrate; and his hands fell by his side.

It seems that Cecilia's attentions about his future welfare had greatly flattered the negro, and inspired him with hope. He had played his cards artfully, and the silly girl had fallen into the trap. Knowing her father's plans, she had agreed to elope with Mr. Pop, who, in choosing that particular night for the purpose, may have argued that he was only demonstrating the more forcibly the equality of man.

Clapham-by-the-Sea, however, did not look upon it in that light. Its golden rule of conduct, you see, is to draw the line somewhere. The Claphamites all have daughters; and they feel—especially in view of the colour of the possible baby—that it would be a dreadful thing if its principles were adopted too literally. Since that night they have been wallowing in virtuous indignation. When the polling-day came they either abstained or voted for the rival candidate; and I believe that for once they are rightly represented.

As I write Mr. Richard Tosh sits by me, chuckling audibly.

"Well, Mr. Tosh," I say to him; "you've won."

"Oh! N-yes," he replies.

"It's not a very—a very creditable victory," I remark.

"My dear sir," he says with a twinkle, "take an old man's advice, and don't be too critical of instruments. A spade for delving turnips, and a silver spoon for serving them. Its all a question of what you're dealing with. Ay: that's it. All a question of what you're dealing with."

And it has just struck me, Klaussen, that, after all, the whole question in politics is one of drawing the line somewhere; and that wisdom lies with the Party that knows where that "somewhere" ought to be.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT BRETT.

P.S.—I'll tell you what happens when Cecilia brings home her dusky bridegroom.

Yours, R. B.

Medical Science and the State.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

Into the criticisms passed by Lord Dunraven on a particular medicine recommended as a prophylactic against influenza it is unnecessary for anybody but the doctor who recommended it to enter; but at the end of his article, "A Word with the Physicians," which appears in this month's Number of the *National Review*, there are some suggestions and remarks which deserve general attention.

These remarks indicate a readiness to expect from the State aid which it is more than questionable whether the State can or ought to be called upon to give, and at the same time to ignore the work which, being legitimate work for officials, has been done by them.

Lord Dunraven speaks with contempt of a document launched upon the public by the Board of Health, presumably the "Provisional Memorandum" upon influenza lately issued by the Local Government Board; but it may be fairly questioned whether he perceives the significance of the most significant passages in that Memorandum, viz.:

1. The statement that—

"In view of the difficulties referred to (*i.e.*, the brief incubation period of influenza, and its not possessing any definite and easily recognizable feature, &c.)

it is not practicable to devise any restrictive measures for the prevention of the spread of influenza which shall be universally applicable."

2. The concluding paragraph—

"Persons, therefore, who are attacked by this malady should not attempt to fight against it, but should at once seek rest, warmth, and *medical treatment. The nature of such treatment does not fall within the scope of this Memorandum.*"

These two passages surely state very fairly the actual facts, viz., that the aid the State can give in some cases could not be given in this case, and that for medical advice patients must go to their own doctors. And it should, in reference to this latter statement, be remembered that the Memorandum was not issued till complaint had been raised in the Press of the silence preserved in official quarters. The writers may have known—but, from their writings, no one would have guessed they knew—that there had been published by the Local Government Board in July, 1891, a report drawn up by Dr. H. F. Parsons "On the Influenza Epidemic of 1889–90," with an introduction by the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board. Therein the fact that influenza spreads from person to person was established, and attention drawn to the specialities of the disease, distinguishing it from other infectious diseases of which the spread can (comparatively speaking) easily be checked.

The question, of course, is What were the medical authorities at Whitehall expected to do? And here I must fall back upon the *Pall Mall Gazette* as a typical critic of their proceedings. In an article published on January 15th I find this lucid demand:

"We have in these columns over and over again asked that some information of an official kind should be obtained from the highest authorities, and should be given far and wide and with all possible publicity. This information need not in the least affect the 'vested interests' of general practitioners or reduce the number of their visits to patients seized by or dreading the disease. The fact is that doctors just now have their hands full, and would be glad of some relief."

What is wanted is indeed hard to decide; but, if the word "official" is used in its ordinary sense, surely this is a suggestion that a Government Department should supply information which would enable patients to treat themselves.

Lord Dunraven, in his article, says that what is urgently required is "the careful collection, classification, and examination of facts gathered over a widely-extended area in order that a rational mode of treatment of effects may be founded upon a thorough knowledge of the natural history of the disease." Accordingly, he advocates the appointment of a Royal Commission. If the Report of July, 1891, be consulted, it will be seen that such a careful collection of facts had to a large extent already been carried out, while the preface written by the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board concludes with words not at all unlike some used by Lord Dunraven. Suggestions of plagiarism have, indeed, been founded on slighter evidence; but in the present case a suggestion of plagiarism would be unspeakably ludicrous, especially as

Lord Dunraven is in this passage rather copying the language of the doctor he is criticizing, who had, like the Medical Officer, pointed out the importance of knowing more about the natural history of the disease.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

IGNOTUS.

March 18, 1892.

Lord Dunraven and the Physicians.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

Will you allow me to make a short answer to some questions put by Lord Dunraven in his interesting article entitled "A Word with the Physicians," published in last month's Number of the *National Review?*

The article may be conveniently divided into two parts: (1) that which deals with some remarks made by Dr. Maclaggan; and (2) that which is addressed to physicians generally.

The first question does not concern me, nor have I read the incriminated article; and I will, therefore, only protest that the sum of medical knowledge on any subject cannot be fairly gauged by a study of a single article, howsoever "lucid" and howsoever "convincing" it may be.

I hope that in attempting to explain, in a few words, some of the questions which have been settled during the last few years, I may convince Lord Dunraven that more than the mere cataloguing of observations has been done, and that, although our present knowledge on many points is deficient, physicians are, at any rate, less ignorant than they formerly were with regard to the causes of some diseases.

The idea that many forms of disease are due to minute living organisms is by no means a new one, for two hundred and fifty years ago Kircher held and taught that view. In 1675 van Leeuwenhoek described a number of microscopic living things which he found in infusions of hay and of rain water. In 1701 Nicholas Andry attributed various ailments to the agency of the "worms" he described. A few years later (1718) Lancisi ascribed malaria and plague to a similar cause. The theory however, was purely speculative: no proofs of its truth were established or even attempted, and the whole question soon ceased to excite interest. Succeeding generations of men of science devoted their attention to a side issue which had arisen out of the main question. The point in

dispute was as to whether organisms arose *de novo* or only from pre-existing ones according to the ancient doctrine "omne vivum ob ovo."

In 1803 Richard Dunning gave a clear exposition of the "Germ theory of disease," and in 1839 Sir Henry Holland published an essay "On the hypothesis of Insect Life as a cause of Disease"—one of the most interesting chapters in his *Medical Notes and Reflections.* The whole treatment of the subject is interrogative, not dogmatic: the matter presented itself to the writer as a speculation—"yet sufficiently within the scope of possible truth to justify a few remarks upon it." Sir Henry began by pointing out that the air was full of microscopic organisms. "Our actual knowledge," he says, "carries us so far into these minute forms of existence, and by such uniform gradations that we cannot suppose the series to stop, because evidence is no longer drawn from our own senses or means of research. This would seem to imply a sudden breach of continuity, such as we find in no other part of the scale of animal being."

Recent improvements in the microscope have greatly extended our knowledge of this subject and shown many forms of organic life hitherto unseen—thus proving the truth of the hypothesis just quoted. Sir Henry Holland went on to speculate as to the habits of these then undiscovered organisms—that they might arise under peculiar conditions; might become diffused over wide tracts of country; and, lastly, that they might "act as poisons, or causes of disease, upon particular parts of the body exposed to their influence." These conjectures are ably supported by references to facts which were known with regard to the spread of cholera. It is not a little remarkable that observation and experiment have proved the truth of the theory so ably expounded by Sir Henry Holland.

It was some years after the publication of the article from which I have quoted that *proofs* of its truth began to be found. In 1850 Davaine discovered the presence of small rod-like organisms in the blood of sheep which had died of splenic fever (anthrax); and in 1863 the same observer came to the conclusion that the disease was due to this microbe, and that the symptoms of the disorder were caused by the changes it worked in the blood, changes he believed to be analogous to those produced by fermentation. This matter attracted the attention of Pasteur who confirmed Davaine's researches, and convinced himself of their importance. Pasteur shortly afterwards carried on his now historic investigations into the nature of the destructive disease which affected vines, and into another disorder which had been very fatal to silkworms.

The life history of anthrax was afterwards fully studied by Koch, who found that the disease called "splenic fever" could be introduced by inoculating mice with the spores of a microbe which he had cultivated *outside the body* in suitable media.

In order to prove absolutely the "germ theory of disease," it was, as Koch pointed out, not sufficient to show that a given distemper followed if part of a diseased animal were introduced into the tissues of a healthy one. It might plausibly be said that the disease thus induced was due—

not to any organism or germ, but—to a chemical poison introduced with it. To obviate this source of fallacy, Koch drew up a series of conditions, the faithful fulfilment of which would prove conclusively the fact that the organism itself was really the *materies morbi*.

The importance of Koch's first condition is evident. It is that the microbe must be constantly found in the diseased tissue of the animal affected with the disorder. The other conditions require a little consideration. To prove that the microbe is the only cause of the disease, it is necessary—not only to prove its constant presence in the diseased tissues of the affected animal, but—to prove that the conveyance of the microbe to a healthy animal causes the disease in the animal to which it is conveyed. And here there is a difficulty. If some of the diseased tissues of the affected animal were simply injected into the healthy one, it might naturally be said that the poison was a chemical one: that the disease was set up—not by the microbe, but—by the fluid or solid matter around it. To obviate this source of fallacy, therefore, Koch extracted the microbe found constantly in the diseased tissues of an animal, and cultivated it out of the body, amid circumstances in which it lived and bred. It was found possible in this way to get successive generations of one kind of microbe. The "cultivations" were carried on in different vessels. From the first culture a few microbes were taken to a new vessel containing nutrient material; then from the second tube to a third; and so on for many generations.

Ultimately a healthy animal was inoculated with a particle of the last "cultivation," and it was found that the disease was set up. And finally the microbes of the same species were found in the diseased tissues of the animal which had been inoculated.

Thus, briefly, Koch's conditions were:—

1. The microbe must be constantly found in the diseased tissues of the animal affected with the disorder.

2. The microbe must be isolated from these tissues and cultivated outside the body.

3. A pure cultivation (that is, one consisting only of one kind of microbe) must produce the disease when introduced into the tissues of a healthy animal.

4. In the animal thus inoculated the same microbe must be found.

Now, in the case of some diseases (anthrax and tuberculosis among them) these conditions have been carried out, and it has been proved, as certainly as any problem other than the mathematical one can be proved, that these maladies are due to microscopic organisms. As to the exact method in which the symptoms of a disease are produced by microbes, there has been much speculation, and it is possible that the ill-effects are not all caused in precisely the same way. It is certain, however, that in some cases the action of the organism is analogous to that produced by the yeast plant in fermentation, and that the products excreted by the microbe act as poisons to the tissues of the body of their host. This has been proved. Some species of microbes have been cultivated out of the body, and their products have been injected

into animals, and the result has been that symptoms of the disease with which the microbe is known to be associated have been set up; but in this case the symptoms are transitory if they are not fatal. *Purely chemical poisons have no power of reproduction.*

The fact (for fact it is) that diseases are caused by the action of microbes has led to the general deduction that all diseases of the same class are due to microbes. The argument is derived by reasoning from analogy, admittedly one of the most delusive methods of reasoning. But no true man of science ever definitely says that a disease is caused by a certain microbe until that microbe has been put to the severe tests which have been described. A difficulty sometimes arises in finding a medium suitable for the nourishment of the suspected microbe: a medium in which the microbe can—not only live, but—breed. Then, it is necessary to find an animal which is susceptible to the action of the microbe: one in which the disease is produced, and the microbe reproduced. It is found that all animals do not suffer from the same disease, the disease set up by a particular microbe. And it is found that the symptoms set up in different animals by the same microbe are not absolutely identical. Many other, and similar, curious phenomena have been lately discovered; but enough has been said to show the general idea of the germ theory of disease, and that we have passed "beyond the initial stage of cataloguing and classifying observations."

The "germ theory," then, expresses facts. The next question is why one attack of a disease caused by germs often gives immunity from a future attack—for one of the most curious and interesting facts in connection with many specific diseases is that, as a rule, they occur but once during the life of an individual. This is no new discovery. "The simple enunciation of the fact that certain diseases of definite course, and communicable by some manner of specific infection, do generally occur but once in the term of human existence, abounds in the most curious suggestions, and carries us at once into the higher and more hidden paths of the philosophy of life." So wrote Sir Henry Holland in 1840. Patient search and diligent climbing has not yet revealed all these paths; and it would be hopeless to try to map out possible routes up which the most skilled and intrepid scientific mountaineers have at present failed to make their way. Suffice it to say that the matter is engaging their constant attention, and that the future is hopeful. Were I to go into detail on the matters at present being fought out, Lord Dunraven, I fear, would be reminded of the philosophers of Laputa. But I have no doubt that great results will come out of investigations, which now appear to many to be puerile. The matters of practical interest, however, are established facts, not theoretical speculations.

Lord Dunraven's idea that no one knows anything about the natural history of influenza is a mistake. Much is known. It is well to separate facts which are known from the theories which are probable but not proved.

The following facts are known:—Influenza is not a new disease. Many epidemics have occurred in this country. These have occurred at

irregular intervals. Influenza is not always present here. The disease is imported. Several of the former epidemics have been traced to China. Influenza is infectious, and in England is mainly, if not entirely, spread by direct infection. The period of incubation of the disease is short: that is to say, there is a short interval only between the reception into the body of the infective material and the first manifestations of the symptoms. A large proportion of the population are susceptible to the disease. Three at least of these facts are of great importance. These facts are (1) that the disease is infectious, (2) that most people are susceptible to it, and (3) that the period of incubation is short. These three characteristics of the malady account for the rapidity of its spread, and for the difficulty there must always be in checking its progress. In the case of influenza, as in that of all infectious diseases, the question of its spread rests more with the public than with the medical profession. In conclusion, I wish to once more insist on the importance of two points which I ventured to point out as long ago as May last in the columns of *The Morning Post*: namely, that "exposure to infection on the part of a healthy person is unwise, and that for an infected person to take no precautions against spreading the disease is unjustifiable."

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

M.D. (Lond.).

March 15, 1892.

Recurring Ideas.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,—

In the March number of the *National Review* Mr. Walter Herries Pollock calls attention to a curious literary coincidence which might have been due to plagiarism, or, as he suggests, to the fact that two authors unconsciously pursued the same train of thought. Recurring ideas in books are not uncommon and not surprising; but perhaps it is less usual to find the theories of authors corresponding with those adopted at a later period with every likelihood of being brought to a successful issue. Perhaps you will permit me to point out two striking instances in Lord Lytton's novel, *The Caxtons*. The first is of particular interest to readers of the *National Review*, owing to the articles on old-age pensions which have just been published in its pages.

Lord Lytton pourtrays in his novel an eccentric character, John Tibbets, or "Uncle Jack," who is full of wild plans for the benefit of humanity. Early in life he had issued the prospectus of a "New Grand National Benevolent Insurance Society," which set forth "the immense

benefits to Society arising from habits of providence, and the introduction of Insurance Companies—proving the infamous rate of premiums exacted by the existent offices, and their inapplicability to the wants of the honest artisan. . . . But such was the obtuseness of the industrial classes, so little did they perceive the benefits of *subscribing one and ninepence a week from the age of twenty-one to fifty, in order to secure at the latter age the annuity of* £18, that the Company dissolved into thin air."

Here, indubitably, in a work issued in 1849, we have the idea of old-age pensions. Lord Lytton ridicules the scheme, and puts it upon an impracticable basis; but this is simply to preserve the odd character of its promoter, "Uncle Jack." The subscription is preposterously large, and the annuity ridiculously small; the necessary amendment gives us the scheme which Mr. Chamberlain now urges upon the Government.

To the same prolific brain Mr. Besant may have been indebted for his idea of an Authors' Society. It was Lord Lytton's "Uncle Jack" who conceived the idea of "The Grand Anti-Publisher Confederate Authors' Society," by which every author was to be his own publisher—"that is," he explained, "every author who joins the Society. No more submission of immortal works to mercenary calculators, to sordid tastes—no more hard bargains and broken hearts—no more crumbs of bread choking great tragic poets in the streets—no more *Paradises Lost* at ten pounds apiece! *The author brings his book to a select committee appointed for the purpose;* men of delicacy, education, and refinement—*authors themselves; they read it, the Society publish;* and after a modest deduction, which goes towards the funds of the Society, the treasurer hands over the profits to the author."

There are other schemes—one, for example, for utilizing the fog of London, which would have pleased Count Rumford—all good in conception and all unworkable and ruinous. But perhaps Mr. Chamberlain and Canon Blackley would be surprised to learn that old-age pensions had been considered over forty years ago.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

J. Cuming Walters.

Handsworth, Birmingham,
March 2, 1892.

Old-Age Pensions.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,—

I have naturally been much interested in all three of the articles contained in the *National Review* of this month, following, as they did, upon Mr. Chamberlain's exposition of the scheme of the Parliamentary

Sub-Committee. The ground covered, however, is so large that I propose to restrict myself in the few remarks I should like to make to Mr. G. Holloway's paper. I may have other opportunities of considering the "economic objections" of Mr. Mackay (indeed, with some of them I find myself in full agreement); while Dr. Bode's paper may be taken as most valuable evidence of the growing distaste, even in Germany, of any compulsory State-aided and employer-aided scheme of national pensions for the aged.

I am well aware that Mr. Holloway, M.P., has long been of the opinion that his method of friendly-society insurance, as carried out in the Borough of Stroud Working Men's Conservative Association, is destined to spread universally—that the scheme is rapidly becoming a sort of Aaron's rod, swallowing up all the Odd Fellows, Foresters, Shepherds, &c., in the kingdom. I am afraid I am unable to hold such assured views. And, in passing, a word of strong protest should be uttered against political benefit societies. A letter which I have before me confirms Mr. Holloway's statement that benefit societies are now established by both political Parties in a large number of villages of Gloucestershire, and also in some of the towns. There are, however, grave objections to tying up the working man's thrift with his politics. "Everything in its place and a place for everything;" and, in the writer's opinion, experience has shown that the great majority of the mutual provident associations of the labour classes have done the right thing in rigorously excluding all political and religious differences from lodge- and court-room. It is possible for a working man conscientiously to change his political opinions within forty or fifty years, and his so doing ought not to carry with it the loss of his thrift provision. Of course, if Mr. Holloway's scheme should become universal, the political element would be dropped. It is probable, however, that the success of the Stroud and other kindred Societies has been somewhat dependent on the presence of this very political element and the organization it carries with it.

Those who have a practical acquaintance with the working of friendly societies will be in full accord with the Member for the Stroud Division when he affirms, in criticizing Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, that the average working man will not make a pension for his old age which calls for separate and distinct weekly or fortnightly payments extending over a long period of years. If he takes the pension at all, the contributions must be incorporated with those he already pays to his friendly (or trade) society. And under a system of combined rates of payment considerable success has been attained. I have so often exposed the wonderful story about the *two* Odd Fellows whom so many writers have conspired to hand down to posterity, that I can here only say that, so far as the valuation of the Manchester Unity, now in process, has been carried out, Mr. Reuben Watson, the Society's actuary, has discovered 327 members insured for superannuation, or pension, benefits; and, probably, 2,000 would be a fair estimate of the *total* number. In several societies, also, belonging to the centralized

class, and including the Hearts of Oak, all the members are secured pensions, as well as the members of Miners' Relief Funds, Railway Societies, and a considerable number of local societies.

I confess it is news to me to learn "that to insure absolute solvency at all times the scale of contributions to the Sick and Funeral Fund should be greatly in excess of the average demand upon it." I have had some experience in friendly-society finance, and have found considerable difficulty in getting members to contribute their full share, and no more, to the common funds, so that the society's assets may be equal to its liabilities, as shown under valuation. To make every member pay in excess of the average liability he brings to his society would be to subvert the whole science of vital statistics and destroy at a stroke the working of the law of averages. Indeed, Mr. Holloway, so far as I understand his scheme, would send the whole body of friendly-society actuaries packing—there would be no employment left for them. The great friendly societies have already passed through many periods of epidemic, as well as the time of the Lancashire cotton famine; and those with any stability about them are not going to be "swamped" by an influenza epidemic. Of course, the ideally perfect financial arrangement is that of the "equalized" districts of the Order of Druids. "Given a sufficient number of local lodges . . . , grouped together in a district, some lodges, having within the past twelve months experienced a rate of sickness below the average for which the rates of payment had been calculated, would be in possession of a surplus more than sufficient to meet their liabilities; while other lodges, having experienced an overflow of sickness among their members, might find themselves with a deficit. *The liabilities of each separate lodge having been duly provided for, any surplus that might remain goes to build up a reserve fund for the common good of all lodges in the district.*" (*Mutual Thrift*: pp. 293, 294). If Mr. Holloway will examine the financial condition of the Sheffield District of the Druids—now, I believe, in the way to becoming a distinct society—he will see that there is no need to move for the adoption of councils of super-perfection, in order to obtain reserves against extraordinary calls on the funds. Friendly-society reformers have enough to do in remedying past defects, results of imperfect actuarial knowledge, and in bringing up the old members' contributions to a standard of *sufficiency*, without calling upon all members, young and old alike, to pay "excess" fares. And, to my mind, the great blot on the Stroud system is that it requires these "excess" fares in order to be "a successful experiment." In other words, members are over-charged, for their own good, in the prospect, if they retain membership till death, of having the overcharge, with usury, returned to them. It reminds one of the ingenious plan, in the days when the parents of children paid school fees, by which a child had to bring 4d. every Monday for the week's schooling, and, provided he attended regularly, in twelve months' time half of the accumulated fees was returned. It is doubtful whether the five millions of *adult* members of friendly societies in England and Wales would submit to a similar system of rewards by way of Old-Age

Pensions. It is difficult to judge whether the Stroud system *is* successful: many years more will have to elapse before we can pronounce a verdict. The society is really a combination of elements taken from the ordinary benefit club, a savings-bank, and a dividing society. It is quite true that "the society has no liabilities beyond actual assets in hand, and therefore can never become insolvent"; it may also become equally true that in old age the members may not be secured an adequate pension for the remaining years of life. If National Pensions are to be provided on the *insurance* principle, they must surely be based on actuarial calculations: *i.e.*, they must be what are termed "certain" in point of amount and in their nature. The results of 5 per cent. compound interest are startling when compared with investments at (say) 3 per cent. But in these days of lowered interest no actuary of any standing will be found who will certify scales for superannuation, or old-age, pensions calculated on a rate of interest exceeding 3 per cent. Mr. Holloway points to large results, telling us that members of seventeen years' standing have £38 16s. 1d. standing to their credit towards the Old-Age Pension: it is not a great amount, when we remember that a sum of money fructifying at 5 per cent. interest will double itself in fourteen years and seventy-five days, while at 3 per cent. the same sum will not do this under twenty-three years and one hundred and sixty-four days And we cannot expect to see a realization of 5 per cent. on capital outside the circle of political friendly societies. Old members in a semi-county society, with which the writer is well acquainted, take out from £300 to £400 in pension benefits of 5s. a week. After ministers of religion and gardeners, the agricultural labourer enjoys the longest average life. It would appear to the writer, therefore, that to establish Old-Age Pensions on the principles at work in the Stroud and kindred societies would be so hazardous, so void of all sound canons of mutual insurance, that no thoughtful statesman would ever make the attempt.

But when we come to consider the possibility of "reforming the great friendly societies upon the same principles" we may well be appalled at the suggestion. "The process," writes Mr. Holloway, "would be simple. We should make a valuation of each member's share of the funds belonging to the lodge of which he is a member (a very simple calculation), carry the amount to his individual account in the books of his lodge, arrange his prospective contributions according to age and liability to sickness, and credit him with his share of the annual surplus in future years." I always thought it required *two* parties to make an agreement. The representatives of friendly societies possessing a membership of 2,236,000 and a capital of £16,099,000 will meet in London in a few weeks to consider the question of Old-Age Pensions. I should be sorry for the political welfare of the member for the Stroud Division, or of any Government, who informed the representatives at that Conference of the fate in store for the funds of their respective societies. The aristocracy of the working-classes will need some persuading, before they consent to hand over to Mr. Holloway, or to the State, the

millions which they have been accumulating, ever since the first years of the century, in thrift institutions that they originated, in struggle and difficulty have built up, and are now making actuarily solvent, *for themselves, by themselves.* Before such a vision Canon Blackley's National Provident scheme sinks into utter insignificance.

As the Manchester Unity, the Foresters, and other great friendly societies are preparing pension schemes for themselves, and a revised national scheme will also have been placed before the Friendly Societies' Conference, before many weeks are over, for further discussion on the general subject, it will be wise policy to wait awhile.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

J. Frome Wilkinson.

Kilvington Rectory, Nottingham,
March 14, 1892.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,—

When a foreign writer undertakes to enlighten English readers, we have a right to expect that he shall write without partisan feeling. I protest that Dr. W. Bode's article on The Old-age Pension Question, in the March Number of the *National Review,* is utterly misleading. Dr. Bode gives his readers to understand that the Insurance System and State Socialism generally have fallen into disrepute in Germany. I venture to say that such a general statement is wholly inaccurate. Dr. Bode should have explained that he spoke for himself and the Party to which he belongs. To say that the whole nation (or even the major part of it) is tired of Prince Bismarck's State Socialistic legislation is to speak without due consideration. Of course, the Radicals have always opposed such legislation—for "'tis their nature to"—; but the Radicals form one of the weakest of German Parliamentary Parties, and their avowed "policy" is simply obstruction and negation. As for the statement that "we Germans are sick of State Insurance:" Why did Dr. Bode forget to say that, when the Radicals in the Reichstag proposed recently that the Old-age Insurance Law should be repealed, not only did the Conservatives and Catholics—the traditional friends of State Socialism and of working-men in Germany—oppose the idea, but even the Social Democrats, who were formerly hostile to the measure? For Dr. Bode to speak of "we Germans" is misleading. Dr. Bode is no State Socialist; and I wish English readers to know that when he condemns German social legislation of the last twenty years he speaks for himself and his associates, not for Germany.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

William Harbutt Dawson.

Skipton, near Leeds,
March 10, 1892.

The Revival of Jacobinism.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,—

The political association, first known as the Breton Club, and afterwards as the Society of Friends of the Constitution, by establishing itself, in October, 1789, in an ancient convent in the Rue St. Honoré, converted the name of a religious order founded in the thirteenth century into one of the most significant epithets known to modern politics. The sobriquet itself is, in fact, so far discredited that hardly any person or party since the days of the "culbute généra" has chosen voluntarily to pose as a "Jacobin." The name has been the missile hurled by the party of law and order at those whom they considered their most dangerous opponents,—an epithet against which the latter were for ever endeavouring to defend themselves by the allegation that they were not unnecessary disturbers of existing systems, but heralds of improvement and apostles of political progress. The reason of which discredit is not far to seek. "Jacobinism" is in itself a local term. It belongs to a certain place and time, and is inseparably connected with the grand and appalling fiasco of the French Revolution.

The English opinion of the French Revolution, which is that, in spite of all the reforms and advances which it embodied, it was on the whole a horror and a hissing, which persists in seeing in the phenomenon *not* an ideal French "People" throwing off the yoke of centuries of aristocratic and monarchical tyranny, but the frantic effort (partly successful, partly tragical, in its utter failure) of a degraded nation to get back at one step the national happiness abandoned by centuries of willing bedazzled slavery on one hand, and of vain and vulgar tyranny on the other, by centuries occupied in the pursuit of false and vicious ideals,—this opinion is from time to time strengthened by the recrudescence of Jacobinism among us. At least, the term "Radical," which never had such painful associations, is beginning already to fail to serve the purpose of language applicable to the class of politician referred to, unless coupled with the now commonly appended adjective "extreme." Radicalism, moreover, does not express the thing—for it is a thing, a spirit more than a group of individuals, to which we refer; the term is already out of date; it belongs to the period of defined programmes of legitimate reform, and vainly strives to keep pace with the vague and will-o'-the-wisp-ish activities of its modern successor.

It is true that methods of Radicalism of the day, with its wealth of airy promises, are hardly to be distinguished from those of the Jacobin of 1789.

"Make me your representative," said Maximilian Robespierre, "and you shall be exempt from the charges hitherto exacted from you on the plea of the necessities of the State. They shall be borne exclusively

by those of superior fortune to yours, by those who consume in cities the fruits of your labour. . . .

"The chateaux shall be demolished, and the lands divided equally among you. . . .

"You farmers shall pay no more tithe tax or impost. Better still, the lands which you hold at rent shall be your own; you shall divide with no one else the fruits which you reap." . . .

And to the labourers he said (with delightful coherence): "The fields watered by the sweat of your brow shall be taken from the grasping employer, and given to you."

One fundamental characteristic of Jacobinism is an unsuspecting confidence in the blind forces of impatience and discontent, those forces which it is the very business of the true politician to examine, criticize, classify, and formulate. Again, in itself, this energy (as Aristotle might say), may be defined as the most serious and pernicious form of "fussing." And the mind of the incorruptible Robespierre was, by the way, an ideal type of that narrow, unfinished, half-educated intelligence of which this disease in all ages takes the strongest hold. Robespierre's was the common or *borné* middle-class nature—on which Mr. Matthew Arnold so often dwelt—with little talent, no genius, and immense conceit, to which the most well-meaning criticism was unbearable. Intellectual superiority was, in fact, the only and sufficient crime which condemned many of his victims. Truth was, he firmly believed, as patent to him as to any of these professed wiseacres who thought to advise and patronize him; and the influence of Robespierre, and of his most congenial colleagues, has probably done more than anything else towards that striking incidental result of the French Revolution, the final discrediting of "abstract theory," so hopefully elaborated by the intellectual advance of the eighteenth century, as a guide for practical social and political life.

The paradox, as it appears to be, of this conclusion is not one in reality. The "ideal," however we may desire it, is not to be obtained wholesale in real life. And the mind anxious to reproduce it, as it appears fully mapped out on paper, as fully as possible for the sake of apparent success, will begin and possibly end with realizing that which is of *least* vital importance, will, with a "niggling" pettiness, want the courage to seize the ruder, broader outlines, and by this absence of proportion miss even an attainable degree of truth, and make, in an according degree, a tragical fiasco. To have an "Ideal" ever present, and yet to realize what are the most salient and vital features of it, and with patient discrimination and drawing of the line,—to try and hit off these in a rude practical *ébauche* is the work of the forces of education and experience. And from these true Jacobinism has ever a profound and singleminded aversion.

"The educated classes," observed Robespierre in his speech inaugurating the fête of the Supreme Being, "have disgraced themselves in this Revolution. *To the eternal shame of intellect, it has all been done by a people.*" Poor intellect! Certainly "education and experience"

little voice in that matter. But do those who represent these forces altogether regret the "disgraceful" occurrence?

When a modern politician who cannot find a hearing among the "educated" section of his fellow-citizens at once divides them into "the masses and the classes," do we not hear again the note of Jacobinism? For what corrupting flattery of ignorance, what blind contempt of intelligence, is involved in such pernicious watchwords as this, which has been invented, after all, by the most eminent statesman of our day. The support of the floating forces of ignorance and of small and self-seeking discontent is the "public opinion" that supports Jacobinism; and the "masses," in this sense, will always be on the side of those who know how to fall in with their petty fads and prejudices. But this is not the true "public opinion." It is *selected:* it is the opinion of individuals acting as individuals, and not as part of the State. In a word, it is not average opinion. In Wales, in Scotland, we have seen this principle admirably exemplified. To take the Welsh provinces as the best example—for there, perhaps, there is more danger than elsewhere, the question is merely a relative one,—of a positively anti-English feeling. What a responsibility is incurred by the politicians who from time to time have talked vainly of Saxon intrusion, and of fostering "Welsh nationality!" The historical view of the matter is simply that the civilization of the Welsh provinces is on the whole, and comparatively speaking, low, and would be immeasurably checked and narrowed by being thrown back upon the idea of an illusory nationality. In fact, as Lord Randolph Churchill once observed—a remark intended as an antidote to certain suggestions recently diffused among the Nonconformists of the principality—the whole idea was nonsense. There was no real grievance, and they had much better "lose themselves in the larger idea of Great Britain." The mention of Nonconformity reminds one of another example of what may be called the hostility to thought prevalent among certain extreme Radicals. Apart from the self-interest which demands and carefully fosters that artificial discontent which is the necessary steam of their political engine, it is surprising how earnest and sincere persons give so exclusive a hearing to the technical plea of tolerance, as not only to ignore the historical position of the established Church, but apparently to assume that all opinions, merely because they are "opinions," are equally true, sensible, and elevating.

A great newspaper cannot exactly ignore existing facts, but it is no exaggeration to say that, judging from the periodical "politico-nonconformist" utterances of the *Daily News*, a reader might easily imagine that the so-called Church was *the* one out of fifty competing sects whose insignificance and impertinence most required a rap on the knuckles. It is certain—to return to our Jacobinical text—that the "educated classes" could hardly be expected to give much assistance in diffusing such a profoundly unhistoric attitude. When we find, in the same essential organ, the efforts of the English Church in Wales (the Church pleaf the inhabitants of the principality) comically stigmatized as

illicit ecclesiastical "poaching," our hearty enjoyment of this is only marred by the reflection that here again is—if anything—pure Jacobinism. Otherwise the lament is as amusing as Mr. Cobb's argument that the conscience clause in our provincial schools is a failure, *because* the persons whose interests are concerned are blissfully unaware of the injury and degradation imposed upon them until reminded of it by Mr. Cobb.

The broad outlines of the respective positions of the Church and of the dissenting bodies as religious and civilizing influences are altogether lost upon this school of reformer, so immersed is he in the realization of "niggling details" of the political ideal.

To turn, by way of conclusion, to the characteristic we have referred to as "political fussing," the name for talking, contesting, legislating, or obstructing legislation, as ends in themselves, there is perhaps hardly anything more closely identified than this, in the minds of the average non-political looker-on, with the nature of extreme Radicalism. In this respect hardly anything could be more Jacobinical than the activity (one can scarcely call it by any more distinctive name) of Mr. Labouchere—Mr. Labouchere, that Mephistopheles (but surely a second-rate one), who for ever haunts the troubled Faust of serious politics. We may feel sure in our secret souls that the hon. Member's political canards, and those of the distinguished "society" journalist are alike based upon a sound knowledge of the principles of advertising. He may confide to his amused audience a Parliamentary aside that he means very little, but that the Radicals outside the House "like that sort of thing." Doubtless they are getting to; they are also, perhaps, victims of their own ignorance. None the less is it true that not only a profound disrespect for the forces of education and experience, a petty and anti-historical party spirit, but also a peculiar insincerity and unseriousness have somehow made for themselves a tolerable place in our councils, to which they should have no presentable claim but under a *régime* of Jacobinism.

GEO. H. POWELL.

2, Thanet Place, Temple Bar.
August 3rd, 1891.

Fair Trade and Authority.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

It is recorded of Carlyle that on one occasion, after listening with apparent patience to an elaborate exposition of opinions and arguments from a gentleman whose name is mercifully withheld, he merely shook his head slowly, and said, in a sad and meditative voice, "Ye're a

meeserable creature—a puir, meeserable, creature." This seems to me to be very much the mental attitude taken up by the strictest sect of the Free-traders towards those of their weaker brethren who have so far lapsed from the paths of orthodoxy as to preach a doctrine, based on the principle of reciprocity, which they call Fair Trade. It is in vain that they give facts and figures, and state and restate their irrefutable arguments with condemnable iteration: your Free-trader merely shrugs his shoulders and goes on his way. If ever he should be urged into giving any justification of the faith which he holds, he speaks briefly and with authority, as one who knows the law; saying that these things have long since been inquired into, and pronounced upon, by men whom the world has held among its wisest in such matters, and that the truth with regard to them has been made entirely clear, so that as a city set on a hill it cannot be hid.

It would be curious to find out in what consists the overwhelming weight of authority which so presses down the scales against the upholders of Reciprocity. There is perhaps no greater name among writers on economical subjects than that of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and it may be unhesitatingly affirmed that he is on the side of the Fair-traders. It is true that in the *Principles of Political Economy* he touches very seldom on the point at issue, preferring to dwell on the more congenial subject of the advantage of universal Free Trade. Nevertheless, when he does deal with the central doctrine of the Fair-traders he is explicit in stating the result which he arrives at with regard to the question. In the last paragraph of his chapter on "Taxes on Commodities," he says that "a country cannot be expected to renounce the power of taxing foreigners unless foreigners will in return practise towards itself the same forbearance. The only mode in which a country can save itself from being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries on its commodities is to impose corresponding revenue duties on theirs." The weight of Mr. Mill's opinion is increased by the fact that the chapter which he devotes to an analysis of the subject of "International Values" is generally considered by those most competent to judge to be a flawless piece of reasoning. It is, therefore, very difficult to understand what justification the disciples of the "inspired bagman" can have for the airs of superiority which they choose to give themselves. On the contrary, there seems to be every reason why they should be humble in their attitude as regards those who speak from the vantage ground of an authority so high; for Cobden, their teacher and guide, has at any rate been proved by the event to have donned a prophetic mantle many sizes too large for him when he gave assurance to the world that all nations would speedily follow England's example.

The question, even as regards England, cannot be considered to have been definitely set at rest. Not long ago Mr. Goschen made a speech on a motion in favour of assembling a Conference to consider the development of the trade of the Empire, in which he tentatively and with great caution referred to a possibility of reconstructing our fiscal system, if by so doing the Colonies could be brought to consent to abolish the

Customs barriers which at present tend to keep English goods out of Colonial markets. Even in that case, he said, the difficulties would be very great; but he considered that they ought to be faced, for the sake of the great objects to be attained. A great many people are in agreement with Mr. Goschen. An Imperial Zollverein would be a very great achievement—certainly a step towards closer union with the Colonies, one which would almost bring the great Federation Scheme out of the land of dreams into the region of practical politics. Yet Mr. Goschen's speech was so sharply criticised that it is much to be feared he will not venture upon this ground again. It was declared that he was a Protectionist in disguise. Now, Reciprocity, or Fair Trade, is not Protection; and surely, if it came to be well known and universally recognized that perhaps the highest English authority on matters appertaining to foreign trade had pronounced emphatically in favour of it, we should no longer hear such a suggestion as that of Mr. Goschen dismissed with contemptuous brevity merely because it ran counter to the irrational application of the principle of Free Trade. There can be no reason why a fiscal policy which we alone among civilized nations have adopted, or seem likely to adopt, should be declared absolutely infallible.

It should, moreover, be observed that the arguments employed by those who make of this question a theme and a controversy are generally superficial. I have before me a list of these arguments, both for and against, drawn up by Mr. Sidney Buxton. No one of them on either side touches on the real issue. Briefly formulated after the model of the language employed by Mr. Mill in his chapter on "International Values," it would stand as follows: *The advantage or the disadvantage which accrues to a country from any particular retaliatory tax imposed on an imported commodity depends upon whether the gain resulting from the lessening of the intensity of the country's demand for the commodity is sufficient to counterbalance the loss suffered by the consumer of the commodity.* That is the basis on which the profit-and-loss account of the matter must be worked out.

The fact of the diminution of the cost of a country's imports, through the decrease of the intensity of its demand for them, is a point which has been abundantly demonstrated in the chapter on "International Values"; yet it is a principle which is persistently ignored by modern writers on the subject,—both by those who are in favour of Reciprocity and those who are against it,—and it is difficult to resist the inference that they must be ignorant of its existence. When Mr. Mill declared that "the only mode in which a country can save itself from being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries on its commodities is to impose corresponding duties on theirs," he had evidently convinced himself that as a general rule the advantage in the terms of exchange* resulting from the imposition of a retaliatory tax would more than counterbalance the loss suffered by the consumer of the article.

The shining lights of the Cobden Club, who lay down the law so glibly on this difficult question, should be called upon to do one of two things.

* "Exchange" is here used in sense of "barter."

Either they should show that Mr. Mill's chapter on "International Values" has been satisfactorily refuted or they should set about refuting it on their own account. The dilemma might not be pleasant, for it is hardly to be expected that the latter alternative would commend itself to them as being practicable. It is not the first-comer who can bend the bow of Ulysses.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

M. S. CONSTABLE.

London, January 6, 1892.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 111.—MAY, 1892.

COOMBE WOOD.*

On the rebuilding of Coombe Neville, near Kingston, Surrey, near the seat of the great king-making Earl of Warwick, and late in the possession of the Harveys.

Ye modern domes that rise elate
O'er yonder prostrate walls,
In vain your hope to match the state
Of Neville's ancient halls.

Dread mansion! on thy Gothick Tower
Were regal standards rais'd:
The Rose of York, white virgin flower,
Or red Lancastria's, blazed.

Warwick, high chief, whose awful word
Or shook or fix'd the Throne,
Spread here the hospitable board
Or fought in tilts alone.

* The manuscript from which these lines are printed has been sent to us by a granddaughter of the first Earl of Harrowby, to whom Mr. Pitt presented the original. It is believed that they and the juvenile tragedy mentioned in Lord Stanhope's *Life* of the great statesman were Mr. Pitt's only essays in verse.—Editors *National Review*.

When Coombe her gartered Knights beheld
On barbéd steeds advance
Where ladies crowned the tented field,
And Love inspired the lance,—

Historick heralds here arrayed
Fair acts in gorgeous stile,
And heroes' toils were best repayed
By bashful beauty's smile.

So flourished Coombe, and flourished long,
With Lords of bounteous soul;
Her walls still echoed to the song,
And Mirth still drain'd her bowl;

And still her courts with footsteps meek
The fainting pilgrim prest,
Still Misery flushed her faded cheek
At Harvey's genial feast.

Loved seat! how oft in childish ease
Along thy woods I stray'd,—
Now venturous climbed embowering trees,
Now sported in their shade!

Along thy hills the chace I led
With echoing hounds and horns,
And left for thee my downy bed,
Unplanted yet with thorns;

Now, languid with the noontide beams
Explored* thy pretious springs,
That proudly flow, like Susa's† streams,
To temper cups for Kings!

* Hampton Court Palace is supplied with water from springs on Coombe Hill.

† There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but Kings.—MILTON.

But soon, inform'd with nobler powers,
I sought thy awful Grove ;
There frequent sooth'd my evening hours
That best deceiver, Love.

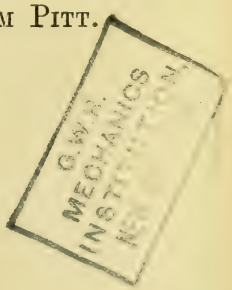
Each smiling joy was there that springs
In life's delicious prime :
There young Ambition plum'd his wings
And mock'd the flight of time ;

There patriot passions fir'd my breast
With Freedom's glowing themes;
And Virtue's image rose confest
In bright platonick dreams.

Ah me ! my dreams of harmless youth
No more thy walks invade :
The charm is broke by sober Truth,
Thy fairy visions fade.

No more, unstain'd with fear or guilt,
Such hours of rapture smile :
Each airy fabrick fancy built
Is vanish'd as thy pyle.

WILLIAM PITT.



FALLACIES OF MODERN SOCIALISM.*

Socialism has borne various meanings at different times, and in different countries; but we all understand tolerably well the sense in which it has been propagated as a popular creed in England, especially in London, and is now preached from many a house-top in town and country. Whatever else it means, it means the opposite of competition, and the opposite of individual liberty. It means that, instead of men and women being left free to work out their own well-being in life, as they must work out their own salvation, by their own faith and patience, they are practically to be nursed and kept in leading-strings by the State from the cradle to the grave. It means that individual enterprise, and even corporate or joint-stock enterprise, which must needs be competitive, are to be replaced by a vast system of State regulation and State protection, on the principle of enabling every workman to live in comfort, if not of giving an equal share of wages and of profits to the strong and to the weak, to the clever and to the stupid, to the prudent and to the improvident, to the industrious and to the idle, perhaps even to the sober and to the drunken. It means that all who come into the world have equal rights against society, or, rather, that children of the so-called working classes have greater rights than others, and that society is bound to organize itself for their special benefit, instead of for the good of the community at large—at all events, until the community at large has been levelled down into that dull and uniform mediocrity so dear to Socialists. It means an exclusive Democracy of Labour, where every one able to work shall have employment, and every worker shall retain the whole produce of his labour, without leaving anything as a return for capital; where the land and all other "instruments of production" shall be made the joint property of the whole people, and all industries shall be directly conducted or controlled, in their interest, by the State. Of course, there are many calling themselves Socialists, who do not go as far as this, and desire little more than the gradual triumph

* This article is an attempt to exhibit, in a simple and popular form, some radical fallacies of the Socialism now prevalent. In preparing it, I have been indebted to an excellent pamphlet by Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., as well as to some earlier papers of my own.—G.C.B.

of Co-operation—as there are many others who go much further, and do not shrink from attacking—not property only, but—religion, patriotism, and even the institution of the family. But I speak of what I believe to be the dominant ideal of Socialism in our own age and country, and my present object is to show how shallow are some of the fallacies upon which this new gospel mainly rests for its acceptance.

First, however, let me hasten to say that I do not include among these fallacies the belief in what has been called "world-bettering" —that is to say, in the possibility of improving the lot and raising the character of human beings by wise and well-directed efforts. Christianity itself is a vast scheme of world-bettering; and if the lessons taught on the hills of Galilee 2,000 years ago had been practised—not in letter—but in spirit by one single nation for one single generation, that nation would have enjoyed a foretaste of the millennium. Besides, it is easy to cite numerous and recent instances in which the condition of the people has been visibly amended by salutary legislation. By repealing the Corn Laws we have cheapened the food of millions, and given a new impulse to our manufactures. By limiting the hours of factory labour for women and children, we have benefited the health and morals of a great industrial population, without seriously impairing the profits of mill-owners. By placing a good school within reach of every family, we have checked juvenile crime, and given the poorest children a fairer start in the race of life. By duly enforcing sanitary laws, we have largely reduced the rate of mortality; and, while I am no supporter of the Permissive Bill, I cannot deny that by restrictions on licensing we may effectively promote the great cause of Temperance.

1.—But, though it is no fallacy to believe that prosperity and even virtue may be encouraged by Act of Parliament, it is the grossest of fallacies to imagine that any State-made law can reverse the fundamental laws of human nature. Now, this is just one of the radical fallacies which beset the doctrines of Socialism. The pursuit of self-interest, with the competition which naturally results from it, is among the laws of human nature: no other motive, except the slave-owner's lash, has ever proved effectual in stimulating industry, and no change of system can possibly annul it. It is not the fault of our present system, for example, that Capital and Labour are so often at war with each other: it is because capitalists and labourers, being as frail as the rest of us, are too impulsive and short-sighted to see and act upon their own best interests. The wisest of them know well enough that strikes and lock-outs generally injure both parties in the long run; but the majority are apt to persist in pushing matters to extremities, to

refuse arbitration, or to repudiate the arbitrator's award, out of a mere blind desire to snatch a victory which may prove ruinous to themselves. Will the adoption of Socialism, as a system, transform ignorant and self-seeking beings into angels of light and wisdom? Is not Co-operation a far simpler experiment than Socialism? and is not the very doubtful success of co-operative factories due to the impatience, the jealousies, the mutual distrust, and the want of foresight, common to all masses of men of like passions with ourselves? Does experience show that servants of the State are better content with their wages than servants of private employers? or that jobbery and waste are less common in establishments belonging to the State? Will hard-working ratepayers and taxpayers be content to bear heavier and heavier burdens, for the sake of giving half-a-crown a day to myriads of incapable loafers whose labour is not wanted at all, and, if wanted, would not be worth a shilling? If we are not to have an uniform scale of pay for the scavenger and for the artist, will there be no grumbling among those who receive lower wages for a lower kind of work against the payment of higher wages to another class for a higher kind of work? If all the railways, for example, become State property, will there be no danger of a general strike on the part of all the railway men in the kingdom for better pay or shorter hours? and might not a strike on so vast a scale against the government of the country grow into something very like civil war? But it is needless to multiply such questions, for it is not one Socialist in a hundred who cares to face them. They prefer to compare the present system, as it is, with the rival system, as it might be—not the one as it is with the other as it is (for Socialism, as a system, has never been really tried)—not the one as it might be with the other as it might be, but the one marred by all the imperfections incident to human weakness and error with the other clothed in all the imaginary perfections of a brighter and better world than ours.

2.—A second and equally transparent fallacy underlying modern Socialism is the notion that the State is responsible for the well-being of all its citizens, *howsoever numerous they may become*. If the State could regulate population, if it could be settled by the law what persons should be allowed to marry, how many children should be born, and to what industries or localities these children should be assigned, in the interest of the whole community, there would be some approach to reason in holding the State liable to provide for them all comfortably. As it is, such a pretension will not bear a moment's consideration. What! Are we to be told that every man has a right to marry when he pleases, whether or not he possesses the means to maintain a family, and that every

child so born into the world has a claim to maintenance, free education, and perhaps three acres and a cow—not against his parents, who are solely responsible for his existence, but against society, to which his existence is a positive injury, and which, if it could, would have prevented his coming into the world at all? Where are the title-deeds of this alleged birthright? and what kind of birthright would it be? Surely, if a beggar's child has any birthright, it is beggary; if a pauper's child has any birthrigt, it is pauperism; and it is only on grounds of policy or Christian philanthropy, not on grounds of justice, that anything more can be conceded by the State. As statesmen, we may strive to civilize even the superfluous members of the body-politic; as Christians, we may be unwilling that one of these little ones should perish, either physically or morally; but the more their supposed right against society is examined, the more utterly hollow will it appear. There is no fallacy of Socialism in appealing to private charity in their behalf; but appeals to private charity are one thing—appeals to public justice are another.

3.—But, howsoever that may be, there is a deeper fallacy in the idea that salvation from all social evils and redress of all social grievances is to be procured from the State. People talk as if the State were a Supreme or, at least, a Superior Being, with a power akin to omnipotence and a wisdom akin to omniscience, capable of shaping the destinies of society and of individual men. The fact is, as everyone ought to know, that the State means a set of hard-working officials, ministers, secretaries, and clerks, with good intentions for the most part, but quite as fallible as ourselves, hampered by necessary but cumbersome rules of routine, and peculiarly exposed to demoralizing temptations of popularity-hunting and jobbery. No doubt, experience has shown that some kinds of public business, like the Post-Office service, are most efficiently carried on by a department of the State; as there are other kinds of business, like the control of drainage, which are best carried on by local authorities, or, like railways, by joint-stock corporations; while experience has also shown that by far the greater part of human industry naturally belongs to the sphere of individual action. Possibly, it may be found expedient hereafter to extend the province of State-management to some undertakings not yet included in it, such as a development of electric-lighting on a colossal scale; and it is no fallacy of Socialism to imagine that many such occasions may in future arise. This is a mere question of machinery. The fallacy consists in believing that, by nationalizing and centralizing all the so-called "instruments of production" by means of State monopolies, you can possibly enable the workers to share the profits of business without sharing the losses, or enrich any one

class of workers except at the expense of some other class of workers, or secure a general rise of wages without a general and equivalent increase of taxation. You may, indeed, employ the Government as an engine for crushing out the individual energy and enterprise to which civilization is due, or for dividing the accumulated savings of skill and thrift among the unskilful and the unthrifty; but, having done so, shall you not find yourselves in the position of the savages, who cut down the tree in order to obtain the fruits? or of the simple country folk who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs? And will the idol of State Socialism, which its idolators would fashion after their own image —will this idol really prove capable of inspiring a love of work for its own sake, of diffusing an universal sense of public duty, of arresting the struggle for existence which prevades all nature, or of guaranteeing—contrary to nature—the survival of the unfittest?

4.—Let us ask ourselves, further, whether the fierce impatience of social inequality, which clamours for State intervention to produce a dead level of conditions, is not founded on another fallacy of Socialism. Let it be granted that social inequality so extreme as that which prevails in England is in itself an evil. Is it also a grievance? If Tom and Dick start on equal terms, but Tom wins a large fortune by superior ability and industry, while Dick remains in poverty for want of those qualities, few will say that Dick has any just cause of complaint. But let us suppose that both have inherited their respective lots in life: what then? Wealth is not the only blessing that is inherited from parents; bodily health and strength, for example, are not less hereditary; and it is not very clear why Dick has a better claim to a share of Tom's large income than Tom has to a share of Dick's robust constitution. But here we light upon a fallacy of a less sentimental kind. Probably many Socialists would admit that Dick has no right to grudge Tom social advantages, merely because he cannot share them himself; but then they boldly maintain that Tom's wealth is actually the *cause* of Dick's poverty—that progress, shown in the luxury of capitalists, does but deepen the misery of the working classes. This amazing statement is openly advanced by Mr. Henry George, and tacitly adopted by thousands of shallow theorists who have never dreamed of testing it by facts. The moment that it is so tested it is found to be absolutely false, and—not only false, but—the very reverse of the truth. If it were true, then, of course, we should find least poverty in communities where there is least progress. But what is the fact? The condition of Hindoo or Chinese labourers, who live in countries where there is no progress, is immeasurably lower and more wretched than the condition of labourers in any progressive country. The condition of labourers in the most progressive

countries is almost always better than in the less progressive; and, in spite of their much too rapid multiplication,—which might well have dragged them down,—the condition of labourers in England has greatly improved, and not only the rich but the poor have been becoming richer, during the last three generations. Pauperism has been reduced; the death-rate has been lowered; notwithstanding the emigration from the country into towns, wages have gone up; the price of necessaries has gone down; the average standard of living has been raised; and the number of those who fail to reach it has been diminished. Had population remained stationary—had it not increased every decade by leaps and bounds—the position of labourers in England would have been far more enviable than it is now in America, and there would have been a notable approach to equality of fortunes, though England would probably not have attained the commercial supremacy which she now holds. As it is, there is a constant surplus of labour, and, high as wages are in most trades, there are some trades, like that of match-making, in which labour is so cheap that its wages barely cover the cost of subsistence. This is because the working classes in this country (though not in France) persist in multiplying up to starvation point, so that there are always unskilled labourers, especially women, willing to accept a few pence a day for their work. But let it be remembered that, if the wages of match-makers and the price of matches were higher, the sale of matches would be smaller, and fewer match-makers would get a livelihood. And let it never be forgotten that, unless there were rich capitalists—men who have saved largely themselves or inherited the savings of others—a vast amount of labour which now earns good wages would not be employed at all.

5.—This brings us naturally to what is perhaps the most ludicrous of Socialistic fallacies. We are told dogmatically that wealth is the creation of labour. So it is; but it is also, and equally, the creation of capital. The experiment of labour without capital has been tried for many ages, and is still being tried by many races of mankind; but these races are called *savages*. The natives of Central Africa and the Red Indians of America have no wealth, no machinery, no culture, no upper classes, no "profit-mongers," as capitalists are sometimes contemptuously nick-named—and what is their condition? To borrow the forcible language of Mr. Goldwin Smith: "Capital, spelt with a big C, swells into a malignant giant, the personal enemy of Labour; spelt in the natural way, it is simply that with which labour must start on any enterprise, and without which no labour can exist at all, unless it be that of the savage grubbing roots with his nails." All this is self-evident when it is once pointed out. But still there is an ignorant

impression that capital somehow gets enormous profits out of the labour which it employs, and squanders these profits on personal enjoyment. This impression is founded on two misconceptions. In the first place, it is not seen that, although enormous profits may be made by one manufacturer in one particular year, they are balanced by the losses of other manufacturers, or of the same manufacturer, in bad times. The result is that the average profits of manufacturers probably do not exceed 5 per cent. all round, and this return includes—not only the interest on capital, but—remuneration for much anxious foresight and superintendence. Were it otherwise, workmen have nothing to do but to club together on the co-operative principle, become their own employers, and divert into their own pockets the enormous profits of which they are so envious. Secondly, it is a pure delusion to imagine that a capitalist devours all his profits to please himself, as Cleopatra is said to have swallowed a pearl out of sheer vanity. Suppose a manufacturer to make as much as £50,000 in one year: How much of this can we imagine that he spends upon himself, like a boy spending his pocket-money in buying trash? Well, let us assume that he spends no less than £5,000 in keeping up a luxurious house and grounds. By far the greater part even of this sum goes into the pockets of tradespeople, and so into those of workpeople—not to speak of wages paid to household servants, grooms, and gardeners. As for the rest, the £45,000: In nine cases out of ten, nearly the whole of it is put into an extension of the manufacturer's own business, and so goes in the payment of wages to his own workpeople, or else is invested in the undertakings of joint-stock companies, such as railways, docks, or breweries, when it will go in payment of wages to railway-porters, dock-labourers, or brewer's men. Perhaps it might be socially desirable to cut up this great income of £50,000 a year into fifty incomes of £1,000 a year; but this would involve the waste of fifty small households, instead of one large one, and would probably leave—not more, but—less to be divided in wages among English workpeople.

6.—We have all heard of robbing Peter to pay Paul; and the last Socialistic fallacy which I have time to notice is the fallacy of supposing that it is possible in general to enrich Paul without robbing Peter, or that it does not signify whether Peter is robbed, because he is a rich man and deserves to be relieved of his ill-gotten gains. Let us take one or two familiar examples of this fallacy. Many people fancy that, if higher wages and shorter hours were secured to miners by Act of Parliament, none would suffer, except, perhaps, a few bloated mine-owners, so that Paul would be paid without robbing Peter. The fact, of course, is that

either many pits would be closed—in which case the miners out of work would be impoverished to benefit their luckier fellows—or that the price of coal would rise immensely, in which case millions of poor families, cowering over their empty fire places, would have reason to curse the day on which this Socialistic triumph was obtained. But that would not be all. A higher price of coals means a diminution of activity in our ironworks, the owners of which are no longer able to compete with foreigners, and tens of thousands of ironworkers would be thrown out of employment to fill the pockets of the coal-miners.* This is no fanciful picture. It has been partly realized during the last two months; and large sections of our national industry have been paralyzed by colliery strikes, organized by men incapable of looking beyond the narrowest view of their own interest, who care nothing for their fellow-workmen in other trades, and regard with callous indifference the sufferings to which they may reduce even their own poorer neighbours. Again, it seems a highly benevolent scheme to regulate the rents of lodgings and small tenements in great towns by public authority; and, though it is here certain that Peter would be robbed to pay Paul, the popular idea is that Peter means Lord Salisbury or the Duke of Bedford—that is, beings evidently created for the very purpose of being robbed by public authority. But what is the fact? That house-property of this kind in great towns, like cottage-property in the country, is a favourable investment for small and hardly-earned savings, so that a large class of poor landlords would be robbed for the sake of gratifying a poor class of tenants. Exactly the same may be said of too liberal out-door relief, and other schemes for rewarding and encouraging improvidence. A Socialist who regards wealth as almost a crime might chuckle over a proposal for rating Dives 20s. in the pound to make Lazarus comfortable, and compelling Dives to keep all his money at home instead of investing it abroad. But no such proposal has been or can be formulated; and the effect of throwing more and more people on the rates would be to impoverish still further the poor and frugal rate-payers—the very flower of the working class—to improve the lot of those who, comparatively speaking, are the refuse of the working class. It would be easy to multiply like illustrations indefinitely; but enough has been said to show that before we proceed to pay Paul that for which he clamours, we must take care not to rob his neighbour Peter—often a more deserving person—who asks for nothing except that which the law secures to him as the reward of his own industry. It is, indeed, very instructive to observe that Peter, if not Paul, seems to change his character as

* The foregoing passage was written before the late coal-strike.

we cross the Channel from England to France. In England, Peter is represented by the landlords, who, it is thought, may be safely robbed, because they are so few, while mercantile capital is so widely distributed that, if attacked, it might offer a very formidable resistance. In France, on the contrary, the landlords are numbered by millions, and no one would dare to attack them; therefore, schemes of confiscation for the benefit of Paul are mostly directed against a comparatively small body of industrial capitalists.

We have seen that modern Socialistic theories literally bristle with fallacies—not merely difficulties of application, which a wise statesmanship might perhaps overcome, but fundamental and radical fallacies which go to the root of a belief in Socialism, as a system. Must we, then, abandon any attempt to satisfy that honest and earnest sentiment which longs to make life better worth living for the less favoured members of society, and too readily seeks a refuge in the dreamy ideals of Socialism? Must we sternly turn away our eyes from the vision of a "good time coming," and reject in despair the hope of a happier future reserved, in the fulness of time, for the toiling and suffering masses of mankind? Assuredly not: only, we must clearly and courageously realize that social regeneration, so far as it can be achieved at all, can be achieved only by slow processes, extending far beyond a single life-time, and mainly through moral—not legislative—agencies; above all, that it can never be achieved by acts of shameful injustice.

Let me at once say that I share the desire for greater social equality, and that I am as little overawed by the precise dogmatism of Political Economy as by the hazy dogmatism of Socialism—while, on the other hand, I take my stand firmly on the principle of justice between man and man—a key that unlocks many a problem of social politics. Without attempting to discuss various non-Socialistic schemes for organizing social equality, I will venture to indicate two directions in which (I believe) social equality may be powerfully—but very gradually—promoted by the Legislature, consistently with justice between man and man. The first is a reversal of the policy embodied in the Law and Custom of Primogeniture: a subject to which I have devoted a separate treatise, and which I consider worthy of far more attention than it has received. Most people suppose that a measure of this kind would have very little effect even on the landed aristocracy, and no effect at all on the commercial or wage-earning classes. For reasons given in the treatise already mentioned, I have been led to a very different opinion, though I admit that more than one generation must pass before the full effect of a new system would be felt. But it may be right—at the risk of being misunderstood

—to add that I claim for the State something more than a power of regulating the course of inheritance and the provisions of family settlements. I claim for it a power of taxing property which changes hands at death, whether it be real or personal, for the benefit of the whole community, to a much greater extent than has been hitherto recognized. Since we brought nothing into the world, and cannot carry anything out, I do not regard such taxation as confiscation, nor do I believe that it would seriously check the passion for accumulation. When Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, suggested to his father that he might take over the Duchy of Normandy during his father's lifetime, the kind replied that he was not in the habit of taking off his clothes before he went to bed. Men cling to wealth during their lives, and would cease to accumulate if they were liable to be annually fleeced of their savings by an oppressive income-tax; but the immense sums left to charities by will are enough to show that the desire to bequeath large fortunes to relations is much weaker. At all events, duties levied at death are of all duties the least burdensome and the most legitimate.

But there is another direction which may be taken by a movement having for its object the subordination of private to public interests—the most legitimate object of Socialism. This direction is the development of what the French term "Communalism"—as distinct from "Communism," which is too often confounded with it. Communalism, or the principle of local self-government applied to all the public relations of social life, is the natural antidote to a creed which invokes the aid of the State to destroy—not only the individual right of property, but—all individuality, including the right of local option. The example of our Saxon forefathers and the example of modern America are enough to show how an extreme jealousy for public interests, and an extreme care for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, may be combined with an extreme respect for individual liberty. Had the new County Councils existed in the early part of this century, they would assuredly have prevented numberless encroachments of landowners—and squatters too—on common rights by piecemeal enclosure, as well as the creation of many a nuisance injurious to public health or convenience. It is possible to conceive the same principle of protection through public bodies being carried much further, until it should come to embrace—not the demands of Continental Socialism, or even the whole programme of the London Progressists, but—a great limitation of individual privileges, and some limitation of individual rights—not for the sake of propitiating any class, howsoever numerous, but—for the good of the whole commonwealth.

After all, however, no legislative measures—and, least of all, revolutionary measures—can go far to realize those noble aspirations which animate the best of our Socialists, and are not unfelt by sober-minded Christians innocent of the Socialistic heresy. The secret of social regeneration lies—not in reconstructing the State, which is an abstract conception, but—in elevating the character of individual citizens—of men, women, and children, who are living beings. "No arbitrary transfer of property, no organization of industry, no artificial creation of social equality, can supply the place of intelligence, of temperance, of integrity, of self-restraint, or of public spirit, and the Socialistic Utopia demands for its maintenance a diffusion of the Christian virtues such as has never yet been witnessed in the history of mankind." Half the effort needed to convert English society into a vast trade-union, composed of a single class, and founded on the ruins of capital, would suffice to banish the demon of drunkenness from the land—to bring happiness and peace—yes, and a fair share of wealth, too—into countless thousands of miserable homes. And, whilst the former object could only be achieved by a murderous struggle in which torrents of blood would be spilt, the latter object might be achieved by means equally in harmony with the benign lessons of the Gospel, and the best aspirations of democratic fraternity. Half the zeal expended in fomenting social enmities which may one day break forth into civil war might have an appreciable effect in chaining down the accursed spirit of international warfare—by far the greatest scourge that now afflicts the human race, a standing outrage upon our professed Christianity, and the eternal foe of "Social Democracy." In a word, let Socialists begin their efforts towards social perfection—not from above, but—from below. Let them be content to propagate Socialism as a sentiment before they attempt to construct Socialism into a system. Let them start, at least, by a bold and persistent attack on the social evils, known to all of us, which are the real causes of poverty and degradation among the labouring classes. Let them qualify themselves for the creation and guidance of the Socialistic Commonwealth which they have in view, by a thorough study of existing institutions for the relief of distress, and especially of the English Poor-Law—the only Poor-Law which absolutely guarantees a subsistence to every destitute creature, though he may be the victim of his own recklessness or even of his own crime.

Doubtless, in following this humbler, but more excellent, way of charity, they would be parting company with the more impetuous of their allies—with the sinister forces of Nihilism and of Anarchy, which are fain to hasten the advent of Social Democracy by recourse to dynamite or petroleum, and whose true

character may be read in the ghastly orgies of the French Revolution, or in the later atrocities of the Paris Commune. But they would gain in exchange the alliance and the fellowship of the best and the wisest of mankind—of that noble army which, drawn from many ages, and many nations, and many diverse creeds, but chiefly under the banner of the Cross, has striven onward and upward to make the world recognize the dignity of the human soul, and the reality of human brotherhood—men like those who, in days of old, brought about the abolition of serfdom, and, in our own days, the abolition of slavery; who have covered the face of Christendom—not with churches only, but—with hospitals, and asylums, and penitentiaries, and schools; whose material contributions to social progress, transcendent as they are, might well excite the admiration of Agnostic Socialists, but whose zeal in the service of man has been mostly quickened by the love of Jesus Christ, and whose enthusiasm for humanity in this life has burned all the brighter for a simple faith in the life of the world to come.

George C. Brodrick.

THE FEMALE QUIXOTE.

One evening in the spring of 1751, the famous St. Dunstan, or Devil Tavern, by Temple Bar, in Fleet Street—over whose Apollo Chamber you might still read the rhymed "Welcome" of Ben Jonson, and where Garth and Swift and Addison had often dined together—was the scene of a remarkable literary celebration. A young married lady, not then so well-known as she afterwards became, had written a novel called the *Life of Harriot Stuart*, which was either just published or upon the point of issuing from the press. It was her first effort in fiction; and, probably through William Strahan the printer, one of whose *employés* she married, she had sought and obtained the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson. The Doctor thought very highly of her abilities: so much so that he proposed to his colleagues at the Ivy Lane Club (the predecessor of the more illustrious Literary Club) to commemorate the birth of the book by an "all-night sitting." Pompous Mr. Hawkins, who tells the story, says that the guests, to the number of about twenty, including Mrs. Lenox (for that was the lady's name), her husband, and a female acquaintance, assembled at the Devil at about eight o'clock in the evening. The supper is described as "elegant," a prominent feature in it being "a magnificent hot apple-pye," which, because, forsooth (the "forsooth" is Hawkins's), Mrs. Lenox was also a minor poet, her literary foster-father had caused to be stuck with bay-leaves. Besides this, after invoking the Muses by certain rites of his own invention, which should have been impressive, but are not particularized, Johnson decorated her with a crown of laurel specially prepared by himself. These ceremonies accomplished, the company began to spend the evening "in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshments of coffee and tea." But there must have been stronger potations as well, since the narrator, Hawkins, who had a "raging tooth," and is therefore excusably inexplicit, speaks of the desertion by some of those present of "the colours of Bacchus"; and he expressly mentions the fact that Johnson, whose face, at five o'clock, "shone with meridian splendour," had confined himself exclusively to lemonade. By daybreak the "harmless mirth" was beginning to be inter-

mingled with slumber, from which those who succumbed were only rallied with difficulty by fresh relays of coffee. At last, when St. Dunstan's clock was nearing eight, after waiting two hours for a waiter sufficiently wakeful to compile the bill, the company dispersed. Their symposium had been Platonic in its blamelessness, but to Hawkins, demoralized by toothache, and sanctimonious by temperament, their issue into the morning light of Fleet Street had all the aspect, and something of the remorse, of a tardily-terminated debauch. Before he could morally disinfect himself, he was obliged to take a turn or two in the Temple, and breakfast decorously at a coffee-house.

Although she is now forgotten, Charlotte Lenox, the heroine of these Johnsonian "high jinks," was once what Browning would have designated "a person of importance in her day." Her father, Colonel James Ramsay, was Lieutenant-Governor of New York. When his daughter was about fifteen, he sent her to England, consigning her to the charge of a relative in this country who, by the time she reached it, was either dead or mad. Then Colonel Ramsay himself died, and she was left without a protector. Lady Rockingham took her up, receiving her into her household; but an obscure love-affair put an end to their connection, and she subsequently found a fresh patroness in the Duchess of Newcastle. Her best resource, however, was literature. In 1747 Paterson published a thin volume of her poems, "dedicated to the Lady Issabella (*sic*) Finch"—a volume in which she certainly "touched the tender stops of various quills," since it recalls most of the prominent singers of her time. There are hymns to Sappho (with one "p"); there is a pastoral after the manner of Mr. Pope; there is "Envy, a Satire"; and there is a versification of one of Mr. Addison's *Spectators*. To this maiden effort, a few years later, followed the novel above-mentioned, which is supposed to have been more or less autobiographical; then came another novel, *The Female Quixote;* then *Shakespeare Illustrated;* then a translation of Sully's *Memoirs;* and then, again, more novels, plays, and translations. She lived into the present century, supported at the last partly from the Literary Fund, and partly by the Right Hon. George Rose, who befriended her in her latter days, and ultimately, when she died, old and very poor, in Dean's Yard, Westminster, paid the expenses of her burial. She is said—by Croker, of course—to have been extremely plain. If this be so, she must have been considerably flattered in the portrait by Reynolds, which is engraved in Harding's *Shakespeare*. It is stated, besides, on the authority of Mrs. Thrale, that, although her books were admired, she herself was unpopular. As regards her own sex, this may have been true; but it is dead against the evidence as regards the men.

Johnson, for example, openly preferred her before Mrs. Carter, Miss Hannah More, and Miss Burney; and he never, to judge by the references in Boswell's *Life*, wavered in his allegiance. He wrote the Dedications to the *Female Quixote* and *Shakespeare Illustrated;* he helped her materially (as did also Lord Orrery) in her version of Père Brumoy's *Théâtre des Grecs;* he quoted her in the *Dictionary;* he drew up, as late as 1775, the "Proposals" for a complete edition of her works; and he reviewed her repeatedly. What is more, he introduced her to Richardson, by whom, upon the ground of her gifts and her misfortunes, ("she has genius, and she has been unhappy," said the sentimental little man), she was at once admitted to the inner circle of the devoted listeners at Parson's Green. Another of her admirers was Fielding, who, in his last book, the *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, calls her "the inimitable and shamefully distressed author of the *Female Quixote*." Finally, Goldsmith wrote the epilogue to the unsuccessful comedy of *The Sister*, which she based, in 1769, upon her novel of *Henrietta* —an act which is the more creditable on his part, because the play belonged to the ranks of that genteel comedy which he detested. A woman who could thus enlist the suffrage and secure the service of the four greatest writers of her day must have possessed exceptional powers of attraction, either mental or physical; and this fact, of itself, is almost sufficient to account for the lack of a corresponding enthusiasm in her own sex.

How she obtained her education, the scanty records of her life do not disclose. But it is clear that she had considerable attainments; and she obviously added to them a gift for ingenious flattery, which, after the fashion of that day, she exhibited in her books. In her best work, the *Female Quixote*, there is a handsome reference to that "admirable writer," Mr. Richardson; and Johnson is styled "the greatest Genius in the present Age." "Rail," she makes one of her characters say elsewhere, and manifestly *à propos de bottes*,—"Rail with premeditated Malice at the *Rambler;* and, for the want of Faults, turn even its inimitable Beauties into Ridicule: The Language, because it reaches to Perfection, may be called stiff, laboured, and pedantic; the Criticisms, when they let in more Light than your weak Judgment can bear, superficial and ostentatious Glitter; and because those Papers contain the finest System of Ethics yet extant, damn the queer Fellow for overpropping Virtue";—in all of which, it is to be feared, the bigots of this iron time will see nothing but the rankest log-rolling. Yet it was not to Mrs. Lenox that Johnson said, "Madam, consider what your praise is worth." On the contrary, if Dr. Birkbeck Hill conjectures rightly, he wrote a not unfavourable little notice of the book in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March—a notice

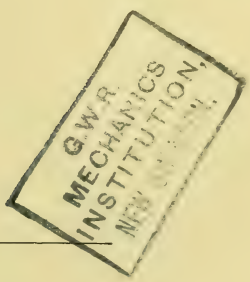
which, if it does no more, at least compactly summarizes the scheme. "Arabella," he says (the full title is *The Female Quixote; or, the Adventures of Arabella*), "is the daughter of a statesman, born after his retirement in disgrace, and educated in solitude, at his castle, in a remote province. The romances which she found in the library after her mother's death, were almost the only books she had read; from these therefore she derived her ideas of life; she believed the business of the world to be love, every incident to be the beginning of an adventure, and every stranger a knight in disguise. The solemn manner in which she treats the most common and trivial occurrences, the romantic expectations she forms, and the absurdities which she commits herself, and produces in others, afford a most entertaining series of circumstances and events." And then he goes on to quote, as coming from one equally "emulous of Cervantes, and jealous of a rival," the opinion which Fielding had expressed a few days earlier, in his *Covent Garden Journal*,—an opinion which, if, as Johnson asserts, he had at this time no knowledge of the author of the book, does even more credit to his generosity than to his critical judgment. For the author of *Tom Jones* not only devotes rather more than two handsome columns to *The Female Quixote;* but, professing to give his opinion of it "with no less Sincerity than Candour," gravely proceeds to show in what it falls short of, in what it equals, and in what it excels (!) the masterpiece of which it is a professed imitation. According to him, the advantage of Mrs. Lenox in the last respect (for the others may be neglected) lies in the fact that it is more probable that the reading of romances would turn the head of a young lady than the head of an old gentleman: that the character of Arabella is more endearing than that of Don Quixote: that her situation is more interesting: and that the incidents of her story, as well as the story itself, are less "extravagant and incredible" than those of the immortal hero of Cervantes. Finally, he sums up with the words which Johnson afterwards reproduced, in part, in the *Gentleman's Magazine:* "I do very earnestly recommend it, as a most extraordinary and most excellent Performance. It is indeed a Work of true Humour, and cannot fail of giving a rational, as well as very pleasing, Amusement to a sensible Reader, who will at once be instructed and very highly diverted. Some Faults perhaps there may be, but I shall leave the unpleasing Task of pointing them out to those who will have more Pleasure in the Office. This Caution, however, I think proper to premise, that no Persons presume to find many [He is speaking in his assumed character of Censor of Great Britain]. For if they do, I promise them the Critic and not the Author *will be to blame.*"

Habent sua fata libelli. In spite of the verdict of Johnson and Fielding,—that is to say, in spite of the verdict of the Macaulay and Thackeray of the eighteenth century,—the Critic, it is to be feared, must be blamed to-day. Were Fielding alone, one might discount his opinion by assuming that he would naturally welcome a work of art which was on his side rather than on that of Richardson; but this would not account for the equally favourable opinion of Johnson.* Nor could it be laid entirely to the novelty of the attempt, for *Tom Jones* and *Clarissa* and *Peregrine Pickle*, masterpieces all, had by this time been written, and can still be read, which it is difficult to say of *The Female Quixote; or, the Adventures of Arabella.* Mrs. Lenox's fundamental idea, no doubt, is a good one, although the character of the heroine has its feminine prototypes in the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière and the Biddy Tipkin of Steele's *Tender Husband.* It must be admitted, too, that some of the manifold complications which arise from her bringing every incident of her career to the touchstone of the high-falutin' romances of the Sieur de la Calprenède and that "grave and virtuous virgin," Madeleine de Scudéry, are diverting enough. The unhappy position of the lover, Mr. Glanville, who is convicted of a want of proper application to the pages of *Cassandra* by his deplorable ignorance of the elementary fact that the Orontes and Oroondates of that work are one and the same person; the case of the luckless dipper into Thucydides and Herodotus at Bath who is confronted, to his utter discomfiture, with "History as she is wrote" in *Clelia* and *Cleopatra;* the persistence of Arabella in finding princes in gardeners, and rescuers in highwaymen—are things not ill-invented. But repeated they pall; and not all the insistence on her natural good sense, and her personal charms, nor the inoffensive morality of the book itself, can reconcile us to the vagaries of a heroine who cannot hand the sugar-tongs without a reference to Cleobuline, Princess of Corinth, or Artemisa, Princess of Armenia; who holds, with the illustrious Mandana, that, even after ten years of the most faithful services and concealed torments, it is still presumption for a Monarch to aspire to her hand; and who, "wiping some tears from her fine eyes," addresses her astounded and unoffending elderly relatives in this wise:—"Go then, unfortunate and lamented uncle; go and endeavour, by reason and absence, to recover thy repose; and be assured, whenever you can convince me you have triumphed over these sentiments which now cause both our unhappiness, you shall have no cause to complain

* Johnson had, if not a taste, at least an appetite, for the old Romances which Mrs. Lenox satirized. Once, at Bishop Percy's, he chose *Felixmarte of Hyrcania* (in *folio*) for his habitual reading, and, moreover, read it through. On another occasion, he selected *Palmerin of England.*

of my conduct towards you." These are reasons which might at any time have made the book unsuccessful. But there are others which help to account for the contempt into which it has fallen. One is, that by neglecting to reproduce the atmosphere of the time in which it was written, it has missed an element of vitality which is enjoyed even by such inferior efforts as Coventry's *Pompey the Little*, which belongs also to 1752. For beyond the above-quoted references to Richardson and Johnson, and an obscure allusion to the two Miss Gunnings, who, at the time of writing, were dividing the Talk of the Town with the Earthquake, the references to contemporary life and manners are of the scantiest. Another and graver reason—as one of its critics, whose own *Amelia* had only just appeared, must have known better than anyone—is that, notwithstanding the humour of the situations, its characters are colourless and mechanical. Fielding's Captain Booth and his wife, Colonel Bath and Dr. Harrison, Mrs. Bennet and Sergeant Atkinson, are breathing and moving human beings, while the Glanvilles and Sir Georges and Sir Charles's of Mrs. Lenox are little more than the wire-jointed, "High-Life" puppets of Genteel Comedy.

Austin Dobson.



MR. CHAPLIN AND THE CATTLE TRADE.

EIGHT years ago, when I contributed to this Review an article on "Cattle Disease and the Food Supply," foot-and-mouth disease was raging in the country. The epizootic, which began in October, 1880, and lingered on until October, 1885, caused immense loss to stock-keepers and consumers, and a very serious interference with business and with the movements of animals. It was the tenth outbreak since the disease first obtained a foothold in England, in 1839. As usual, it was caused by the importation of diseased animals from the Continent of Europe: the infection had been clearly traced to a cargo of cattle from Havre. Up to the end of 1884 there were nearly 28,000 outbreaks, attacking 74,268 animals, in Great Britain; and in 1885, while the disease was dying out, there were thirty more outbreaks, affecting 418 animals. Thus, 74,686 animals had been infected with the disease, which destroyed thousands of them and injured all—the result of the importation of a cargo of French cattle. Except for an isolated outbreak in Scotland in January, 1886, the country remained free from the disease from October 22, 1885, until February 4, 1892, when it was once more brought to London by a cargo of Continental cattle. Repressive measures were instantly adopted by the Board of Agriculture, and the disease was got rid of in many cases. But, in spite of the utmost exertions, there had been, up to the end of March, fifty outbreaks in London, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Essex, Cheshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perthshire. In the first week of April only about a dozen centres of the disease were known; but there was a serious fresh outbreak in Kent, on April 9, just after the malady had been apparently repressed in the district; and although at the time of writing there are grounds for hoping that the Board of Agriculture will be able to save the country from a calamity of gigantic dimensions, the danger is not yet past.

This fresh invasion of Continental disease is peculiarly exasperating. Pleuro-pneumonia, by means of the resolute stamping-out policy adopted by the Board of Agriculture, has been pretty well, if not quite, extinguished; and there was reason to hope that the only contagious disease extensively prevalent at the beginning

of this year—swine fever—might shortly be taken in hand by the central authority. Thus, there seemed to be good reason to look forward to a time, not far off, when the three great animal-pests which have troubled us since the spectre of rinderpest was laid by the Cattle Diseases Act of 1887 would be cleared out of the country. The fresh trouble has reminded us of the fact, insisted upon in my article in 1884, that we shall never have any real security so long as we continue to import live stock for meat.

On the occasion to which I have referred, I set myself to establish these three propositions:—"(1) That foot-and-mouth disease is of foreign origin, and would soon die out, or might be more quickly stamped out, if no fresh contagion were imported; (2) that the direct and indirect losses arising from foot-and-mouth disease are far greater than the gain of importing animals from countries infected with the disease; and (3) that, having once got rid of the disease, we could keep the country free from it, to the great advantage of consumers of meat and dairy produce." Since 1884 the public have learned a good deal upon the subject. No one who has paid any attention to it doubts the first and the third of these propositions, and no one who has gone into the statistics of the question doubts the second. But the time has come to advance beyond this second proposition. This last invasion of foot-and-mouth disease came from Denmark. That country is supposed to be entirely free from the pest, and probably actually is; but when a country has a contaminated neighbour it is never really safe, for the disease is so infectious that it can easily be conveyed by human beings, dogs, ground-game, or forage. The time has come when what was hopelessly suggested in 1884—the complete cessation of the live-meat import trade—should be demanded in behalf of the consumers of meat, as well as in behalf of the producers, in this country.

At the present time the importation of cattle, sheep, and pigs from the Continent is entirely prohibited by order of the Minister of Agriculture. A few objections were made in the House of Commons when it was decided to schedule the few countries which were free to send us live stock after Denmark had been placed on the black list; but they were trifling in comparison with what would have been expected a few years ago, when free trade in cattle from diseased countries was openly advocated in Parliament, and the most ridiculous predictions as to a meat famine were uttered whenever any sanitary regulation of imports was proposed. Mr. Chaplin has assured his questioners that the proportion of our meat supply affected by his recent Order is quite insignificant. He might have gone further. He might have shown that the whole of our live-meat supply from Europe is a trifle, and that our entire

live-meat supply from all sources is so small a proportion of the total that it might cheerfully be dispensed with for the sake of preserving the health of our flocks and herds, and thus stimulating home production. It would be well worth while to give up this portion of our meat supply if necessary; but the case becomes much stronger when we bear in mind the fact that it is only the form in which meat comes to us which is in question, and that if we never imported another head of foreign stock alive we should have none the less foreign meat. In all probability we should have more; for the carcase trade is steady, and not liable to the interruptions which our sanitary regulations put now and again upon the live-stock import trade. Before going further in the consideration of this point, let us see how insignificant our last year's live-meat supply from Europe was, and how comparatively small the total live-meat supply.

Allowing to the Continent of Europe all animals imported from countries other than the United States and Canada, which gives in a few from other sources, we imported last year 27,899 oxen and bulls, 14,499 cows, 40,818 calves, 302,334 sheep, and 7,588 pigs. Now, according to estimates given some years ago in the *Agricultural Returns*, the dead-weights of cattle from the European countries concerned weighed from 70 to 85 "stones" of 8lbs. As much the greater quantity came from countries credited with the minimum weight or close to it, an allowance of 80 so-called stones will be liberal. It is also for the purpose of taking all possible precaution against overstating my case that I allow 70 stones of 8lbs. for cows, 16½ for calves, 8½ for sheep and lambs, and 14 for pigs—consideration being given to the figures in the official returns above mentioned. So reckoned, the total dead-weight of our live-stock imports from Europe in 1891 was 464,127cwts. From the United States we imported last year 314,228 oxen and bulls, 667 cows, 7 calves, and 10,537 sheep; and from Canada 98,376 oxen and bulls, 9,148 cows, 765 calves, and 31,633 sheep. Neither country sent us any pigs. Adopting the official figures, I allow 101 stones of 8lbs. a head as the dead-weight of an American ox, 70 for a cow, 16½ for a calf, and 7½ for a sheep; while for Canada the corresponding weights are 90, 70, 16½, and 8½ stones of 8lbs. So reckoned, the total dead-weight of live stock imported from America and Canada in 1891 was 2,974,183cwts. The total quantity of dead meat imported from all sources was 9,790,210cwts.

To show the proportions of these imports to our total supply of meat, it is necessary to estimate the quantity produced at home. In 1891 we had 11,343,686 cattle, 33,533,988 sheep, and 4,272,764 pigs in the United Kingdom. Many years ago it was estimated that 25 per cent. of the cattle, 40 per cent. of the sheep, and

16 per cent. over the number of pigs, were slaughtered during the year of enumeration. But an advance has been made in early maturity, and cattle especially are killed at an earlier age than of old. It is, therefore, a moderate estimate to reckon on 30 per cent. being killed in the year of enumeration, and to put the average dead-weight for all ages at 600lbs. Keeping the proportion of sheep killed at 40 per cent., which is probably well within the mark, I put the average dead-weight at 64lbs. a head, which, including lambs, is certainly not too much. More pigs are killed in a year than are numbered at any date within the year; and the old reckoning of 116 per cent. is adhered to, with 1cwt. as the average dead-weight per head. The results of all the calculations described are shown in the following table.—

GROSS MEAT SUPPLY IN 1891.

	Cwts.	Per Cent. of Total.
Home supply of Beef	18,230,925	
,, ,, of Mutton	7,664,911	
,, ,, of Pork	4,956,406	
Total Home Supply	30,852,242	69·99
Imported alive from United States and Canada	2,974,183	6·75
Ditto from all other Countries . . .	464,127	1·05
Imported Dead Meat	9,790,210	22·21
Total Supply	44,080,762	100

Only about one hundredth of our year's meat supply in 1891, then, came from Europe alive; no more than $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. from the United States and Canada; and our total live-stock imports were only 7·8 per cent. of our total gross supply. Surely there could not be a moment of doubt as to its being well worth our while to give up the 1·05 per cent. which came last year from Europe, as a partial assurance for the health of our flocks and herds, even if we knew that the whole of this insignificant proportion of our meat supply would be lost to us, which would not be the case, as most of it, and perhaps all, or even more, would come in carcase. But the question is, whether we could reasonably and fairly refuse to receive live animals from any European country free from disease, while importing them from America and Canada. Perhaps we might do so on the ground that no Continental country is really safe as a source of live-stock imports so long as neighbouring countries are affected with disease; for there is no doubt that so long as we do not omit American store cattle Europe is the chief source of danger to our flocks and herds. But it would be much more satisfactory to announce that we will not in future admit live stock from any country without a lengthened period of

quarantine, which would shut out all except choice breeding animals. There are many reasons why we should adopt this course, and none of any importance against adopting it.

In the first place, by adopting the course recommended, we should unquestionably give security to breeders and producers of meat in this country, and thereby promote the increase of the home supply, to the advantage of the consumers. At the same time we should not incur any danger of losing the $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of our meat supply received last year from the United States and Canada in the form of live animals. The surplus meat of those countries is certain to come to this country as the best market, whether it comes wholly in carcases or partly alive and partly dead. As the carcase trade is the more economical, there would be no injury to exporters. A few importers and dealers, and men in their employment, might be injured; but the interests of such an extremely small minority of the millions of people concerned are not deserving of a moment's consideration in opposition to the general advantage. This is all the more emphatically to be concluded from the fact that the only reason why the live-meat trade is more advantageous to a small body of men in this country is that they are able to derive illegitimate profit from it by defrauding consumers — namely, by selling the meat of imported live stock as English or as Scotch, and at the prices of British meat. Therefore if we ceased to import live stock for meat, consumers would get as much foreign meat as ever (probably more), while they would get it cheaper. They would get it, too, in more wholesome condition; for there is no doubt that the meat of animals which have suffered agonizing tortures for days, or even weeks, in crossing the Atlantic, is less wholesome than that of animals killed when in perfect health on the other side of the ocean. This brings me to the last reason for stopping the trans-Atlantic live-stock trade. Utterly needless as this traffic is, it is an outrage upon the civilization of the nineteenth century that it should be allowed. The public are familiar with the story of horrors related by Mr. Plimsoll. It has been declared an exaggeration; but there is not an incident in it which has not been confirmed by men who have described to me what they have witnessed in cattle-ships or on the wharves where the victims of man's cruelty are landed. It is of no avail to say that the terrible mutilation or death of lingering agony is not inflicted upon the majority of cattle which come across the Atladtic. It is enough that such awful sufferings are caused to many thousands every year, and that all this misery is kept up for the pecuniary advantage of a few hundreds of men, to the disadvantage of hundreds of thousands. If the stoppage of this brutal trade would

keep out of the country the whole of the $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of our meat supply which it brings to us, we ought to insist upon the stoppage nevertheless; but, as we should be in every way gainers by the cessation of the abomination, there is not the shadow of an excuse for its continuance. The superior economy of the carcase transport trade has given it a complete victory over the live-stock transit business in the great Continent of America, and would have done the same in the trans-Atlantic trade if it had not been for the profit of defrauding the British consumer by palming off upon him American beef for English, or for Scotch.

It may be objected that, if we stop the live-stock import trade, we shall lose the store-cattle which we now receive from Canada, and, hereafter, those which the Americans hope to be allowed to send us. Precisely so; and a good loss too. The trade in Canadian lean stock is of advantage to this country only in so far as a few dealers and feeders are concerned. The animals which come here unfinished would be more cheaply fattened in Canada and sent to us in carcase form. We probably get less meat, instead of more, from Canada, by allowing store beasts to come to us from that country, so far as the insignificant proportions of the trade have any influence upon the meat supply. As it has not been profitable generally, the business has never assumed important proportions. It has not done us any harm, for Canada has kept free from pleuro-pneunomia and foot-and-mouth disease. But the like trade with America would be highly dangerous. It would be pretty certain to bring us Texas fever, which has been brought across the Atlantic before now, and only prevented from finding a footing in the country by our port-slaughter restrictions. Then, although pleuro-pneumonia is supposed to be stamped out in all but a few small districts of America, there must be, and will be for years, many encysted cases which show no outward symptoms, and, at any time, the first knowledge of an outbreak of the disease that would come to us might be conveyed by the infection of herds in this country.

But there is a danger more serious, if possible, than that of the actual infection to be apprehended from the importation of American store cattle. If the trade proved remunerative it would probably ruin our home-breeding industry, or so seriously cripple it that the supply of our well-bred lean cattle would be reduced to very small dimensions. The risk of disease would check home-breeding to a great extent, and the competition of cheap American store beasts might discourage it still more. Then we should have a greatly inferior lot of store cattle to fatten, and meat-making would become less economical than it has been, while the meat produced would be of inferior quality. Worst of all, as far as con-

sumers are concerned: After we had come to be dependent upon the supply of American store cattle as material for our meat supply, an outbreak of disease in America would sooner or later necessitate the stoppage of the supply for a time, and perhaps for years. In that case, with the main supply of beasts for fattening suddenly cut off, we should have a meat famine in this country. This last argument against the establishment of a trade in American lean stock will not weigh with men who carry their worship of Free Trade to the point of fanaticism; but it appears to me well worth serious consideration as a reason why we should not allow these objections to the proposed traffic to be overruled. I use the argument to show that the traffic is not in any way deniable to the population of this country. Without it, however, there are, in the risk of disease and the enormous increase of suffering to dumb beasts which it would involve, sufficient reasons for rejecting the trade.

Striking evidence of the superiority of the dead-meat traffic to the live-meat traffic, from all important points of view, is to be derived from a comparison of my estimate of supplies for the year 1883, given in the *Review* for April, 1884, with the one for 1891 now put forward.—

IMPORTS OF LIVE AND DEAD MEAT.

	1883.	1891.	Increase or Decrease in 1891.	
	Cwts.	Cwts.		Cwts.
Oxen and Bulls . . .	2,339,767	3,058,771	+	719,004
Cows	300,205	121,570	—	178,635
Calves	55,530	49,017	—	6,513
Sheep and Lambs . . .	627,577	208,410	—	419,167
Pigs	38,863	542	—	38,321
Total Live meat (dead-weight)	3,361,942	3,438,310	+	76,368
Dead Meat	6,028,967	9,790,210	+	3,761,243

Here we have an increase of over 62 per cent. of dead meat in eight years, against one of less than 2⅓ per cent. of meat imported alive. The great difference fairly illustrates the uncertainty of the live-stock-import trade and the superior economy of the carcase traffic. The decrease shown in all but one of the divisions of the live-stock imports is due partly to necessary sanitary restrictions, the constant risk of which must inevitably cause unsettlement among foreign producers for our markets; but it is to a greater extent due to the superior advantages of the carcase trade and to the increase in our home supply of meat promoted by improved provisions for the safety of our flocks and herds. The frozen-meat enterprise has rendered unprofitable the supply of the third-rate sheep which were formerly imported extensively, while the great

development in the importation of hams and bacon has rendered foreign pigs a drug in our markets.

The increase in our live stock since 1883, and especially since 1886, when the knowledge that the country was free from foot-and-mouth disease stimulated breeding, is shown below.—

LIVE STOCK IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	1883.	1891.	Increase in 1891.
Cattle	10,097,943	11,343,686	1,245,743
Sheep	28,347,560	33,533,988	5,186,428
Pigs	3,986,427	4,272,764	986,337

The proportion of the increase slaughtered in 1891, reckoned in the same way as in a preceding table, gave us about 3,664,000cwts. of meat. Adding this to the increase in dead meat imports, we have over 7,425,000cwts. of increase independently of the live-meat importation, which gave us only about one-hundredth part of the increase just named. In reality, the increase in the home supply is greater than 3,664,000 cwts., because this allows nothing for the advance of early maturity, which has caused a larger proportion of the animals enumerated in any year to be slaughtered within that year. In my estimate for 1883 the home supply was not worked out from the number of animals in the country, but avowedly put down as the minimum left, after allowing for imports, to meet a low estimated rate of consumption per head of the population. Therefore, to compare the estimated home production in 1891 with the minimum which I gave for 1883 would show a greater increase than can fairly be claimed. But in 1885 Major Craigie put the home supply at 27,220,000cwts.; and, supposing this to be the net home supply, and comparing my estimate for 1891 with it, after deducting for exports, an increase of 3,500,000cwts. is shown to have occurred in six years.

There is no doubt that if we could clear the country and keep it clear of foot-and-mouth disease, pleuro-pneumonia, and swine fever—as we can if we close our ports to foreign live stock—the increase in the home supply would be even greater than it has been since 1885. The consumption per head of the population has certainly increased, especially since cheap frozen mutton began to come into the country in great abundance. The increase in our home supply would have kept pace in recent years with the population at the old rate of consumption; but greater abundance and cheapness have stimulated the demand, and if we adopt the best means of stimulating production this is to be expected in the future also.

Allowing for our exports of cattle and meat (chiefly foreign and colonial), our net meat supply may be put as follows for 1891 (the

consumption per head is reckoned upon a population put at 37,815,700 for the middle of the present year).—

NET MEAT SUPPLY IN 1891.

	Cwts.	Per Cent.	Per Head of Population. Lb.
Net Home Supply . . .	30,742,600	70·7	91
Net Imported Supply . .	12,766,300	29·3	38
Total	43,508,900	100	129

It will be noticed that the home proportion of the total net supply is greater, and the imported proportion accordingly smaller, than in the gross supply. The reason is that by far the greater portion of our exports of meat are those of foreign and colonial bacon and preserved meat.

Since 1890 there has been a marked increase in the consumption of meat per head. This, with other comparisons, will be found in the following figures, some of which are extracted from a chapter in the new and comprehensive work on *Land* just published by Messrs. Dowsett & Co. (The figures for 1891 are added). The estimates are those of the late Sir James Caird for 1877, of Major Craigie for 1885, and of the present writer for the other years.—

MEAT SUPPLY AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

Year.	Home. Cwts.	Imported. Cwts.	Total. Cwts.	Per Head of Population. Lb.
1877 . .	24,500,000	6,300,000	30,800,000	103
1885 . .	27,220,000	9,460,000	36,460,000	112
1890 . .	29,639,000	12,653,000	42,292,000	126½
1891 . .	30,742,600	12,766,300	43,508,900	129

PERCENTAGE.

	1877.	1885.	1890.	1891.
Home	79·3	74·7	70	70·7
Imported . . .	20·7	25·3	30	29·3
	100	100	100	100

My own figures represent the net supplies, and I believe the others also do. It will be noticed that, according to these reckonings, the increase in the home supply for the six years ended with 1891 was much greater than that for the eight years ended with 1885. Yet prices have been lower during the last six years than in the previous eight; and there is no doubt that the greater increase is mainly attributable to the superior immunity from disease which the country has enjoyed since the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act of 1884 was passed, and the authorities were empowered to exclude from our ports all animals from any country infected by foot-and-mouth disease. But now, in spite of that Act, we have once more imported the terribly infectious disease. More effectual protection is needed.

Moreover, although our live stock have multiplied while the country has been free from foot-and-mouth disease, the increase has been nowhere near what it would have been if we had not been troubled with pleuro-pneumonia and swine fever. Through Mr. Chaplin's vigorous administration, persistently pursued in the face of much foolish carping, pleuro-pneumonia has been nearly or quite stamped out. We have now to get rid of the fresh visitation of foot-and-mouth disease, and then take swine fever in hand. When these desirable suppressions have been effected, it will be the height of folly to risk the undoing of work carried out at a great cost to the country. The only complete safeguard will be to discontinue the importation of live stock which have not had a long period of quarantine.

Now that small holdings are about to be multiplied, the plea for adopting the precaution recommended in this article will be stronger than ever. In the first place, epizootics which cripple the resources of large farmers may ruin small holders; and, secondly, the repression of any disease will be more difficult and costly than ever when it has been spread among thousands of small homesteads. By adopting the course recommended we should save a heavy annual expenditure now incurred in respect of regulations for checking disease and in compensation for slaughtered animals, as well as the enormous direct and indirect losses which are caused by the ravages of disease, because, having once got rid of the plagues, we could keep the country free from them for ever. Our agriculture would become more profitable, and provide more employment; meat and dairy produce would be more plentiful, better, and cheaper, and yet more remunerative to producers, whose losses would have been diminished; farmers, working men who are employed with stock and keep a cow or a pig, tax-payers, and consumers, would all alike be benefited; and we should rid ourselves as a nation of all responsibility for the unnecessary and cruel, and therefore immoral transport, of live animals across the stormy Atlantic. Against all these advantages there is nothing to set except the interests of a comparatively small body of men, the unreasonable prejudice in favour of a certain mode of meat transport, and the fear of giving offence to nations that do—nothing to please us, but—all they can to cripple our commerce. Thus, reason, self-interest, and humanity are entirely on the side of those of us who demand the cessation of the import trade in live stock for meat; and it is to be hoped that it will not be long before public opinion also declares itsel. emphatically in favour of our plea.

William E. Bear.

THE NEW WEDLOCK.

DAISY PRESTON: Aged 26.
HELEN DYNEVER: Aged 20 (*a bride*).

DAISY. Good morning, my dear. This is my first visit to you: so please receive my best congratulations. What a pretty house, and how charming you look! (*They embrace.*)

HELEN. Do I? Well—I feel a fright.

DAISY. What! a bride of six months only, and after a delicious honeymoon at Monte Carlo! Wasn't it charming? (*Pulls her down beside her on the sofa.*)

HELEN. It was very good fun at first. You can't imagine how odd those Frenchwomen look, dressed up to their eyes, covered with jewels, and playing at the tables as if their lives depended upon it. How their gowns do fit! I declare they look as if they were moulded to their backs! I liked to gamble a little; but Edward lost, and the rooms were so hot. However, the scenery is lovely—the view from the terrace, the blue hills, the bluer sea, and the great green palms and orange-trees—it's so tropical, so enchanting!

DAISY. Yes; but the pigeon-shooting makes one's head ache, and the dust gets into one's eyes.

HELEN. There are beautiful excursions, too, up among the hills, where nestle all kinds of little odd old towns.

DAISY. I hate antiquities; and when I was there Reggy declared he did not come abroad to take exercise.

HELEN. And really that is not necessary: just to bask in the sun or lounge on a bank in the shade satisfies me, when I have a sympathetic soul beside me.

DAISY. You little country girl, you belong to the old school of nature-worshippers!

HELEN. Yes: I suppose I am a dull, stay-at-home kind of woman. I like my house, my garden, my poultry-yard.

DAISY. Chickens are infested with fleas, and a farm-yard means damp straw and mud up to your ankles.

HELEN. Quiet evenings at home, too, are charming.

MECHANICS INSTITUTION NEW

DAISY. I know—Shakespeare or Walter Scott read aloud by your husband (*laughs*).

HELEN. There is nothing to laugh at in that.

DAISY. Fancy a modern man reading good books aloud while his wife works cross-stitch! We are much too busy for such nonsense.

HELEN. It has answered very well, and, at any rate, kept the husband away from his club.

DAISY. So much the worse. A club is an excellent institution. A man hanging about the house all day, when his wife wants to receive her friends, or try on her dresses, or take her dancing-lesson, is a perfect nuisance. Besides, *I* like clubs, too. Little dinners at the Bachelors', or the Savoy, or the Amphitryon, before the theatre, make life bearable.

HELEN. On the principle that a bad and expensive dinner in a hot room with a crowd of strangers around you is preferable to your homely roast beef?

DAISY. The very best cook in the world grows monotonous. I'd rather have a bad dinner sometimes than a good one every night. People cannot live without variety.

HELEN. That's the radical mistake all you young London women make, I think. You sacrifice everything to a love of change.

DAISY. Haven't I heard you yourself say (and you're a model couple) that the great secret of marriage is to keep a man from being bored?

HELEN. Certainly. If a man is bored in the company of his wife, it's *her* fault, and she doesn't understand her business; but I don't consider variety to mean rushing off to a club or a theatre every evening. Rather I mean the variety that "age cannot wither, nor custom stale."

DAISY. Mere poetry—artificial, unmeaning. No: in that case there is nothing left but to read aloud or go to sleep, as, I regret to say, happens to many of my friends on their quiet evenings—the wife on the sofa, the husband opposite in an arm chair, snoring over a newspaper; or, worse than all, to play rubicon-bezique.

HELEN. Personally, I'm not fond of bezique; but one ought to be able to play if necessary. The ideal nature is the one who can do all things and yet is sometimes content to do nothing. The fault I find with society is that it has never learnt to do nothing.

DAISY. What do you mean? You don't consider doing nothing a virtue?

HELEN. To do nothing wisely is, I think, sometimes as difficult as to do something well. The mere jingle of the knitting-needles, and the whispered counting of stitches, or the abstraction of

crewels, might, I should imagine, have a most exasperating effect on a man, worn out, or nervous, or tired, who comes home to rest

DAISY. I resent the fact. Why should a man only give his wife the benefit of his ill-humour or his dulness? No: if he is, as you say, worn out and irritable with his city or his politics or his racing, let him go and smoke at his club or in his own room till he feels better. Married people already see too much of one another. They should cultivate temporary separations on principle for an hour or two, for a day, or even for a few weeks. It would clear the air, avoid misunderstandings; and the return would be invested with all the charm of novelty.

HELEN. A strange way to keep a husband's affections.

DAISY. A good way. The stay-at-home woman grows dowdy, and no dowdy woman retains charm for a man.

HELEN. Do you really think so? I am afraid I'm not much of a dresser.

DAISY. You are charming, dear, with your neat, classical head and your trim, tailor-made gowns. But look at me: I've only a *mine chiffoneé*, frizzly fair hair that curls to perfection, a complexion and lovely eyes, they tell me; and yet I look nothing except in Paris frocks and frills. No: we are utterly unlike, and yet we're true friends.

HELEN. And always shall be, I hope.

DAISY. But really, Helen, dear, I should like to hear more of your views on the training of husbands, for you're so original.

HELEN. I've only been married six months.

DAISY. A life-time! Well, now that everything is treated scientifically, there must, of course, be a science of marriage. Somebody tried to make out that marriage was a failure; and occasionally, when I see the difficulties girls find in getting husbands, and hear of the numbers of spinsters who must always remain so, I am inclined to agree; and yet I wouldn't for worlds have been a crabbed old maid. Fancy being pointed out all through one's long life as a person forced to wither in solitude because nobody ever took a fancy to one and made one an offer!

HELEN. No one would suppose that. You may have refused many eligible admirers.

DAISY. People never give you the benefit of the doubt, and I really think they are generally right. But now let us begin at the beginning, and thoroughly thresh the subject out. At what age should a woman marry? I think she should be neither young nor old; have passed through the idiotic, giggling, school-girl age, when every man is a hero, and the colour and shape of a moustache are more important than a man's tastes or his position.

HELEN. But she must not have reached the sour stage, when she has flirted and fooled away her life and has only a remnant of heart to give away—if, indeed, it can be called a heart at all. *I* married at nineteen. I believe that to be the ideal age.

DAISY. You poor dear, you had tasted none of the sweets of life! It was sheer infanticide. *I* married at twenty-four. I believe that to be the ideal age.

HELEN. Well, after all, a year or two is not of so much importance as the ideal of marriage. What is that?

DAISY. I object to the word "ideal"; but the *idea* is, of course, freedom, with amusement and a congenial compassion.

HELEN. Not the union of hearts?

DAISY. Sentimental nonsense exploded long ago! Fate and circumstances prevent the right people from ever getting suited; and the girl now-a-days who worried her husband with her sensitive feelings and her morbid emotions would pretty soon be voted impossible.

HELEN. But don't you think the sweet and gradual unfolding of a woman's heart, as it lies open to the husband's tender and reverent eye, her innocence, her supreme ignorance, her perfect modesty, her very helplessness and want of knowledge of the world are, what appeal most strongly to the masculine mind?

DAISY. Certainly not: otherwise men would not admire Americans as much as they do.

HELEN. Well, of course, from Americans one expects nothing and excuses everything.

DAISY. Exactly. Besides, the kind of girl you speak of would be considered very insipid. No! women have had their eyes opened: they know what they want and how to get it. They worship independence; they have learned the value of their own individuality; and they are bent on securing happiness. Just remember all the avenues of pleasure open to us now. Women can shop together, can drive, can travel, can dine at restaurants, go to a theatre, and gamble on the Stock Exchange, without the interference of any male belonging!

HELEN. Still, married women, at least, must always be more or less dependent. There remains their natural weakness, and the obedience nature and custom teach them to owe to their husbands.

DAISY (*laughing*). Obedience, my dear Helen! Why, where can you have lived? Your Edward must be a perfect tyrant. Obedience has been erased from the marriage-service, practically, if not theoretically, long ago. We rule our husbands now, and expect them to obey.

HELEN. We rule by love, of course. As Madame de Staël said,

"a woman should be nothing in herself, but should find all her joy in what she loves."

DAISY. Love is, of course, a powerful influence; but then we must define love. Some people love their dinner.

HELEN. Surely love means the entire and impassioned surrender of self to the beloved object.

DAISY. Surrender of self absolutely would, I fear, lead very soon to the complete wreck of the matrimonial ship.

HELEN. How so?

DAISY. Man, being a selfish animal, grows more selfish the more he is indulged. Who are the women who hold absolute sway over men? Those women of whom they are never sure, and who introduce an element of doubt and uncertainty into love. Now, a wife labours under the disadvantage of causing perfect security in the husband's mind. She is thus handicapped at once; and if, in addition, she shows that she has absolutely surrendered her affections, she has no weapon left in her armoury.

HELEN. She wants no weapons.

DAISY. Doesn't she? There you make a mistake. Only the woman who is self-sufficing can ever wield real power—to control others, it is necessary to control oneself.

HELEN. I call that a cold-blooded doctrine. How can one keep back anything in love?

DAISY. Only unconsciously, perhaps; but there must always be a hidden corner in a true woman's heart which is never revealed but to herself and her God, or whatever superstition temporarily takes the place of her God.

HELEN. Daisy, you frighten me. You are still young, and you think such strange things.

DAISY (*leaning back languidly*). Life is strange. It is so disappointing, so contradictory, and yet so absorbing, that my thoughts have taught me not to think—only to enjoy.

HELEN Can you enjoy?

DAISY. In my own way I enjoy ardently: I enjoy dress, soothing, and self-sufficing; I enjoy being adored—Reggy adores me in his calm, undemonstrative English fashion. I enjoy excitement, movement, society, even hurry, and railway-travelling—anything that makes one feel one *lives*. I should enjoy ambition if I were a man: as it is, I enjoy popularity and success.

HELEN. Certainly I don't aspire to fame—I don't believe in it, for our sex; for, to quote my favourite writer again, "glory itself can be for a woman only a loud and bitter cry for happiness."

DAISY. It is because women want impossibilities that they are unhappy. When they are only sensible they can have everything

their own way. I never ran after men: I only made myself pleasant—so they ran after me. I was—to use an expressive term—"fetching:" so they came to fetch me. They smoked, I sat by; they talked, I laughed; they made love, I responded. Just the Frenchwoman's confession of sin: "J'ai été belle on me l'a dit, je l'ai cru." It's very simple, and one can have a very good time. I can but despise and pity the girls who stand patiently in the corner of a ball-room waiting for the partners that never come, and smiling sweetly on the little pink-faced boys with beardless chins, who are proud to lead out to the dance spinsters old enough to be their mothers.

HELEN. Still, you would not advocate girls attracting a man's fancy in meretricious ways—doing as the riddle says, when it asks, "Why do young ladies resemble Pharisees? Because they disfigure their faces and appear to men *too* fast."

DAISY. I would never appear anything. That is the difference between Americans and ourselves. They are what we try to be. Fastness is only unconventionality, and the unconventionality of one age is the etiquette of the next. Hansoms I look upon as the great civilizers of humanity. Since women have freely driven about in hansoms they have acquired a sense of individuality which no future legislation can take from them. Only imagine the awful days of the dark ages when a married woman could only walk to church, followed by a footman carrying her prayer-book.

HELEN. Yes: that must have been intolerable.

DAISY. Slavery, my dear—abject slavery. Thank goodness, we are emancipated now, and have shaken the chains for ever from our necks.

HELEN. Then you place the ideal of marriage in perfect freedom, equality between men and women——

DAISY. Quite indispensable, that.

HELEN. Friendly companionship and no self-surrender?

DAISY. That's so, exactly.

HELEN. But you have left no place for love,—beautiful, divine love, which irradiates any life worth living.

DAISY. You're mad on the subject of love. Is it not Lord Lytton, the Owen Meredith of the dear old poems, who has summed up the lesson of a life in these words?—

> "I have searched the universe, beneath, above,
> And everywhere with this importunate Lyre,
> Have wandered desperately seeking love
> But everywhere have found only Desire."

Now, if Lord Lytton, who was a good judge and could write so beautifully, owned to such experience, what can be the fate of a

poor little woman who babbles platitudes and pins all her faith on love?

HELEN. You've forgotten the husband—he will give you love.

DAISY. So he does, poor dear, to the best of his ability. But how can a man keep perpetually at fever-heat with the same woman, and never disappoint or weary her? There must always be some terribly dull moments, and dreary sandy deserts of time to be travelled over; and to fill up these, I say, variety, society, excitement, anything that takes one out of oneself, is necessary.

HELEN. There are house-keeping cares and duties.

DAISY. Half an hour in the morning with the cook or the butler disposes of those. It is fortunately not the fashion for ladies to potter about their pans and dishes, or weigh out tea and sugar as our deluded mothers did.

HELEN. Yours is a poor kind of happiness.

DAISY. A very sensible kind — the kind that lasts. "The stars-and-flowers-and-summer-and-winter-and-love-business" is exploded.

HELEN. And where do the love-tragedies, the sorrows of the Divorce Court, find a place? You can't deny that they exist—we read about them every day.

DAISY. Sordid tales of middle-class shopkeepers or a silly story of some fool who forgets what is due to herself and society. Now men, of course, are different: a sensible woman takes no notice of their little peccadilloes—they cannot help it, you see.

HELEN. Would you take no notice of Reggy's inconstancy?

DAISY. I should not break my heart. I should wait,—and flirt a bit on my own account. A wife must have the best of it in the long run if she will only be patient, and fortunately men's love affairs are generally very evanescent. They are perfectly capable of two attachments at a time, and can love as well with their hearts as their heads.

HELEN. If a man were once to betray and deceive my love, I could never trust him again. I could not make allowances.

DAISY. Naturally you would then be unhappy.

HELEN. As for loving and forgiving and taking him back time after time, which some people call divine: I think it monstrous.

DAISY. If things are intolerable you can adopt the legal remedy. Publicity and scandal have already lost nine per cent. of their terrors.

HELEN. Never! To drag one's private sorrows before the unfeeling gaze of a public court would be impossible for a sensitive nature. No—anything rather than that.

DAISY. Women like you, are the sort that make men brutes. The latter know they may dare all with impunity. In times to come, no

doubt, we shall divorce as we give in marriage—freely and heedlessly. Meanwhile, if one does not care too much, one need never be very unhappy. Girls have at last realized that they can never be the only woman a man ever loved (unless he is still in the nursery), and they accept the fact.

HELEN. All this is very well: you each go your own way——

DAISY. Certainly. I am delighted if Reggy brings home a man to dinner, generally some racing or sporting creature. If they sit smoking and talking over pedigrees and weights too long, I retire to the drawing-room with another woman or a convenient tame cat.

HELEN. A tame cat?

DAISY. A man who has the run of the house and the *entrée* to Reggy's affections.

HELEN. Oh!

DAISY. You look shocked, my dear. There is nothing to be shocked about: we all perfectly understand each other. A man's conversation enlarges one's mind and one's horizon; and women are generally envious and often insincere.

HELEN. How can you call such women friends?

DAISY. Oh, they're very nice, all the same, but a wee bit trying sometimes, for one has to be always on one's mettle. Now, you rest me.

HELEN. Thanks; but what will happen when you grow old?

DAISY. In the first place, nobody grows old. We become a little less pretty; we replace our own luxuriant hair by a "postiche" (as they call the false fringes) quite as luxuriant and a more becoming colour; we take to padding or tight lacing according as we incline to *embonpoint* or leanness; we give up dancing and settle ourselves to play poker or whist in the afternoons—that's all. We don't wear caps or grow grey or wrinkled or imbecile—at least, not until we are very old—we bore nobody with reminiscences, we trot about merrily to parties and balls, and receive and entertain and are entertained—every one is young. We raise altars to youth, and worship thereat; and, as it is a desirable possession, all women manage to retain it.

HELEN. Growing old must certainly be a tiresome process.

DAISY. We suppress it. Besides, even when one is old there are hundreds of ways of amusing oneself—there are charity-bazaars at which one can sell, and church-work and musical and literary pursuits. Some people dabble in literature as they grow older: it fills up time and brings one's name before the public—oh yes! it's a very good world even for old people.

HELEN. A dreadfully matter-of-fact world.

DAISY. So much the better. *You* have the poetic faculty, my

dear: it resembles the religious faculty. They are both self-sufficing and incomprehensible.

HELEN. Even your pleasures seems to me only dissipation, attained at the cost of great effort—society all the year round and sport at odd times.

DAISY. Yes: a great many women are devoted to sport. They regularly grouse-shoot, salmon-fish, and hunt, or play golf, cricket, and tennis. Personally, I prefer staying at home.

HELEN. With the tame cat?

DAISY. Sometimes, or with Reggy, when he is not racing or hunting or shooting.

HELEN. Which must be rare indeed.

DAISY. I assure you I can safely say marriage has not been a failure in my case; and if all women were wise it need never be—only they must not let their fancy run away with them—build castles in the air, or indulge in sentiment.

HELEN. In fact, they must strip life of all that glorifies and ennobles it—of fancy, imagination, and enthusiasm:— they must rob love of its glamours, and turn Pegasus into a sedately jogging pony; they must learn to do violence to their better selves, and like everything only moderately and in reason.

DAISY. Precisely. No violent delights which have violent ends. We are too worn-out, too nervous, too high-strung now to feel acutely. The very boys are grave with the seriousness of the new-born baby. They fear that if they exerted their brains the consequences might be disastrous: they are obliged to nurse the little vitality left to them to last till the end of the century, for life is at such high pressure that a month of modern existence is worth an old-fashioned year.

HELEN. It is very sad.

DAISY. On the contrary, it is very pleasant. Woman is no longer the praying, subordinate creature our fathers sought to make her, She can do anything now from mumming to mathematics, with art and science thrown in.

HELEN. And men—what part do they play in women's lives?

DAISY. The same old story They flirt, love, and ride away—only women jilt them in return. Whoever, until quite recently, heard of a breach of promise action brought by a man? Yet now such things happen constantly.

HELEN. Are you quite fair to men?

DAISY. What better do they deserve? What have they hitherto offered us in marriage, with a great show of generosity and a flourish of trumpets, but the dregs of a life and the leavings of a dozen other women? Experience has at last taught us what to expect and how to meet them. Never worry men and never over-love them.

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HELEN. A kind of armed neutrality I see. To win, one must lose; to value rightly, one must depreciate thoroughly.

DAISY. Yes. One must have no illusions, no foolish vanity—one must consent to be called "pals" or "comrades," and give up all pretensions to being divinities or angels. Things are now on a clear footing; and the supremacy of women, though threatened for a time by tobacco and athletics, has again reasserted itself. We have become our husband's best companion, his trusted confidante. We shoot, hunt, fish, and travel with him, canvas at his elections, and help to write his speeches; we camp out under the burning sun of Africa, or sleep, wrapped in bear-skins, among the snow of the Rocky Mountains; we are practical, friendly, good-tempered, easy-going. Which has scored most—the husband or ourselves? I think he has.

HELEN. I cannot quite realize it all yet. You leave poetry and the spiritual part of our nature out of count, and yet you seem happy.

DAISY. Of course, poetry was just what spoilt everything. When you look at things as they are in reality you can never be doomed to disappointment.

HELEN. I could not do without worship. That my husband should judge me just as I am, full of specks and flaws, with no sweet sentiment to blind his eye, no belief in my superior graces and perfection, no innocent deception, no tender trickery and cozening, no thinking me the "most peerless piece of earth that e'er the sun shone bright on,"—in short, the only woman in the world for him—no: I could not bear it. Take your hansoms, your liberty, your common-sense; and give me love.

DAISY. Love is a shadow.

HELEN. Then let me be a shadow-hunter.

DAISY. Certainly, my dear, if you will. You will grow thin and angular and dyspeptic, like the lean, lantern-jawed women in Rossetti's pictures. Believe me, don't fret, but keep your beauty; it's better than love, for it commands it.

HELEN. Ah, no! Give me my illusions, for they are the only reality.

DAISY. I give you the illusions. Frankly, it is a shame to tamper with your beautiful faith, which, of course, must crumble, like all faiths, in the end. Meanwhile you may also give me tea, which you have forgotten to pour out. Yes, please: two lumps of sugar.

VIOLET GREVILLE.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF M. RENAN.*

THERE is a certain unlovely figure which is, in these times, familiar enough in some of the booths of our Vanity Fair—a figure which, for want of better words, may be called that of the Frisky Philosopher. Who is there that is unacquainted with the type? The species, albeit not a large one, has a sufficient company of representative members, whom you may meet in country houses and frequented watering-places, and whom you may see any evening, while the London season rages, in Kensington or Mayfair, in Bayswater or Brompton. The Frisky Philosopher is usually an elderly man: in his younger days he was busy with his books or his test-tubes, and so had no time to be frisky. But the years have brought him the just reward for a youth of loneliness, of hard work, of severe wrestling with tough subjects. Grown old, the professor has become famous; which is the same thing as saying that he has become fashionable. His work is recognized and rewarded. It has gained him money, reputation, acquaintances, invitations; and the *savant* mellows in this late sunshine, and blossoms in the warmth of an Indian summer coming after the frosts of autumn have already begun to bite. The solitary student, so long cloistered within his library or laboratory, assumes an adolescent delight in the gay leisured life of the man of the world. In his youth he was more grave and serious than most of his contemporaries; as age grows on him he is rather less so; and at sixty he is a good deal younger in his talk and bearing, and even in his thoughts, than he was at thirty. For *then* the long, steep slopes of Science and Learning lay before him, which he has since —to his honour, be it spoken—ascended with a stout heart and unfaltering limbs. But now the rocks and fells lie all below; the good man has arrived at a warm and sheltered table-land, and is minded to relax and enjoy himself. This is natural enough; though one might wish sometimes that his enjoyment took a form more in consonance with the dignity due to great achievements and profound learning. *Non semper tendit arcum* is true of Athena as well as Apollo; but even when the Goddess of Wisdom divests herself of shield and ægis she does not lay aside her austerity.

* *Feuilles Détachées.* Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892.

But your Frisky Philosopher is nothing if not frivolous. He apes the jargon of people of fashion; he is offended if you talk to him of his own pursuits, or of the special researches which have made him famous; he is avid of the society of ladies, and converses with them of Sandown and Hurlingham and the last new scandal; he sometimes — this former hermit of the study—will seek to dress and trim himself down to the *rôle* of a brisk, middle-aged young fellow, with nothing more weighty to think of than the laborious amusements and elaborate follies of the idle rich. Above all, he assumes the *mondain* tone in the discussion of serious matters, and, if you get him upon these topics at all, will discourse of them in the light, easy, half-satirical, and wholly-careless, manner which is suited to the drawing-room and the places where men smoke.

Is it too disrespectful to a great scholar, and an exquisite writer, to avow that one cannot read certain of his latest works without being reminded of this rather disagreeable figure? If that was the impression conveyed by some passages of M. Renan's charming *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, it is likely to be intensified by several others in his latest volume of essays and addresses. In his earlier writings, M. Renan showed himself a savant *bien serieux*. He faced unflinchingly the severest studies; he wrote the History of Israel from the original records; he forced his way through the thorny deserts of Hebrew texts and Semitic philology. As the great Orientalist grows older he becomes—I am speaking, of course, only with reference to his writings—decidedly frisky. He was always the exponent of a chastened and philosophical irony in dealing with serious subjects; but in his more recent essays the irony is not exactly that of the philosopher, and is much more like frivolity. At least, so it will seem to the heavier insular intelligence, as it observes the levity with which M. Renan treats of matters that the Englishman, whether he is a believer or not, is still accustomed to regard with a certain solemnity. Touching pleasantly on the life to come, M. Renan thinks that Purgatory, that place endowed with a certain subdued charm, would suit him best. He imagines it, he says, as an immense park illuminated by a sort of subdued Arctic daylight, in which dim region "s'épurent les amours commencés sur la terre, en attendant la complète éthérisation. Que de romans exquis s'achevent là!" The only drawback is that the place may be a little monotonous. If you always saw the same people, you would get tired of them. However, there might be change of scene. "Les voyages de planètes en planètes m'iraient assez; mais ils n'iraient guère aux vieilles dévotes qui, dit-on, formeront la majorité des élus. Que la volonté de Dieu soit faite." It is safe to say that no German or English-

man—not even the friskiest of frisky philosophers—could have written quite like that. It needed a Frenchman who, if not a Parisian born, is still steeped to the lips in the peculiar essence which Paris distils for those who truly love her.

M. Renan is never tired of telling us that he is a Breton of the Bretons, a Celt among the Celts; and in this volume he prints many graceful sentences in praise of his native land and his own people. He is fond of dwelling on the simple integrity of the Breton character, the frank and primitive credulity of the men, the chaste and alluring reserve of the women, the homely piety of the province, with its cult of *les bon vieux saints*, the song of the birds, the beauty of the flowers, "que je n'ai vues qu'en Bretagne." He goes back to these things as often and as enthusiastically as he recurs to those innocent *amourettes* of his early years, of which he has perhaps told us quite enough. Nothing can be more exquisite than some of M. Renan's allusions to these little histories; but how strange that he should allude to them at all, or, at least, that he should refer to them so often, and with such frank *abandon*, in books written for the public eye, and in discourses addressed to miscellaneous auditors! "On est poursuivi toute sa vie des têtes de jeunes filles qu'on a vues à seize ans." Possibly; but most men cherish the image in silence. M. Renan is always ready to throw open to the world the temple in which he keeps these idols of his youthful adoration; and, prettily as he has tricked them out, one almost wishes he would not exhibit them quite so freely. There is something not wholly edifying in this spectacle of an elderly gentleman, an instructor of the young, the member of many learned societies, an expert in the severest of the historical sciences, who is so ready to break out into rhapsodies over the charms of the girls he worshipped when he was sixteen, thirteen, or twelve, and so eager to let us understand that he, historian, philosopher, and hebraist, has read long and deeply, in *le livre d'amour*, and, indeed, has considered the pleasing science, of which it treats, as curiously as any haunter of clubs or writer of novels. In all this there is assuredly little of the Armorican reserve, in such matters, which he praises so much. If M. Renan is Breton by origin and sympathies, he is Parisian—*un vrai Párisien fin-de-siècle*—in his intellectual tastes and habitudes, and in his outlook on the world. In his gravest moments he is saturated with the levity which is at once the charm and the weakness of the Parisian character. Even in his most scholarly satire there is a spice of *gaminerie*. He can never forget that he is speaking to a cultivated, flippant, quick-witted, and light-thinking society, which, above all things, will not stand dulness, solemnity, or boredom. Beyond the walls of his lecture-room he perceives an audience of the *salon*, of

men of the world, and of charming, well-dressed women, for whose benefit even philosophy and religion must be made up, in the proper packets, with the suitable amount of silver paper and gold cord, as *articles de Paris*. The passage about Purgatory, quoted above, is an excellent illustration of the process. "Que de romans exquis s'achèvent là." How charming to a fair *dévote*, equally attached to her director and to her milliner, to imagine that the next world may be a scene where ethereal flirtation will prevail for ever: where hearts, broken by a remorseless, earthly society, may be put together; and where exquisite romances, stopped short by the unlucky ties and conventions of the mundane estate, may come to delightful fruition!

L'etenel feminin, as everybody knows, occupies a considerable place in the religious and ethical scheme of the author of *L'abbesse de Jouarre*. "I was brought up," says M. Renan, in one of his numerous passages of candid autobiography, "by women and priests"; which, he explains, is the reason why he thinks so much of both, though he has long since shaken himself free of the priests, and has but a small practical—though a wide theoretical—knowledge of women. Nevertheless, he declares that in his mode of thought he is *femme aux trois quarts*. For the benefit of the laity and clergy, and apparently also for the young, he tells the moral story of "Emma Kosilis." This heroine was a Breton maiden who fell deeply and irrevocably in love with a youth named Emilien. She never told her love, but passed whole days thinking about her lover, *immobile, livreè toute entiere à une mollesse langoureuse*, according to what would appear to be the habit and custom of the damsels of Brittany in such circumstances. However, notwithstanding these demonstrations, Emilien remained unconscious of her affection and married somebody else. Emma went into a convent of the Ursuline Sisters, and remained there five years as a novice, though she would not take the vows. The author then proceeds to describe, with a good deal of unction, how the poor girl mixed up her earthly and spiritual affections in a fashion common enough. "Elle ne distinguait pas son amour de sa piété, ni sa piété de son amour." So she lived in an "etat de vague amour," mingled with mystic religious exaltation until Emilien's wife died. A sister of the deceased lady was an inmate of the convent of the Ursulines, and the two young children of the bereaved widower were sent there. They were confided to the care of Emma Kosilis, who took particular delight in tending and caressing them. One day Emilien came to visit his children. He saw them in the presence of Emma, and, with a single burst of tears, the poor girl involuntarily revealed to him the secret of her heart. Emilien—who was "un homme, d'esprit ordinaire, mais

réellement bon"—was touched, and a few months afterwards he married Emma. They lived together for twenty-five years in a felicity greater than words can paint. Thus was constant love rewarded, and the lady recompensed for the sacrifices she had made, or rather had been willing to make, in going into a convent when another woman married the man she wanted. The moral, perhaps, is that ladies crossed in their affections should, like Emma, take care to avoid compromising themselves by religious or other vows which cannot be recalled. You never can tell what may happen. Wives may die and widowers may marry again. But possibly this is not exactly the moral which M. Renan proposes to convey by this history.

Readers of the *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* will recollect the exquisite pages in which M. Renan writes of his little Breton playfellow Noémi. The girl died young, and many years afterwards M. Renan visited the cemetery, where she lay, in order to find her tomb. In the volume before us he tells the disappointing result of his search. He could not, he says, so much as discover a record of her name. A tombstone was too great a luxury for her parents to bestow on her: her remains had been placed under a poor cross of wood, and that had rotted to decay long ago. The inquirer could hear nothing about his little companion but a legend disgraceful and apocryphal. When he asked the villagers questions about her, he was answered: "Oui, elle était fort jolie; mais elle a mal tourné. Ne la cherchez pas ici. Elle suivit un tel, qui l'avait seduite, puis l'abandonna. Elle a fini sur les trottoirs de Paris." M. Renan was horrified. He would not believe the calumnious report, and brought to bear upon it his faculties of historical investigation. He found that it was false, and that it had originated in the habitual looseness and carelessness with which past events are remembered. In the same village in which Noémi lived and played with little Master Ernest there was another girl, of the same age, named Nera. It was poor Nera who turned to Paris, and to evil courses; whereas Noémi, pure and good, died as those do whom the gods love. Shocked as a man, M. Renan is rather gratified as an historian to find that the villagers had mixed up the two stories, and had attributed to Noémi the doings and the fate of Nera. In this wise, says their biographer, are human annals lost, falsified, and confused. "J'adjure l'eternel de prendre garde à cette confusion, si elle tendait a passer dans le grand livre qui, dit-on, sera produit au jour de la justice. Je me lèvera, s'il le faut, dans la vallèe de Josaphat, pour protester contre une telle monstruositè. Je veux que ma petite amie soit au ciel. Il va sans dire cependant que je n'opposerai pas à ce que l'Eternel, en son indulgence infinie, pardonne, si bon lui semble, à la pauvre Nera."

Thus does our philosopher *fin-de-siècle* display at once his wit and his humanity, and gently "chaff" the Almighty.

In a curious passage of his essay on Amiel, M. Renan avows and defends his principle of treating the most serious of all themes in a half-jesting fashion. With a sort of ironical candour, he refers to what he calls Amiel's injustice towards himself. The diarist had inserted in his journal a rather indignant attack on M. Renan for his levity in the discussion of the immortality of the soul and other high subjects of the kind. The censure, says M. Renan, is misplaced. The fact is that we do not *know*, and cannot know, the meaning of all this unintelligible world. The secret of the universe is hidden from us. We are groping in the dark, or, at the best, drawing lots. No doubt there is what we take to be an intuition that impels us to do right and reject the wrong, and clearly points out the difference between good and evil; and it is a noble inspiration which bids us believe that this inner monitor does correspond to an objective reality, and is, in fact, implanted in us by some external power. The best instincts of our nature impel us to cling to that affirmation. "Nous mettons notre noblesse en cette affirmation obstinée; nous faisons bien; il faut y tenir, même contre l'evidence." But then we really cannot be quite sure. One must not trust too blindly to intuitions, and instinctive ideas. "They are dangerous guides, the feelings," M. Renan would say, like Cousin Amy's mother. The odds certainly are in favour of the world being something more than mere chaotic, unreasoning, brute matter and force. There probably—yes: quite probably—is a something not ourselves which makes for righteousness, and this M. Renan is pleased to regard with respect and call "l'Eternel." Still, as a judicious metaphysical sportsman, he is bound to recognize the existence of the off-chance on the other side, and to "hedge" accordingly. It is not, by any means, impossible that the elevated conception mentioned above may be wrong, and that the Universe is, after all, no more than a poor and purposeless farce. Well, if so, do not let us have to confess that we have been entirely deceived. Let us treat the most serious subjects with a delicate irony, so that we shall be partly in the right whichever hypothesis is correct. If "les gens dogmatiques" are right, it will be imputed to our credit that we have worshipped with the noblest part of our nature; and if these dogmatic folks are wrong—in which case, observes M. Renan with a chuckle, what fools they will look, to be sure!—we, at least, were not quite deceived, because, in our loudest declamations about the Eternal, we always tipped a gentlemanly wink to the stalls to show that we were not wholly carried away by the illusion of the performance. This is the sum and substance of M. Renan's

reflections. All our philosophy and all our learning can only tell us that life is a huge lottery; and no wise man, says M. Renan, will seriously consider that it is anything else.

It is not a conclusion that would be found comfortable by everybody. Some men would be plunged into agonies of despair by it; some into frenzies of passionate indignation and revolt. Not so with M. Renan. He, at any rate, can coolly face the problems of existence, and meet them with a pleasant smile. He may be introspective and analytical; but analysis and introspection do not make him, like the rest of his contemporaries, pessimistic.

Wer erfreute sich des Lebens,
Der in seine Tiefen blickt?

M. Renan can answer the poet's question with perfect confidence. With his enviable and charming natural epicureanism, he is firmly resolved to find Life agreeable. Once decide, as he explains, to consider it with the bland, cultured, philosophic impartiality which he inculcates, and it is bound to become so. Therefore, he insists, no sensible man will excite himself superfluously over the matters of which mention has been made. Even if Christianity will not stand against a scholarly examination of texts and historical evidence, there is always what has been called "the Theism of the Natural Order" to fall back upon. That is a good working hypothesis for the average philosophic man. But if *that* be false too? Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, considering the possibility, breaks into wild and whirling words. "To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha and Mill of Death!" But M. Renan would scarcely understand these outbursts; or they would, at any rate, seem to him quite absurd, and he would merely exhort Carlyle's "fire-eyed" hero to cherish "l'illusion, si l'on vent, que la vie est un fruit savoureux." Why, he would ask, should you not foster that useful and serviceable theory? Besides, it is perfectly true—within reasonable limits. If we do not find Life supremely Happy or supremely Blessed, it is, at any rate, within our power to find it exceedingly Interesting. For his own part, M. Renan professes himself entirely satisfied, and quite content to go to sleep for all Eternity, after having seen and learnt so much that is curious and interesting. And then, he says characteristically, "après tout, je l'ai bien vu."

"I should be absurdly ungrateful to complain of my lot. For sixty-four years, I have looked on at that most admirable spectacle, the Universe. The period may be shorter than that of Paradise; but it is a good deal more amusing. This excellent performance I have witnessed from a capital seat, properly

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stuffed, wadded, and upholstered. I have seen the world in one of the most interesting moments of its development."

There is in this something more than placid tolerance of the burden of being. When there is so much that is amusing, agreeable, entertaining, in life, M. Renan thinks that we should be foolish to lament either because it does not altogether fulfil the expectations we choose to form or because the sequel to it is involved in the deepest possible obscurity.

The Epicurean view of life is coloured, more than most others, by the "personal equation" of the observer. The equation, in this case, is that of one who is a profound scholar, a man of letters by profession and life-long habit, and a member of the most cultured circles of a refined and educated society: withal, one who has carried through his years a considerable measure of sacerdotal austerity, due to the early training of St. Sulpice. We are, therefore, not surprised to find that neither negation nor agnosticism has led M. Renan to any sort of sympathy with that kind of materialism which Carlyle called the "Pig's View of the Universe." For the "pig's-wash" of fame, of money, of power, of mere worldly ambition, he has the greatest contempt. What gives so much charm to his later miscellaneous writings is the piquant combination they exhibit of Parisian worldly wisdom with the severity of the student. If he is gay when he talks of subjects on which most men are grave, he is serious where many people are scarcely earnest. Good-humoured, indifferent to so much that rouses men to passion, tolerant of critics and opponents, he yet has the deep, and almost fierce, respect of the true scholar for the sacredness of work, and the artistic French regard for thoroughness, finish, completeness, and perfection. "Travailler sans raisonner, c'est le seul moyen d'être heureux," says Voltaire at the close of the bitterest of his satires. M. Renan has no bitterness, and he will discuss and reason to any extent; but still he points out that if a man is vexed about his Soul, or troubled about the Riddle of the Universe, there is always one anodyne. Let him get to work. Let him occupy himself with some real and strenuous mental exercise, and he will find not only relief, but happiness. But the work must be genuine, and solid: it must not be merely that of the dabbler and the smatterer. It has been M. Renan's good fortune to become a popular writer; but no one is more conscious than he of the dangers which literature, in all its forms, incurs because of the besetting temptation to modern men of letters to court popularity and appeal to a vast multitude of half-educated readers. There are some judicious sentences on this subject in his reply to M. Claretie at the French Academy in February, 1889, which is included in these "Feuilles Détachées." We have had too much, he

says, of the writer by profession. The public has become habituated to the idea that it is right that the author—the man who has something to say to the world—should carry on a business, and, if possible, a lucrative business. The author naturally takes the same view of his calling, with the result that literature becomes more and more superficial, as it appeals to an ever larger number of those who want to be amused. Literature must be "light" and entertaining, or it will command no hearing; and the public, long fed on this unsubstantial and stimulating diet, is losing the power to assimilate more solid and nutritious aliment. The real scholars and thinkers command less respect, and are, in many ways, less favourably situated, than in the days of aristocratic patronage and a more limited and exclusive circle of readers. In literature, as in politics, we have to pay the penalty of shifting the centre of gravity too low. M. Renan repeats, with approval, in his interesting *Souvenirs du "Journal des Débats,"* the saying of the elder Bertin to his contributors: "Write for five hundred people; we will look after the rest." The constant search for novelty, lightness, and amusement will, in the end, be more injurious to literature than the conventionality, monotony, and limitation against which it is in some sort the reaction. There should be a certain gravity and austerity even in books which are frankly intended to entertain rather than to instruct. Without that balancing weight, "light" literature will "die by its own too-much." And, whatever may be the effect of superficial studies and hasty execution on the reader, there can be no doubt as to their results on the writer. By the student who aims at clothing himself in the Renanesque armour against the assaults of harassing doubts and chilling fears, some serious and solid subject in science, literary art, scholarship, or historical research, should be taken up and pursued to its limits, or at least as far as the intelligence and powers of the investigator will carry him. There is always so much to be learnt, so much to be discovered, in every branch of positive knowledge, that no one has any excuse for wasting himself in unavailing regrets, futile speculations, fruitless self-tormentings, or mere intellectual passivity. The scholar need not pause from his labours till he has got to the end of his subject, if it has an end; and when that is reached he can begin a new one. "J'estime qu'il me faudrait cinq cents ans pour épuiser le cadre des études sémitiques, comme je les entends et, si jamais le gôut, chez moi, venait à s'en affaiblir, j'apprendrai la chinois; ce monde nouveau, encore presque intact pour la critique, me mettrait en appétit pour un temps indéfini." Here speaks the true scholar's spirit—the spirit of unsated and insatiable curiosity.

It is not surprising that M. Renan can find little to admire, and nothing whatever to sympathize with, in Henri Frédéric Amiel, or that he has no patience with the *Journal Intime*. In quietly courteous phrase, he gives us to understand that he thinks the author of that now famous book a distinctly poor creature. Why on earth, he asks, was it necessary for the excellent professor to waste his time over elaborate analysis of himself, recorded in enormously voluminous confessions? No doubt the record makes rather interesting reading; but still the task which occupied Amiel's life was superfluous and unnecessary. Surely he could find some better employment for his abundant leisure, his learning, and his talents. With so much in the universe to be done or to be learnt, it is a pity that a man of great ability and acquirements should devote himself for long years to nothing more valuable than the study of his own psychological and spiritual maladies. The person who has the time to write a *journal intime* has not sufficiently grasped the vastness of the world. "L'étendue des choses à connaître est immense. L'histoire de l'humanité est à peine commencée; l'étude de la nature réserve des découvertes absolument impossibles à prévoir. Comment, en présence d'une si colossale besogne, s'arrêta à se dévrer soi-mêne, à douter de la vie? Il vaut bien vieux prendre la pioche et travailler." It is good advice; none the less valuable that it is quite impossible for characters so peculiarly compounded as was that of Amiel to follow it. M. Renan discusses with learning and judgment the causes of Amiel's intellectual sterility and his unsatisfactory and inconclusive attitude in philosophy. But the sickness of the soul that haunts an Amiel or a Senancour, and all those who, like Hamlet, have in their hearts "a kind of fighting," and which turns them, if they be men of the pen, into the confessors of literature—this is hidden from the author of "Feuilles Détachées." To him an Amiel or a Senancour is but a person deficient in the true objectivity, afflicted *d'une certaine osivité d'ésprit*, an intellectual idler, who, instead of pressing forward to the plains of knowledge where, in Milton's phrase, "that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat," loiters gloomily by the wayside, concerned over-much with the *les petites mélancolies du chemin*. A critic, with a deeper insight into such matters, has spoken less harshly.—

"A fever in these pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign;
A wounded human spirit turns,
Here on its bed of pain.

"For, though the virgin mountain-air
Fresh through these pages blows;
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their mute snows;

" Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony."

So wrote the poet of the Apostle of Despair. Is it with relief or irritation that one turns from Arnold's lines, or the mournful cadences of Amiel's prose, to the elderly philosopher of the Parisians, who looks back so complacently on his seventy years of well-filled days, his books, his studies, his agreeable memories, his Breton hermitage, and the general reflection that he has had a good place at the excellent drama of life? At any rate, it is pleasant to find a man who is so much awake to all the thrill and movement of the time, and yet is, on the whole, so well pleased with it. The storm and stress and breathless hurry of the age do not disturb him.

" Brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

" Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds, before
We have had time to breathe."

Not at all, says M. Renan, with his gentle smile: it is a very good century. " Ce cher XIXe. siècle, l'avenir en dira beaucoup de mal; on sera injuste si on ne reconaît pas qu'il fut charmant." M. Renan certainly seems to have found it so.

Sidney J. Low.

SOCIETY IN CORSICA*

The history of Corsica, and its steady social retrogression since it has become a Department of France, is an interesting study for the upholder of a Republican form of government. It is just a hundred years since Paoli, the liberator of his countrymen from their Genoese oppressors, was welcomed in Paris as the Washington of Europe, and was invited by the National Assembly to take supreme command of the new Department of France. A people who have for four centuries spent their whole energies in desultory rebellion against the tyranny of alien masters are as little fitted for the privileges of self-government as were the liberated slaves of the Southern States, or the native population of India. Restlessness, love of intrigue, and unhealthy excitement have entered into their blood. The taint is as hereditary as insanity, and it requires a more powerful remedy than mere time. If the natural outlet is denied to it, it will vent itself in social disorder, in political intrigue, or in private enmity. In Corsica there is a stronger element of disorder than the mere restlessness born of centuries of rebellion and bloodshed. For the political corruption, and for the crimes of the Vendetta, which combine to make the State of Corsica a disgrace to France, the spirit of clanship is really responsible. The clan disappeared from the Highlands of Scotland before the civilization of the seventeenth century, with which it was incompatible. In Corsica it flourishes side by side with the advanced and elaborate institutions of Republican Government, with all of which it is in the bitterest antagonism. The spirit of the clan infects every department of the State. The elections are corrupted by it; the hands of the Executive are tied by it; private quarrels are spread and embittered by it. It invades the law courts, and utterly destroys the confidence of the people in the impartiality of their magistrates. The unit in Corsica is not the individual. It is the clan. The leader or patron of the clan is generally a person of considerable wealth and influence, both of which must be at the service of the meanest of his supporters in whatsoever cause he may require it. In return, the vote, the

* For many of the statistics in this paper, the writer is indebted to M. Paul Bourde.

services, and even the life, of the clansman are at the disposition of his chief. The spirit which in a former age responded to the call to arms is now perverted to secret political intrigue, to the support of the family representative at the elections, even to the darker services of the family vendetta. The aggregation of families into organized clans may be observed among most mountainous countries, where the difficulties of communication have prevented any central organization powerful enough to impose laws. Men driven to their own resources for security unite themselves into families or collections of families for mutual defence. Under good government the clan becomes no longer necessary; but the abominable occupation of Corsica by the Genoese, which lasted four centuries, was no government at all. The country was plundered, and justice was sold to the highest bidder. Men without the support of a powerful family, and without any legal protection, felt themselves lost if they remained isolated. They formed alliances with more influential families, and were willing enough to perform whatsoever services were required of them in return for the guaranteed safety of their families. A Corsican will boast of the number of his relations as an Englishman might boast of the strength of his arm. The duties of the patron of the clan are not confined to the exercise of political influence in behalf of his constituents. A certain patron of an important clan in the north of Corsica, whose lands are scattered among a dozen distant communes, has turned large tracts of arable land into pasture for the free use of his tenants, who, moreover, have the privilege of cutting whatsoever wood they require from his plantations. His generosity is not thrown away. It has gained him perhaps an additional three hundred votes. The supporters who in another age would have followed him to war now follow him to the poll. A client may be in want of thirty francs, but may be unable to sell the wine he made last vintage. He instantly turns to his patron. The wine is loaded on a mule, and a journey of thirty miles has to be made to sell the wine to the patron who does not want it. A Corsican not belonging to a clan—if there existed such an anomaly—and unable to rely upon the support of his patron in the critical moments in his life would, in the present political condition of Corsica, be in a more pitiable state than he would have been, excommunicated seven hundred years ago.

One must have lived in Corsica to realize the importance of success at the elections. At first sight the chiefs of clans would seem to have little compensation for their various services to their clients; but in reality they enjoy to the fullest extent that passion which ruled the lives of such men as Richelieu and Napoleon. To lead men, to uphold their interests against their enemies, to

triumph over fallen opponents—these are the functions of the chief of a powerful clan.

The first three months of each year in Corsica are periodically taken up with the elections of the mayors and *juges de paix*, both of which offices are held by Corsicans. The roll of electors is made up by a commission presided over by the mayor; and the appeals against their decision are heard by the *juge de paix*, who in reality makes out the lists. Now, in most of the communes the electors are divided between two clans, who live in the same street, and pass each other a dozen times a day without greeting. The victory of the one or of the other is often decided by two or three votes, and it is therefore of immense importance to be able to enroll half-a-dozen friends, or strike out the same number of enemies. Upon this power depends the possession of the *mairie*. It is easy enough for the *juge de paix* to add to the number of his supporters. Certain electors belong to two communes, either by the ties of marriage or by being landlords in both. According to the necessities of party, they vote for the one or for the other. If they belong to the clan opposite to that of the *juge de paix*, he finds that they belong exclusively to another commune, and have no right to vote in his. If they are his friends, they are sent for; and if they cannot come, their vote is recorded without them. He can further add to the roll of his friends by inscribing the names of electors who have left the commune ten, twenty, or even thirty years ago, and have long been enrolled in the commune to which they have removed. At St. Florent, a commune with two hundred electors, the majority is generally determined by four or five votes. In 1884 the *juge de paix* inscribed the names of six road-overseers belonging to neighbouring communes, on the pretext that, as their chief, the inspector of roads and bridges, lived at St. Florent, that commune was their legal place of abode. The Cour de Cassation reversed this decision by an order dated May 24. In the meantime the six overseers had voted at the elections of May 4. Next year the *juge de paix*, totally disregarding the order of the Court, again inscribed their names; a fresh injunction was issued; and the party, judging that this source of electors was exhausted, were driven to seek others. There are, besides, a dozen methods of preventing adversaries from voting. The simplest is to refuse them on the ground of insufficient description. There is not much variety in the surnames in Corsica, and children are usually given two Christian names. By inadvertence one of the Christian names is often omitted from the roll of electors. "You call yourself Bartoli Pietri," the mayor says, politely. "There are three Bartoli Pietri in this commune. The

list does not say whether you are Bartoli-François, or Bartoli-Pierre, or Bartoli-Ours. You are not enrolled, my friend, and I cannot let you vote." The mayor is perfectly aware who the rejected voter is, and that he is an enemy of the clan.*

The *juge de paix* is not unusually himself the chief of a powerful clan. He does not find the two positions incompatible; but his duties to the clan come first. He carries on his official work after the Corsican principle—"For friends, everything; for enemies, nothing." He is placed in so false and embarrassing a position that it would be a miracle if he administered the laws with impartiality. His position of clan chief must, sooner or later, clash with the duties of his office. Suppose he were to sentence a client and an enemy to the same punishment. The client would regard it as a cruel injustice, and it would be so regarded by every Corsican who felt the conscience of the clan. "Very well, sir," the client would say, "you do not recognize me. It is not much good being of your party. I will consult my comrades about the election of a juster patron."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance to a Corsican of belonging to the clan that carries the elections. The mayor has no sooner been established in the *mairie* than he throws open the communal lands to his supporters, who are free to enclose it, or to cultivate it, or to have the exclusive right of grazing on it. At Olmetto the communal lands, once considerable, have now almost disappeared. When the commune has some sale to make, such as of timber, the mayor arranges that the tender of some friend should be accepted, and when the day arrives for settlement the purchaser files an application for insolvency. The certificate is sent to Ajaccio signed by the mayor, countersigned by the municipal receiver—in fact, it is perfectly in order;—but the commune touches none of the money. The commune exacts a small poll tax on the heads of cattle grazed on their domains. Accordingly, the mayor's friends have ten cattle reckoned as one, and his enemies count ten for every one of theirs. In 1866 at Casamaccioli the mayor had thirty-four partisans and thirty-seven enemies. The former were assessed at 87·55f., and the latter at 1002·80f. The result of all this is that the communes which once held enormous domains are now without resource. There are forests large enough to require the services of forest guards; but the communes cannot even afford the modest salaries of those agents. We laugh at the officials of the Sublime Porte who have to wait eighteen months for their salaries. In Corsica—a department of France—there are forest guards whose salaries are six years in arrears. This poverty of the communes has paralyzed the efforts

* *Protest of Electors of Palneca*, 1884.

of the State. Magnificent roads cover Corsica from end to end, and railways are being constructed at enormous expense. What is the use of all this? Apart from the main road between Ajaccio and Bastia, you will not meet ten waggons in a day's journey. The people, able to afford mules only, continue to use mule transport on these splendid roads as their forefathers did upon their old irregular mule-tracks.

The spirit of clanship so permeates the whole of society that Corsica is really divided by it into friends and enemies. From the moment that a mayor assumes his scarf he is occupied only in serving his friends or in frustrating his enemies. He regards the Government of France in much the same light in which his ancestors regarded that of Genoa. To deceive it by false documents, either to avail himself of its favours or to escape the requirements of its service, is reckoned a fair transaction. If you are his enemy, ask no certificate from the mayor. Were you a hundred times in want of help, he will regard you as a rich man. If you are his friend, he will commit almost any irregularity to serve you. A friend is in temporary want of help. He has a daughter thirty-five years old. The mayor grants a certificate establishing the woman a new-born infant, and the public-assistance fund grants an allowance.* A friend wishes to escape completely from military service. The mayor furnishes him with a certificate establishing that he is the eldest son of a widow. The gendarmerie who paid a visit to this eldest son of a widow found him living with his father, who was in rude health, and discovered a brother a good deal older than this "eldest son." In fact, it is the general rule that the rich people draw the State poor rates, for it is the rich people who have influence and belong to the powerful clan.

Endless roguery is resorted to to escape from military service. A friend sometimes requests the mayor not to register the birth of a son. Years afterwards, a day or two before the conscription, the military authorities receive an anonymous letter denouncing the young man who has thus escaped his legal obligations, and he is promptly entered in the registers with the date of his birth, and the words "omitted '*par oubli.*'" Favours without end to friends, annoyances without end to enemies, must bring their natural consequence—an exasperation difficult for an Englishman to imagine. Picture a little mountain village divided between two hostile parties whose every passion is stirred by a fierce electioneering contest for three months in the year. The day comes, and one party triumphs—probably by an injustice of which it is proud. Day after day the vanquished must meet their conquerors in the

*Commune of Ajaccio.

village street, and writhe under truculent triumph. The men are so plunged in the interests of their petty politics that they seldom do any work. Their electioneering quarrels are often embittered by hereditary family hatreds. There is no wonder then that Corsica surpasses all civilized European countries in the number of its crimes of violence.

The reader will ask why, if the corruption of the petty officials is so glaring, the sufferers do not appeal to the Executive for redress. The answer is that they do, but generally without much hope that their petition will be answered. To touch a mayor or a *juge de paix* is to strike at the existence of an entire clan: a step which the local Executive, following the example of their predecessors, are loth to take. Injunctions are obtained in the superior court, the decision of a *juge de paix* is reversed; but before the ponderous machinery of law can be set in motion the influence of the powerful clan has rendered its action abortive. I will speak by-and-by of the independent attitude of the gendarmerie; they have no power over the mayor, be his actions ever so audaciously illegal. One of the recent mayors of Sarterre, a town of five or six thousand inhabitants, learned that the gendarmes had laid an information against one of his friends for not stamping a document. The mayor informed the gendarmes that he had dispensed with the necessity for stamps, and ordered them to withdraw their information. The préfect of Corsica was obliged to interfere in this strange conflict.

Perhaps the gravest evil in Corsica is that there is no confidence in the tribunals. The lower courts are administered by the *juges de paix*. They are members of a clan; the higher courts depend on juries with clan influence also. Indeed, if the magistrates' impartiality were irreproachable, it would not be believed in. The members of his clan who were acquitted would regard it as an act of personal friendship; an enemy, if condemned, howsoever guilty, would attribute his conviction to malice. Unhappily, the magistrates are in so false a position that they are not impartial, and it is sufficient for an accused person to know the clan sympathies of the jury by whom he is to be tried to be certain beforehand whether he will be acquitted or condemned. In civil actions the plaintiff is pretty sure to have secured powerful influence before he ventures to plead his case before the court. In criminal cases the sentences are out of all proportion to the nature of the offence. When long sentences are passed, it does not follow that the convict will complete his punishment if he be of a good clan. A man sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for violence received an almost immediate reversal of his sentence. A man who may be seen every day in the streets of Ajaccio led the deadly attack on the journalist

St. Elene. His friends will tell you that St. Elene died of his wounds; his enemies, that his death resulted from natural causes. Howsoever that may be, the man in question was sentenced to three months in gaol; but all the world knows that he never underwent his punishment, and that he holds the position in the city police that he held before.

Are the Corsicans to be altogether blamed for their hardened incredulity on the subject of legal justice? Since the days when law was first found necessary to protect society, law badly administered has produced one invariable result. The offspring of legal anarchy is crime, and the criminality in Corsica shows to what a frightful depth the tribunals of the island have sunk. Corsicans, trained by four centuries of armed resistance to their Genoese oppressors, accustomed by the traditions of their race to rely on themselves to avenge injuries, and fearing little from an administration that has already proved itself incompetent to enforce order, naturally take the law into their own hands. An insult is offered, or a political dispute arises: what is easier than the discharge of a gun or a stab with a dagger? The *maquis* is near, and there one is safe. No one who did not know the disorder in which the country is plunged could understand the enormous proportion of crimes against the person and the alarming increase of banditism. The fact is that nine out of every ten crimes are the result of personal quarrels and family feuds. Scarcely one is from motives of robbery. Where one half of the population oppresses the other half, the continual injustice and petty illegality will goad the oppressed into a state bordering on insanity. A dog killed in a vineyard was the reason given for the vendetta between the Rocchini and the Tafani, which made eleven victims. The part the dog played in the matter is easily understood: the hatred between the two families was sufficient, apart from the dog.

In the political sleep of the Second Empire feuds burned low. The Government indicated whom it wished elected, and competition naturally died out. Such a despotism was good for Corsica. Electoral quarrels were impossible; and, as one party could no longer triumph over another, there was less hatred, less injustice, and fewer crimes of violence. The annual return of murder cases tried at Bastia fell from 113 to 35. Since 1871 it has risen again to 72; and the reports of the gendarmerie for 1886 give the appalling number of 135—one for every two thousand inhabitants, or four times more than the number in the department of the Seine. Out of the 135, 52 followed immediately upon election disputes; 56 were the result of vendetta. Is it from a wish not to sweep away all traces of ancient customs that the enlightened French Government will not take the one step that would stamp out these abuses?

In the days when men had to depend on their own arms for justice, vengeance that slept not seemed far nobler than humility or resignation. To ourselves Corsican vengeance is at one time ludicrous, at another horrible, always an anachronism; but it is only because we live under laws which are administered that we regard it so. Any stronghanded Government can force its tribunals to be respected; but France seems to treat Corsica only as a museum of obsolete customs. The result is that Corsicans to-day feel for a murderer pity and admiration akin to that which our grandfathers displayed towards him who had killed his man in duel. It is the man "in trouble" who has a claim upon his friends. If he turns bandit, they feed him and protect him against the gendarmerie. If he is arrested, every means will be exhausted to secure his acquittal. Thus, witnesses to a murder are very difficult to get: evidence against the accused will render the witness an enemy to the clan. At an election at Palneca, in 1881, a murder was attempted in the village square, in the presence of sixty people. Not a witness could be got. Every one of them affirmed that he had seen nothing of it. Even the wounded man himself, when he had recovered from a bullet in the neck, stated that he could not imagine who had fired upon him. He had had enough, and wanted no second bullet. The prosecution was abandoned.

When a jury is composed of friends and enemies of the accused, the results are extraordinary. Some feign stupidity and deafness. They did not hear the witness make such-and-such a statement, or they understood him to say the opposite. The result of all this intimidation is that the Corsicans themselves, who have strained every nerve to paralyze the arm of the law, are the first to find that arm too weak to protect them. The very family that has exerted itself to protect a murderer finds that the murdered are not adequately avenged, and, when the court rises, the work of the juries is finished with a gunshot. Chiarelli is sentenced to ten months in prison for blinding Foata with a pistol shot. "It is not enough for an eye," Foata says; and when Chiarelli returns from prison, he kills him.*

In 1887, in the public square at Sartene, the body of a man lay murdered. His wife appeared, dragging her frightened children after her. She put their fingers in his wounds; she smeared their faces with their father's blood, and, with terrible imprecations, made them swear to avenge him.

The cross is a threat of death, and he who finds it drawn upon his door knows that he must look for no quarter. In decrees forbidding the carrying of arms in certain districts, exception is

* Sentenced to five years' penal servitude, December 8, 1884.

officially made in the case of persons notoriously "*en état d'inimitié.*" The vendetta neither sleeps nor knows where it may stop. It is not confined to two persons. The quarrels of individuals are taken up by whole families. Not even collateral branches are exempt, and women must take their chances with the men. Indeed, revenge is more artistically complete when the blow falls upon the beautiful and gifted. In 1856 one Joseph Antoine injured a girl named Sanfranchi. Thirty years passed, and the story was forgotten; but on the 14th of August, 1886, the nephew of Sanfranchi encountered Antoine on, perhaps, the first occasion he had ventured far from his house. He shot the man down like a dog.

Threatened persons remain shut up for months, or even years, in their houses, built, as all Corsican houses are, like a fortress.* If they wish to go out for a moment to breathe the fresh air on the threshold, a scout goes before and reconnoitres. In the district of Sartene bands of armed men are sometimes met with in the road. It is a man "*en inimitié*" travelling from one village to another. I have already mentioned the vendetta between the Rocchini and the Tafani, which resulted in the death of eleven persons and the execution of one of the principal criminals. In this extraordinary case two entire families took to the *maquis*, and waged a guerilla war upon each other; each in turn was assisted by the gendarmerie, who had made disgraceful alliance with bandits in order to effect their arrests. Contrary to custom, some of these bandits became brigands. As a rule persons outside their quarrel are never molested by them. They are merely outlaws. The Rocchini who was guillotined in 1888 (the first execution for many years) boasted that he was only twenty-two, and had killed seven persons with his own hand. Confident of a reprieve, he continued to regard himself as a hero, until the day of his execution. When all hope was gone he sank into the most abject state of cowardice, which lasted until the end.

The vendetta may sometimes be closed by a formal treaty between the parties. An election dispute at San Gavino di Garbini, on the 13th of January, 1878, resulted in the murder of a Pietri by a Nicoli. In the vendetta that followed three Nicoli and one Pietri fell in succession. Both families had taken to the *maquis*. The Préfet and one of the Deputies of Corsica interfered; and at a great meeting, a formal treaty, binding the parties to bury the past, was

* Four thick stone walls, pierced by two or three windows in the upper story, constitute the usual model. The ground floor is occupied by the stables; and the first floor is reached by an external ladder, overlooked by a loophole, from which a cannon-ball or a heavy stone can be dropped on the head of an unwelcome visitor.

drawn up and signed. Like treaties between States, it lasted only as long as neither party wished to break it. The Nicoli counted three victims, and the Pietri only two. The former re-opened the vendetta to murder another Pietri. The Nicoli broke through a second treaty, and killed a fourth. The third treaty has been observed hitherto. This case has gone three times before the Assize Court; but each time the jury has acquitted the accused on the ground that a written treaty wipes out the past.

There are between five and six hundred bandits in Corsica to-day. Some of them, it is true, are men who have preferred wandering for years among the mountains to undergoing a few days imprisonment; but the majority are guilty of darker crimes. If a man is accused of theft he will first take to the *maquis*, and thence as a bandit intimidate witnesses and intrigue among the jury, until he thinks it safe to give himself up. Without these manœuvres, he would not trust himself to the justice of the court. Unless they greatly excel them in numbers, the gendarmes never attempt the arrest of bandits; for a bandit is a desperate man, and, since death sentences are never passed, the murder of a gendarme or two will not place him in a worse position.

The tax of supporting a bandit is not without its compensations. Bandits are a hidden power in the country. They control the petty elections; they menace those who are hostile to their own friends. Thus, while the existence of six hundred of them is a real danger to public security, it is no small advantage to a Corsican to be related to a bandit. You support, pay, protect, the bandit; and in return he places his gun at your disposal. It is an exchange of services. "He has a bandit in his service" is a common expression. Are you in debt? The bandit will gain you time. Are you disputing the ownership of property? The bandit will show your opponent he is wrong. Have you land on which shepherds trespass? He will keep them off. In a word, the bandit is the Judge Lynch of Corsica, and is invoked instead of the Courts.

There is not space within which to sketch in detail the life of the celebrated Bellacoscia family, who ruled the mountains for forty years. Two brothers, on some trifling quarrel with a mayor, murdered him, and took to the *maquis* in 1848. They established themselves in an almost impregnable valley near Bocagnano called Pentica. Thence they controlled the elections, terrorized over their enemies, and defied the gendarmes for forty years. For their various crimes they were each condemned to death four times, and, doubtless, would have received other sentences had not the authorities seen the humour of sentencing to death men who had defeated the gendarmes in every expedition against them. They amassed property, married their daughters well, and pro-

cured situations for their sons-in-law with paternal solicitude. As age grew on them they desired to re-enter society. In 1869 they petitioned the Empress Eugénie in person; but their record of crime was too great. They have since, like Vidocq, offered to turn detectives against the other bandits. Their fall came two years ago. The railroad from Ajaccio to Bastia was surveyed to pass close to Pentica, crown land which they had the audacity to call their own. They attacked the workmen, and a French regiment to disperse them was despatched immediately. Their houses and property were seized, and it is said that they escaped to the Continent; but it is whispered among Corsicans that they are still in hiding among the mountains and biding their time for vengeance.

Now let us see what Corsica costs the French. In 1886 the finances showed a deficit of 12,921,253 francs. While the rest of France were taxed seventy-five francs a head, the Corsicans were paying twenty. Frenchmen made up the difference.

Roads and railroads are being made at enormous cost for the use of half-barbarous people, in a country were 600 bandits are allowed to be at large. The work is carried on by Italians, for the Corsicans are too lazy to work. The railway from Ajaccio to Bastia cost £3,000,000, of which Corsica paid not one penny. Every acre of land valued by a Corsican jury was sold to the Government at seven or eight times its value. The opposition and the dishonesty were so great that it was determined that if the Corsican jury's award exceeded the Government estimate Corsica should pay the difference, and, since the jury contained a majority of Corsicans, the Préfet submitted numbers to them instead of the names of the owners. Moreover, the projected lines from Fiumorbo to Bonifacio, and from Ajaccio to Propriano, were abandoned.

There will be no hope for Corsica until clanship is abolished. Not long ago the Préfet was authorized to disburse a secret-service fund. In Ajaccio alone 3,000 francs were paid for information about a bandit to a family who had a vendetta against him. In this way the Second Empire spent 200,000 francs in one year. In proposing remedies one might naturally suggest that Continentals should be appointed to the various offices and to the juries; but that would be a mistake. The former measure would alienate the Corsicans; and, in the latter case, Continental juries, unable to understand the involved evidence of native witnesses, would invariably acquit. Appointments of 1,800 francs a year could not attract Continentals to live in uncivilized villages.*

* It is remarkable that Corsica, proportionately, furnishes the greatest number of *employés* in the Continental administration of France.

Perhaps an influx of colonists from the Continent might weaken the clan spirit. Corsica could support three times its present population; but how can we expect that colonists should settle in a country where property is so insecure? Travellers are safe enough in Corsica. They have no property. Colonists could not remain a week in the country. How could they expect that their vested rights should be respected when, owing to the quasi-communal system, encouraged by the clan spirit, even the land titles of the natives are in continual dispute? The true remedy is to apply the law. The gendarmes, like Sysiphus, ever wearily push up the rock of Corsican custom, and the law courts ever let it fall back on their tired shoulders.

Pensioned police might be employed as magistrates. As it is, clanship supports local officials in wrongdoing. If the Préfet accuses one of these, the deputies make charges against the Préfet. They are themselves clansmen. Since the tribunals are often under the influence of one clan, let clanship be broken down. Let the Préfet have the independence to dismiss a magistrate guilty of illegalities; let no mayor who abuses his office go unpunished; and, above all, let the punishment for murder be death. If Corsicans once have confidence in the justice of their courts, banditism will pass away, and a great national disgrace to France will be wiped out.

Corsica is an island of great natural resources. Its neglected forests of timber, its acres of untilled vineyard, and its miles of unplanted olive land, might make it one of the richest departments of France. Even the money that has been spent upon it entitles it to greater attention.

Basil Thomson.

THE GUANCHES OF TENERIFE.

The visitor to Orotava, the new health-resort in Tenerife, is sure to hear a good deal of talk, more or less intelligent, about the Guanches. During his pleasant post-prandial idlings in the cool garden of the hotel, with the murmur of the fountains in his ears, the sweet smell of a multitude of flowers in his nostrils, and with his eyes upon the white cone of the Peak, 12,000 feet above the hotel roof, the verdant vine-clad hills of Oratava, and the more distant ridge of Tigayga, he may even be tempted into soliloquy about those mysterious ancients who once had the island to themselves. Perchance a smiling little Spanish urchin accosts him in the midst of his musings, and, with a delightfully reverent salutation, asks if his worship would like to see some curios which he and his comrades have lately discovered. The treasure may prove to be nothing more than a handful of human teeth in excellent preservation, and a number of little beads of terra-cotta; both beads and teeth being Guanche relics. Other Spaniards, more ambitious, make up to him with attractions of a stronger kind. If his worship is an antiquary, or a lover of ancient things, he is invited to journey for a few hours with them, to a certain cave, unknown to the rest of the world, where he may see for himself rows or heaps of these dead aborigines of Tenerife. His worship is urged to lose no time; for, of a certainty, if any ignorant agriculturist of the district gets wind of this find, he will use these remains of the Guanches for the fertilization of his vineyard or his potato-patch. This is a very seductive lure; for has not the visitor, ever since his arrival in Orotava, been much interested by a certain hole in the face of a precipitous cliff over the black shore sands a few hundred yards away, the sheaf of thigh-bones set jauntily in the opening being an unmistakable advertisement of the original purpose and contents of the cave? He may even have exerted himself so far as to ascend to the summit of the cliff itself. Thence he has looked, by a gap in the ground, into this very pit, the other aperture of which is cut in the vertical face of the rock. And he has found some entertainment in gazing for a few minutes at the medley of bleached skulls and backbones, and arms and legs, which thickly litter the cave some fifteen or twenty feet

beneath him, but inaccessible without a ladder or a rope. Then, as a crowning stimulant to his fancy, he may, last of all, have paid a visit to one or other of the local Spanish collectors of Guanche remains, and listened with considerable interest to enthusiastic expositions of the fine qualities of the skulls which are put before him for his admiration. "These the crania of a debased type of mankind having affinity with the negro! Look at the lock of golden hair still adhering to this withered scalp. A skald of the north might have sung its praises in a saga. Who knows? the German scholar who claimed the Guanches as a collateral branch of his own noble race may, for aught we can say, be justified in his seeming extravagance. A race, my dear sir, the like of which we shall never see again. Shame upon my nation for having been the means of brutalizing and extinguishing it!" With such words as these the antiquaries of Orotava are sure to excite the extreme amount of curiosity about the Guanches of which the visitor is capable; and he may wish to know more about them.

If so, it is not very difficult to satisfy him. There is no lack of printed matter on the subject. The pity is that it is so hard to draw the line between what is true and what is due mainly, if not altogether, to the imagination of the old chroniclers and poets who have subsequently been raised to the dignity of historical authorities.

We have no book written by a Guanche. Manifestly none but a Guanche could give us anything like an exhaustive and wholly credible narrative of the institutions and customs of the people. Such records as we possess are the work of Spaniards not even contemporary with the Guanches before the Spanish conquest was completed. The Conquest put a summary end to the individuality of the nation. How could it have been otherwise, when it was a cardinal principle with these eccentric filibusters of Spain to go on their errands of conquest with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other? The people who did not straightway renounce their old beliefs (and the habits contingent upon their beliefs) were exterminated as a matter of conscience. If they did thus confess that they and their forefathers had hitherto lived in error and ignorance, they were hardly safer from extermination by more insidious methods; and in thus surrendering their self-respect they made the first step towards that abyss of degradation which was sure to be their ultimate fate. They had lost cohesion, and so their ancient customs and polity were destined soon to be swallowed up by the new methods of life imposed upon them by their conquerors. In half a century they would have become traditions, and nothing more; and in a century most of them would be forgotten. It may be imagined, therefore, that there is

much that is defective and merely conjectural in Spanish writings about the Guanches, most of which date from the seventeenth century, the conquest itself having been completed in the year 1496.

We need not inquire very exactly into the origin of the Guanches. That were quite futile. There is no basis upon which to build an incontestable theory on the subject. The authors who have seen in the inhabitants of the Archipelago the posterity of Noah by two mysterious vagrant children, Crano and Crana (male and female respectively), who landed here and named the islands after themselves, do not seem to have much probability on their side. Other authors regard them as descendants of the Canaanites expelled by Joshua from Palestine, or of certain of those Egyptians who, in Herodotus's time, made the grand tour of the African coast; as offshoots from Tyre and Sidon; the remnant of the inhabitants of Atlantis; and I know not what else. There is little of exact testimony to support any one of those theories; nor does philology here help us much, though there seems to be some affinity between the fragments of the Canarian languages which have come down to us and the language of the Berber race of the adjacent mainland of Africa.* The word Guanche is merely an expansion of the simple root *Guan*, "a man."

Although the inhabitants of the different islands of the group were, comparatively speaking, so near to each other, it is affirmed that they had no intercourse. Hence the stupefaction with which the Guanches are said to have regarded the white-sailed ships of the Spaniards, which they believed to be living creatures. But this assertion must be accepted with reserve, especially as it concerns islands so near to each other as Tenerife and Gomera, and Lanzarote and Fuerteventura. Among a people who could spend a whole night swimming in the sea, with a torch in one hand and a harpoon in the other, there were sure to be certain bold spirits whose curiosity would lead them to cross the strait between their own isle and its neighbour. The fact that the word "Guan" was a root common to so much of the nomenclature in the other isles, as well as in Tenerife, is enough to support the plea for a common origin, whether or not in later times each island developed a dialect of its own incomprehensible to the people of the other islands.

* An interesting object was, in 1886, found close to the sea-shore of Anaga, in Tenerife, by Don Manuel de Ossuna. This is a pyramidal stone about three inches long by an inch-and-a-half at the base, with upon one side a smooth and inscribed surface. After much patient and learned investigation, Don Manuel has been able to assure himself that the writing on the stone is a composite of Punic, Hebrew, and Semitic characters—in fact, a Phœnician dialect,—and he ascribes it to the third or second century before Christ. The "Anaga Inscription," as it is called, is rather a witness to the vagabond habits of the Phœnicians than to the culture of the Guanches.

The character of the islanders has been differentiated in a somewhat shrewd and singular way. According to Bontier and Le Verrier (the two chaplains who, in 1402, accompanied Béthencourt the first European invader, in his expedition against the island), "it would be difficult in all the world to find a handsomer or braver people, or one more intelligent, if only they had the means of cultivating their intelligence." The inhabitants of Fuerteventura and Lanzarote are said to have been compassionate, though stern, friendly, sociable, and fond of dancing and music. Those of Gomera (where, even after the Conquest, it was a custom to offer woman's milk to a stranger) excelled in feats of skill and marksmanship, and were audacious in enterprise. The natives of Palma and Hierro were a melancholy people: the former much in subjection to their wives, and the latter notorious for their melodies, which "affected the bowels of hearers in a singularly sympathetic manner." The Grand Canarians were lively, clever, courageous, amiable, and truthful, according to some; but treacherous, according to others. All agree that the Guanches of Tenerife were strong, active, warlike, modest, generous, honourable, and patriotic. Such enconium as this could be passed upon few nationalities now or at any time in the world's history.

From the latitude of their isles, the Canarians were likely to be swarthy; but they were no kin to the negroes of Africa. Buffon's words on this point are explicit: "Excepting the flat nose, these people had nothing in common with the negroes." The Spaniards would have scorned to intermarry with negro women; but they did not scruple to seek wives among the Guanches and other Canarians, partly from policy and attracted also by the beauty of the Canarian women. Indeed, so early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, nearly a hundred years before Tenerife was forcibly invaded, the nephew of Béthencourt, who accompanied his uncle to the islands, abducted a native princess of Grand Canary and married her. The princess, a girl of eighteen, and her attendants were bathing in the sea, in ignorance that certain Spaniards were in the woods near the shore. These rogues thus found them an easy prey. The princess was carried off to the adjacent island of Lanzarote, already in the possession of the Béthencourts, as vassals-in-chief of the King of Spain; and there, in the words of the chronicler, "the priest bathed her afresh in the holy baptismal stoup, whence she went forth so beautiful and strong that M. Maciot, noble Béthencourt's nephew, made her his wife; and from them twain have proceeded the illustrious family of Béthencourt, like flowers from a garden." This maiden is described as being "so fair that the very sea felt a passion for her, and for whiteness she outvied the snow."

The women of Grand Canary were, indeed, especially renowned

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for their beauty. No doubt they owed their light complexions to the native custom whereby they were prohibited from leaving the house without the express permission of their husbands. The only indulgence they were allowed was that of sea-bathing, and it was an offence punishable with death for a man to be found on that part of the coast thus devoted to their use.

The Guanches were no less interesting physically than the people of Grand Canary. Viana, in his epic on the *Antiquities of the Fortunate Isles* (a long and terrible poem, in which the author's enthusiasm carries him through a page of forty lines without a full stop), is extravagant in their praise. His portraiture of Bencomo, the last king of Taoro (the Valley of Oratava), and the chief obstacle to the conquest of Tenerife, is quite microscopic. The monarch is set before us as a man seven cubits high, with a broad wrinkled brow, his hair divided over it; piercing black eyes, thick eyelashes, and eyebrows that met above his large, wide-nostrilled nose; with thick lips, parted to show a "prodigious number of diamantine teeth" (sixty molars!); wearing a heavy moustache, the ends upturned, and a snow-white beard to the diaphragm. This burly sovereign was blessed with "muscular arms, covered with scars, stout knees, strong legs, and small feet." If we attire Bencomo in a "tamarco," or loose robe of fine skins, put a coronal of flowers round his spacious forehead, sandals upon his feet, and, for a sceptre, the arm-bone of his great-grandfather, Tinerfe, in his hand, we shall see His Majesty in as much personal pomp as he ever cared to assume. The kings of the more easterly isles were greater martinets. They wore coronals of sea-shells and embroidered pelts. But they were of a weaker nature than the King of Taoro, and, with their well-known arts, the Spaniards soon put an end to their sovereignty.

We have no such exact photograph of a Guanche woman. Bencomo's daughter, Dacil, who was wooed and won by a Spanish knight, is limned rather as if she were the heroine of a mediæval romance. Her hair was "more golden than the sun"; her eyebrows were of the same hue; and she had "a dainty mouth, the plump lips of which seemed made of the purest coral." One's heart may go forth to such a maiden; but one feels that she is somewhat phantasmal. Viana puts a great many absurdities into her pretty mouth, and makes her commune with herself about her love for Don Castillo, the Spaniard already mentioned, as if she were a modern damsel oppressed by problems of conscience and psychology. The duties of the ordinary Guanche woman were, in times of peace, to make the "gofio" in the simple hand-mill still in use in the island, look after the house, and help her husband with his pastoral and field labours; and, in times of war, to follow

the army, carry off the wounded and attend to them, and bury the dead.

Nothing was more characteristic of the Canarians than this staple food of theirs, called "gofio." The islanders of our own day are passionately devoted to it. In truth, however, it is a very plain article of diet. It is only the flour of roasted maize, peas, beans, or barley, or a compound of two or three grains. Yet fragrant, indeed, is the perfume from a "gofio" water-mill, with the householders tarrying round about it to carry off their flour to use ere the aroma has left it.

The sojourner in the agreeable hotels of Orotava may, if he pleases, tickle his palate at breakfast-time with some of this "gofio." He will not venture, like an accomplished native, to take a handful of it and throw it down his throat. It would choke him almost to death if he did. The waiter will considerately offer it to him in warm milk or coffee, or mixed with a little honey in the form of a cake. It is appetizing enough with any one of those condiments. The old Canarians mixed it with hot mutton-fat, milk, honey, or goat's butter. Their successors follow their example. The poorest people eat it with water only, seasoned by a pinch of salt; and upon this meagre species of gruel many a Tenerifan brings up a family of seven or eight stout children at a cost of a few pence a week. The traveller in the islands will observe that his guide would as soon think of going without his shirt as without his little sack of "gofio," from which he now and again stays his stomach with a fist-full. In Palma, to this day, and no doubt elsewhere also, an inexpensive sort of "gofio" is made out of the dried roots of the bracken which abounds in the pine-forests on the mountain slopes.

The islanders attributed their good health and longevity to their "gofio." "On this diet," says Sosa, "I have seen men and women of 110 and 120 who have been as fully intelligent at the time of their death as when they were 40 or 50; and others of 80 and 90 who made nothing of a walk of twelve or fifteen miles up and down 'barrancos,' and who carried a stick, not as a support but as a diversion." Perhaps, however, the climate ought to come in for a share of the honour thus ascribed to the "gofio." Another thing: The Guanches drank no wine, because they knew not of its existence. Our advocates of teetotalism will not deny that this also was a potent influence in the happy, protracted lives of the Canarians.

But longevity is common enough in the Canaries at the present day, and this though the island wine has lost its earlier repute, and is now one of the surest possible causes of a colic. Out of a population of 237,036, it is no bad record to have 4,039 persons (1,665

male, and 2,374 female) between the ages of seventy-one and eighty; 729 (314 male, and 415 female) between eighty-one and eighty-five; 499 (157 male, and 342 female) between eighty-six and ninety; 87 (35 male, and 52 female) between ninety-one and ninety-five; 37 (13 male, and 24 female) between ninety-six and a hundred; and three (all women) over a hundred.

Besides "gofio," the Guanches found abundance of other articles for their dinner-table. A banquet in Tenerife included sheep and goats, lambs and kidlings, roasted whole; mushrooms and other fungi; strawberries and cherries, as well as the more common dairy, vegetable, and fruit produce of the land. The Guanches liked their meat roasted until it was almost a cinder. They had large appetites, if we may believe the tale of the man who ate a kid and twenty rabbits at a single meal.

The strength acquired by the Canarians through their simple and healthy manner of life, and their methodical athletic exercises, is little short of fabulous. It is difficult to credit some of the stories that have come down to us in illustration of this.

The following is told of a man of Gomera. He and certain companions swam one day to a rock at a little distance from their island, to gather cockles and other shell-fish. When they were about to return, to their annoyance they found themselves surrounded by a horde of sharks. One of the men then straightway dived into the sea, and grappling the first shark he touched, he hugged its body with all his might, so that it began to lash the water with its tail. This frightened the other sharks so that they all decamped, and the men of Gomera made prompt use of their opportunity, and were able to swim home in safety.

In Palma the women were as robust as the men. We read of a certain one of them, Guayanfanta by name, who, being pursued by several marauders from the adjacent island of Hierro (a proof that the islanders did occasionally intercommunicate), allowed the foremost of them to come up with her. Him she then seized, and carried in her arms towards a ravine. She proposed to hold her captive over the abyss until she had made terms with his companions. Unfortunately, however, she was not fleet enough of foot to escape the others.

That the men of Palma were not wanting in stoical courage the deed of one Mayantigo may bear witness. Being wounded in the arm, and perceiving that the wound was about to mortify, he deliberately cut off the diseased limb below the elbow with his other hand. As the Canarians used knives of obsidian instead of steel, this must have been a painful and not a very speedy operation.

But the Guanches, and their neighbours of Grand Canary, seem

to have excelled all the other islanders in their feats of skill and strength.

After the Spanish occupation, a certain enormous stone was for long pointed out as one of the instruments of the Guanche athletic courses. The natives had been able to lift it, set it on their shoulders, and even throw it over their heads. Their degenerate posterity, and the Spaniards, could not raise it from the ground.

Tradition has immortalized one Adargoma, of Grand Canary, who could wrestle for two successive hours, and having been thrown undermost in a certain contest, got his antagonist between his legs and arms, and squeezed him so that his bones began to crack.

This native was subsequently sent as a prisoner to Spain, where he astounded the people by his performances. One day, in Seville, he was visited by a brawny youth of La Mancha, who was anxious to try a bout with him. "My good friend," said Adargoma, "as we are going to wrestle together, it is only reasonable that we should begin by drinking something." A large bowl of wine having been brought, he took this in one hand, and continued to address his challenger. "If with both your arms you can overpower one of mine, so as to hinder me from drinking every drop of this wine, we will try our strength together. If not, you may return to your own home." The struggle took place, and Adargoma by degrees drained the bowl in the coolest manner, without spilling a drop of the wine. His one hand was more than a match for the other's two.

It was reckoned nothing out of the common for a man to take an untethered ox by the horn with one hand, and slay it with the other. A certain native-born priest of Grand Canary, in the seventeenth century, showed that he inherited some of his ancestors' vigour. He could not only kill an ox in this way; but one day, hearing that an enraged bull had broken loose, and was in the street, he ran out, and grasping it by the leg threw it down, and so held it until its owner was able to secure it. This doughty son of the Church, before his death, chanced to have one of his legs amputated for a cancer. It was then found that his thigh-bone was solid, with no trace of marrow. It must be confessed, however, that the relics of the Canarians, now found in their burying-places, do not bear out the inference that this was a national characteristic; though their dimensions are certainly a testimony of the strength and size of their late proprietors.

From their infancy the islanders were taught to be adroit in self-defence. They were pelted systematically with little darts and balls of clay, and the pain when they were hit served as an admirable educative agent. Stones and sharp-pointed javelins were substituted when they had grown to boyhood. It was under a

training of this kind that they developed the promptitude in attack and in defence which took the Spaniards so greatly by surprise. These veteran warriors could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the Guanches catch in their hands the arrows of their bowmen. And they were no less amazed by the terrific velocity, precision, and force of the stones which were hurled against them as the overture of a battle.

As a test of his alertness, a Canarian was wont to give three men a dozen oranges, and invite them to pelt him as hard and fast as they pleased. He invariably caught the oranges in his hand, but never missed his own aim. At Seville, too, a Canarian would, for a few pence, let any one pelt him with stones, from a distance of seven or eight yards. Without moving his left foot, he avoided every stone. A people who yoked themselves to the plough (a framework of wood with goats' horns stuck in it), and could give and take so dexterously in the field, were not foes to be slighted. The Spanish general who urged his men against them with the words: "Forward, my sons, forward! I am not afraid of naked folks!" the next moment received a stone in his mouth which sent several teeth rattling down his throat. In the first engagement between the Spaniards and the Guanches, the former, spite of their coats of mail and superior weapons, lost twice as many men as the latter.

The religion of the Guanches was no very complex theological or superstitious system. Like most uncivilized people of some intelligence, they had a dim idea of a First Cause or Creator, to whom as such they paid homage. Viana's words on the subject are interesting.—

> In idols they believed not, nor worshipped
> Nor regarded false gods
> With vicious ceremonies and rites;
> Rather, by love benevolent and pure
> Inspired, they all agreed in one Chief Cause—
> Adoring and believing in one God alone,
> Whom they confessed infinite and just,
> Omnipotent, holy, and merciful—
> And called in their own tongue Hucanech,
> Guayaxarax Acucanac Menceito
> Acoron, Acaman, Acuhurajan;
> Sublime and reverent designations
> Which signify—All Powerful,
> Sustainer and Author of things that are,
> Without beginning and without end, Cause or Causes.

As their religion did not teach them that they were essentially vile and prone to evil, the Guanches had no need of priests and sacrifices of atonement. The Faycan, or so-called high priest,

might rather be termed the Grand Vizier or the Lord Chancellor. He was the second person in the kingdom, and acted as President during the national games and in the Courts of Justice. It was for him to examine and give or refuse approval to the claim of the sons of the nobility to be consecrated nobles in their turn. This was a curious ceremony. The candidate was summoned before the Faycan in the presence of the people, who were thus addressed by the Faycan:

"I conjure you to declare if you have ever seen —— (the candidate), the son of ——, enter into the cattle-yard to milk or kill the goats; if you know that he has prepared food with his own hands; if he has made forays in time of peace; if he has been uncivil or spoken amiss, especially to a woman."

The people having borne witness that, to the best of their knowledge, the youth had never been guilty of such iniquitous actions, the Faycan cut his hair below the ears, put a wooden lance into his hands for the royal service, and declared him a noble. But if he had soiled his hands by milking a goat, he was degraded instead of being advanced, his hair was all cut from his head, and he was one of the commonalty for life.

There can be no doubt that, theoretically and in fact, the Guanche rule was a despotism of the most absolute type. Humboldt views this as a great reproach to the Guanches, and will therefore by no means admit that they merited the praise for their simple and happy lives which has been so abundantly bestowed upon them. He is particularly irritated by the code of conduct which made it as much as a nobleman's dignity was worth to milk a goat. "We are astonished to see the useful labours of agricultural and pastoral life exposed to contempt at the very dawn of civilization." But here the end may be said to have justified the means." Though a despotism, it was one of the most mild and benevolent type. Moreover, it was strictly in harmony with their scheme of the Creation. God, they said, in the beginning created a certain number of men and women, and with them created sheep and goats for their sustenance. Afterwards He created other men and women, but did not add to the existing stock of victuals; and when His later creations applied to Him for sheep and goats He bade them "serve the others, and they will then give you food." The line between rich and poor was thus very emphatic.

The Guanche traditions about their kings went back no farther than a hundred years before the conquest by Spain in 1496. At that time the whole island of Tenerife was under a single ruler, "the great Tinerfe." This monarch had nine sons, who, it is said, rebelled against their father (perhaps for his longevity) and divided the island between them into nine petty principalities;

and it was in this state of subdivision when Alonso de Lugo the "Conquistador" (whose martial figure is so common an object in the churches of Tenerife) came against it from Spain.

In realms so circumscribed, among a people who knew nothing of money, who had but to scratch the soil to make it bring forth fruit, and under a climate of proverbial sweetness, it may be imagined that ambition did not greatly abound. The poor lived in peace and plenty, each under the shade of his own fig-tree, and the monarchs of the respective kingdoms did their best for the common weal.

The morality of the Guanches and of the other Canarians was what one would expect it to be among a people of so simple and pastoral a life. In Tenerife it was as easy to divorce as to marry. If a man loved a woman, he strove to win her goodwill, and, having obtained it, asked her father's consent. The bestowal of this constituted the marriage ceremony. If, subsequently, they disagreed, they separated amicably, and each was free to marry again, upon the understanding that the children by their former marriage were to be regarded as illegitimate. The feudal custom of prelibation was in force; and when the king journeyed through his realm, the wife and daughters of his entertainer were gladly, and as a matter of course, placed at his disposal. But, on the other hand, nowhere was there less chance of promiscuous immorality, seeing that it was an offence, punishable nominally with death, for a man to accost in the open a woman with whom he was not acquainted. As a further precaution, the sexes in certain localities each had a road to themselves. A survival of this custom exists to this day on a plateau among the mountains of Taganana, in the north-east corner of the island. A little chapel occupies the site, with a track on both sides of it, one of which is traditionally used by men, and the other by women.

In Lanzarote, where the women were very beautiful, at one time polyandry was in force. The wife was allowed to have three husbands, whom she favoured in rotation month by month; the two spouses in abeyance meanwhile acting as her domestics. In this island the preponderance of males was so great that, by a barbarous law, it was obligatory for a long time to kill all male children except the first-born. But a pestilence eventually brought relief to the unhappy mothers of Lanzarote. The population was thereby so much diminished that the law was repealed.

In Grand Canary an institution of Vestal Virgins, presided over by the Faycan, played a conspicuous part in the scanty religious ceremonies of the people. The girls, who were all of noble birth, were enrolled between the age of six and ten. Opinions differ as to whether they were or were not subsequently married. Some

say they were free to take husbands after the age of thirty. Meanwhile, however, they lived a life of chastity. At the birth of a child they were summoned to pour water upon it and give it a name. Daily, also, they offered a libation of goats' milk to the Creator. But in times of drought, when the crops were imperilled, they were the chief functionaries in a ceremony which began with an ascent of a high mountain, attended by the Faycan, the nobles, and the common people, with boughs and palm-leaves in their hands. On the mountain-top the Virgins offered butter and milk, and wailed and danced to propitiate the Deity; and afterwards they descended to the sea-shore, and with rods and sticks thrashed the inflowing waves until they were tired, shouting furiously over their work.

In Tenerife, in the like case, the Faycan and the people, having assembled on a mountain, joined their cries to the bleating of a number of kidlings and lambs that they had reft from the dams and carried with them. This incense of petitioning was supposed to be peculiarly acceptable to the Almighty.

We have seen that the physical education of the young was well cared for in the islands. Nor were their manners and morals neglected. The poor relied for their training upon their parents; the father of the household being priest and teacher, as well as bread-winner. But the children of the nobles were subjected to more exact discipline.

Among the Aztecs, a girl just budding into womanhood might well have been terrified by the formal discourses which it was her father's duty to address to her: "Oh, my darling daughter, this world is a world of tears, sufferings, and unsatisfied desires. This is a certain truth which we know by experience: mark what I say, my daughter, that this world is evil and hard to endure, where there are no pleasures unattended by discomforts. An old proverb says that there is no pleasure separated from sadness, and no perfect rest here on earth," &c.

An Aztec lad was enlightened in the same chilly manner.

But with the Guanches it was a little different. To be sure, the youth was bidden to regard pride as a fault, anger a cruelty, avarice as vain, luxuriousness a disgrace, idleness an infamy, and was further taught to love and fear the Creator, love his neighbours, obey his superiors, keep his word, honour his father, be true to his friend, and lead an upright and cleanly life. But his instructors held example to be better than precept. The Guanche father would thus say to his son: "Behold those two men, my boy. The one has a cheerful countenance, is respected, has many flocks, and is strong and well. The other lives like a dog, does good neither to himself nor anyone else, and is despised by all of

us. The former is a good man; the latter is a bad man. You would, of course, like to resemble the good man. Therefore, follow in his steps."

Words like these could hardly fail to have an invigorating and beneficial effect.

In Grand Canary the daughters of the nobles were sent to school, to one or other of the Harimaguadas, or Vestal Virgins already mentioned, and there they stayed until they were of a marriageable age. What they were supposed to learn except the rudiments of good manners, dancing, and the art of embroidery upon skins, one can but conjecture. Nothing in the nature of literature has come down to us from their time. Be that as it may, when a child merited punishment at the hands of the Virgin in charge, the castigation was performed in the following quaint allegorical mode. The schoolmistress took a bunch of twigs, and thus addressed her flock: "If I were so-and-so's daughter [naming the parents of the naughty little girl], and had done such-and-such a deed [mentioning the offence], I should well deserve to be whipped severely with this birch in this way." She then flogged the ground with great heartiness. Strange to say, this performance was, by the misbehaving damsel in question, esteemed as much a disgrace as if she had really been chastised in public.

Proceeding from the punishment of school-girls to the punishment of adults, we find much diversity in the method of treating criminals in the different isles. The Guanches were very lenient. The king held periodical assize in the "Tagoror," a circular space near his palace. He sat on an elevated stone, covered with skins, and below him were the great men of the realm. The felon brought before him was generally sentenced to be beaten there and then. But the punishment was admirably tempered with mercy; for no sooner was it at an end than the culprit was led away to have his bruises treated with ointment. Some say that the beating was wrought with the arm-bone of the first king of the realm, which served the reigning monarch as a sceptre. But this were a rod too hard for an executive so mild as that of the Guanches.

Viana, in his poem, has so confused the customs of the different isles that he cannot be relied upon for particular information. He tells us that disobedience was punished with death by stoning; homicide also with death; theft with flogging; that if a damsel accosted a man in an impudent manner she was liable to imprisonment for life, unless the man came forward and married her; and that adultery was atoned for by a living burial. The fact is that, in Tenerife, there were no capital offences. Adultery, homicide, insults to women, and theft were supposed to be punished to

the utmost degree by imprisonment for life, with forfeiture of goods.

In the eastern isles housebreaking seems to have been the most heinous of their crimes. In Fuerteventura it was requited with death if the culprit had made a breach in the wall, or had scaled the roof; and in Grand Canary it was a capital crime to enter the house of another person without permission, no matter in what way. In the former island, the executioner despatched his victim systematically: he led him to the sea-shore, stretched him upon a large flat rock, and pummelled his brains out with a round stone.

Our knowledge of the jurisprudence of the other islands is very fragmentary. In Palma, which was divided between twelve princelings, society was so anarchic that the man who could lift cattle with the greatest dexterity was most respected. In Hierro, on the other hand (which was under the sway of a single sovereign), theft and homicide were punished alike by mutilation: an eye for the first offence, the other eye and the limbs being forfeited in rotation for subsequent convictions. In the Canaries, as in Venice under the Doges, it was not thought discreet to degrade a noble in the presence of his inferiors. Thus a felon of high degree had the privilege of being whipped by night.

We can give no very exact account of the several industries of the Guanches. Naturally, they were of the most primitive kind. The ordinary islander was content to be an agriculturist and a shepherd. In the season of field-work he prepared the ground with a stick having a goat's horn at the end. This was his hoe; and his wife and daughters sowed in his footsteps. When the corn was ripe, it was for the women to cut and tread it with their own hands and feet.

Architecture was a science in a very inchoate state in the isles. The multitude of caverns in the scoriæ of the volcanic soil seemed to the Guanches designed by nature for habitations. A qualified builder was, therefore, also "an adapter of caverns." These last were either chiselled square in the white tufa, as one may see them to this day on the south side of the island, or used in the natural state, with, for a roof, the Gothic vaulting blown by the gas of the molten lava in its flow from the Peak at a remote period in the island's history. The houses themselves were simple constructions of stones and mud, rushes, boughs, and straw. A description is extant of the Church of Teguise in Lanzarote, in 1596, which we may well assume to have been built by native masons after their acceptance of Christianity. It was "of mud-walls baked in the sun, thatched with straw and stalks. It had no windows, but was lighted from the door. It had no division for the choir, and on both sides of it were stone seats running up to

the chief altar." The domestic architecture of Lanzarote was of a more advanced kind than that of the western isles. But the chiselled porticoes of the houses were so small that it was most convenient to pass through them upon hands and knees; and within, the smell was apt to be trying, for the natives dried the meat in the house as if it were a chimney, and there was little ventilation.

The ordinary Guanche dwelling-house was well supplied with furniture if it contained beds of straw or fern, palm-matting, knives of obsidian (which abounds on the upper slopes of the Peak), a basaltic hand-mill for the "gofio," such as are still in use, pottery, seats of stone covered with skins, shells for spoons, needles of fish-bone, thread of sheep's sinews, and splints of pine-wood for torches. The preparation of certain of those various trivial necessaries gave employment to a good many of operatives, who constituted the industrial part of Guanche society: dyers of skins and rushes, curriers, weavers, net and mat makers, &c.

Those operatives were no doubt held in respect at least equal to that which was bestowed upon the common peasant. Two other classes of men, however, were exempt from all honour in the esteem of their fellow-creatures. These were the executioners, or butchers, and the embalmers.

In the villages of Tenerife one may still see a trace of the execration in which the shedders of blood were regarded, in the isolation of the butchers' shops of the community. A Guanche butcher or embalmer was forbidden to have intercourse with the rest of the world. He was fed at the expense of the community, and that was the only advantage his labour procured for him. The islanders loathed blood-shedding. If, in the course of battle, a Canarian noble struck down an opponent, he would not give his victim the finishing blow: that was the duty of one of his vassals. It was an insult even to cut raw meat in the presence of such a man. Further, during the War of the Conquest, the Guanches thought they were degrading the Spaniards their prisoners in the most ample manner when they set them to kill the flies that annoyed the goats of their herds.

The embalmers were a guild of men and women who were concerned with the dead of their respective sexes, and who intermarried and thus handed on the secret of their methods as a close tradition. It was with them as with those New Zealanders who, two score years ago, took charge of the dead of their respective tribes. These latter were under a terrible ban of ostracism and uncleanness. "Some of the forms of the 'tapu' (an indefinable Maori term) were of a most virulent kind. Of this kind was the 'tapu' of those who handled the dead, or conveyed the body to its

last resting-place. This 'tapu' was, in fact, the uncleanness of the old Jewish law, and lasted about the same time, and was removed almost in the same way. It was a most serious affair. The person who came under this form of the 'tapu' was cut off from all contact and almost all communication with the human race. He could not enter any house, or come in contact with any person or thing, without utterly bedevilling them. He could not even touch food with his hands, which had become so frightfully 'tapu,' or unclean, as to be quite useless. Food would be placed for him on the ground, and he would then sit or kneel down, and with his hands carefully held behind his back, would gnaw it in the best way he could."*

The Guanche embalmers seem to have been somewhat extravagantly praised for their skill, great though this may have been. The mummies that have been disberthed from the caves of Tenerife have been credited with a fabulous age. But there is nothing to prove their antiquity. It is more reasonable to suppose that they are relics of the later epochs of Guanche history. If they had been found in prodigious numbers, by tens and hundreds of thousands, it would have been different. But the largest find on record is that mentioned by Viera in the last century. That was in a cave between Arico and Guimar, on the south side of the island. About a thousand mummies were there brought to light. It is possible that some of them, as Viera surmises, may have lived in the time of King Juba; but there is not a tittle of evidence to support the surmise.

Not all the Guanche dead were embalmed. The privilege appears to have been confined to the nobility and the royal families. The common people were, it is probable, merely laid on the floor of the sepulchral caverns with vases of milk and butter by their side; and thus it is their dust in which the modern tourist who hits upon a Guanche sepulchre sinks knee-deep in the course of his investigations. In the island of Palma, indeed, they did not wait until the invalid breathed his last before they entombed him. When he seemed sick unto death they removed him into a cave, laid him on a pile of skins, set a jar of milk within his reach, and then closed the mouth of the cave.

The process of a Guanche embalmment was as follows. As soon as the man was dead, he was carried to a broad flagstone, disembowelled, and deprived of his brains. The ears, nostrils, fingers, toes, and other tender parts, were then washed twice a day with salt and cold water. Afterwards, the whole body was well rubbed with an ointment of goats' butter, turpentine, powdered briarwood, pumice dust, and other materials. A certain absorptive prepara-

* *Old New Zealand.* By A. Pakeha.

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tion of flowers and pomegranate leaves was impelled into the stomach; and, the corpse, having been exposed to the sun for several days, was finally, in a fortnight, handed to the relations of the deceased as a complete and successful mummy. All this time the funeral obsequies were being celebrated. Of the ceremonial of those obsequies we know nothing, except that many tears were shed, and great lamentations were made. Lastly, the mummy, having been tightly enveloped in several sheepskins (from three or four to twelve), and bound with thongs of hide, was marked for further recognition, and conveyed to the cave. These skin wrappers were either fresh or prepared by tanning; and they left the head and feet uncovered. Within the cave, the mummy was set on its legs against the wall, side by side with its predecessors, or thrust upon a shelf cut in the rock, with its feet outwards. If of princely dignity, it was enclosed in a coffin of very hard wood, raised on a light scaffolding two or three feet above the ground. The *débris* of those frameworks still litters some of the caves of Tenerife.

The people were scrupulous to choose for their sepulchres caves the most difficult of access. The peculiar conformation of the island, and especially its yawning ravines with perpendicular sides, aided them in this matter. After the Conquest, moreover, they kept the secret of the burial-places very jealously to themselves. The Spaniards, who thought to find gold and silver among their dead, were much disappointed when they had discovered certain of the sepulchres, and had ransacked them to no purpose. That incident also helped to keep the other caves for long intact. No doubt some of them are still undefiled by the foot of the irreverent explorer. Others, however, during the centuries immediately succeeding the Conquest, were rifled of their dead by the mariners of different nations, when once it was known that Guanche mummies had, by European apothecaries, been given high and expensive rank as curative drugs—to be taken internally.

The process of embalming in Grand Canary was much the same as that in Tenerife; and here also the mummies were deposited in caves that few except acrobats and Canarians could approach.

It cannot be said that the Guanche mummies in the museums are very attractive objects. The ghastliness of their dark, sunken faces, with features that look as if they had been distorted in a death agony, is hardly redeemed by the remarkable whiteness of their teeth, and their dainty, almond-shaped finger-nails. The latter may be viewed as a token of the nobility of the mummied personages.

It may interest our dentists to know that these islanders thought they preserved their teeth by drinking, not while they ate,

but half an hour after a meal. As for the beverage: It was only cold water.

Having thus briefly described the chief characteristics of life among the Guanches, I may say something, in conclusion, about the manner in which the Spaniards overcame them. Tenerife was the last island of the seven to surrender its independence. The eastern isles of Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, and also Gomera and Hierro, were all occupied by Béthencourt and his followers early in the fifteenth century. Grand Canary, however, was a hard nut for the Spaniards to crack. They tried all means to subjugate it; and it was only by a combination of force and treachery that, after eighty years, they eventually succeeded. This accomplished, Alonso de Lugo, a certain Spaniard who had already done bloody work in the other islands (including Palma, which he invested in 1493), turned his attention to the Guanches.

As has been said, Tenerife was at that time divided into nine small kingdoms. There was disunion among the petty monarchs; so that when Bencomo, king of Taoro (of which Arautapala or Orotava was the royal residence), sought to form a league in opposition to the Spaniards, he was able to secure the support of only two of the kings. Of course, this was fatal. There is no knowing how long Tenerife might have been able to repel invasion if it had been united in self-defence. As it was, the conquest was achieved within two years.

Bencomo played his part with kingly dignity. The Spaniards sent an envoy to urge him to accept their offer of peace and friendship; to adopt the religion of Christianity; and to acknowledge the sovereignty of their Catholic Majesties of Spain, who would then take the island under their protection, and maintain all the liberties of the people. To this Bencomo replied that he was quite willing to be on friendly terms with anyone who had done him no wrong, and that he would, therefore, admit the Spaniards to his friendship on condition that they immediately evacuated the island; that, as the Guanches had no clear idea of the Christian religion, they preferred to inquire well into the value of it ere they accepted it; and, lastly, that the Menceys or Kings of Tenerife had never yet degraded themselves by acknowledging the superiority of other men.

The issue of arms was thus inevitable. We need not put much faith in Viana's tales about the Guanche augur who foretold to Bencomo the downfall of his people, and whom Bencomo, in a rage, caused straightway to be hung from a tree. Perhaps, too, the idyllic episode about Dacil and the Spanish lieutenant, Castillo, is wholly imaginative. The European is supposed to fall in love with Bencomo's daughter's reflection in a spring, the girl

herself having climbed into the overhanging boughs of a tree to hide herself from the stranger. But all historians agree that De Lugo met with so stout a reception in the first battle that he thought seriously of giving up the attempt upon Tenerife in despair. The Guanches, with their stones, their wooden clubs garnished with flints, and their long lances, the points of which had been hardened by fire into the consistency of metal, were much more than a match for the swords and arrows of the mail-clad veterans of Spain. Six hundred of the latter were left dead on the battle-field, and only three hundred Guanches.

But the Guanches did not know how to profit by such a decisive victory. They set their prisoners at liberty, and thus enabled De Lugo again to take the field, with new recruits from Spain. The tables were now turned upon the Guanches: seventeen hundred of them fell in battle by Laguna, and only forty-five Spaniards. The Spaniards were merciless slaughterers. Tinguaro, Bencomo's brother, came into their hands; and, having decapitated him, they sent his head to the King of Taoro, with the message that the same fate would befall him if he persisted in opposing the invaders. "This does not terrify me," was Bencomo's reply. "I am determined to defend my honour, my country, my life, and my people; and I desire no greater happiness than to die like my brother and those who died with him."

A pestilence broke out among the islanders. Thousands of them died by it, and the dogs preyed upon their unburied bodies. This gave De Lugo the best possible opportunity of completing his work. He again ascended from Santa Cruz towards Laguna and Orotava; and, having won a battle at the place still called Vittoria (now a little village with a white-spired church among palm-trees and fruit-trees), he marched into the valley of Orotava, in the track of the retreating army of natives.

The Guanches were now at the last gasp. It horrified even the coarse, cruel soldiers of Spain to see how they met the fate that impended over them. In one house they came upon the dead bodies of three girls, who had been killed the moment before by their own father, the latter having further transfixed himself with a lance. They asked the man why he had done such a deed. "Because I would not have my children live to see me a slave," he stammered with his last breath. De Lugo feared he would be able to possess the island only at the cost of its depopulation.

The village of Realejo, a thousand feet above Orotava, under the shadow of the great precipitous ridge of Tigayga, was the scene of the last act in this war of the Conquest. The Guanches were encamped on one side of a ravine; the Spaniards on the other side. At the bidding of the king, the Guanches were still willing to dare

all things, and to die for their country's sake. But Bencomo was loath to sacrifice more of his people in what would necessarily be a vain struggle. He therefore called the army together, and explained how futile it would be to continue to resist the Spaniards. Shedding many tears, and sighing deeply, he proceeded:

"Forgive me, my beloved country, if I cannot protect thee against the strangers who are about to tyrannize over thee! And you, valorous Menceys and bold captains, who have shed your blood in the cause of the commonweal so gloriously and fearlessly, forgive this resolution in an unfortunate descendant of the great Tinerfe, and, since I can no longer make war with any hope, accompany me to demand peace from your enemies!"

The King of Taoro, with the allied kings and the chief Guanche nobles, then crossed the ravine, and formally acknowledged the superiority of the Spaniards. The Church of Realejo marks the site of that event.

Thus, on the 25th of July, 1496, the Guanche nation ceased to exist.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

VOLTAIRE AND KING STANISLAS.

One cannot help wondering that among all the books written about Voltaire and his varied experiences, there should be practically not one which treats of that brief but eventful period during which, in company with the "*sublime Emilie*," the great writer found himself the guest of hospitable King Stanislas—"le philosophe-roi chez le roi-philosophe." To Voltaire himself that was one of the most memorable episodes in his long and changeful life. It left on his mind memories which lasted till death. He showed that when, in 1757, looking about for a retired haven of rest, he fixed his eyes once more upon Lunéville as the place where he desired to spend the evening of his days. Stanislas would have welcomed him only too thankfully. Old and feeble, rapidly growing blind and helpless, and reduced by his ill-health and the desertion of his Court to the poor resource of playing tric-trac—backgammon— in his lonely afternoons, with such uncourtly *bourgeois* as his messengers could pick up in the town, the *fainéant* Duke would have hailed Voltaire's presence, as he himself says, as a godsend. However, the *philosophe* was once more out of favour with King Louis. Accordingly, the permission was withheld, and the royal father-in-law found himself denied the small solace which surely he might have looked for at the hand of his daughter's husband. This biographical neglect of Voltaire's stay in Lorraine appears all the more surprising in view of the fact that in Lorraine, almost alone of Voltaire's favourite haunts, are there visible memorials left of his sojourn. Dragoons and *piou-pious* tramp where courtiers sauntered, and nursemaids lounge where the first wits of the century made the air ring with their *bon-mots*. Still, the stone buildings, at any rate, of Lunéville and Commercy have been allowed to stand, and French destructiveness has spared some of the flower-beds that delighted Voltaire. In that pretty "Bosquet" of Lunéville you may walk where Voltaire trod, where he rallied Madame de Boufflers on her "Magdalen's tears," where Saint Lambert made sly appointments with Madame du Châtelet—and with other ladies as well. In the Palace you may step into the upper room where Voltaire lived and wrote, and fought out his battles with the bigot Alliot. You may walk into "le petit apparte-

ment de la reine," on the ground-floor, which Stanislas good-naturedly gave up to Madame du Châtelet for her confinement—and her death. There occurred those impassioned scenes which every biographer of Voltaire relates, and there it was that the Marchioness's ring told the mortifying tale of her unfaithfulness to her most devoted lover. You may walk through that side-door through which, dazed with grief, the stupefied philosopher tottered; and sit on the low stone-step—one of a short flight facing the town—on which he dropped in helpless despair, "knocking his head against the pavement." In that hideously rococo church, tawdrily gay with gew-gaw ornament, you may stand by the black marble slab, still bare of any inscription, below which rest, rudely disturbed by the rough mobs-men of the first Revolution, the decayed bones of the *sublime* but faithless *Emilie*.

Barring his rather unnecessary grief over the threatened production of a travestied *Semiramis*, there were for Voltaire no happier two years than those which saw him, with one or two interruptions, King Stanislas' guest; and to Stanislas there could have been no more welcome rigour than that which, at his daughter's instance, drove the leading spirit of the age into temporary exile. Voltaire had paid his court a little too openly to the powerful favourite. After that *cavagnole* scandal at Fontainebleau, neither he nor Madame du Châtelet stood at the time in the best of odours at Court. Therefore, it probably required little persuasion on the part of the two royal princesses to prevail upon Louis XV. to decree the banishment of the poet. Madame de Pompadour might have reversed the judgment; but she was not given the chance, and, after all, Voltaire's exile did not make much difference to her. Thus, the philosopher and Emilie were allowed to pursue their cold winter's journey, amid sundry break-downs and accidents, and prolonged involuntary star-gazing in a frosty night, to that pretty little oasis in ugly Champagne where the du Châtelets' castle stood.

Stanislas did not allow the brilliant couple to remain long in their solitude. He was anxious not to be forestalled by Prussian Frederick, who made wry faces enough on finding the preference over himself and his famous Sans-souci given to the *prince bourgeois* and his *tabagie de Lunéville*. His great ambition was, to make his Court a favoured seat of learning and letters. In his own, rather too complimentary, opinion, he was himself something of a *littérateur*. Voltaire laughed pretty freely—behind the king's back—at his uncouth and incorrect prose, and at those long and limping verses *de onze à quatorze pieds*. In truth, Stanislas could not even speak or write French correctly. Whilst he was nothing of a writer, however, and not much more of a wit, he knew how to appreciate

talent and genius in others. And in a man occupying nominally royal rank, placed at the head of a brilliant Court, having a civil list corresponding in value to at least 6,000,000 francs in the present day, and a pension list of perfectly amazing length in his gift, that meant something.

To understand the life of the little world into which in 1748 Voltaire entered, we must remember what at that time Lorraine and its Court were. Stanislas had not been put upon his ephemeral throne without a definite object. To lodge the French king's penniless father-in-law, who had to be maintained somewhere, in the Palace of Lunéville, and allow him to amuse himself with playing at being king, was one thing; but that was far from all. In 1737 France had, after toying for several centuries, with greedy eyes and hungry tongue, with the precious morsel of Lorraine, at length firmly and finally closed her jaws upon it. It was a bitter fate for the duchy, in which France was detested, and the hardship was felt by every one of its sons. Of what French government meant, the Lorrains had had more than one taste. They were sipping at the bitter cup at that very time; they were having it raised daily to their lips, while that ablest of French administrators, De la Galaizière—a veritable French Bismarck, hard-headed, hard-hearted, inexorably firm, and pitilessly exacting—was loading them with *corvées*, with *vingtièmes*, with the burden of conscription for the French army, plaguing them with high-handed judgments and oppressive penalties, all of which ran directly counter to the constitution which the nominal sovereign, Stanislas, had sworn to observe. It was Galaizière who was king, not Stanislas, the ornamental figure-head; and under his stern rule all Lorraine cried out.

Still, there was something which Stanislas could do. Affable, genial, kind, free-handed as he was, the stranger puppet-king—the first distrusted "Polonais"—might, in spite of all harsh rule administered in his name, by tact and liberality gain the affections of his nominal subjects, and so in the character of a Lorrain Prince discharge better than any one else that really odious task of un-Lorraining the Lorrains. All things considered, he earned his civil list.

French writers have very needlessly contended over the motives which led Father Menoux, of all men, the Duke's Jesuit confessor, to urge Stanislas to invite the great *philosophe* to his Court. Although repeatedly assailed on the score of its inherent improbability, Voltaire's own version is doubtless correct. One of the leading characteristics of the Lorrain Court, as Voltaire found it, was the sharp division prevailing between Lorrains and French, Jesuits and *philosophes*. By all his antecedents—by his rigidly

Romanist education, by the principles carefully instilled into him, first by his parents, later by his wife—Stanislas was predisposed to take sides staunchly with the Jesuits. A more devout Catholic was not to be found. The king made all his household attend mass, appointed a special almoner for his *gardes-du-corps*, and directed the kitchen-folk to select a monastery for the scene of their daily devotions. In respect of offerings, the Church bled him freely, and found him a willing victim. More especially during the lifetime of his wife, that homely, very religious Catherine Opalinska, the Jesuit faction had it all their own way.

But when Voltaire came to the Court, Queen Opalinska had been nearly a year in her grave. King Stanislas' immediate *entourage*, it is true, was still wholly Jesuit—the French governor Galaizière, the King's *intendant* Alliot, his father-confessor Menoux, his useful secretary de Solignac, Bathincourt, Thiange, and Madame de Grafigny's "Panpan," De Vaux. But otherwise a decided change had come over the scene. The lady head of the Court now was the peculiarly attractive Marquise de Boufflers, a declared *philosophe*, and, in virtue of her birth, the powerful leader of the Lorrain faction. She was a Beauvau, the daughter of that lovely Princesse de Craon who had ruled the heart of the late Duke Leopold. Her husband, who had not stood seriously in the way of her *amours*, was dead; and she was therefore quite free to give herself up to the *liaison* with Stanislas, who had formally installed her in some of the best apartments in the palace, in a suite adjoining his own, and handed over to her the management of the Court. She must have been a remarkably fascinating woman. We find Voltaire, in his courtly way, writing of her:

> Vos yeux sont beaux, mais votre âme est plus belle,
> Vous êtes simple et naturelle,
> Et sans prétendre à rien, vous triomphez de tous.
> Si vous eussiez vécu du temps de Gabrielle,
> Je ne sais ce qu'on eût dit de vous,
> Mais l'on n'aurait point parlé d'elle.

She is described as possessing a fine girlish figure, a peculiarly clear and delicate complexion, exceptionally beautiful hair, and neat hands (which made de Tressan enamoured of her "*comme un fou*") and moreover a charming lightness and grace of movement and manner—endowments of nature which scarcely needed a fine discriminating taste and more than average intellectual powers to render effective. She sang, played, painted pastel, and possessed an inexhaustible fund of tact and self-command. Whenever she happened to be absent from the Court, de Tressan writes to Devaux, "Je me meurs, je péris d'ennui. On ne joue point, la société est décousue." Her nickname at Court was "La Dame de Volupté,"

which, as is shown by the following lines, composed by herself for her epitaph, she accepted good-humouredly:—

> Ci gît, dans une paix profonde,
> Cette Dame de Volupté,
> Qui, pour plus grande sûreté,
> Fit son paradis dans ce monde.

To the priests her relations with Stanislas constituted a serious stumbling-block, and many a lecture had the king to listen to from his confessor Menoux. He accepted it submissively, and even performed the penances which on the score of Madame de Boufflers the Jesuit decreed. But discard her he would not, on any consideration. Just as little, on the other hand, would he discard the Jesuit, however good-humouredly he might listen to Madame de Boufflers' rather violent abuse of him.

Menoux was now trembling for his authority. Madame de Boufflers' influence appeared to him to be growing too formidable. They were curious relations which subsisted between Voltaire and this priest. With de Tressan and other Academicians Menoux was at open and embittered feud. Voltaire was more of a statesman. To their faces the two opponents invariably professed the sincerest friendship and the warmest admiration. Even many years after we find Voltaire writing to Menoux and declaring his unaltered love and attachment, while at the same time paying the Abbé delicate compliments on the score of his *esprit:* "Je voudrais que vous m'aimassiez, car je vous aime." Behind their backs they called each other names. Menoux was by no means a mere hierophantic prig or sacerdotal oaf. Voltaire calls him "le plus intrigant et le plus hardi prêtre que j'ai jamais connu," and adds that he had "milked" Stanislas to the extent of a full million. D'Almbert describes him as the type of a Court divine—"habitué au meilleur monde," without any "rigidité claustrale"—"homme d'infiniment d'esprit, fin, délicat, intelligent, subtile, ayant heureusement cultivé les lettres et en conservant les grâces et la fraicheur sans la moindre trace de pédanterie." Between him and Boufflers there was continual warfare—above-ground and below-ground, by open hostilities and by schemes and intrigues. It was with a view to checkmating Boufflers, Voltaire relates, that Menoux first suggested an invitation to Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet to come to the Court. Madame du Châtelet was to become the favourite's rival. To this theory French writers object that, as du Châtelet was some years older than Boufflers, not nearly as good-looking, certainly not *dévote*, and another man's property already, the scheme was absurd. In the result Menoux certainly showed himself to have been wrong; but that was owing to a circumstance which neither he nor any one else could have foreseen. Otherwise

the scheme was not bad. To literary-minded Stanislas, at his time of life, the intellectual graces of du Châtelet might well balance the greater personal attractions of Boufflers. Besides, Menoux did not look for an actual ally so much as for a rival to the favourite. Even to lessen her absolute authority would be quite enough for his purpose. He travelled all the way to Cirey to sound the two, and, finding them willing, pressed their invitation upon Stanislas.

Stanislas was, as Menoux had foreseen, only too ready to accept the suggestion. He had had more than one taste of the pleasures of playing the Mæcenas. Montesquieu had been at his Court, working there at his *Esprit des Lois*, and Madame de Grafigny, Helvétius, Hénault, Maupertuis; and the shy and retiring, but gifted Devaux was a fixture. However, Stanislas wanted more. The only disappointment to Menoux was that he found the invitation planned by himself actually issued by his rival, Madame de Boufflers. It was, of course, accepted; and the beginning of 1748 saw Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet safely arrived at Commercy.

The Lorrain Court, always bright and gay, was at that time perhaps at its very brightest. Stanislas, being permitted to play at being king, and given ample pecuniary resources for doing so, played the game in good earnest, with a due appreciation of showy externals, and with a singularly happy grace. He had at his command an apparatus which any real king might have envied. Here was Commercy, raised by Durand for the rich and tasteful Prince de Vaudémont, a blaze of magnificence, with gardens around it, and sheets of water, and cascades, which cast Versailles into the shade. His principal residence, however, was at Lunéville. On seeing it Louis XV., surprised at its grandeur, exclaimed, "Mais, mon père, vous êtes mieux logé que moi." That was the

> salon magnifique,
> Moitié Turc et moitié Chinois,
> Où le goût moderne et l'antique,
> Sans se nuire, ont uni leurs lois,

of which Voltaire writes—very incongruous, but decidedly splendid and comfortable. Stanislas had added the delightful "Bosquet" —overloading it, it is true, with kiosks and pavilions, renaissance architecture and renaissance statuary, a hermitage, and eventually with de Tressan's "Chartreuse." Like all persons of "taste" in his day, Stanislas loved gimcrackery; he had utilized François Richard's inventive genius for embellishing his principal residence with an unique contrivance, admired by all Europe—an artificial rock with clockwork machinery setting about eighty figures in motion. You can see a picture of it in the Nancy Museum. It must have been very ingenious and very ugly. First, there was a

miller's wife opening her casement-window to answer some supposed caller; then two cronies appeared on the scene, engaging in a morning chat. A shepherd playing on his *musette* led his flock, tinkling with bells, across the rock. Two wethers engaged in a real contest; a clockwork dog jumped up, barking, and separated them. There was a forge, with hammers beating and sparks flying. An insatiable tippler knocks at the closed door of the tavern, and is answered with a pailful of water, emptied upon his head from a window above, by the hostess. In the distance a pious hermit is seen, telling his beads. And in the background is discovered, standing on a balcony, the Queen, Catherine Opalinska, looking down upon the scene, while two sentries pace solemnly up and down, occasionally presenting arms. Such were the toys of royalty in those days. Besides these two palaces Stanislas had others—Chanteheux, Einville, and the historic Malgrange. Beyond this, Héré was at work beautifying Nancy in the Louis-Quinze style, with statuary and balustrades, gorgeous gateways, and magnificent arches; and he was building that handsome palace, which now serves as the Commanding General's quarters, in which, in 1814, when the Emperor of Austria, the last real Lorrain Duke's grandson, was lodged there, was hatched the Absolutist conspiracy of the "Holy Alliance."

The Court itself was modelled entirely on the pattern of the superior Olympus of Versailles. "On ne croyait pas avoir changé de lieu quand on passait de Versailles à Lunéville," says Voltaire. There was splendour, display, lavishness, gilding everywhere—only in Lorraine there was an absolute absence of etiquette and restraint—"ce qui complétait le charme." At Lunéville the etiquette was of the slightest. From the other palaces it was wholly banished—"me voici dans un beau palais, avec la plus grande liberté (et pourtant chez un roi)—à la Cour sans être courtisan." Stanislas entertained a perfect army of Court dignitaries, who had scarcely anything to do for their salaries. Then he had his *musique*, a famous corps, enjoying a European reputation. "Do you pay your musicians better than I do?" asked Louis Quinze of his father-in-law. "No, my brother; but I pay them for what they do; you pay them for what they know." There was wit and fashion in abundance, and a galaxy of beauty—the royal-born Princesse de Roche-sur-Yon, the Princesse de Lützelburg, the fascinating Princesse de Talmonde, Stanislas' cousin, who subdued the heart of our young Pretender, the Countess of Leiningen, the Princesse de Craon, Madame de Mirepoix, Madame de Chimay, and others. But what of all things Stanislas prided himself upon were his table and his kitchen. He was, as I have said, fond of gimcracks and he was a great eater, though he often con-

centrated all his eating upon one Gargantuan meal. The dinner-hour never came round soon enough for him, which made Galaizière say, "If you go on like that, Sire, we shall shortly have you dining the day before." His particular delight were quaint culinary refinements, "imitations and surprises," at which his famous *chef*, Gilliers, was particularly great. One year, when all the fruit failed—I believe it was while Voltaire was in Lorraine, in 1749, which was a year of unparalleled distress—Gilliers kept the Court supplied with a continual succession of imitation fruit, which did service for real plums and peaches. Stanislas had introduced such "bizarreries septentrionales" as raw *choucroûte* and unsavoury messes of meat and fruit, and imitation *plongeon* (great northern diver), produced by plucking a goose alive, beating it to death with rods, and preparing it in a peculiar way. A turkey treated in the same manner found itself transformed into a sham capercailzie. But the *chefs d'œuvre* were Gilliers' "surprises," prepared after much thought, to which Stanislas contributed his share. Voltaire makes out that "bread and wine"—which he did not always get—would have been amply sufficient for his modest wants; but what we hear of the Lorrain Court shows him to have been by no means indifferent to the products of Gilliers' *cuisine*. We read of Voltaire's eyes sparkling with delight when, after the removal of the cloth, what looked like a ham was brought upon the table, and a truffled tongue. The ham turned out to be a confectionery made up of strawberry preserve and whipped cream, *pané* with macaroons; the tongue something of the same sort, truffled with chocolate. I must not forget the coffee, to which Voltaire, like most great writers, was devoted. Swift declared that he could not write unless he had "his coffee twice a week." Voltaire consumed from six to eight cups at a sitting—which is nothing compared with the performance of Delille, who, to keep off the megrim, swallowed twenty. Stanislas employed a special *chef du café*, La Veuve Christian, who was responsible for its quality. Then, there was the wine, Stanislas' special hobby. Of course, he had all the Lorrain *crûs*. The best of these, that grown on the famous Côte de Malzéville, close to Nancy, he had made sure of by bespeaking the entire produce in advance for his lifetime, at twelve francs the "measure." His peculiar pride, however, was his Tokay. Every year his predecessor, become Emperor of Germany, sent him a large cask, escorted all the way by a guard of Austrian grenadiers. As soon as ever that cask arrived, Stanislas set personally to work. What with drugs, and syrups, and sugar, and other wine, he made out of one cask about ten, which he drew off into bottles specially made for the purpose. Some he kept for his own use at dessert. The larger portion he distributed among his friends, who every

one of them becomingly declared upon his oath that better Tokay they had never tasted.

But there were better things to entertain the Lorrain Court. There were fêtes; there were theatricals—at some of which Voltaire and du Châtelet performed in person, Voltaire as the "Assesseur" in *L'Etourderie*, du Châtelet as "Issé";—there was brilliant conversation, music, everything that money could buy and good company produce. And Voltaire was the fêted of all. "Voltaire était dieu à la Cour de Stanislas," says Capefigue. He could do as he liked—sleep, wake, work, mix with the company, stroll about alone—without any restraint; the king and all were at his beck, all eager for his every word, taking everything from him in the best part, appreciating, admiring, worshipping. His plays were put upon the stage. He was allowed to drill the actors at his pleasure. In this way, *Le Glorieux* was produced with great pomp; also *Nanine*, *Brutus*, *Mérope*, and *Zaïre*, the last-named, for a novelty, by a troupe of children. Whatever he wrote, he could make sure that he would have an attentive audience of illustrious personages to hear him read out.

> Je coule ici mes heureux jours,
> Dans la plus tranquille des Cours,
> Sans intrigue, sans jalousie,
> Auprès d'un roi sans courtisans,
> Près de Boufflers et d'Emilie;
> Je les vois et je les entends,
> Il faut bien que je fasse envie.

If Voltaire was "god," Madame du Châtelet was "goddess"—waited upon, petted, having her every wish and every whim studied and gratified. There could seemingly be no more congenial, mutually appreciative group of persons than Stanislas and Voltaire, the Marquise de Boufflers and the Marquise du Châtelet.

Stanislas was then already an oldish man—according to one of his biographers, Abbé Aubert, sixty-six; according to another, Abbé Proyart, seventy-one. He was not quite the robust hero that he had been when accompanying Charles XII. on his trying ride to Bender, and sharing rough camp-life with Mazeppa. But he was still hale and hearty, and bore the weight of his years with an easy grace. He is described as of winning manners, rather majestic in figure and bearing, of an engaging countenance, exceedingly good-natured and affable.

Voltaire is likewise described as about at his best. He was just turned fifty—a little too old, as Madame du Châtelet was cruel enough to inform him, to act the part of an ardent lover, but appearing to less exacting persons still in the very vigour of manhood. "Après une vie sobre, reglée, sagement laborieuse," he is re-

presented as "well preserved"—slim, straight, upright, of a good bearing, with a well-shaped leg and a neat little foot. His features, we know, were wanting in regularity; but they wore a benevolent and pleasing expression. His greatest charm is said to have lain in his brilliant and expressive eyes, which seemed by their play to be ever anticipating the action of his lips. His mind was still young, and so were his tastes. He is described as a most fastidious dandy, *irréprochablement poudré et parfumé*, affecting clothes of the latest cut and richly embroidered with gold. To his factotum at Paris, Abbé Moussinot, he writes from Lunéville: "Send me some diamond buckles for shoes or garters, twenty pounds of hair-powder, twenty pounds of scent, a bottle of essence of jessamine, two 'enormous' pots of pomatum *à la fleur d'orange*, two powder puffs, two embroidered vests,"—&c. He was, moreover, an accomplished courtier. Properly to ingratiate himself with his new host, he made his appearance at Commercy with a complimentary copy of his *Henriade* in his hand, on the fly-leaf of which were penned these lines:

> Le ciel, comme Henri, voulut vous eprouver:
> La bonté, la valeur à tous deux fut commune,
> Mais mon héros fit changer la fortune
> Que votre vertu sut braver.

Of Madame du Châtelet's appearance we have two hopelessly irreconcilable accounts. She was certainly past forty-two; if her ill-natured cousin, the Marquise de Créqui, speaks truly (and she refers doubters to the parish register of St. Roch), she was even five years more. Voltaire's portrait of her, painted with the brush of admiration, is probably more complimentary than strictly truthful. Madame du Deffand limns her in very different lines:—"Une femme grande et sèche, une maîtresse d'école sans hanches, la poitrine étroite, et sur la poitrine une petite mappe-monde perdue dans l'espace, de gros bras trop courts pour ses passions, des pieds de grue, une tête d'oiseau de nuit, le nez pointu, deux petits yeux verts de mer et vert de terre, le teint noir et rouge, la bouche plate et les dents clair-semées." This hideous portraiture, it is true, Sainte Beuve protests against as a "page plus amèrement satirique" than any to be found in French literature; but Madame de Créqui has even worse to say of her cousin, adding, by way of further embellishment, "des pieds terribles, et des mains formidables"—let alone that, if Emilie was "une merveille de force," she was also at the same time "un prodige de gaucherie." "Voilà la belle Emilie!" However, everybody agrees in praising the grace of her manner, the remarkably attractive play of her expressive eyes—Saint Lambert calls her "la brune à l'œil fripon"—and her peculiar skill in becomingly dressing her dark hair. She spoke

with engaging animation and quickly—"comme moi quand je fais la française," says Madame de Grafigny (who was always proud of being a Lorraine)—"comme un ange," she completes the sentence. If during the day, while wholly engrossed upon her *Newton*, Emilie showed a little too much of the pedant, according to the same lady's testimony—"le soir elle est charmante."

The advent of the brilliant couple from Cirey, it need not be stated, added further strength to the *philosophe* party. Abbé Menoux found out that he had made a huge mistake. Between the two Marchionesses, De Boufflers and du Châtelet, in the place of the expected jealousy and rivalry, there proved to be nothing but sincere, close, and demonstrative friendship. To some extent Madame du Châtelet's amiability towards the Duke's favourite was diplomatic. She had not come into Lorraine without a very material object in view. Her husband was not as well off as either he or she might have wished; and, although in other matters she showed herself very indifferent to the dull "*bonhomme*"—that is how she used to call him—in matters of money she thoroughly supported his interest. One of King Stanislas' best pieces of patronage, the post of *grand maréchal des maisons*, worth 2,000 *écus* a year, had at the time fallen vacant, and for her husband *la belle* Emilie resolved to secure it. It cost her a tough struggle, for there was a formidable rival in the field. However, her woman's persistence triumphed in the end. Apart from such cupboard love, the two women, both of them possessing *esprit*, both born courtiers, and both, moreover, sharing a sublime contempt for the prosaic rules of what has become known as the "Nonconformist Conscience," seemed thoroughly made for one another. And their alliance told upon the Court. The Jesuits became alarmed. Menoux put himself upon his defence, and threw himself into the contest, more particularly with Voltaire, with a degree of vigour and energy which taxed all the combative power of his opponent. Others might eye the infidel askance and profess a holy horror of the opinions of one whom Heaven was fully expected some day to punish in its own way. There is an amusing anecdote of an unexpected encounter between Madame Alliot, the wife of the "Jesuit" *intendant*, and Voltaire, both of whom rushed for shelter, in a sudden and exceptionally violent storm, under the same tree. At first the lady shrank from the atheist as from an unclean thing. The rain, however, was inexorable. She revenged herself by preaching to the infidel, attributing the entire displeasure of Heaven, as evidenced in that fearful storm, to his unbelief. Voltaire, it is said, not feeling quite sure of his ground while lightnings were flashing, and in no sort of mood to play the Ajax, contented himself with meekly pleading

that he had "written very much more that was good of Him to whom the lady referred than the lady herself could ever say in her whole life." Such harmless little hits the *philosophe* had now and then to put up with; but for earnest fighting few besides Menoux had any stomach. There was, indeed, another Abbé at Court, who might have been expected to help: Porquet, who became the Duke's almoner, a most amusing person in a passive way. But he was by no means cut out for a champion. Besides being tutor to the young de Boufflers, he was scarcely a free agent. When first appointed almoner, and called upon to say grace, he found that he had quite forgotten his Benedicite. Stanislas made him occasionally read to him out of the Bible, with the result that, half-dozing over the sacred page, he fell into misreadings such as this: "Dieu apparut en singe à Jacob." "Comment," interrupted the Duke, "c'est 'en songe' que vous voulez dire!" "Eh, Sire, tout n'est il pas possible à la puissance de Dieu?"

There was one sturdy supporter of Catholicism, however, who never flinched from the fight: that was Alliot, the Duke's *intendant*, who, by virtue of his office, had it in his power to make his dislike sharply felt. With what abhorrence he regarded the infidel guest, for whom he had to cater, we may learn from the contemporary records of his clerical allies, narratives which do not ordinarily come under the notice of persons reading about Voltaire. One can scarcely help drawing the inference that King Stanislas, with all his goodness and all his affected devotion to *periculosa libertas*, was a little bit of a "Mr. Facing-both-ways," using very different arguments in different companies—a Pharisee to the Pharisees, a *philosophe* to the *philosophes*. Only thus could it come about that we have such extraordinary stories, altogether inconsistent with known facts, vouched for on the authority of reverend divines like Abbé Aubert and Abbé Proyart. "On vit quelquefois," says Abbé Proyart, "à la Cour du roi de Pologne certains sujets peu dignes de sa confiance, et le Prince les connoissoit; mais il trouvoit dans sa religion même des motifs de ne pas les éloigner." It was represented to him (by Alliot) that Voltaire "faisoit l'hypocrite." "C'est lui même, et non pas moi qu'il fait dupe," replied the king. "Son hypocrisie du moins est un hommage qu'il rend à la vertu. Et ne vaut-il pas mieux que nous le voyions hypocrite ici que scandaleux ailleurs?" But "le vrai sage," the Abbé goes on, found himself compelled at last to dismiss "le faux philosophe, qui commençoit à répandre à sa Cour le poison de ses dangereuses maximes." Under this clerical gloss the well-known story of Alliot stopping Voltaire's supply of food and candles assumes a totally new shape.

"Ce ne fut pas une petite affaire que d'obliger Voltaire à sortir du château de Lunéville." In vain did the king treat his guest with marked coldness: the philosopher would not take the hint. In his predicament Stanislas appealed to the *intendant* for advice. "Sire," replies Alliot, "*hoc genus dæmoniorum non ejicitur nisi in oratione et jejunio*," which means, he explains, that "pour se débarrasser de pareilles pestes," having "begged" them to go without avail, he should now enforce a "fast," which would certainly drive them away. Stanislas is alleged to have fallen in with the Jesuit's counsels; hence that open tiff with Alliot over the stoppage of provisions, which made Voltaire complain that he had not been allowed "bread, wine, and candles." In truth, of course, all this clerical story is pure invention. Of the stopping of the provisions Stanislas knew nothing till advised by Voltaire, when he quickly set the matter right.

What with feasting, working, acting, dancing, travelling, the time passed most pleasantly. "En vérité," writes Voltaire to the Countess D'Argental, "ce séjour-ci est délicieux; c'est un château enchanté dont le maître fait les honneurs. Je crois que Madame du Châtelet passerait ici sa vie." Sometimes at Commercy, sometimes at the Malgrange, most generally at Lunéville, with visitors coming and going, discussions raised, attentions being paid this side and that, gallantry, billiards, tric-trac, lansquenet, *comète* (which was a great favourite), marionettes, fancy balls, time could hang heavily on no one's hands. "On a de tout ici, hors du temps." Madame du Châtelet, writing till five o'clock in the morning, though she rose not later than nine, worked hard at her translation of *Newton*, which Voltaire cried up as a masterpiece (more particularly the preface). Whenever she found herself at fault, she had a splendidly fitted-up astronomical cabinet, kept up by Stanislas, to fall back upon, a cabinet which, says Voltaire, "n'a pas son pareil en France." Voltaire himself carried on a brisk correspondence with the Argentals, with Frederick the Great, with his friend Falkener in Wandsworth, and with many more, and worked at his history "de cette maudite guerre," at the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, at *Catilina*, and so on, with the easy industry which comes from comfort and absolute absence of restraint amid agreeable surroundings. To ingratiate himself the more with Madame de Boufflers, he wrote *La Femme qui a raison*. He acted and he criticized. He performed with a magic lantern, to the great amusement of the Court; and at masked balls he got himself up, sometimes as a "wild man," sometimes as an ancient augur. He was sorely troubled when threatened with a performance in Paris of a travesty of *Semiramis*. Then he lost some manuscripts. Then, again, Menoux frightened him with a tale that *Le Mondain* and

Le Portatif, published at Amsterdam, had both been in France traced to his pen. Among the visitors who in the second year of his stay came to enliven the Court was our Young Pretender—over whose misfortunes Voltaire had pathetically lamented before King Stanislas—and Prince Cantacuzene. The Pretender's cause Voltaire had taken up with fervid warmth. The news of his arrest in Paris arrived at Lunéville at the very moment when he was delighting the Lorrain Court with reading out his just completed chapter of *Le Siècle de Louis XIV.*, treating of the Stuarts. "O ciel!" he exclaimed, "est-il possible que le roi souffre cet affront et que sa gloire subisse une tache que toute l'eau de la Seine ne saurait laver?" "Que les hommes privés," he wrote later, "qui se plaignent de leurs infortunes jettent ses yeux sur ce prince et sur ces ancêtres."

Several times he left for a brief time, going with Madame du Châtelet to Cirey, to Châlons, and to Paris. One visit he paid to Paris alone, to see *Semiramis* put on the stage. He came back in a pitiable state, the account of which in Longchamp's journal reads comical enough. "Il est vrai que j'ai été malade," he writes, "mais il y a plaisir à l'être chez le roi de Pologne; il n'y a personne assurément qui ait plus soin de ses malades que lui. On ne peut pas être meilleur roi et meilleur homme." One would think not. Voltaire was petted like an invalid child. He had but to send word that he wished to see Stanislas, to bring the king to his bedside. When he found himself "malingre, bon à rien qu' à perdre ses regards vers la Vôge," he was taken out to Chanteheux, and made thoroughly comfortable there, where he could best indulge in the idle pleasure of contemplating the mountains. Meanwhile Madame du Châtelet had been to Plombières with Madame de Boufflers, and had come home just as much disgusted with the place as Voltaire himself had been nine or ten years before. Then the gay Court reassembled, and there was the same life, the same succession of pleasures, the same effusion of wit and raillery. Gilliers invented new dishes. King Stanislas exhibited his indifferent pastels. Madame de Boufflers played the harp, and courtiers with voices sang to her accompaniment. Under Voltaire's inspiration, all the Court turned *littérateur* and engaged in versifying. Stanislas took up his pen once more and wrote, among other things, *Le Philosophe Chrétien*, horrifying thereby his daughter, the Queen of France, who persuaded herself that in the book she discerned the malignant teaching of the infidel Voltaire. Madame de Boufflers wrote; Saint Lambert composed fresh ditties; Devaux grew industrious; even Galaizière found himself impressed by the lyric Muse. Every courtier mounted his own little Pegasus and made an attempt to produce something witty,

or clever, or at least readable. Lunéville became a modern Athens.

But there was a snake in the grass. One of the pleasantest features of the remarkably sociable life carried on by the brilliant company assembled under the roof of Stanislas, while at Lunéville and at Commercy, were those merry nocturnal gatherings held as soon as the king had retired to rest—which he did punctually at ten o'clock, without ever troubling the company, in spite of his jealousy, with an unexpected reappearance. Then began Madame de Boufflers' reign in good earnest; and to the good cheer of a choice little supper, to which often an exciting game of *comète* or of *cavagnole* added a fresh stimulus, was summoned, by means of a lighted candle placed in a particular window, a new guest, whom Stanislas' jealousy would not otherwise tolerate in the palace. This guest was the young and handsome Saint Lambert, a captain in the Duke of Lorraine's Guards, the cynosure of the ladies' world, of whom it was said that no fair heart to which he seriously laid siege could resist him. His muse had not yet taken the frigid turn which eventually produced those dull and chilling *Seasons*, a poem in which no one will now detect any merit, though Voltaire praised it up to the skies, and French contemporaries declared that the poet had surpassed Thomson. But he dabbled very neatly in little ditties, *vers d'occasion*, and the like, some of them rather light and pretty, though not of the most perfect style. Voltaire professes to regard Saint Lambert as a *terrible élève*, of whose poetry he owns himself "jealous." "Il prend un peu ma tournure et l'embellit—j'espère que la postérité m'en remerciera." Posterity has done nothing of the kind. In matters of courtship Saint Lambert resembled the "*papillon libertin*" sketched by himself in one of his prettiest *pièces fugitives*:—

> Plus pressant qu'amoureux, plus galant que fidèle,
> De la rose coquette allez baiser le sein.
> D'aimer et de changer faites-vous une loi:
> A ces douces erreurs consacrez votre vie.

Neither Society nor History would ever have known him, nor have detected any talent in him, had it not been his fortune to dispossess his two great contemporaries, Voltaire and Rousseau, successively of their mistresses, conquering the heart, first of Madame du Châtelet and later that of Madame de Houdetot. Madame de Houdetot and he turned out to be really congenial spirits. For Madame du Châtelet his own conduct shows that he did not really care—as how could a young man of thirty-one for a woman of forty-two or else forty-seven, who had been some years a grandmother? Her letters are full of impassioned professions of affection, impatient longings for his presence, reproaches for his indifference.

On his side it was all a question of vanity. It flattered him to think that he had eclipsed the great genius of the age in the affections of a woman of whom all the polite world was talking. What she was he knew well enough More than once had she tasted of the forbidden fruit. Voltaire's *Epître à la Calomnie* had not whitewashed the Magdalen who had had relations successively with Guébriant, with Richelieu, and with Voltaire. Of Voltaire's overstrained praise of her assumed modesty Saint Lambert himself writes :—

> De cette tendre Courtisane
> Il faisait presque une Susanne.

But what could have induced Madame du Châtelet to engage in this conspiracy of deceit all round—deceit on her part towards Voltaire, deceit on Saint Lambert's part towards both Voltaire (with whom he was not then on terms of intimacy) and Madame de Boufflers (with whom he had a standing *liaison*) ? It was in Madame de Boufflers' drawing-room, of all places, that the courtship was most actively carried on. Her gilt-framed harp, we hear, served as a letter-box to the lovers. There was a slit in it just of a convenient size to hold the letters, which passed daily. Of Madame du Châtelet's passion there could be no doubt. She threw herself into the *amour* with the fervour of a girl of sixteen. She sent her lover dainty *billets-doux* written on pink and blue-edged, fringed, and scented paper ; declared that she could not live two days without hearing from him, when he was away ; appointed *rendez-voux* in the " Bosquet "—watched and waited for him. It seems ridiculous in a grandmother ; but she was not the first woman of her age to go wrong.

Clogenson will have it that the attachment sprang up some years before—that Madame du Châtelet became annoyed at Voltaire's long absence at the Court of King Frederick, and looked out for a new lover. We know, however, that Emilie and Saint Lambert met for the first time at the Lorrain Court in 1748, when Voltaire had long been back from Berlin, and was devoting himself to his lady with an assiduity which could not be excelled. Besides, we know—from correspondence quite recently come to light—that as late as 1744 the relations between Voltaire and Emilie were still quite unclouded. The miniature portrait of Voltaire, which she wore so long secretly in her ring, and which was after her death found to have been replaced by one of Saint Lambert, was painted in 1744. In February of that year she writes to Abbé Moussinot : " Je vous laisse la choix du peintre, et je ne le trouverai pas cher, quoiqu'il puisse coûter." That does not sound like pining for a fresh lover. Evidently the later attachment dated only from 1748, when she first became personally acquainted with Saint Lambert ;

and, as the late M. Meaume puts it, "threw herself at his head." There is no need to look very far for an explanation. Emilie herself is perfectly outspoken about it. The temptation came. She had yielded so often that she had not sufficient virtue left to resist. The odd part of the business is, that Voltaire so readily forgave her; that he continued to dote upon her, to look upon her as half of his own self; and that he grew fast and admiring friends, almost in consequence of the betrayal, with his betrayer, Saint Lambert. Many years after, Saint Lambert very naïvely set forth his own views on the proper conduct of friends in matters of the kind in his *Conte Iroquois*. Voltaire accepted that not very chivalrous theory readily, and contented himself with protesting—"O ciel! voilà bien les femmes! J'en avais ôté Richelieu, Saint Lambert m'a expulsé: cela est dans l'ordre, un clou chasse l'autre." Indeed, his relations with Madame du Châtelet were not those of ordinary lovers. He did not look upon her as in his young days he had looked upon the inconstant "Pimpette," on the beautiful "Aurore," the pretty "Artemire," on the very "natural" Rupelmonde, or the false Adrienne. She was a companion and a friend—"une âme pour qui la mienne était faite."

There is no need to review the incidents of that melancholy love-making in detail. They are well known. It was at Commercy that the treachery was detected, and that those half-comical, half-pathetic scenes described by Longchamp occurred. Later came the ludicrous trick played off upon the Marquis at Cirey. Last of all, there was the sad ending at Lunéville.

Madame du Châtelet had a short time before met Stanislas at the Trianon, and had begged him for the use, for the time of her illness, of "le petit appartement de la reine" in the ducal palace, a handsome set of apartments on the ground-floor, looking out on one side on the Cour d'Honneur, on the other on the private gardens reserved for the Court—apartments which were magnificently furnished, but were prized by the petitioner chiefly for their comfort, and for their nearness to those other rooms, on the first-floor (which command a splendid view across the Bosquet, bounded in the distance by the gorgeous façade of Chanteheux), in which Voltaire was to be lodged. Those rooms in the first story are now appropriated as a granary. Madame du Châtelet's apartments serve as quarters for the divisional General. King Stanislas, kind-hearted as ever, gladly acceded to the petition, and entered into all the arrangements with particular personal interest, as if they had concerned some near relation of his. Under his own and Madame de Boufflers' attentive care (to say nothing of Voltaire and Mademoiselle du Thil), we know how admirably Emilie was looked after, how satisfactorily at first all seemed to proceed—her *Newton*

was finished just in the nick of time—till that fatal glass of iced *orgeat* suddenly turned happiness into grief, and made the palace a house of mourning.

Voltaire was dazed at the loss, unable to command his words or his steps. He tottered out on to the little flight of stairs, where he sat in dull despair and stupefaction. In spite of all that had happened of late, he declared that he had lost, not a mistress, but "half of his own self." The world would be a different world to him now. There was to be no more of woman's love for him in his after-life. Lunéville no longer was a place for him. "Je ne pourrais pas supporter Lunéville, où je l'ai perdue d'une manière plus funeste que vous ne pensez." Stanislas, kind to the last, did all that he could to comfort his distressed friend. On the day of his great trial he went up thrice into his room, sat with him, and wept with him. We hear little of the funeral, except that it was carried out in a magnificent style, attended by the whole of the Court, and with all the honours which were due to a member of one of the four "*Grands Chevaux*." It seemed like a mockery of Fate that, on being carried out to be placed on the car the bier should have broken down in the large saloon in which only a few weeks before Emilie had gathered brilliant laurels in her favourite character of Issé, and that a mass of flowers, with which her coffin was covered, should have dropped on the very spot where on that occasion had fallen a shower of bouquets thrown in token of admiration. The parish church of S. Remy, then quite new, received the body—it is that same hideously grotesque rococo church now dedicated to S. Jacques, overladen with misshapen ornament, whose two lofty but gingerbread spires, "bourgeoises, lourdes, cossues et bonhommes au demeurant," as Edmond About describes them, stand up, a conspicuous landmark, visible from afar off, and looking down on a scene far more attractive than themselves—the little town with its rectangular streets and squares, brightly-green vineyards all around, and laughing hop-grounds, carefully-kept gardens, dark bosquets, and luxuriant meadows, watered on one side by the broad Meurthe, on the other by the modest Vesouze—with the chain of the Vosges rising in the distance, overtopping those prettily undulating elevations with which Lunéville is fenced in. The tomb was new, the first dug in the nave—and it has remained the last. A black marble slab, bearing no inscription, was laid over the grave. That same black slab is there still. It was displaced once, when the rough champions of the Revolution raised it, in order to possess themselves of the lead of the coffin, scattering about rudely the bones which that coffin enclosed—almost at the precise moment when the body of Voltaire was being carried in triumph to the Pantheon in Paris. Pious hands gathered the

remains once more together, and there they rest in the same humble vault.

Voltaire wrote serious verses upon Emilie's death; King Frederick the Great wrote flippant ones. Maupertuis lamented the possessor of brilliant powers never put to a bad use, a woman guilty of "ni tracasserie, ni médisance, ni mechanceté." Madame de Grafigny mourned over one who had never told a lie; Voltaire added that she had never spoken ill of any one. It all mattered little after she was gone. Voltaire packed up his things, and hurried off sorrowfully to Cirey, where he gathered together the various chattels with which he had made that place more habitable and more attractive; and before the Marquise could seriously object he had carried them off to Paris.

He had done his work in Lunéville. He had put the stamp of literature and taste on the place. He had set the current of learning flowing towards the Lorrain capital, where a year after de Tressan appeared, to add one more captive to the admiring army vanquished by de Boufflers—Tressan, the "Horace, Pollion et Tibulle" of Voltaire, but forgotten now—who in 1751 founded, under Stanislas' auspices, that "Société de Sciences et de Belles Lettres," which soon acquired the name of "Academy," and took rank in public estimation almost on a par with the sacred Olympus of the "Forty" at Paris. Montesquieu, Helvétius, Hénault, Fontenelle, Bishop Poncet, Bishop Drouas—all begged as a favour to be admitted. Really, that Academy—which is still a flourishing and respected institution—was Voltaire's work. Stanislas' fond dream had been realized, and the Court of Lorraine had become a foremost seat of the Muses.

Voltaire never forgot the hospitality received at Stanislas' hands. To the time of that nominal sovereign's melancholy death, he continued in friendly and affectionate correspondence with him. In 1760, after Louis XV. had refused him permission to settle once more on the banks of the Vesouze, we find him writing to the Polish king: "Je me souviendrai toujours, Sire, avec la plus tendre et la plus respectueuse reconnaissance des jours heureux que j'ai passés dans votre palais. Je me souviendrai que vous daigniez faire les charmes de la société comme vous faisiez la félicité de vos peuples, et que si c'était un bonheur de dépendre de vous, c'en était un plus grand de vous approcher."

Six years after that the little drama of the Lorrain Court was played out. Blind, and old, and deserted, Stanislas was not even sufficiently cared for to have some one handy to help when his silk dressing-gown caught fire. He died of his wounds—with an innocent *bon-mot* on his lips. The Lorrains, who had been slow to welcome him, crowded round his sick bed and his hearse. He

had done his work. In spite of his failings, his posings, his airs, and his frivolities, no one need grudge him that tribute of esteem. He had made the change from independence, dear as life itself to the Lorrains while under their own dukes, to incorporation with France very much easier. He had done much material good to the Duchy, and to literature he had rendered very useful service. His Court is forgotten now. His Palace is turned into a barrack; and the once gay capital has, but for its garrison, become a sleepy little provincial town, in which the presence of a stray stranger puts the police at once on the *qui vive*. The hop-trade and the manufacture of *dentelleries* monopolize the attention of the inhabitants; and only rarely is it that some inquiring traveller comes to inspect with interest the spot on which was enacted the most important scene of what Comte d'Haussonville has aptly called "the great second act" of the *comédie* of Voltaire's life—that act which, according to the same gifted author, might be named "L'amour de la science, et la science de l'amour."

HENRY W. WOLFF.

IN THE WAKE OF THE RED VAN.

We have been hearing much about the Radical agitation in the rural districts; but only a few of us, perhaps, realize what that agitation really is, or what results it has achieved. It is, no doubt, difficult for persons of the educated classes, those who can detect at a glance the fallacies which are sown broadcast by Socialist agitators, to believe that what they themselves pass over with a laugh or a sneer is firmly and honestly believed by a very large section of the population. Besides, the public at large very seldom see a faithful report of the arguments and statements used by political agitators in the rural districts. You must go to some local Radical paper if you wish to learn what these people really say. You would probably be surprised at what you read there. Perhaps, also, your confidence in the strength of your own Party would be somewhat shaken, and you would be less prone to indulge in the questionable luxury of contempt. I am speaking of East Anglia, which is presumably representative of rural England at large. The population is practically made up of agricultural labourers, among whom the Socialist agitator works incessantly, and, as the General Election will show, not in vain. The labourers, it may be said, are in the last extremity of "earth-hunger." That is a curious fact. One would think that they had seen enough of bad seasons and hard times to convince them that regular wages of 11s. a week, which harvest-work and piece-work bring up to an average wage of about 15s. a week all the year round, are preferable to a few acres of land, which they have not capital to cultivate properly, with a dwelling-house which they could not afford to keep in repair. But they cannot see this. A "bit of land" has become the *summum bonum* of their desires. Mr. Joseph Arch and his associates have not been agitating in vain. They have raised ill-feeling between the labourer and his employers, and it is not easy to hope for any speedy restoration of social common sense. The Red Van has been spreading sedition in every direction; and the responsible politicians, in whose behalf it has been at work, have uttered not a word to check the notions it has sown. For example, "The farmers," said one of the itinerant apostles of Liberalism, "employ you at low wages—say, to look after a bullock.

You clean it and feed it, and work for it month after month; you drive it to market; the farmer realizes a handsome profit; and you, if you are lucky, get a pennyworth of liver (cries of 'Shame!')." What might be said on the other side of the question the agitators carefully conceal; and the moralists of Liberalism, who speak of their cause as the most humane which "has ever sought or received the blessing of the Prince of Peace," have not a word to say.

If the Small Holdings Bill is passed, the case of the farmers will be altered for the worse. How is the small holder to be cultivating his own bit of land, and at the same time working for his employer? The seasons cannot be altered by Act of Parliament; the labourer will want to get in his seed at the same time as the farmer; and when the dark rain-clouds are rolling up, and the glass is falling quickly, the small holder will be too busy getting in his own little harvest to heed the appeals of the farmer with a hundred acres of grain in imminent peril. Allotments are excellent things; and a spade and a hoe, with a few packets of seeds, or some seed potatoes, represent pretty nearly all the capital required; but if a labourer takes up a larger piece of ground he must either neglect his regular work to cultivate it or pay others to cultivate it for him, and in neither instance is he likely to reap much profit in the end. The Compulsory Sales Act is looked at with simple terror by most of the East Anglian landlords, who foresee in it a long series of complications in the matter of future leases and so forth.

The agricultural labourer is not, either physically or mentally, the finest specimen of an Englishman. His views are narrow; his brain-power is small, and his discontent proportionately large. The smarter men generally enlist, or emigrate, or drift to the large towns. Thus, as a rule, only the duller or feebler ones are left to carry on the field-work. These, having passed a certain standard at school, seldom or never afterwards open a book, soon forget all they ever learned, and are easily worked on by the agitators. The labourers who can read are always provided with cheap Socialist books and papers, and what they see in print is Gospel truth to them. Every man naturally nourishes the idea that he is ill-treated and deprived of his rights, rather than subscribe to the doctrine of contentment. Labourers who have little to lose think that they may gain something if they follow the advice of the revolutionary counsellors. They have come to regard the large landowners with dislike and distrust, oblivious of the fact that on big estates work is more regular, and cottages infinitely better, than on small ones. The notion that no one person should have much land in his own possession is constantly growing in the minds of the East Anglian labourers. How, one feels inclined to ask, did they manage some years ago, when wages were lower

and provisions dearer? They did manage; and the relics of an older civilization are apparent in the manners and contented bearing of the old people, who contrast most favourably with their descendants.

Statistics show that the dwellers in East Anglia are not a very high order of humanity. The number of idiots is considerably larger than in any other equal district of England, and the illegitimate births are more numerous. But I should not wish it to be thought that I speak slightingly or disparagingly of them. They labour under very great disadvantages. Far away from any large town, from any centre of civilization, where thoughts and ideas succeed each other rapidly and give a standard by which projects and actions may be judged at something like their proper value, the labourer grinds along at his daily task, and the only person who comes to talk and reason with him, and try to impress a new notion on the slowly-moving brain, is the political agitator. Men emigrate from the country to the town; but no one emigrates from the town to the country. Thus the labourer sees few fresh faces, and knows little of what is going on in the world. His father and grandfather worked all their lives on the land, and then, probably half-crippled with rheumatism, waited a few tedious years, either by their children's fireside or in the workhouse, before entering into the long rest which repaid their weary lives; and the same history will repeat itself with him, with his children, with his children's children.

Watch that man ploughing yonder. The horses plod steadily along the straight furrow, nodding their heads with every step they take. The man plods steadily after them over the clods of rich brown earth. They reach the end of the field. A few jerks at the rope rein, a few uncouth objurgations, which the horses perfectly understand, and the plough is turned, and off they go along the straight line again. They reach the end; the process is repeated; and so on *ad infinitum*. Or see that man hedging and ditching on a distant part of the farm. Quite alone all day, at his monotonous, uninteresting work, he sees nobody till he comes home in the evening. He takes his dinner with him—a bit of bread and an onion, or a piece of bacon—and he enjoys his hour's rest, sitting under the fence, slowly munching, his dull eyes vaguely staring at nothing in particular. What does he think of? Probably he himself could not tell you. These and similar occupations are scarcely such as develop a man's mind, and give him just views of men and life. And, as the rustics cannot be expected to have read history, and to know that there always have been, and always must be, different ranks and conditions of men, they glance with scarcely-concealed envy and

dislike at the squire as he trots home from hunting, or at the squire's wife as she drives rapidly by, while they plod on through the mud.

"We makes the money, and they spends it," is a favourite remark among the East Anglian labourers. Still, the poor squire is putting down his hunters, and his wife is reduced to her pony-carriage. The rents have so diminished that, what with tithes, land-tax, wood-tax, income-tax, poor-rate, road-rate, etc., the smaller landowners have been almost ruined; for the outgoings diminish not, while the incomes do. While the farm-rents are about half what they were ten or fifteen years ago, taxes remain the same; and certain intelligent legislators, who do not own land in an agricultural district, are always in favour of putting additional burdens on the already over-weighted land. The land is expected to make up all deficiencies. Thus, for example, the owner of two or three hundred acres of plough-land, who keeps, perhaps, one light cart to get about with, pays a considerably higher road-rate than the great brewer or the great coal-merchant, who makes a handsome income each year, and keeps a dozen heavy waggons cutting the roads to pieces.

In Essex some of the land has actually gone out of cultivation altogether. It is good heavy land for wheat-growing; but what is the use of growing wheat nowadays? Farmer and landlord may be ruined; but that does not affect the labourer very much. He can almost always get work in another village; his wages are better than they ever were; there are few places where he cannot get an allotment; and most of the farmers are very good in finding jobs for the men, and keeping them on in winter, when work is slack. True, the farmer has some difficulties in the matter of low prices for beasts and grain; but these difficulties are generally met by an application to have the rent lowered at the end of the lease, and the landlord, afraid of having a farm thrown on his hands, which he has not capital to stock and work himself, is obliged to agree, and continues to pay the same tithe and taxes as before. A farm of 450 acres, which used to let ten years ago for £650, is now reduced to £440; yet the owner pays the same tithe, £100, and clears, after this and the taxes are paid, £280.

Nevertheless, the labourers are taught to regard the landowners as their natural enemies, who riot in luxury and plenty on money produced by the toil of the working men. The hands in factories and other large industrial businesses do not have the same ill-feeling for their employers. They sometimes strike for better wages, it is true; but the notion that they are being deprived of a right because they have no share in the profits does not cross their minds. The rural labourer, on the other hand, considers that the

land has been wrongfully wrested from him, and that it should be restored.

Game-preserving is another bone of contention. A labourer will frequently put his foot on a partridge-nest full of eggs. He has the satisfaction of knowing that "We've done the squire out o' them anyway." Now, poaching one can understand; but deliberately to destroy eggs, only for the pleasure of spoiling sport, is a new mode of expressing social opinion. Yet, I repeat, one cannot blame the labourer only. The origin of the evil lies with those who have suggested fallacies to his dull mind, which, while slow to take an impression, clings with marvellous tenacity to an idea once firmly rooted.

There has lately, in one part of East Anglia, been much agitation on the subject of the housing of the working classes. In one large village of about 1,000 inhabitants, it was declared that many of the houses were utterly unfit for occupation. So they were. There was no doubt of that. The cottages belonged, almost without exception, to small people—people, living at a distance, who had invested two or three hundred pounds in the purchase of houses, and made what they could out of the rents of the wretched hovels. The Radical section of the community took up the matter very hotly, declaring that each man ought to have a proper house and garden, and that steps towards that end must be taken immediately. They charged the other Party with indifference to the welfare of the poor, and declined to listen to any advice or suggestions on the difficult question. In fact, they made the matter a Party cry, and soon forced aside the Conservatives, who at first were perfectly willing to work with them. A Sanitary Commission was appointed, and the owners of the houses were remonstrated with. The owners having declared their inability to lay out any money, recourse was had to the first part of the Act, by which all dwellings considered unfit for habitation were to be closed on a certain day. Then the question arose, Where were the tenants to go? They had been very active in appearing before the Board, and in testifying to the bad condition of their houses; but when the fiat went forth that they must quit, with one accord they turned round and expressed a wish to stay on. And some of them did stay on in the condemned houses, for which they paid no rent, and from which they could not be dislodged. After repeated notices to quit, one family, indeed, was turned out; but that gave rise to so much excitement, and the authorities incurred so much abuse (although the question was none of their raising), that it was thought better to let the matter rest for a time. At present many of the condemned cottages are tenanted. The tenants are liable to a very heavy fine; but, of course, that will never be enforced.

The labourers had not clearly understood the case. They had imagined that the houses would be repaired, or that others would be given them in the same village; and on their discovering that they would have to take such cottages as they could find, either in the village or elsewhere, the discontent was great. Reproaches for not building more cottages were heaped upon the landowners; and bitter were the invectives against those who worked the poor man as long as he could stand, and then lodged him worse than a cow or a pig. It was vain to point out to the malcontents that in this matter the landowners, with one exception, were not to blame. The labourers held meetings, expressed their wish for a good house and garden apiece, and stated that those who owned land should provide for those who worked on it. The landowners thought that, beyond keeping their own cottages in proper repair, they could do no more. Then, in the plenitude of their power, the sanitary officers took to visiting cottages on the different estates, and sent curt notices to the owners, desiring them to make repairs immediately. Many of the repairs ordained were very trifling, and had nothing whatever to do with sanitation. Having been promised great things, and finding that the matter had resolved itself into a notice to quit their present homes, the labourers were in a high state of discontent; having been badly treated, the landowners were not inclined to help; and for a time matters remained at a deadlock. Then the last section of the Act was brought forward. It empowers the County Council to borrow money for the purpose of erecting cottages where more are required. The rent of the cottages is to pay part of the interest on the money borrowed to buy the land and build the houses, and the deficiency is to be met by a rate. There were many discussions as to whether the rate was to extend over the whole Union, or only over the adjoining parishes; but at length it was decided that the whole Union should bear the expense. As yet, however, the County Council have taken no decided steps. The population is shown to be steadily decreasing, and there are many doubts as to whether the plan will answer. The County Council have visions of bankrupt tenants, repairs, and expenses which there would be no funds to defray. Consequently, in spite of an enormous agitation—enormous, that is, for so small a place—nothing has been done beyond shutting up a few houses, the tenants of which are extremely ill-pleased at having to find cottages elsewhere and pay the cost of removal. A great deal of ill-feeling has been generated. "We want the landlords to work with us, and they will not," say the moving spirits of this scheme. But they have dictated so truculently that the landlords have been obliged to withdraw from participation in the matter. Co-operation might have been secured had the landlords been treated differently.

The agitator is always eloquent about the steady, sober, honest labourer who disdains anything approaching to charity, and whose one desire in life is to have a decent cottage, with separate rooms for his boys and girls, and a good bit of garden. This estimable person is very greatly in the minority. Many of the labourers are steady and sober enough, although I never met one in my life who was above taking a shilling which he had not earned; and their gardens are certainly kept extremely well, for that puts money into their pockets; but, in spite of all the sanitary officer's endeavours, their domestic arrangements are generally disgraceful. They take lodgers, who pay five or six shillings a week; and, in order that these may be accommodated, the family are packed as closely as possible. In one house in the village of which I speak, father, mother, and four children (one a boy of sixteen, another a girl with her baby), slept in the same room, that the other might be given up to three lodgers—two men and a woman. Now, if these people had had another bed room, they would merely have let it to three more lodgers. The County Council are aware of this, and know what the labourers' outcry for more bed-rooms really means. On almost all large estates the taking of lodgers is forbidden, and some decency is preserved; but shameless over-crowding goes on where no such regulation prevails —in cottages belonging to small owners who care for nothing so long as they get the rent. The labourers seem actually to prefer these badly-ventilated, out-of-repair hovels, where the rent is exacted to the uttermost farthing, to the new airy dwellings on the large estates, where, although the landlord is often merciful in the matter of unpunctual rent, lodgers are not allowed, and a certain neatness and order is demanded.

The political agitator, as I have noted, seems to have no particular ill-feeling towards the great manufacturers, whose fathers have realized enormous fortunes, and left the sons with little or nothing to do but to receive the profits of large concerns; yet the land-owner, whose income has dwindled down to a few hundreds a year, has to bear constant abuse. Had he forged the title-deeds, or stolen the money with which he purchased the estate, he could scarcely be held up to greater odium. We are told that he grinds the faces of the poor, and that, having amassed large sums of money, wrung from their ill-requited toil, the depraved county magnate spends it in riotous living, while the honest and deserving labourer continues to slave on the acres wrested from his forefathers, which, in common justice and equity, ought to be equally shared among the people. Thus, the influence of the squire and the clergyman has waned. Some attribute this to the fact that so many land-owners spend much of their time in London or abroad, and do not

take sufficient interest in the estates and in the tenantry. Others say it is partly the fault of the clergyman, who seldom or never speaks on political matters to the labouring portion of his flock. Others, with more reason, consider that the Radical organization is mapped and planned out with such completeness and precision that the Conservatives are losing ground naturally. The Dissenting minister is almost invariably an active political agent. Radical missionaries of all kinds, from the legitimate agent of the Radical candidate to the Socialist of the most pronounced views, regularly patrol the country and spread their dangerous doctrines. They leave behind them papers and pamphlets which keep the flame alive till the next agitator arrives; and, as their doctrines are undoubtedly popular, their promises large, and their activity incessant, the harm done by these men is incalculable. The landlords are perfectly willing to raise wages and build cottages when their means permit them to do so; but it is absurd to suppose that landowners can increase their outgoings when their incomes are failing so rapidly. If Radical Statesmen would relieve the land of some of the burdens it at present bears, the position of the labourer could be improved. By impoverishing the landlord, they impoverish the working man also.

Can it be that all this goes on with the cognizance of the great Liberal Statesmen? Do they know the falsehoods which are circulated among the labourers, and that their names are given as the authority for these falsehoods? Are they aware of the dangerous doctrines to which they are supposed to have set their seal of approval? If they do not know, should they not enquire? If they do know, how can they permit it to go on? Radicalism declares itself to be the gospel of truth and freedom, of equity and justice. How comes it, then, that agitators are allowed, in its name, to mislead simple folk by monstrous misrepresentation, and to lure them by extravagant promises towards an impossible goal?

GERTRUDE BLAKE.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

The literary fare of the month has the characteristic of the Scotchman's sheep's-head: it is "fine confuised feeding." Without an intimate acquaintance with that dish (especially in days when there is great "touchiness" abroad in the North over national institutions) it would be venturesome to apply the analogy further. This may be said of both feasts, however. Their "fineness" lies in the "confuisedness": a varied palatableness in the mass, which holds a rare-bit here and there. How far the mass of current literature is being dished to suit a higher standard of taste would be a more interesting study, from month to month, than the peculiar high qualities of rare-bits. But, by common consent, the business of the reviewers (are they among the Sons of Joy on that account?) is to put in their thumbs and pull out the plums; and we must e'en to it.

The first to hand is, of course, the Laureate's new volume.* It cannot be said, as yet, whether *The Foresters* is a good play. If it be found that it is not, then we have lost much by the story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian being cast in dramatic form; for there is something in *The Foresters* which tells us that a poem on the subject would have been fine, and, probably, would have been fuller and richer than the book of the play. Everyone, however, will join in the chorus of welcome to it as it is, not only on account of its subject, but on account, as well, of the fitness of that subject, being treated by Lord Tennyson. The tradition of Robin Hood and his merry men holds tenaciously; in it lies the genius of the English people. The names of Friar Tuck, of Will Scarlet, of "dear Little John" do "cling like ivy to the wood." None was more likely to hear their arrows whizzing overhead and catch the winding of their phantom horns than the poet who, of all our poets, is the most English—most strenuously English, at any rate. We have poets among us who sing as open-air a song; but there is in Lord Tennyson's singing a note of melancholy which seems to tell that he is conscious that all that he holds so beautiful and worthy is passing away. In these decadent days, when many count it a sin

* *The Foresters*: *Robin Hood and Maid Marian.* By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Macmillan.

to be proud of England, and rather stir their thin blood to an enthusiasm for Humanity (with an abode as far away from their own doors as possible), the reader who has some motions of righteous "jingoism" in him will share the poet's unwillingness to quit hold of its national tradition.

The story is simple. Maid Marian is loved by Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon, and loves him. She is desired by the Sheriff of Nottingham, the Abbot's brother, and she will not have him. The case may be stated in these refreshingly simple terms. There is no psychological analysis of loves and desires: no questions about their degrees and qualities; no conscientious scruples lest the love to be given be not equal to the love that is offered; none of the small machinery of the modern novel. Indeed, there are not many scruples about anything. The Sherwood code of morals was the dangerously modern one which justifies robbing the robber. For the necessity of "situation," Marian has a brother in captivity for whose release her father has come under a bond to the Abbot for 2,000 marks; and that sum represents the value, clearly, of Marian's marriage with the Abbot's kinsman. She has taken a vow to marry no man until the king is home again, and plays that card very skilfully with the Sheriff and very coyly with Robin. Of course, the king does come home again, nevermore to roam again; and all the birds in merry Sherwood sing and Robin declares, with great restraint it must be admitted, "I am most happy." It is needless to say that more is satisfied than national pride and the desire for a story. There are studious touches—as John's saying: "True soul of the Saxon churl for whom song has no charm." Every here and there the poet displays his intimate acquaintance with the woods. The songs—"To sleep! To sleep!" for example—have the lyrical melancholy as of old. Above all, there is a wonderful vivacity to come at the end of so many days.

The persistence of the Robin Hood tradition in England is matched by that of the Wallace tradition in Scotland. The hero of the Northern Kingdom owes his national reputation to Harry the Minstrel, who wrote his poem some two hundred years after the subject of it was dead. Those who hold, as Mr. Freeman did, that Wallace was a common outlaw, make an extreme revolt from the popular belief that everything recorded of him by blind Harry is gospel. One does not need to compare the character of the Englishman presented to us in *Sir William Wallace*—mere poltroons or braggarts or felons, as Dr. Ross said—with those in the fairer and greater work of John Barbour, to see how grotesquely false the story is. That falseness is on the face of it. Nevertheless, it is likely that this romantic poem accurately enough reflected the

MECH INSTI

patriotic spirit of Scotland then and in later times. It may not be easy to bear with patience the manifestation of that spirit in certain professors and others in our own day, who, if they cannot help being troubled by it, ought, at least, to have the good sense to be silent upon their infirmity. But we ought not to forget what it means for a nation to lie two hundred years under arms with an enemy constantly at the gate. The critic who falls foul of "Scots wha ha'e" fails to make allowance for a patriotic sentiment that lingered, honestly enough, until the days of Burns, into whose veins (he himself tells us) Blind Harry's poem "poured a tide of Scottish prejudice which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest," and caused him to perpetrate verses touched with the "magnificent braggadocio" of the earlier poem.

We have been led to speak of Blind Harry's work by the appearance of a popular series of the Scottish Poets,* which deserves a hearty welcome. It cannot be said that such a series was not required. Considering the richness of early and mediæval Scottish poetry, its neglect is a reproach; but it is not surprising. The general reader had no access to it. Hitherto, as Mr. Eyre-Todd tells us in his preface, the works of James I., Henryson, Dunbar, and Douglas, were scarcely to be had together for a smaller sum than five guineas. It was certainly by a stretch of the imagination only that Mr. Blomfield, in his monograph on the *Formal Garden*, could speak of the description, in the *King's Quhair*, of "a garden fair fast by the Tower's wall," as a well-known passage; and the work of Dunbar and of the earlier "makaris" whom he laments is probably less popular reading than that of James I., especially if we are obstinate enough to include in it the richly humorous *Peblis to the Play*, certain lines of which—

> "Wat Atkin said to fair Ales
> 'My bird now will I fayr':
> The devil a wourde that Scho might speik
> Bet swownit that sweit of Swair
> For kyndnes
> Of Peblis to the Play.
>
> He fippilit lyk ane faderles fole;
> 'And be still my sweit thing.
> Be the halyrud of Peblis
> I may nocht rest for greeting?'"

—are as fine as any to be found in a poetry which abounds in verses of this style.

* The Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets. Early Scottish Poetry. Mediæval Scottish Poetry. Edited by George Eyre-Todd. Glasgow: William Hodge & Co.

Curiously enough, this neglect has existed in spite of a unanimous tribute by students to the high qualities of the body of old Scots poetry. To those who have found them out for themselves the rarity of the discovery is apt to make it unduly precious. To avoid falling into exaggeration, let us say no more on the general subject than that the reader who does not know "Robene and Makyne," and his Dunbar, has many fresh countries still to conquer.

Mr. Eyre-Todd has done his work excellently. As a rule the poems are printed complete. When, as in the cases of Gavin Douglas and Barbour and Blind Harry, a selection of passages was necessary, the selection has been made with judgment. The introductions to the different poets contain just such information as is required for a right understanding of the poems that follow—to which end a marginal glossary is an assistance. But is it not an insult to English readers to lead them to the discovery that "Sandy Trail" (among the makars) was Alexander Trail? That, however, is by the way. These volumes contain no criticism that is obtrusively perfervid; and they are sure of a welcome on both sides of the Border.

The cloak of the makars has fallen upon Hugh Halliburton, who has added to the reputation which he made by *Horace in Homespun* with a volume of *Ochil Idylls*. He is much more in direct descent from them than Sir Walter Scott was. In his *Letters to Dead Authors*,* which we have been reading in their new setting with renewed delight, Mr. Lang writes with enthusiasm—not always Mr. Lang's manner—of Sir Walter Scott. He writes somewhat as an apologist—not of the man who, more than ever since the publication of the *Diaries*, "almost alone among men of letters like a living friend wins and charms us out of the past"; but—of the poet. Mr. Lang thinks—and elsewhere he has plainly stated his belief—that *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* are not read so widely as once they were. That is always an uncertain thing to say of poetry, especially of poetry that is to be found in every bookshelf in old editions which may be more thumbed now than ever they were. At any rate, if Sir Walter's works are not read, why are there so many new editions of them? The first book, after Mr. Lang's, which we took up was the *Aldine* edition of Scott,† in five volumes beautiful enough to satisfy his admirers, of whom there must be many, or they should not be so provided for.

By way of introduction to this edition, Mr. John Dennis has

* *Letters to Dead Authors.* By Andrew Lang. New Edition. Longmans.

† The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. (The *Aldine* Edition of the British Poets.) Edited, with Memoir, by John Dennis. Five volumes. George Bell & Sons.

written an admirable little memoir. It does not contain anything new; for it is based upon Lockhart's great *Life*, and takes note of the *Diaries* by the way. It is succinct, and compasses the salient points; and it possesses the quality of freshness which it is difficult to infuse into such a task. The poems themselves are given with such corrections on the original editions as seem justified by Scott's literal carelessness. The Introductions have been considerably abridged; and the Notes—to many readers as interesting as the poems they are intended to illumine—are printed in condensed form. Another change for which the Editor apologizes is a deviation from the chronological order, *Marmion* coming after *The Lady of the Lake;* but of this we need not complain when it gives us the former poem complete in such a beautiful volume as the second of this edition. If it is the custom now, as it was in our young day, to read *Marmion* in schools—into which, we are glad to see, Mr. Henley's *Lyra Heroica* has been introduced —we can imagine this second volume being prized by many schoolboys. The pity is that the Autotype Company's reproduction of the fine portrait by Raeburn could not be repeated in all five.

There is another writer who, like Scott, is a great name in fiction, and is entitled also, by his "Lowden Sabbath Morn" and "A Mile and a bittock," to take a place among Scottish poets. Mr. Stevenson's latest volume * is a collection of memories and essays, and is dedicated to M. Paul Bourget, the most eminent example, Mr. Gosse tells us, of the novelist made by the plaudits of the ladies who, we have heard, do not like the *Master of Ballantrae*. In the letter to the author in which Mr. Sidney Colvin, who was entrusted with the editing of these papers, gives an account of his stewardship, there is a passage which expresses the feeling about Mr. Stevenson which all of us entertain. "Inasmuch," Mr. Colvin writes, "inasmuch as the South Sea sirens have breathed new life into you, we are bound to be heartily grateful to them, though as they keep you so far removed from us, it is difficult not to bear them a grudge; and if they would reconcile us quite, they have but to do two things more—to teach you new tales that shall charm us like your old, and to spare you, at least once in a while in summer, to climates within reach of us who are task-bound for ten months in the year beside the Thames." This feeling gives an added interest to any new volume which Mr. Stevenson publishes. Hitherto, the absence of his own personality from his work—the distinction of his style was always present—has been a fault in this author. Such neutrality was unnatural. The non-moral attitude was positively eerie at times. The frame

* *Across the Plains, with other Memories and Essays.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chatto & Windus.

was too rigid, and all within its limits too strictly decorative. The present essays, read singly, in this magazine and in that, with amusement merely, are autobiographical when read collectively. When their author wrote, and his Editor endorsed the saying, "the lights seem a little turned down," we know that it was not a partial eclipse of style that we were prepared for; but rather an eclipse of the gaiety of the writer who "was far through," and went none too soon, for peace of body and mind, to the South Seas. It is easy to read all this in the "Christmas Sermon," to which one turns with surprise. Why should Mr. Stevenson write a sermon? Why, at any rate, should such a sensible, depressing, very aged sermon as this come from the pen that was wont to jealously eschew the thin ink of introspection? "Pulvis et Umbra" is more hopeless still: a marvel of writing that terrifies us, so convincing is its pessimism, so consciously and doggedly does it adorn its melancholy point: "Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun." Mr. Stevenson has written few stronger chapters than "Pulvis et Umbra"; but clearly he wrote it in the shadow of ill-health. In him the natural man is in pagan revolt for life and for action; for the strong and the beautiful things in Nature; for the simple, the innocent, the cheerful, and the "kindly." When he pipes this sad-enough, morbid-enough, melancholy note he has gone over to the camp from which he rebelled; and we must bear no grudge against the sirens, as far away as the South Seas, who can lure him out of it again.

We would not miss one of these memories of New York and San Francisco and the way between; of the painters' camp in Fontainebleau; of the last adventures of Arethusa and the Cigarette; of earlier days on the Coast of Fife. But we are not going to accept Mr. Stevenson's autobiographical manner, which pervades this volume, as meaning that the main stages of the journey have been traversed, and that the time has come for gathering up the records of them. There is enough of the fearful fiction of action in our hands to-day, to make us for ever thankful that the revolt against the didactic (the emasculated) novel was led by such an artist and master of style as Mr. Stevenson. Not a past master, however. We cannot be satisfied with what he has done. *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*, and even the *Master of Ballantrae*, are only preparations for the great novel which these proofs of his rare genius have taught us to expect. Of the reminiscent papers, that on Fontainebleau and the village community of painters among whom, if we mistake not, the *Inland Voyage* was written, casts a light upon the maturing of his style. Fontainebleau "is sanative: the air, the light, the perfumes, and the shapes

of things concord in happy harmony. . . Mirth, lyric mirth, and a vivacious classical contentment, are of the very essence of the better kind of art; and these, in that most smiling forest, the artist has the chance to learn or to remember. Even on the plain of Bière where the Angelus of Millet still tolls upon the ear of fancy, a larger air, a higher heaven, something ancient and healthy in the face of nature, purify the mind alike from dulness and hysteria. There is no place where the young are more gladly conscious of their youth, or the old better contented with their age." These and similar passages may not be acknowledgments of what Fontainebleau did for the writer; but they show that the qualities which distinguish his work—"precision, clarity, the cleanly and crafty employment of material, a grace in the handling, apart from any value in the thought"—have been deliberately sought for. On the more technical side of his training, advance had already been made (without his knowing it), by "playing the sedulous ape" to great writers of English prose; and in France, especially among painters, he would be impressed with the necessity for mastery over the material. Of that necessity he makes no doubt. He does not preach the doctrine, retained by some members of that village community of painters, that the end of paint is paint. But there is a stage, he says, when "to work grossly at the trade, to forget sentiment, to think of his material and nothing else, is, for awhile at least, the King's highway of progress." It is the ruin of the young artist in paint, or in letters, to be prated to about the lofty aims and moral influence of art. "The love of words and not a desire to publish new discoveries, the love of form and not a novel reading of historical events, mark the vocation of the writer and the painter." That is the lesson so important for English artists to learn, and so difficult because so opposed to our traditions. France is already teaching it to our painters, and fashion has suddenly wheeled about and acknowledged the debt, almost too abjectly. No doubt we are in debt to France for some things in Mr. Stevenson also: for the artist we might say, or for the skilled workman. Mr. Stevenson will have no "high falutin'." "Art," he says, "is first of all, and last of all, a trade."

Therefore it is, no doubt, that he is almost brutally frank in discussing the position of the artist. His first duty, according to Mr. Stevenson, is to pay his way. When that is accomplished he may plunge into what eccentricity he likes; but emphatically not till then. Till then he must pay assiduous court to the bourgeois who carries the purse. If he cannot do that without falsifying his talent, he can preserve a better thing than talent, character; for he has the alternative of following some more manly way of life.

The artist is full brother to the Daughters of Joy. He proposes to delight—an impudent design. Mr. Stevenson might have given it for his consolation that it is not more impudent than the design to instruct which is the ambition of some writers of fiction among us whom no one would accuse of being artists. On the subject of the relations of art to life we are privileged with the opinions of two other novelists. The hero of *The Three Fates** had an exceeding difficulty in reconciling the two. "He was writing, working with passionate and all absorbing interest at the expression of his fancies;" and at that moment "a number of people intimately connected with his life were all in one way or other suffering acutely, and he himself was the direct or indirect cause of all their sufferings." Mr. Sherrington Trimm, "pale and anxious," was engaged in mastering his anger and disgust at his wife; she was in hysterics and was being put to bed by her maid; her daughter could not undertake that dutiful office, for she was prostrate, upon a divan, in the boudoir down stairs, "dry-eyed, with strained lips and blanched cheeks, knowing nothing save that her passion had dashed itself to pieces against a rock in the midst of its fairest voyage"; in another house Grace Bond was leaning against a broad chimney-piece, a half-sorrowful, half-contemptuous smile upon her strong, sad face—an attitude that requires no enhancement, except that up-stairs the sister of her thoughts was kneeling and praying "with all her might;" and in yet another place "in a magnificent chamber, where the softened light played upon rich carvings and soft carpets, an old man lay dying of his last fit of anger." All for the sake of George Wood, who was "driving his pen unceasingly from one side of a piece of paper to the other." What sadness in the thought that had he not been among the Sons of Joy "he would still have been sitting in his shabby easy-chair, thoughtfully pulling at his short pipe and thinking of all those persons." Mr. Marion Crawford says that the erratic ways of artists are to be "condoned, at least, if not counted to them for positive righteousness." They are not to be thought heartless if under the imperious domination of a new idea they cannot turn their attention to the things around them. They are, in fact, to accept themselves as different from other people: in the matter of human love, for example, they have a difficulty in loving with the heart and not with the sensibilities only. "The artist! Isn't he a man all the same," says Paul Overt, in *The Lesson of the Master*;† and Mr. Henry St. George explains that he is not. Mr. St. George's words and his motives, it is true, were always dubious; but he

* *The Three Fates.* By F. Marion Crawford. Three Volumes. Macmillan & Co.

† *The Lesson of the Master.* By Henry James. Macmillan & Co.

managed to present the alternatives very plainly. As for Paul Overt. It is to be feared that if he loved Marian Fancourt at all, it was with the sensibilities only. "He noted that the water-colours on the walls of the room she sat in had mainly the quality of being *naïves*, and reflected that *naïveté* in art is like a cipher in a number: its importance depends upon the figure it is united with. But meanwhile he had fallen in love with her."

It would be absurd to single out isolated passages and situations such as these and ridicule the novels to which they belong because they unduly emphasize certain motives and mental moods. Art implies selection; and selection implies a certain exaggeration of points. But the exaggeration should never be preposterous. And, although Mr. Marion Crawford's novel is powerful enough and interesting enough, it is in many places sadly preposterous, and unworthy the author of *A Roman Singer*. There is a sheer cleverness applied to the disinterested painting of dulness which causes Mr. James's work to be fascinating. But it, too, is preposterous; and, in a sense, arrogant to boot. In this respect it compares unfavourably with *Rose and Ninette*,* which, in many respects, it resembles. M. Alphonse Daudet cannot be said to display a spirit "well strung up to the concert pitch of the primeval out-of-doors;" his subject is disagreeable; but his story is as interesting as any of Mr. James, and, to our minds, greatly less artificial.

To turn from all these stories to such a work as Mr. W. E. Norris's *Mrs. Fenton*,† a very dainty new edition of which is to hand, is like tasting a fresh apple after some perfumed gee-gaws. Early work as it is, it shows its author to be a skilled craftsman. It is bright, straightforward, and, as Mr. Stevenson would say, mirthfully conceived.

In her latest novel‡ the Hon. Emily Lawless reaps a crop from what Mr. Gosse calls "the kitchen garden of love"; but she does not abstain from cultivating other acres "in the estate called Life." In plain words, while the novel centres around the love of Murdough Blake for Grania O'Malley—or rather round her love for him—the manner of living, and the occupations of the hero and the heroine and of their neighbours on Inishmaan, are described with great minuteness. This gives the story a value which it would not have otherwise, and a place with *Hurrish* and with *With Essex in Ireland* in the series of novels of Irish life; but it

* *Rose and Ninette.* By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. T. Fisher Unwin.

† *Mrs. Fenton.* By W. E. Norris. Third Edition. Eden, Remington & Co.

‡ *Grania: The Story of an Island.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless. Two volumes. Smith, Elder & Co.

detracts somewhat from its effectiveness. For *Grania* is a tragedy; and in tragedy events should march inevitably to the conclusion, the tragic quality of which, indeed, is its inevitableness. Incidents and descriptions which have no bearing on this, be they never so interesting or vivid in themselves, are drags upon the movement of the story. Some such incidents and descriptions could not be avoided in *Grania* where the writer set herself the task of putting before us the economy of Inishmaan. At the same time an artistic handling is preserved in this : that the climax springs, as the climax ought, out of the conditions of life which are so carefully drawn—its poverty, its superstitions ; the unemotional temperaments of men like Murdough ; the patient, abject faith of Honor O'Malley. How a nature like Grania, touched with a diviner fire, may be broken against such conditions, is the subject of Miss Lawless's beautifully pathetic story.

How many of those whose interest will go out to the inhabitants of this retrograde corner of Ireland, who will be touched by Grania's yearning, by Honor's self-sacrificing patience, who will in any way enter into the life described in this novel—how many of them have ever realized in any degree that such living, suffering, aspiring, duty-bound, passion-stirred human beings are the pawns with which the wretched political game is being played out in Ireland ? " The tyranny of the novel " is the tyranny of all representation : the fascination possessed, first when we see them painted, by things which we have seen a hundred times nor cared to see. We are touched by the sorrows of these creations of the novelist, and remain indifferent to the sufferings of that very peasantry from whom the novelist has selected her types. That reflection seems inevitable if, after laying down *Grania*, we take up Mr. Clifford Lloyd's *Ireland under the Land League*.* It is a strong and merciful man's apology for a work for which he was abused as few men, even among those engaged in the struggle with the Land League, have been abused. It ought to be read by every man in Great Britain who, by voting or by abstaining from voting, has it in his power to destroy or to aid that monstrous tyranny of the Land League which, at present, assuredly is but hiding ready to come forth at any moment. We shall be reminded that all the iniquities of that tyranny have been proclaimed a hundred times. It is only too true ; and too true, also, that this fresh exhibition of them will leave us, who are so readily moved to sympathy with the creatures of the fancy, untouched by that righteous wrath which would destroy this present, actual, monstrous evil, root and branch.

* *Ireland under the Land League.* By Clifford Lloyd. William Blackwood & Sons.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

The Misadventures of Calvinism in Scotland.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

THE national movement in the Free Church of Scotland may be cited in the *National Review* to the man who says that there is no finality to Ecclesiastical Dissents. It is the latest witness to his enlightened judgment. Sooner or later—usually sooner—considerations either of political opportunism or of financial expediency call for the revision of the original plan in order to carry on the readjusted contrivances. It would appear to be necessarily so, seeing that the always capricious goodwill among which the Dissents have uplifted their voices have necessarily to be kept in smiling countenance. The Free Church of Scotland is no exception to the rule of subjection to the front pew, and to drifting helplessly when the anchorage is abandoned. The issue it tabled in 1843 was explicit. It was the Westminster Confession of Faith as the confession of its faith. The rupture was—not about that, but—about the right of the people to choose their pastors: a right that was frankly conceded a few years ago by the Anti-Patronage Act. The Free Church and the Church Established are now precisely alike in having free choice of pastors; in respect of which the two are where they were in 1843. The differences arise in the results of operations by the Free Church between 1843 and the year when the Anti-Patronage Act was passed, and when it began to take shape as a Voluntary body having deep concerns with worldly affairs. Towards the close of the fifties it grew eager for allies, and became a political force to be reckoned with by at once contesting the Glasgow-Aberdeen University representation under Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill. One thing led to another, and that to a dislike of the Parish Schools. Out of a freak of social jealousy, they were overthrown, and the gift of their endowments made to thankless heritors. The rates are now charged for that which heretofore had been free, in

obedience to the ever-increasing desire for ascendency by the new "denomination" fast becoming partisan. All that was needed at the moment was supplementary endeavours in the large towns, with, probably, the compulsitor over all; but, no, the blow must be delivered at this, the social and educational symbol of the Church-and-State arrangement. And now, after the schools in the parishes, has come the Church itself, as was foreseen, for the artificial momentum acquired in the later fifties is beyond control in 1892. The sport continues to be wanted for the Philistines, and for choice the Auld Kirk must go. It is at this point that it seems as if something else must go too, and it not less than the Free Church itself.

The facts are equally few, simple, and striking. In the language of the vernacular, the General Assembly last year remitted a Declaratory Act to the Barrier Act. In plain English, the Assembly, according to a report by a Committee of its number, asked the Presbyteries to consider what the Committee had recommended to be done with the Confession of Faith, and to report their opinion about it to the General Assembly ensuing. A Declaratory Act is a form of process common to Presbyterianism by which the opinion of all the congregations in the "denomination," as represented by the Presbyteries, may be ascertained for constitutional and administrative effects. The process thus described is the Act Declaratory. It is the House of Peers, to which the General Assembly is the democratic chamber. It is the equivalent of Papal Infallibility when it finally resides in the General Assembly. It is to obtain this mandate of Infallibility from the Free Church Presbyteries that the remit to them has been made of the proposed alterations in the Confession of Faith. Is it any longer the Confession of Faith of the Free Church? The answer is pretty much what was expected. Eager acquiescence in the changes suggested is the rule with majorities south of Perth; north of it there is more of the everlasting "No!" among the glens and lochs. And the latest news thence is that they are coming to business.

They say at Oban and Dingwall that the Confession of Faith is the supreme term of contract of the Free Church with itself, as set forth in its Model Deed and Protest in 1843, and that if these alterations pass in the ensuing General Assembly that same Assembly will hear of it in the deafer of its two ears in the Court of Session. The disparity of action is due to the totally different conditions in which the clergy are placed. The blandishments and importunities of the electioneerer are comparatively unknown in the Highlands, where also theology is stereotyped in the mother (the Gaelic) tongue. The more luminous view of the Confession is, presumably, found where there are circulating libraries, and where the antics of the political agitator are in constant presence. Anyhow, there is in the North already cleavage enough, with stern minorities in the low country to help the Gaels with one try further after the manner of the still-remembered Cardross case. A bargain's a bargain, say what is known as the "Highland Host," and those of you who are not pleased with the Confession of Faith

must just go where it is no term of contract for the payment of your stipends or for your possession of the Free Church. The contingency will soon be here, and therefore needs no further comment except this statement in preparation for it.

Assuming, however, the Declaratory Act to pass: What shall we have then? A Dissenting Presbyterian Church without any of the Confession of Faith, or only so much of it as the declaring Presbyterial Infallibility says is right and proper? The Mind and Will of God, as formulated by the Westminster Divines, will thereafter be declared by the General Assembly by comparative analysis, by the critical reaction on each other of the Scriptures and the Westminster formula. Let it be noted that the usurpation in this of the Papal claim and authority to interpret revelation does not go the full length. It is only a buckram resemblance. The Papal interpreter is continuous in office; no General Assembly is or can be, for it is re-elected yearly out of fresh materials, and may, therefore, as often as not, reflect the whims and fashions and clamours of the passing hour. The most genuine sympathy may be extended to the Free Church office-bearers, on whose consciences the austerities of Calvinism sit like lead; on the other hand, there are their solemn vows and obligations to maintain and defend the creed to which they have put their name, and in virtue of which they draw their living. They are thus at the mercy of brethren who are still in accord with the stipulated provisions and requirements of the Free Church Model Deed and Protest, of which is neither Disestablishment nor repudiation of Calvinism. Even were it otherwise, the wonder would remain of the Free Church of Scotland, late in life, setting up the claim to Papal Infallibility. The material at hand is too crude with which successfully to displace the law and the testimony of the fathers and brethren up to a year ago. Any General Assembly elected on a democratic basis is a thought too ridiculous for patient consideration. There is no church in Scotland free enough for so illogical a lapse, for so alien an enterprise. The one before us may have incumbent and imperative necessities to draw bows at ventures with which to captivate the custom of the public without also having the misfortune to incur grave doubts of serious intention. Here may Calvinism in the Free Church be left as friendless where least expected, and as on the eve of a quittance from scenes it is impossible in the man of sixty to realize without it. In Scotland evidently the heather goes next, for indeed, until now, Calvinism in Scotland has had the aspect of indigenousness. Meantime, if it is going to be mortal in the Free Church, it is going, as suggested, to die hard. Pillars that may already be scheduled will fall with it.

If this be a liberating movement in Scotland, it is not one in which the clergy of the Establishment can share. Their unrest and insubordination under the Calvinistic standards may be as real; but their Confession is ratified to them by Act of Parliament, and by that only can they be relieved. They are thus unable for anything resembling a Pontificate on the Mound in Edinburgh. They are willing to remain to

take their chance always of finding the Pope in Rome, leaving to their very Protestant contemporaries the ephemeral pastime of setting up a prelatical rival. Naturally enough, they admit, like the rest of us, that something was needed to take the place of the discarded referee; but they make a present to the Free Church of all such experiments. Moreover, they own that the step taken has been the occasion of no surprise. By having become an arrangement of Voluntaries, in having ceased to be the Church of the Disruption, there was no legal obligation on the leaders of the Free Church to maintain the Confession. The pact of 1843 having ceased to be binding, the opportunity had arisen for choosing new friends and alliances. Of these chosen friends are the United Presbyterians, with whom the love-making goes on. It is among the probabilities that the match will take place, and then we shall have in Scotland the complication the less that is in two against one instead of in three apart. The united bodies will then be at leisure for their blow against the Church of Scotland unfettered by occupation with heresy hunts, for now will have come the period when the Free Assembly and the U. P. Synod (invented, Mr. Disraeli once said, by three of the Pope's best men), both in one, will be able to be all things to all men in a genial flow of sympathy without discipline. The drawback in the prospect, the chief influence in the ultimate reckoning, is the Laymen's League, which, suspecting partisan aims in the combination, their corroding influences on the revenues, and their untranquillizing effects on the minds and hearts of pious natures, are actively in the field for harmonious and undestructive measures. This Laymen's League is a notable countercheck among the clerical animations for upheaval whereby their own faction may be exalted. It may not be due to ardour for the Creed—which, in substance, though maybe not in form, is that also of the Anglican Communion—the Free Church is in a ferment to discard; on the other hand, any one can perceive in it signs of impatience with the clerical reiterations and reappearances that have become empty and tedious. At the foundation of its existence is the ardent wish for justice. Let the trial of the accused Church be on a direct appeal to the Scottish people. That will be only fair.

The attending phenomena are in kind, and not less impressive. The laity, whether tired with ministers in the pulpit or out of it, are abstaining from their services, about which the lamentation is universal in the Presbyteries. The reverend gentleman who is called the "poet-preacher of Edinburgh" has actually threatened to give over the habitual arrangement altogether, unless the pews of afternoons get better filled. This is as if the last place to find the Mass was the Vatican; but it is in response to the method of the laity of showing, in addition to the Laymen's League, how altered their relations are to even Dissenting ministers of gifts and popularity. The prevailing lukewarmness is not discriminating; and therefore the meritorious and irreproachable are suffering with the unworthy for professional transgressions of good taste, charity, consistency, and wise content. In the estimate of what is to follow is the assurance that the attacking force has no reserve. All

are deployed in the field with whom Disestablishment is an act of war to cloak notice of internal dissensions, whereas no one is in the position to sum up the number of those in the secret places who have still a lingering and lasting respect for the national standards. Moreover, the assailants have no means with which to enforce their paraded authority. The Robertson-Smith, and subsequently the Bruce and Dods, prosecutions were the last of their kind possible. In addition to that, operations by method of the thumbscrew went over in 1858, when the Reformed Presbyterians, or Covenanters, in Glasgow applied in vain the Major Excommunication to Mr. David M'Cubbin for his having as a Town Councillor taken the oath of allegiance. The autocrats who did that are now lost to view, are merged in obscurity, in that same once loudly-protesting Free Church "denomination" which is presently repudiating Calvinism in exchange for what a vitriolic commentator has called a "Holy ambiguity," and which, furthermore, in the madness of its partisanship, is rushing on its fate in its advance against the ancient Church of Scotland. To sum up, the point is this. The *National Review* may as well make it clear to the world that the Westminster Confession is being maltreated where least expected, and that these same maltreaters are wilfully misreading the infinitely pathetic parable. It was the repentant prodigal son that returned to the heart-broken father, and not the erring father who ran and fell on the neck of the son; by which is meant that the Act of Queen Anne no longer bars the door of the old home, and that therefore the Free Church of Scotland should in like manner return to it in the frankness and candour of allies no longer estranged.

Gentlemen,

I am, yours faithfully,

Fife, N.B., April 16, 1892. W. H.

Suspected Plagiarism.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

Mr. Pollock's note on a case of possible plagiarism has provoked me to much thought. It has come on me in the midst of a series of curious experiences that have revived others less recent and remind me that I have long since had cause to avoid accusing anyone of plagiarism without much consideration. I have, indeed, come to the conclusion that cases of conscious plagiarism are few, and I, at first, mentally put the heading "Unconscious Plagiarism" to this note. I feel, however, that "Unconscious Plagiarism" is a contradiction. A man does not pick another's pocket unconsciously; but he may unwittingly appropriate another's ideas, and yet not be guilty of plagiarism properly understood. To be a plagiarist one must systematically and knowingly set to work to appropriate the ideas of another. When a man plagiarizes he invari-

ably appropriates also the language of the defrauded one. The plagiarist is usually a lazy or incapable person, who takes another's ideas because he has none of his own; and he finds it easier to take the words in which he sees the ideas clothed than to dress them anew. When he begins to dress the stolen idea in his own words, those words are always inferior; and he usually breaks down in the attempted disguise, is frequently more brief, and almost always identical in the closing phrases, or else he omits them altogether as if he had tired of writing, and had mentally complained that the man he stole from was tedious. I can imagine a burglar complaining of the poverty of a man's larder when he had not left sufficient to sustain the marauders through the trials of the night.

The genuine plagiarist is easily detected; but I am concerned about those unfortunate people who lay themselves open to suspicion by laboriously pursuing paths that have been trodden before, and I think the commonplace instances I propose to record should place beyond doubt the truth of the issue raised by Mr. Pollock, and show that it is almost certain there can have been no plagiarism in the curious and most interesting case he cites. I will state only instances in which I myself have been concerned, and I will state them exactly and as if I were in a witness-box giving strictly legal testimony of facts within my own knowledge.

I have been during the past two years writing a work of imagination —an absurdly long time according to present methods; but I prefer taking a long time, and cannot satisfy myself unless I do take a long time. "The Head of the Family" dealt with in this book, born in 1815, and of remote ancestry, is named "George Adolphus Leuchars Delfoy, owner of the estates of Hanswick and Luckross, which includes the manor of Feuliat." This name and description was recorded by me in the Mediterranean somewhere off Smyrna in the early part of 1890, together with the entire Delfoy family connections. Six months after this I pass through a village which bears the name "Foliat." Will the residents there not say that I took the name "Feuliat" from "Foliat," and jeer at me as an appropriator? But there is more. Only a few days ago, a good month after I had passed the major part of these comments through my mind, I looked up over a shop in Piccadilly, and I saw the name "Leuchars." It was quite a shock to me. I convicted myself on the spot of what I was then mentally describing as "Unconscious Plagiarism"; and yet I know when, why, and how I constructed the second name "Leuchars" for my friend, or rather acquaintance,—for he is a bad lot—"Geoffrey Leuchars Delfoy."

I have no witnesses to support me in this beyond my note-book, which, of course, no one could be expected to trust implicitly, notwithstanding that the passages from some commonplace word are all recorded until I arrived at a name possessing the requisite Normandy flavour.

The particulars of my next and more extraordinary case can be certified to by half-a-dozen people and some documentary evidence; and as it is associated with a case now before the courts, it illustrates how the

imagination, working on true lines, may produce an incident that everyone would be justified in supposing had originated—not with the imagination of the writer, but—in public records. During the foggy weather that prevailed in November and December, 1891, I recorded how this Geoffrey Leuchars Delfoy in the year 1875 arranged with certain persons the terms on which the Great Coradell Copper Company was to be floated on the public wave of speculative enthusiasm. The next day three of these friends of Delfoy meet in the city and enact the first step in the formation of the Company. One of them was Mr. X., an active and not too scrupulous promoter. He moves among the aristocracy of Hackney, and is voluble about that "good thing" which, as he said, "me and the Marquiss 'as a 'and in." Difficulties ensue on the discovery that the public has paid four prices for this "good thing." Now, fifteen months after these incidents had been recorded in precise detail, I was astounded by discovering that a Mr. X. was arraigned at Bow Street, and is now to appear at the Old Bailey for being mixed up with a transaction identical in result to that of the Great Coradell, with only one exception. The accusation against X. is that in acquiring subscriptions from the public he committed a breach of the law. My Mr. X. did nothing contrary to the law. None of the rapacious promoters and directors, whose operations I have recorded, went a hair's breadth outside the Companies Acts; and Geoffrey Delfoy, the chief offender, was able, after pocketing a quarter of a million, to pose as an injured shareholder, by a process that not all the ingenuity of Mr. George Lewis, supplemented by the acumen of Mr. Gill could find a flaw in. His was "The Veiled Hand" which worked the entire enterprise. With this exception, the cases are similar, and critics would have been quite justified in supposing that what purported to be a work of the imagination was a mere adaptation of a now notorious case. In all probability, when the book is published some will so determine, though it may be here stated that the MS. was copied by a type-writer twelve months before the Bow Street case, and lies before me with the original name altered to Gowcher, from the French *gaucherie*, and if a Gowcher is brought up at Bow Street next week on a charge of fraud I cannot help it.

It may be incidentally remarked that I had endowed "the Marquiss" with a title that, although little known, had been already consecrated in Burke; and this appropriation, having been discovered by a friend who saw the type-written copy, was amended by me, in his presence, on the same page that the rascal Gowcher now figures on. This is good evidence as regards time, because evidence with a circumstance can always be trusted, especially when it establishes the tendency of the mind of the culprit to a uniformly guilty cause, which I fear is my case in relation to the vagaries of imagination.

Passing from this case of literary turpitude, I have in my mind a more flagrant one — identical almost with that which Mr. Pollock names. In a former book I recorded in about half-a-dozen lines the psychological condition of a given man. Twelve months after the

publication I was reviving my recollection of a book I had not read since I was fourteen years of age, when I came across the same reflection by an author of distinction, made in reference to a boy placed in similar circumstances to those in which my man was placed. There is absolutely no difference between the two passages except the age of the person and the language used. Although a hundred critics have reviewed my book, not one of them has accused me of plagiarism! I cannot accuse myself; but what a chance they have lost! I shall never forget the shock the discovery gave me; and yet, on calmly reviewing the facts, with the knowledge that, at fourteen, I can scarcely claim to have even apprehended the reflection, and probably skipped it (for it is rather spun out), it is obvious to me that the ratiocination was in both instances an ordinary development of a somewhat commonplace sentiment.

But I recall some delicious experiences, as an editor, of barefaced plagiarism of the unconscious sort—barefaced because they were unconscious, and plagiaristic only because they were instances of appropriation of ideas. A man brim-full of a subject called on me, and wanted to write on it. Now, a man with an idea is a godsend to an editor. Usually men want subjects given to them, together with the ideas and the mode of treatment; and after that they claim to have written the article, and want to be paid for it. Curiously enough, they get paid. This man who came to me recited his opinions, and he amused me. When he had talked for about ten minutes, describing his opinions, I asked him to read four articles I showed him that had appeared during the preceding week in the journal to which he proposed to contribute; and while he was reading I would see a visitor in the next room. I went outside and laughed at my leisure, and when I returned, asked him whether he had not been forestalled. He said he had; and there's not the slightest doubt but that he had read the articles, had assimilated them, and had come to the conclusion that the ideas he had thus acquired by germination had become his own, and he nursed them as originals.

I have no proof of this case beyond the fact of the man's act in my presence; but I have proof of another similar case. A friend of mine, now dead, whom I used to use as a sort of auditorium—one to whom I would detail my half-formed schemes of action—received from me, in conversation, my views of what should be done in a certain case when opportunity offered. He agreed with me, and I pigeon-holed the scheme in my mind as one to be carried out when the time arrived. About a fortnight afterwards this friend came to me, started the subject, and quite deferentially submitted to me my own scheme as his original conception. I was so astonished that I am afraid I treated him somewhat brusquely. A week after this interview he again urged his proposition, and upbraided me for not being impressed with its value.

All these incidents go to confirm a common experience among those who keep a strict watch upon their minds. During a ten years' attendance in the Gallery of the House of Commons, from 1863 to

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1873, I was much struck with what I then conceived to be the effrontery with which members appropriated ideas already expressed by abler men, and by the more thoughtful leading articles of the day upon important questions under debate. In those times Members thought more of rhetoric than obstruction, and sought a reputation as men capable of reasoning. They accordingly prepared speeches, and some of them, in default of original ideas appropriated (I now believe, quite unconsciously) the arguments that had been developed in the earlier period of the debate. They even appropriated the embellishments of oratory; and I remember one or two quotations—some from the Latin grammar—that were served up time and again throughout the Session as highly novel and interesting ornaments of debate. I have this experience confirmed by one of the most capable speakers in the House during that and the present time, who, in the course of a conversation on this note of Mr. Pollock's, assured me that he had on one occasion made up his mind to speak in the House, and had actually settled his treatment of the subject, when the ghastly truth dawned upon him that the idea which had formed the base of his intended speech had been unconsciously assimilated by him from a source accessible to all. He was thus within an hour or two of committing an act of glaring appropriation, and yet could not, strictly speaking, have been accused of plagiarism.

With this experience, and with evidence of my own criminality before me, I cannot bring myself to think that Mr. Pollock's suggestion has any ground for serious consideration. His discovery is interesting. I shall treasure it as an example of original doubling, and bring it up in my own defence when I am caught, as I firmly believe I shall be some day. I am afraid we are all very commonplace, humdrum reproductions—the one of the other—and that, with all our efforts, we differ only in our proficiency in "the art of putting things."

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

Garrick Club, W.C.,
April, 13, 1892.

FREDERICK WICKS.

Phantasms.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

In the last number of *The National Review* appeared an article by Mr. Frank Podmore, one of the Secretaries of the Society for Psychical Research, entitled "In Defence of Phantasms." The aim of this article is evidently to join issue with my views on this subject, as expressed in my book *The Supernatural?*, in the writing of which I was very greatly helped by my friend Mr. J. N. Maskelyne. I trust you will allow me to answer Mr. Podmore.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *First Principles*, tells us that any theory tacitly asserts two things: firstly, that there is something to be explained

secondly, that such and such is the explanation; and, therefore, howsoever widely different speculators may *disagree* in the solution they give of the same problem, yet by implication they *agree* that there is a problem to be solved.

The Psychical Research Society have advanced one theory of the solution of phantasms of the dead and living; I have stated mine; and with all due deference to the learned gentlemen and ladies who practically constitute the scientific and literary body of this Society, I venture to assert that my solution is a more reasonable one, and one more readily proved by absolute evidential facts. I am glad to find that Mr. Podmore agrees with me as to the non-objectivity of apparitions whether of the living or of the dead—with the exception, of course, of those caused by trickery, mistaken identity, or illusion (by which word I mean a false perception of some real object). I know that Mr. Podmore has stated this much in the articles he has written in the Society's publications. Still, he will forgive me for reminding him of the fact that apparently his Society is very much hand-and-glove with Mr. Stead, who certainly (if one is to realize that he believes all he writes) is, to say the least, rather inclined to the probability of apparitions, astral forms, &c., being capable of being photographed.

Let me first deal with phantasms of the dead, popularly called ghosts.

That the Psychical Research Society started in quest of "real ghosts" was, I think, the generally accepted idea. Their want of success has made them arrive at the very common-sense and logical conclusion (according to Mr. Podmore's article), that as "objective beings" ghosts do not exist. So far, so well. We agree that phantasms, whether of the dead or of the living, are only the result of an imagination; that they are simply *re-presentations, re-vivifications*, of persons we have seen, heard of, or read of; and that this *hallucination* (to use the proper word) may be brought about by a variety of circumstances acting on our imaginations.

As to the cause of these apparitional appearances: I maintain that we must look (1) to an active, and at the same time unhealthy, imagination with (of course) some necessary association of ideas, to recall from memory the hallucinatory image; (2) to some form of emotion acting upon the imagination; and (3) to the fact that in many cases the hallucination has started in a dream, and the phantasm has been the outcome of what we recognize and call "a persistent dream image." The hallucinations of dreams and persistent dream images are, I feel sure, by far the most common origin of "ghost stories" and "tales of doubles." For a sound and healthy mind to have a definite hallucination while quite awake and in the light is a very rare occurrence. There are cases on record of persons with a peculiarly active imagination and a wonderful power of concentration who have experienced these strange mental phenomena, and by practice have acquired a marvellous power of bringing back from memory images of those they have known so vividly, so definitely, that they have appeared before their eyes as the most real objects. It is, however, a rare power, and one not to be envied it is a mental habit not to be indulged with impunity.

Now, Mr. Podmore, though evidently a firm believer in telepathic communication between the minds of living persons, does not go quite so far as his colleague, Mr. Myers, with regard to the probable causation of the hallucinatory ghost. Mr. Myers has a theory (which he supports with great intelligence) that, I fancy, will not appeal to many thinkers of the present day. He declares that we ought to believe in the possibility and probability of a communication, apart from the operation of the recognized organs of sense, between minds *in*carnate and minds *dis*carnate—that is to say, minds lacking altogether the recognized organs of sense. Upon this probability he bases his theory of telepathic communication between that portion of the dead person which survives death and a living mind, causing in that living mind a hallucination of the image of the dead person, and producing the ghost form, the subjective phantasm of the dead. Now, I will not for one moment gainsay that this is a clever (and to some minds a very taking) theory; but I cannot admit that it is one to be readily assented to, and I firmly believe that if Mr. Myers resided in a lunatic asylum for a few months, and came into daily contact with the subjects of hallucinations of various kinds, he would quickly throw this fantastic theory to the four winds.

I now come to the real debatable point at issue between Mr. Podmore and myself namely: the causation of "phantasms of the living." Indeed, in these we have—not only "doubles" of living persons, but —those apparitional forms of dying persons which are said to present themselves to friends and relatives at a distance at or about the time of the death. We agree, as I have before remarked, that these phantasms of the living, like those of the dead, are purely subjective sensations: that they originate absolutely in the brain of the percipient: that they are simply re-presentations of something we have seen, heard of, or read of. We are constantly hearing of these *subjective* apparitions appearing at a time corresponding with the death of, or catastrophe to, the real body, of which the phantasm is the counterpart. Mr. Podmore declares his belief in the "telepathic" causation of these phantom forms. He says there is distinct evidence of a power of thought-transference from one mind to another mind (distance being no drawback), and that, consequently, this passage of thought from one thinking brain to another is made without the intervention of any of the recognized organs of sense. The telepathic impact falls (as he asserts) upon the sub-conscious region of the mind. It emerges into consciousness by whatsoever channel happens in each case to be the easiest. It may be felt emotionally as a diffused gladness or gloom, or fall on the motor centres as an impulse to some special act; or it may be interpreted by the sensory centres as a visible figure, or as a sound, a touch, a taste, a smell; or, finally, it may be conceived as a phrase or an idea. Mr. Podmore maintains that such a theory can alone explain the wonderful stories his Society have collected of apparitions or feelings experienced by persons at the exact time of death, illness, danger, or trouble, happening to the one from whose mind (he declares) the telepathic communication had its starting-point.

Now, if these apparitions or feelings do not *exactly* coincide with the actual time of death, or trouble, or catastrophe, the theory of thought-transference as the causation must surely lose its principal—if not its only—support. Have we, then, satisfactory evidence as yet upon this point? I think not. Let me ask Mr. Podmore how many of the seven hundred and odd cases which the Society have published would stand the test of the persons concerned being examined and cross-examined in a court of law as to the truth of their statements? Have the Society in their keeping any documentary evidence which would satisfy any ordinary common-sense jury? Have they in their possession any letters which can be proved to have been written and sent through the post from and to the percipient, thus crossing each other? Or (to put it in the words of Mr. Taylor Innes in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1891): "How many are there of these 700 cases of psychical research—how many even of the 350 'first-class' narratives of our letter-writing age—in which the indefatigable editors have seen or ascertained a letter or document issued at the time by the narrator so as to prove his story to be true?" "The answer," as Mr. Innes says, "must be, 'Not one.'"

Experimentally the Society have not yet managed to obtain thought-transference otherwise than between persons in close proximity; and I personally have very serious doubts as to the absolute genuineness of even these experiments—if it is declared that they prove the existence of thought transference without the aid of the recognized organs of sense. Why should all the months of Code learning be necessary before so-called "thought readers" dare come before the public?

Mr. Maskelyne has kindly lent me two books (printed for private circulation) which show the wonderful manner in which the agent, by code signals, can inform the blind-folded "thought reader" of the actual description of articles he touches; can tell him, in one short sentence, a number on a watch or on a bank-note; can convey to him the accurate title of a book handed to him, or the number and date on a railway-ticket. Surely all this intricate and difficult signalling would soon be found unnecessary if thought transference, without the aid of the recognized organs of sense, were a mental power which by habit could be brought to a pitch of perfection.

The mass of the stories called "well-attested accounts of telepathic visions at the moment of death" fall to pieces almost directly they are subjected to the test of rigid cross-examination. The Society, I believe, were only able to call "first class" some 350 out of over 10,000 sent to them.

I wish this worthy Society would start on the opposite tack, and invite reports from all those who, whether awake or asleep, have seen vivid images, whether caused by hallucination or by illusion, with no resulting coincidence of death, illness or misfortune, having happened to the real persons whose phantom form has been seen. I venture to say that if they did this, they would soon find that the statement in my book to which Mr. Podmore takes so much exception would be amply proved.

My firm opinion is that even the fairly well attested cases prove

nothing with regard to this telepathic theory, and can be easily and readily explained by simple *coincidental association of ideas* causing a hallucination or illusion (whether while awake or asleep) which in one case out of many many thousands may to a certain extent be cotemporaneous with some event happening to the person whose apparitional form is seen, heard or felt. That the majority of these visions occur at night, and therefore at a time when (we may fairly argue) the starting point, at least, may have been a dream is, I think, not for a moment to be doubted. Upon this point Mr. S. Laing, in his clever book *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, speaks very clearly. "When we consider the enormous number of dreams, and probably considerable number of visions, which occur, instead of being surprised at occasional coincidences, the wonder rather is that they are not more frequent. If only *one per cent.* of the thirty million inhabitants of the British Isles dream every night, that would give 109,500,000 dreams per annum, a large proportion of which are made up of vivid impressions of actual persons and events. It is impossible that some of the combination of those impressions should not form pictures which are subsequently realized, and we may be sure that the successes only will be noted and the failures forgotten. It is strange, therefore, that the researches of the Psychical Research Society should not have brought to light more instances of death warnings and other remarkable coincidences."

I admit that there must be much that we can at present only class under the heading of the "Unknown," and I do not for one moment wish to be accused of irrational scepticism. Such scepticism, as a critic of my book says in *The Saturday Review*, is just as debasing, just as pitiable, as irrational faith. All I can say is that when we are able to explain what some call mysterious phenomena, by deductions from natural laws and practical experiences, I do not see the necessity of indulging in far-fetched and fanciful theories; and I trust the majority of your readers will so far at least agree with me.

Apologizing for the length of this letter,

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

LIONEL A. WEATHERLY, M.D.

Bailbrook House, Bath,
April 9, 1892.

Outside the Chamber of Mirrors.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

At dinner the other evening a letter, properly sealed and duly addressed, dropped, apparently through the roof, on my fruit plate. On opening the envelope I found a brief note intimating that a *verbatim* report of a certain conversation far from the madding crowd, which had

been overheard by my correspondent, a Mahatma, was enclosed, and requesting me to have it published, if possible, in the *National Review*. It struck me that my friend might have addressed the paper to you directly; but She is one Who Must be Obeyed—so here it is.—

"Do you remember having read," said the well-known Politician, as he cast himself down in a chair, "of a torture which consisted of a Chamber of Mirrors? The moment that the unhappy victim stepped upon the glassy floor and the glassy door closed behind him, he found himself alone with countless strange presentments of himself. Above, below, on every side, were figures responding to his every gesture—some familiar as the countenance which he shaved every morning; others almost strange to him, but recognizable; others, again, utterly unknown, at which he almost shuddered, because he knew that they were still himself. When a man crosses the threshold of prominent public life, he enters this chamber. Let him lift his arms or move his head, and his action is mimicked in a hundred ways that he never dreamed of. Thus, he must study his every movement beforehand with the fear of a myriad reflections before his eyes. No wonder if, in this Chamber of Glass, men of delicate organization go mad; others who are of sterner stuff become practically automatic."

"But," said the Eminent Theologian, who had made himself comfortable in an opposite chair, "there is an obvious alternative. Why not walk out?"

The Politician paused. "You forget that my figure was that of a prison," he said at last. "Iron and steel are not the only materials for making cage bars. Convention, ambition, the opinions of one's friends—even Love itself, fetterless Spirit as it is—but which always imposes fetters—all these conspire to keep a man where he is. Apply the lesson, my friend. The child of many prayers, the object upon whom the savings of years (no impertinence from me, you know) were lavished, you went to Oxford. You did well there. Ambition urged you on; Love, at home, was simply riotous with delight. A career was at your feet—a career of service to man, and at the same time profitable and agreeable to the common sense of the community. What if suddenly this vista of happiness and of service ended in a swamp? How would your sensible advice—'Well, why not walk out?'—sound then?"

"All men are in cages," said the Theologian, musingly; "or, to make your figure consistent, all men are travelling along a road with bars on either side. Personally I am grateful to Providence that my path is so guarded, and I am more grateful still that your swamps are not inevitable."

A silence fell between the two men. They had been boys together, and had not met for many eventful years. Then the Eminent Politician rose, replenished his glass, and performed the same office, unreproved, for his companion.

"How strange it seems," he said at last, "that you and I should meet here—here on the summit of the Righi—by accident! 'Nearer to heaven, by this fair height of hill'—as somebody has said. But what

a delightful accident! I feel like a prisoner released from the Chamber of Mirrors."

The distinguished Theologian took a sip from his glass, and re-lighted an unecclesiastical pipe. "Have you ever been to a fancy-dress ball?" the Politician went on, inconsequently. "It is rather a curious experience. On one such occasion I posed as a court jester; and I give you my word that the follies of kings and courts struck me, for the first time, with the force of a real conviction—one's individuality seems somehow to be bound up with one's clothes."

The Theologian smoked without sign of disapproval, and his friend continued:

"How say you to an intellectual fancy-dress ball to-night? You are far from your see, and I from my constituency. We have escaped for a brief space from the Chamber of Mirrors. Let us put our minds in motley. To-morrow you shall arise again a grave and reverend bishop, and I—an accomplished vote-catcher. But stay—I'm beginning too soon."

"I catch your humour, of course," said the Theologian, dubiously; "and I have sometimes felt that certain vague truths can only be touched upon by talking nonsense. That is to say, some truths (if truths they be) are not to be defined with sufficient clearness to supply any basis for conduct—and so—so——."

"So can only be dealt with by Fools who don't care a button for bases of conduct. And so I prithee," exclaimed the Politician, "Good Master Bishop, be a Fool with me to-night, seeing that no 'bases of conduct' are required of thee—on this occasion only."

"It is certainly not very probable that the Press Association will have reporters on the Righi," his Lordship answered; "and I too feel relief at my escape from the Chamber of Mirrors. I feel like a boy out of school."

"Therefore shall thy mad pranks be excused thee, by reason of thy new youth. How say you again, my worthy Jester?—for, indeed, I welcome thee heartily as a brother, now that thy cap and bells are no longer hidden by a mitre. Against which of man's many wind-mills wilt thou tilt?"

"The most egregious of them all—Politics, to begin with," said the Theologian.

"Place, then, thy spear at rest, good knight! I myself will climb upon the sails, and defend my castle with my life."

"It is," said the Theologian, "the ancient function of the Fool to induce Wisdom to feed him in order that he may laugh at its follies. Thus it comes about that the Fool is wise, and that Wisdom is intolerably foolish; which leads us to the fine paradox (wise men being the rule, and the poor wearer of cap and bells the exception) that 'as a rule man's a fool.'"

"'*Rem acu tetigisti*,'" said the Politician. "But are you not, in absence of mind, reassuming your ecclesiastical vesture?"

"'As a rule, man's a fool," repeated the Theologian. "And perhaps

never did man demonstrate this chronic peculiarity more completely than when he hit upon the word *majority*, and imagined that within its wide circumference must lie the power to make laws for himself. For precisely as King Log gave place to King Stork, so are Kings Despotism and Oligarchy dethroned for that most unconscionable tyrant, King Majority."

"The King is dead; long live the King! Kings must live. The necessity is obvious. It sticks up through the frame of things, whatever the French cynic may say. So long live King Majority—until a wiser and more merciful monarch is forthcoming."

"That, as has been truly said of the man marrying because he fell in love, is an excuse, not a reason. At present, I am concerned only with the proof of an axiom—namely, that man the Politician is a conspicuous fool—even among men."

"Thou art dull, my worthy Jester," said the Politician. "Thy timorous spirit hath not yet ventured beyond the bounds of Common Sense. One might utter these platitudes within the very precincts of the accursed Chamber without rebuke. Essay a bolder flight!"

"Listen, then. Out in the fields and on the great hills the Fool (of Cap-and-Bell variety) lives and toils. The sun warms him, and the cold winds chill him to the bone. Being a human Fool, he loves the warm sunshine, and he hates the bitter blast. Being an imaginative Fool, he fancies that the soft sunshine descends from a land of peace, and that the gales which blight him come from a land of strife and of warring souls. Then, dimly he applies his philosophy to the House of Commons. Perhaps the Jester is right. When Peace and Brotherhood reign there, their rays may descend and warm the poor Fool below."

"That is better," said the Politician—"more like the genuine fool of every-day experience—the gentleman who writes to *The Times* and asks us to abolish war in the same breath and in the same spirit as he appeals to Mr. Chaplin to relax the muzzling order. We know that Fool—he is a bye-product of a popular Press."

"Remember that he is human, and that he lives in the fields, and on the hill-sides, and on the sea. And the eternal problem which cries to him for solution—as he watches the floods beats down his crops, and the fierce winter kill his sheep, and the relentless waves cover for ever his ships and the faces which he loves - is this: Why should not my brother love me, instead of joining hands with these strange awful forces to hurt me? Hence many badly expressed letters to the Editor."

The Politician re-lit his pipe. "If the Fool will get himself returned to Parliament for the hill-sides and the sea, and will formulate a bill—a well-considered bill, with all the details carefully set forth,—entitled 'An Act for the Establishment of Peace on Earth and Good-will Amongst Men,' he will find me one of his most enthusiastic supporters. In the present state of public opinion, however, I fear such a measure can be seriously discussed only in the House of Fools."

"But that is the curious part of it," said the Theologian. "Public opinion is already in favour of such a measure. Indeed, the unanimity

on this point is unexampled in the history of any great public question. Already the opposing principles of War and Hate are without one single sympathizer or supporter either in the Political Chambers or in the Press."

"Indeed?" said the Politician, looking up. "For some of us that discovery will have the charm of novelty."

"Really, I think not. A moment's reflection must convince every man of its truth. I submit that Evil (to put the case broadly), as an active principle, is without a solitary supporter. Its demerits are set forth on every hand; yet no man rises to point out any of its advantages. In this place, in this unusually clear atmosphere, I have no desire to speak in the spirit of a narrow partisan; and I therefore admit frankly that Evil does have marked advantages. My point is that these advantages are so obviously swamped by the objections that no man has the temerity even to express them."

"Men avail themselves practically of them, occasionally, I'm told," said the Politician.

"Possibly. You referred a moment ago to Mr. Chaplin. A law-maker was fined the other day for having allowed his dog to wander unmuzzled; but his belief in the wisdom of Mr. Chaplin's scheme for dealing with rabies was none the less sincere."

The Politician smoked in silence.

"The matter is very clear if one looks at it fairly," the other went on. "No soldier fights because of a reasoned conviction that to kill men and to burn houses are intrinsically good things; the thief steals simply to get money, never as a matter of principle; a gang of the least moral East London roughs would probably tear up the gallery benches if their favoured dramatist failed to allot suitable retribution to his villain."

The Politician removed his pipe from his lips. "The right hon. gentleman, the representative for The Angels, who has just sat down, has raised several points of interest. But I would submit that those points are of interest rather to the curious bystander than to the active law-maker. He has told us, with a wealth of verbiage which the novelty of his subject would not appear to demand, that Humanity is practically bad whilst being at the same time theoretically good. But he has not told us—and I submit that he ought to have told us—the exact nature of the proposition by which he intends to square human practice with human theory. In the absence of a definite statement of this kind, I submit that the right hon. gentleman is deliberately wasting the time of the House of Fools."

The Theologian smiled. "But that is the peculiar feature and charm of the House of Fools. Unlike that of the more mundane Houses of Parliament, its time cannot possibly be wasted. The chief corner-stone of our Constitution (as laid down by an eminent authority) is that no bases of conduct shall at any time be required to underlie any measure. It was seen that in any chamber not safeguarded thus the most beautiful inspirations of genius would be liable to be destroyed at any moment by the contemptible plea that they were not of the slightest

practical utility. But (to proceed) the principle of Good being universally admitted, and the principle of Evil being—not only unanimously condemned, but—in some of its more malignant forms (civilized warfare, for example) having become practically obsolete ——"

"What?" exclaimed the Politician, looking up.

"Surely you don't take exception to such a commonplace as that! At the end of the nineteenth century you would hardly contend that merely to stick some sharp-pointed instrument into a man is a reasonable way of arriving at a true solution of any intricate international problem which may chance to be under discussion?"

"It is often the only way," said the Politician. "But the question is not the reason of war. You said that civilized warfare had already become practically obsolete. That is rather a sweeping statement even for the House of Fools."

"Pardon me if I used the word *civilized* in such a connection. Savagery is indeed the badge and trade-mark of the warring tribe. I simply intended to say that we had already arrived at that stage of thought when a long-obvious absurdity like war becomes, in the nature of things, obsolete."

"May I interpose with a little botanical suggestion? Trees—flowers—weeds—all spring from roots. The fact that the tree, the flower, the weed, happens, at a given moment, not to be in full bloom does not prove that the source from which it sprang is extirpated. Beneath the happiest family in England to-day are the roots of passion and of hate. But, should these suddenly shoot up and bloom, the noxious flowers can at once be transferred to divers public conservatories, of which the stately piles opposite the Griffin are well-known architectural examples. And then careful gardeners in wigs and gowns will tend them till they die—well, we are not in the Chamber of Mirrors, and so metaphors can be treated with the contempt they generally deserve—till they die for lack of funds. But national hatreds have no beautiful buildings in the Strand or elsewhere to receive them. They have only a broad plain for their court and a sword for their judge."

"That used to be the case, no doubt. But you really are sadly behind the times. What is the latest of your catch-words—'*fin-de-siècle*'? Well, whatever that may be worth, you have not yet grasped its spirit. The sword is extinct—extinct as the great auk or the five points of the late Mr. Calvin. The day when Greek met Greek, and foot to foot and point to point strove to the end, knowing that indomitable courage must gain him one at least of two glorious things—a hero's wreath or a hero's grave—has gone by. The warrior, for good or evil (I venture to think it is for good), has lost this classical spirit—has grown up to date, in short—and now conducts his warfare on strictly commercial principles—the largest return for the smallest possible outlay. Thus, war is becoming, or has already become, a matter of concern only to electricians, and mechanics, and superior tradesmen of that kind. Seeing that Edison can bring his brother's living voice from Paris to London, it is plainly a mere matter of experiment to be able to strike him dead at a like distance, if

he really, on mature consideration, thinks it necessary, for the establishment of any given truth, to do so."

"As a loose expression of the possible influence of Science upon warfare, this exaggeration may be passed," said the Politician. "Besides, the rules of the House protect you. Go on."

"War being thus reduced to a mere matter of machinery, and glory having been subdued to the simple gratification of the successful inventor, the heroic soul ceases to interest himself in either, and takes his immortal quality elsewhere—for example, to the Island of Lepers, as Damien did. And we may surely trust the commercial spirit of the age to find better employment for its labour and capital than the mere manufacture of useless iron plates, on the one hand, and the equally useless guns to knock holes in them, on the other."

"Let us go back a little," said the Politician. "Let us revisit the wandering Fool on the hill-side. When we left him he was admiring the sunshine and denouncing the storm. In his foolish illogical way, he appeared to be looking up to Parliament as the source of certain things to which these might be compared. I believe his words were that when Peace and Brotherhood reign there their rays might descend to him. Why not look higher still—to the Church, for example?"

The Theologian was silent.

"Listen," the Politician went on. "My cap and bells, like thine own, sometimes cover strange thoughts. A Nonconformist divine—observe, Knave, the absurdity of the latter term in such a connection—passes away; dies, to be exact—goes, at any rate—no matter for the order of his going—to the place where—I quote from memory, and memory, as well thou knowest (especially if you read my old election addresses), is a treacherous jade—where 'the veiled figure sits who holds the key of all the creeds.' If, on the neutral territory of the stars, he discusses mundane affairs with a certain late dignitary of St. Paul's, will it not occur to both that the Fool below missed some rays of Peace and Good-will which might easily have been shed upon him?"

The Theologian rose. "Let the Fool take heart," he said. "There is, truly, another Sun than that which rises and sets every day upon his little fields. The dark forms of Night are still around us, and the clear Light comes slowly. But even as we speak the strange shapes grow dimmer, and the clashings of arms and of creeds fall fainter on the ear. And now, if we are to see the sun rise to-morrow, we had better turn in."

It is clear that this conversation was intended to be strictly *sub rosa*. As for my humble part in the matter, I can only refer to the irresistible nature of the mandate. At the same time I venture to point out to those concerned, that the area of the Chamber of Mirrors would appear to be indefinitely extended in these latter days.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

Headingley, Leeds,
March 7, 1892.

H. KNIGHT HORSFIELD.

How Poison was Detected a Hundred Years ago.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

I have recently read the report of the trial of Mrs. Mary Reed for petit treason in poisoning her husband, William Reed, Gentleman of Berkeley, in the county of Gloucester, at the Assizes holden at Gloucester on Monday, March 28, 1796, before Sir Soulden Lawrence, Knight. The trial lasted sixteen hours, and the condensed report consists of fifteen pages of a large pamphlet with double columns.

It was conjectured that arsenic, or some other poison, was administered to the deceased in beef soup. I do not intend to trouble you with all the details of this remarkable trial; but I will furnish a few extracts from the evidence of the three medical witnesses, to show their notions of arsenic and the plan which was adopted to prove that William Reed was killed by the administration of arsenic or of some other poison.

Henry Jenner, Surgeon of Berkeley, was examined by Mr. Milles. In the course of his evidence he said that he had

"examined the stomach. The upper part was natural; but the lower highly inflamed—the inflammation had spread to the intestine next to the lower part of the stomach, but beyond not violently, if at all;—he examined particularly;—he thought the inflammation proceeded from something taken into the stomach, and not to any general illness;—he thought arsenic might have produced it."

The contents of the stomach were not submitted to chemical analysis. The method of proving the existence of poison in the contents was as remarkable as it was cruel and disgusting. The witness, Henry Jenner, the Berkeley surgeon, said that he had

"found a dark liquor, of the colour of a glass bottle, in Mr. Reed's stomach. He gave about three tablespoonsful of it to Mr. Giles' dog at the 'Red Lion,' Newport. Some was spilt from the resistance of the dog. The dog was sick, and vomited in half an hour. The mere nausea of the stomach would not have produced the sickness in that time. He repeated the dose (four tablespoonsful), which remained on the dog's stomach. He described the poor dog's symptoms and his agonising death. He believed the contents of Reed's stomach were the cause of the dog's agony and death."

It appears that Mr. Knight's dog also was affected from the disgusting contents of the same stomach. Mr. Jenner examined the stomachs of both of the dead dogs. The appearances were similar, and there was the same inflammation in the lower part of the stomach. It was evident that Mr. Jenner and his colleagues—Charles Brandon Trye, surgeon, and Edward Jenner, M.D.—had no thought of chemical analysis. Mr. Henry Jenner stated that he had been with the celebrated Dr. Hunter. He had made experiments with dogs. He acknowledged that he had only poisoned one with arsenic, and said that the inflammation in the stomach was more widely spread. Mr. Jenner's mode of

reasoning was peculiar. He was convinced that Mr. Reed had been poisoned, either by accident or by design; and, to prove it, he administered some of the contents of the dead man's stomach to a dog, or to dogs, to see whether similar results would be produced. The dogs died with the same symptoms as had been found in the case of Reed. The experiments proved the presence or the existence of poison; but its nature was a matter of conjecture. Henry Jenner stated that he had poisoned a dog with arsenic, but found that "the inflammation in the stomach of that dog was more spread" (than in the stomach of the dogs poisoned by a portion of the contents taken from Mr. Reed's stomach). Mr. Henry Jenner stated he had made experiments to see whether arsenic was soluble in soup, and had found that it was. Charles Brandon Trye, an eminent surgeon, gave an indefinite opinion of arsenic and its effects, but did not state that Reed had been poisoned with arsenic. He evidently relied upon Jenner's evidence and his strange experiments upon the dogs. Trye concluded his evidence by saying,—

"If he had rightly collected the facts related by Mr. Henry Jenner, he was persuaded that Mr. Reed died from some destructive substance taken into the stomach."

In cross-examination,

"He admitted that he had no doubt but that arsenic may be so introduced by solution, or subtile pulverisation, that it may not be found upon a person who died of it. His opinion would not have been so strong but for Mr. Jenner's experiments. Dr. Edward Jenner's opinions were curious for a man of his subsequent reputation."

He believed that arsenic was soluble in water.

"He had attended to animals, and knew that poisonous substances transferred from one stomach to another would kill. The appearance would be that of inflammation. If the substance produced inflammation in the human stomach and were then put into that part of the animal, it would no doubt produce the same effect. He considered that Reed died from having taken some poisonous substance into his stomach—that he had grounded his opinion on the effects on the dogs."

He did not venture to state what the poison was: that was a matter of conjecture. The stomachs of the dogs were the chemical laboratories upon which the witnesses relied. The witnesses did not appear to have had any idea of chemical analysis beyond the symptoms of the dogs and the notion that "like produces like." The Judge appeared to have had no fixed opinions on the subject. Justice Lawrence, in his address to the jury, observed that

"They had heard also the opinions of the faculty on the symptoms which appeared in the stomach of the deceased as well as in that of the dogs belonging to Knight and Giles. To their opinions he could have nothing to add. They were men of skill in their profession; and should he attempt to make any observation in addition to what they had said, he might only mislead them."

In defiance of the evidence of the dogs, the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. It would appear from the evidence adduced at this remarkable trial that the method which at that period was adopted to ascertain whether the victim had been destroyed by poison was

brutal. They administered a portion of the contents of the dead man's stomach to some unfortunate dog, and minutely watched and carefully recorded its symptoms, and compared them with those of the dead man. As soon as the dog was dead its stomach was examined and compared with that of the dead man, and if there was a similarity it was admitted that the man and the dog had died from the same poison. What poison? Another cruel experiment solved this question. Arsenic was freely administered to another dog; its symptoms were noted; and as soon as it died its stomach was compared with that of the dead man and with that of the other dead dog. If there was a similarity or an identity of physical phenomena it was concluded that the man had died from arsenic. This process may be called the analysis of conjectural analogy. Lovers of the animal creation may congratulate themselves on the fact that the poor passive dog has ceased to have such a share in medical and criminal jurisprudence. Chemical-analysis is now so facile that the presence and the character of any poison can be easily and quickly detected.

The Doctor Edward Jenner mentioned was the distinguished discoverer of vaccination; and John Baron, M.D., F.R.S., was his biographer.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

H. Y. J. Taylor.

Conservative Club, Gloucester,
January 7, 1892.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

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G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

THE

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THE FALLEN ELM.

A DIALOGUE.

I.

The popinjay screamed from tree to tree,
Then was lost in the burnished leaves;
The sky was as blue as a southern sea,
And the swallow came back to the eaves.

II.

So I followed the sound of pipe and bleat
To the glade where my Mountain Elm,
With head majestic and massive feet,
Rules over a grassy realm.

III.

When lo! where it once rose, robed and crowned,
Was naught but the leafless air:
Its limbs were low on the dinted ground,
And its body lay stripped and bare.

IV.

Then I sate on the prostrate trunk, and thought
Of the times that I there had strayed
From the clamour and strife of tongues, and sought
The peace of its silent shade;

V.

And, with none anear save the browsing beeves,
Had lain and refreshed my soul
With the maiden grace of its waving leaves,
And the strength of its manly bole.

VI.

And I said, "Never more will the truant wind
Sit and swing in your lissom boughs;
Never more in your branches the ringdove find
A nook for its nuptial vows.

VII.

"Ne'er again will the thrifty squirrel store
In your hollows its wintry food,
And, unseen, in your rotted gnarls no more
Will the woodpecker hatch its brood.

VIII.

"When the cuckoo and nightingale voice in parts
May's madrigal loud and clear,
And the kingfisher dives and the dragonfly darts,
You will neither feel nor hear.

IX.

"Nor will swain and his sweet, when the wain's in the shed,
And the shadows stretch long and dark,
Make tender tryst at your foot, and wed
Their names on your fluted bark.

X.

"The seasons laugh at the seasons dead,
But never, when new Springs bleat,
Will you feel the sunshine around your head,
Or the moisture about your feet.

XI.

"And when Autumn's flail on the granary floor
Falls muffled by mellow sheaves,
Old elm, you will mirror yourself no more
In the lake of your littered leaves."

XII.

Then in silence sadder than speech I sat,
When a tremor began to shake
The ribs of the elm as it lay there flat,
And a voice in the branches spake:

XIII.

"Nay, pity me not, I am living still,
Though prone on the ploughed-up earth,
Though the woodreeve will lop me with hook and bill,
And the shroudmaker take my girth.

XIV.

"'Twas pleasant, when sap began to stir,
And branch, spray, and bud to shoot,
To hearken the newly-paired partridge whirr,
And the croak of the pairing coot;

XV.

"When the broodmare suckled her long-limbed foal,
To watch lovers meet and part,
And to feel, as they nestled against my bole,
The beat of each trusting heart.

XVI.

"But full as oft as on loving kiss
I gazed upon lonely tear;
And when drenched kine huddle and slant winds hiss,
Then living seemed long and drear.

XVII.

"Now, when jackdaws starve and the blizzard bites,
And the furrows are flecked with sleet,
And the owl keeps snug in the thatch o' nights,
And the waggoner chafes his feet;

XVIII.

"When the empty nest in the leafless hedge
Sits sad where the sweet birds sang,
And the mallard croaks in the frozen sedge,
And the wings of the wildgeese twang;

XIX.

"When the lean hare nibbles the birch-tree bark,
And the stoat grows lank and thin,
And the cubs of the vixen prowl the dark,
And the gossips sit and spin;

XX.

"They will carry me in from the well-walled garth,
Where the logs are split and stored,
And lay me down where the blazing hearth
Glints warm on the beakered board.

XXI.

"I shall roar my stave through the chimney's throat,
When the husky hindmen troll,
And flicker low when to children's note
The greybeard nods his poll:

XXII.

"Watch the ploughboy duck for the crab and miss,
While the bedesmen munch their dole,
And the buxom wench leaves a lickerish kiss
On the rim of the rounding bowl:

XXIII.

"See the children troop, ere they dint their beds,
And, hushing their pagan glee,
Raise dimpled hands, bow flaxen heads,
And pray at their mother's knee.

XXIV.

"Or, perched perchance at the windmill top,
I shall gaze upon grey-roofed farms,
When the clouds are still and the hurricanes drop;
Or, up in my brawny arms,

XXV.

"Catch the idle winds as they lag at play,
That in toil they may take their share,
And round and round dip my foamless way
Through the sea of the shoreless air.

XXVI.

"I shall listen, hushed, to the stars at night,
Shall abide betwixt earth and sky:
While one lives and works at a lofty height,
One may change, but one does not die.

XXVII.

"In the stream you love, I may find a home,
Where the quince by the miller's door
Floats flowers as white as his unsluiced foam,
Or the meal on his powdered floor.

XXVIII.

"And there I shall live in the mill-wheel's chase,
And sweat in the mid-day heat ;
But the spray of my making will cool my face,
And the water-drip bathe my feet.

XXIX.

"I shall whirl till the wheat be ground and fanned
To meal for the cottager's pan :
O, 'tis merry and wise to go hand-in-hand
With Nature, to profit Man.

XXX.

"Or my boughs may be curved to the river-boat's keel,
And I, as the currents swing
And ripple about my ribs, shall feel
As if stirred with the sap of Spring.

XXXI.

"My crew will be only Youth and Grace,
She lissom, he steel, of limb ;
His bronzed brow bent on her wildrose face,
And her wildrose face on him.

XXXII.

"His voice will repeat some poet's song
To the stroke of the rhythmic oar,
Till her maiden pulses quicken and long
For the gleam of the syren shore.

XXXIII.

"And when banks grow shady and oars at rest,
And we rudderless float and glide,
I shall feel their love-throbs within my breast,
And the grayling against my side.

XXXIV.

"O, I am not dead, though my head droops low,
That used in the Spring to soar
To the sky half-way, and the friendless crow
Will nest in my fork no more.

XXXV.

"'Twas a cheery and wild-wood life I led,
But as pagan as bird or beast;
For I never was christened, or churched, or wed,
Or tithed by the village priest.

XXXVI.

"Now I should not wonder if they who fell
My timber and lop my bark,
Were to want a beam for the sexton's bell,
Or a desk for the limping clerk.

XXXVII.

"I shall hear the chorister voices soar,
And the organ rise and roll;
And I, who had only sense before,
Shall awaken and find my soul

XXXVIII.

"I shall smile to myself when the bridal blush
Is seen through the snow-white veil,
Or the shamefaced mother in vain would hush
The woe of her first-born's wail.

XXXIX.

"And when limbs, that oft through the driving sleet
Have staggered to stye and shed,
Are seen no more on the rustic seat,
But are stark on the hempen bed,

XL.

"My planks will make them both wall and roof,
As snug as the ling-thatched fold,
Where they never will hear a harsh reproof,
Nor ever feel cramp or cold.

XLI.

"So sorrow you not if I cease to soar,
And am sundered by saw and bill:
Rather hope that, like me, when you're green no more,
You may comfort your kindred still."

XLII.

Then the woodcutters came from their mid-day meal,
And I wandered, and felt no pang,
Though riving beetle and splintering steel
All day through the copses rang.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

ULSTER.

"This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me."—*The Tempest.*

The devotees of Mr. Gladstone seem to be on the verge of making a discovery. With the adoption of the new theory of statesmanship under which the keeping of an "open mind" passes for a policy, and following the crowd for leadership, the Irish Question naturally hastened to a deadlock. But a way of escape was providentially opened up. Ireland, it was explained, had been a stumbling-block and a vexation simply because she had not been consulted at the enactment of the Decalogue. Certain provisions of that Code were "unsympathetic," and came to her "clothed in a foreign garb." "Let us give up the vain attempt to enforce our ideas and laws," declared the oracle; "let us put an end to the war of centuries, and trust to the nobler instincts of a generous people." The solution was so obvious that only a great mind could have discovered it, and Home Rule became the accepted policy of the Party which had spent five years in denouncing it and imprisoning its advocates. It is true there were difficulties. Those who had staked everything on the honour of England would suffer; but, after all, they were only isolated landlords and capitalists, magistrates and policemen—"the black-coated and black-hearted janissaries" of the old system,—and, all told, they cannot muster as many votes as the illiterates of Donegal and Mayo. It is votes that count: the sands have run out; the sword must fall. Such is the order of the day; victory, they think, is already in sight and the question of the division of the spoils has begun to make comrades glance distrustfully at each other. And Ireland? Well, in Ireland the bolder spirits are looking hungrily over their neighbours' hedges. "Our people will return," declares Mr. Davitt,* "to repossess the land from which they have been driven, after they have aided us from America to drive out the Landlord garrison." Ulster? "Leave them alone to us," says the same unquestionable authority in a moment of indiscreet candour,† "and we will

* Speech at Strade, Co. Mayo, May, 22, 1887.

† *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 12, 1886.

soon make short work of those gentry. They are not Irish: they are only English and Scotch who have settled among us." "This island's mine," is the cry of the dispossessed Caliban. The Ulster Convention is the answer of "those gentry."

The existence of this loyal democracy is the discovery on which the Gladstonians have stumbled, and which has caused them not a little searching of heart. That the propertied classes and officials, those natural enemies of the people, should object to be expelled and ruined is only in keeping with their unregenerate nature; but that the hardworking and plain-living artizans, farmers' and labourers of Ulster should dare to resist is a cause of acute mental distress to Mr. John Morley. "It is not fear," he laments,* "that is at the bottom of this Ulster demonstration: it is pride." Is it possible that we are on the track of the anonymous *Quarterly* reviewer of *Jane Eyre* who was so much shocked because the heroine held her honour high from the "pride" of a pure heart, and not from fear of consequences? "It is true Jane does right, and exerts great moral strength; but it is the strength of a mere heathen mind. She has inherited in fullest measure the worst sin of our fallen nature, the sin of pride." Yes: sad as it may seem to the apostle of the policy of "scuttle," there are still English-speaking people who respond to other emotions than that of fear; to whom loyalty, principle, and (if we must have the word) pride are not empty phrases. If Mr. Morley could spare a moment when next in Piccadilly, he would find food for thought in Mr. G. W. Joy's Royal Academy painting of a scene from 1798. A drummer-boy has been seized at Wexford, and is at the mercy of the enemy. Instead of making terms with his captors, a course obviously suggested by the god of Mr. Morley's idolatry, this sad example of our "fallen nature" proudly faces his death, and cries, as he thrusts his foot through the sheepskin, "The King's drum shall never be beaten for rebels!" It is useless for Mr. Morley to preach the all-sufficient virtues of Compromise, or to advocate Non-Resistance in terms that would excite the envy of a courtier of Charles I. He cannot hope to convert the people of Belfast, to whom his name brings back only memories of rioting and strife, of blood in their streets and death in their homes. Surely the question is, Have the people immediately concerned come to the conclusion, reasonably or unreasonably, that their duty and interests are bound up with the Union?—and, if so, is it statesmanship, is it sanity, to drive them to despair? "We feel, like the Americans when the integrity of their Empire was threatened, that, if necessary, we must shed blood to maintain the strength and salvation of our country." "We are not going to be

* National Liberal Club, May, 3, 1892.

bullied by eighty or ninety members into doing something which we think wrong or inexpedient." These are not quotations from the speeches of fiery Orange divines thirsting for the blood of their countrymen. The first is from Earl Spencer,* and the second from Mr. John Morley†—in both cases, before they had "found salvation."

The origin of the Ulster Colony is not wrapped in any impenetrable mystery. Their history is one of which they are not ashamed. For centuries before the Plantation, Antrim and Down had been gradually filling up by hardy adventurers from Galloway and the adjacent districts of Scotland, from whose shores the Irish cliffs from the Gobbins to Rathlin are clearly visible. The rest of the settlers were "planted" in the days of James I., when Derry, Tyrone, Armagh, and small portions of Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan were added. They were free men from the first, mostly Scotsmen who brought with them their native religion, speech, and customs, their industry and their resolute independence. They found Ulster a by-word for barrenness; its bleak hills and bottomless swamps were uncultivated. They had not the magnificent grazing lands of Leinster nor the "Golden Vein" of Munster; they had no great rivers or harbours. They have made their corner of the island a garden; they have built a city which sends its produce to the ends of the earth; they have dredged a harbour and docks out of the mud of a shallow and sluggish stream, and have made it the third Customs port in the United Kingdom. They have done all this practically in the present century and under precisely the same political conditions as have obtained in the rest of the island. Where England has been cruel and unjust—and she has often been both in Ireland—Ulster has suffered her share. The cowardly and shortsighted extinction of the Irish woollen trade drove twenty thousand Ulstermen across the Atlantic with hearts full of bitterness against the English name and English rule. There was a time when their religion was persecuted and their ministers were expelled. They had their evictions, their secret societies, their "outrages." The grandfathers of men who met in April in Belfast to draw up the "platform" for the Convention had declared for independence at Dungannon in 1782; they had been "up" in 1798; they were hanged before their own doors as rebels; their skulls whitened on spikes over the gate of the Corn Market. Those days are over; the wise man can forget as well as remember. Great and far-reaching reforms were enacted; first and above all the Union, involving Free Trade with England. The bigotry of a king kept back part of the blessing of

* Speech at Bristol, November, 1881.

† Speech at Newcastle, November, 23, 1885.

tolerance and equality for a time; but for many a year the Irishman, north and south, has been as free in every essential point, civil and religious, as the Englishman or the Scotsman. It is true that the straight waistcoat still hangs disused in the corner, an unpleasant reminder of the last fit of law-breaking; but every industrious honest man from Cape Clear to Fair Head may go through his day's work and come and go without discovering that there is such a thing as a Crimes Act in existence. Ulster has prospered since the Union and by the Union, simply by attending to her business and, as we have said, when necessary, by learning to forget. When the woollen trade was struck down the North took to growing flax and weaving linen; the South, with greater advantages of soil and climate, folded her hands and did nothing. Because Ulster has become the centre of the linen trade, we are sometimes told that Strafford favoured the Northern colony; but when the Lord Deputy hit upon the expedient of promoting the growth of flax he was simply encouraging and reviving an old Irish industry. The advocates of discord and reaction are hard-driven for arguments when they endeavour to transform the arch-renegade and arch-persecutor Strafford into a tender lover of the Presbyterians. No: Ulster owes nothing to the favour of Governments or of those in high places. "Religious bigotry, commercial jealousy, and modern landlordism combined to do their worst against the Ulster Settlement," says Mr. Froude; * and we are almost tempted to adopt one half at least of the words used by Colonel Barré with regard to the American Colonies: "They were planted by your oppression; they flourished by your neglect."

What, then, does Ulster ask? What will be the demand of the Convention? Simply, "Hands off!" "We have done our work; we are content with our lot; we are proud of our inheritance. The race that can boast such names as Lawrence and Montgomery, Nicholson and Gillespie, Wolseley and Roberts, Castlereagh, Canning and Dufferin, Cairns and Thomson, is not eager to renounce its place in the great world-movement and become the province of a province. We are a part of your Empire. We were free born. Wherever work has been done or blood shed for England we have borne our part. We will not give up our share of glory with those

> '. . . . whom the roar of Hougomont
> Left mightiest of all people under heaven.' "

Ireland, North and South, has now the fullest share in the glory and in the privileges of that people. In India, in Africa, in the Colonies, in the roaring whirlpool of London itself, the grave of so many hopes and careers, Irishmen join in the struggle on an equal

* *The English in Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 137.

footing. At home, when the Irishman gives up his desire to run his head against stone walls, he finds an open door. The Irish farmer under the various Land Acts of the last ten years has a position of favour and privilege that is absolutely without parallel in the civilized world. That agriculture in Ireland as in England is depressed by competition from East and West is a fact for which no Government can be blamed.

"But," says the accuser, "you are playing the dog in the manger. The Irish demand Home Rule; the English Liberals are prepared to concede it: why do you refuse to join hands with your brethren and advance together, with mutual help, along the road to prosperity?" Because we are not sure of our partner; we are doubtful of the road; we do not admire the methods of conversion of your English leaders, and we do not believe that that conversion was sincere and genuine. There is a strong and bitter feeling in Ulster on this last point. From Mr. Gladstone, who declared at Aberdeen that he was not going to make himself "ridiculous" by considering Home Rule, to Mr. John Morley, who "could not vote for a separate parliament for Ireland, and would vote for no measure, proposition, resolution, or inquiry which let it be supposed that it was an open question in his mind,"* and Lord Spencer, who spoke of "shedding blood" if necessary to defend the Union, there is not one of the present leaders of the Party who is not pledged to the hilt in word and in deed against the policy which he now advocates. Honest conversions do, of course, occur; but when a whole Party swings round within twenty-four hours, and thereby acquires an addition to its strength of eighty-six votes, we begin to reflect. Is it ungenerous to say that this particular conversion was a sordid bargain—that the price on one side was a batch of votes, and on the other the sacrifice of Ulster? And what is the policy of those to whom Ulster would be subjected? A mercantile community to whom Free Trade is as the breath of their nostrils would be at the mercy—by three votes to one—of a Parliament of farmers' representatives who, so far as they have advocated any policy at all, are out-and-out Protectionists. Their panacea is an open-handed system of bounties showered right and left on every clamorous petty interest. Then comes the purely political and vote-catching portion of the programme: "The first duty which should devolve upon the first Home Rule Parliament," says Mr. Davitt,† "ought to be, and will be if I can help it, the reinstatement of every family in its holding that has been evicted since the land agitation began ten years ago. Every man and woman who has been imprisoned during the same period for resisting

* Speech at Westminster, December 9, 1879.

† *Irish Times*, June 18, 1888.

eviction, or for refusing to become informers in Star Chamber courts, or for rendering soldierly service in this movement, ought to be entitled to a pension for life at the hands of a self-governed Ireland." A cheering prospect for the taxpayer! Every tenant evicted during ten years, from whatever cause, to be searched up and brought home and reinstated in triumph; and then the long list of "pensions for life" for "soldierly service in this movement"—a suggestive phrase. Bounties for every commercial or industrial fad that hits the fancy of the amateur economist; free farms for fifty or sixty thousand people; life pensions for political workers—such is to be the finance of Mr. Davitt's "self-governed Ireland." Who is to pay for all this? Not the tenant-farmers, who are assured that they are already rack-rented; not the small groups of artizans who make a precarious livelihood by the decaying industries of the small towns in the south and west; not the struggling shopkeepers. Who, indeed, so well fitted to bear the burden as the merchants, manufacturers, shipowners, and artizans of Belfast and Londonderry?

Is it any wonder that on the mere threat of the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Bill the capital value of the three railways running into Belfast, and of the three Belfast joint-stock banks, depreciated almost one million sterling? Those railways and banks, owing to the confidence restored by the rule of the present Government, have since regained the million they had lost, and have added to that other three millions. How long would that four millions survive the reappearance of Mr. Gladstone on the Treasury bench? Does it suggest nothing to find within the last few months two such shrewd and experienced men of the world as the late Lord Justice Cotton and Sir William Gull leaving express provisions in their wills forbidding their trustees to invest any money in Ireland? Home Rule had cast its shadow before.

It was in face of this menace that the preliminary conference was summoned in Belfast in April. "It was the most solemn meeting I ever attended," writes one whose name is known and respected wherever ungrudging and devoted service is to be rendered in the cause of temperance or philanthropy. Those present put forward a solemn appeal to their countrymen in both islands. How have such appeals been received? Mr. Gladstone refuses to discuss the question of Ulster. He does not feel that anything can now "add to his information" on the subject. Sir William Harcourt genially hopes that it will not be necessary to "shoot down" the Ulster loyalists. Mr. Herbert Gladstone's contribution to the discussion is, that "there are plenty of prisons." Mr. Labouchere,* who would have a seat on the Front Bench if Mr.

* Speech at Torquay, April 11, 1890.

Gladstone occupied it, tells his audience that "the Ulster Presbyterians are the most contemptible dastards that ever ran." An apparently popular organ of the Party* speaks of Ulstermen as "an alien band of beggarmen, protected by the special favour of the Stuart King." Mr. Davitt's threats have already been quoted; and Mr. Morley, who admits† that "the dangers are tremendous," is now apparently prepared to face with a light heart the risk of a "reduced and squalid version of the Thirty Years' War."‡

One would wish to avoid, if possible, this religious question; but, as Mr. Morley saw when he wrote the sentence just quoted, it cannot be entirely ignored. The attitude, language, and threats by the Roman Catholic clergy, and among them some of the very highest in the Irish hierarchy, have been little short of a scandal to Christianity. If there is one feeling more deeply rooted than another in the mind of the Ulsterman—burned in by bitter experience—it is that involved in the words, "No priest in politics." The priest has now virtually assumed the lead in the "National" party. At a county convention priests sit a solid phalanx. They form a separate estate, and the speakers address "the clergy and people of the county." If one wished to test the feeling of toleration and respect for civil and religious liberty, or for national unity at one of those meetings, let him mention the name of Victor Emmanuel or Mazzini; the result would not soon be forgotten. "Clerical dictation!" cried Father O'Reilly, at a meeting of the National Federation last winter.§ "Clerical dictation must and will exist so long as there is a priest in the country. The people must submit to clerical dictation, which is the law of God." Lest it should be feared that recent prejudices and modern party feelings betray us into forming an unfavourable opinion of the methods and the *morale* of the Irish Party, and of the clerical junta whose servants they are, we will make a quotation from one who is above suspicion of undue national or party prejudice. Richard Cobden, writing to Mr. George Combe (August, 28, 1848), says:—"The most discouraging thing to an English Member of Parliament who wishes to do well to Ireland is the quality of the men sent to represent it in the House of Commons. Hardly a man of business amongst them; and not three who are prepared cordially to co-operate together for any one common object. How would it mend matters if such men were sitting in Dublin instead of London?" And again (October 4): "I found the people of Ireland represented in the House by a body of men with whom I could feel no

* *Radical Review*, April 9, 1892.
† Speech at Chelmsford, January 7, 1885.
‡ *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1882.
§ *United Ireland*, November 28, 1891.

more sympathy or identity than with people whose language I did not understand. Their Repeal cry was evidently an empty sound." If an English statesman of such eminence and experience as Mr. Cobden found it so difficult to work with the Irish members of his day, is it quite fair for the Party which claims to represent the traditions of Mr. Cobden to make it the corner stone of its policy to thrust an unwilling body of fellow-citizens under the domination of the successors of the Repealers and the "Brass Band," and to brand as rebels and incendiaries those who would refuse to accept as the voice of England a bare party vote reinforced by men who are judging in their own cause.

This is the appeal that Ulster makes to England. At any rate, it can no longer be said that the situation and its results are not made clear. Those who do not see the consequences of casting a firebrand into a powder magazine will be those who refuse to see. Ulster will not accept what Mr. Gladstone calls a policy—what others call a cowardly surrender to the forces of "rapine and dismemberment". It is not, as Mr. Morley says, fear that inspires the leaders of the Convention: it is not merely pride: it is, above and before all, distrust. They distrust the English statesmen who declared they "would not be bullied" into surrender, and surrendered while their valiant words were still in our ears. They distrust the men who for five years clamorously applauded resistance to the law, and a cold-blooded and relentless social tyranny, so long as these could be used as weapons against a Unionist Government, but who now cry out with horror at a Declaration of Rights which includes the contingency of resistance to a still unpassed law of doubtful Constitutional validity. They distrust the vast mass of illiterate peasants to whom, as Archbishop Walsh says, the offer of compulsory education is an "insult," but who, vote for vote, would have an equal share with the merchant and the skilled artizan in shaping the commercial destinies of Ulster. They distrust the men whose brethren have made New York a reproach among civilized communities, a byword for corruption and municipal mal-government. They distrust the men who beslavered their leader with fulsome and servile flattery one day, and on the next abused him in language which decent newspapers refused to print. They distrust the men whose gospel it is that to love Ireland we must hate England. Is it strange that in answer to the claim of one section of Irishmen to overlordship and domination throughout the whole island, the answer of Ulster should be, clear, definite, precise, "We will not have these men to rule over us."

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

STAGE-STRUCK.

Most English towns of more than twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants present a social phenomenon which, according to our respective temperaments and views of life, we may represent either as the wildest of paradoxes or as absolutely the most natural thing in the world. I refer to the aggregation in the same district, and often in the same street, of persons engaged in the practice of the same trade or profession. To some observers it will seem to be a supremely politic step on the part of these persons to associate in the public mind a particular neighbourhood with the particular public need which they supply; for so shall they all, collectively and individually, have a better chance to live and thrive. Others argue that, as the needs in question must be satisfied somehow or other, their fellow-citizens would in any case manage to find them out, and that the custom of herding together operates to submerge Merit beneath the flood of Mediocrity, and wantonly exasperates the stress of competition. To which the former perhaps reply that people in all trades and professions must be presumed to know their own business best; thereby provoking the rejoinder that guilds, crafts, and "mysteries" of all kinds have ever predisposed their members and initiates to many sorts of professional superstitions.

It is a pretty dispute, capable of indefinite extension on its theoretical side; but practically, of course, the victory is with those who find the custom in question natural and sensible. For it is decidedly on the increase in most cities, and it is at least a convenience to the student of manners and social life, as supplying him with a rough but handy measure of the growth of industries. Especially is it so in the case of one particular industry, which, being still more or less of a nomadic and irregular character (if I may humbly venture to risk the displeasure of its "society" members by saying so), is not so easily traced through its stages of development as some others are. There is a certain street of transpontine London which is to the players what they themselves, according to the greatest of all players, are to the world. It is the abstract and brief chronicle of "the time" they happen to be having; and no one who passes along it at certain hours of the

day, on certain mysteriously determined days of the week, can doubt that they are having a very "good time" indeed. The business of the "dramatic, musical, and variety agent" appears of late years to have been undergoing a double process of expansion; and one has to multiply a large increase in the number of these brokers in histrionics by a still larger increase in the numbers of their respective *clientèles* in order to arrive even at a rough estimate of the length to which this process has already gone. A street once only sparsely dotted here and there with these establishments is now thick with them, and during the appointed hours of the mysteriously determined days the pavement is black with the multitude of their close-shaven customers. If dignity and importance were measured for the "dramatic and variety agent," as for the Roman patrician, by his *turba clientium*, the street would be one of the most aristocratic in London. Under the different conditions of *patronatus* and *clientela* which obtain in this case, it is just a little dingy; and the whole scene suggests rather an excess of wards in want of guardians.

Nevertheless, in this as in other cases, an existing overflow of supply in any labour market affords a pretty sure indication either of a recent growth of the demand or of a recent improvement in the conditions and attractions of the industry. Both these causes have no doubt been at work in this instance. The theatrical business has undergone an immense development of late years; and concurrently therewith, if not consequently thereupon, the profits of those engaged in the business, whether as managers or as actors, have greatly increased. If all the blue-cheeked applicants will not get engagements, most of them probably will. The Londoner who gazes aghast at their multitude, and thinks it impossible that there can be an opening for a fraction of them, even in the ever-multiplying theatres and music-halls of the metropolis, forgets that "there is a world elsewhere." It does not occur to him that play-houses have been springing up in every provincial town, large or small, in England for almost as long a time as they have been pullulating in London; and that, now the days of the "stock company" are over, London has become the great histrionic entrepôt—the Exchange of actors, the clearing house of *comiques* for the whole country.

No: it is not difficult to believe, upon a little further reflection, that the "glut of the market" may not be so serious as it looks, and that the disappointed air of many of the applicants, their air as of rejected "dockers," may be to some extent deceptive. But then, again, you remember that the unemployed actor or comic singer who thus puts himself in evidence after this fashion—that is to say, in groups on the kerbstone—is typical of only one class in

his profession; that there is a large body of actual or aspiring players who transact business with the dramatic middleman in a more private manner; and finally that the actress of nearly all ranks is almost or altogether unrepresented in the crowd. So that you find yourself compelled to make (so to speak) a mental addition of the advertisements in the *Era* to the numbers of the crowd before you, in order to get some general idea of the conditions of supply and demand in the theatrical profession. And probably, unless you are a born statistician (for I cannot believe with Mr. Goschen that this affliction is ever other than congenital, or that it is possible to fall a victim to it through mere dabbling in figures), you will find it easier to dispose of the matter with the cheerful generality that there are more theatres than ever, and that there is no end to the rush of people of all sorts and conditions on to the stage.

But, as it is possible to become a philosopher, if not a statistician, by habit—curiosity, indeed, being the mother of philosophy, but never having contributed in any way to the birth of arithmetic—you may then begin to ask yourself why this rush to the stage, and what should be thought of it as a phenomenon of social life. For the contemporary theatre presents itself to the philosophical mind in so many aspects that one might almost exhaust upon it the elder Mr. Shandy's catalogue of thought-stimulating questions on the subject of the "white bear." Indeed, the only two of that philosopher's inquiries which it would be useless to put to ourselves in connection with the theatre occur at the very end of the series. "Is the white bear worth seeing? Is there no sin in it?" It is too late in these days to ask the question whether theatrical entertainments are worth seeing, or whether they are sinful. The public have already answered on both points by overwhelming majorities. The number of people who think it worth while to go to the theatre—to whom, indeed, the theatre is the chief amusement of life—has vastly increased; while the number of those who regard it with the old-fashioned religious horror of the Puritan is dwindling every day. Even the most rapid glances "under the clock" of the newspapers, and the most cursory of comparisons between the announcements of that column and those which it contained a score of years ago, would suffice to show what a change has come about in the former of these respects; while the enormously increased popularity of *matinées* is eloquent of the increasing prevalence of that mild dissipation of the serious—the theatrical entertainment which is over by tea-time. No wonder, when the love and the toleration of perhaps the most universally attractive of human pleasures has thus grown apace—no wonder that the most fascinating, and now-

adays not the least respectable, of the pleasure-providing industries should have proportionately increased.

It is, of course, needless to say that, being what we are, we have not become frankly frivolous like our nearest neighbours. We should be uneasy, indeed, if the change to which I have referred could not be represented as making for culture as well as for amusement, for the "higher seriousness" no less than for levity. Hence the growth of the theatre, like the multiplication of Board Schools turning out their Sixth Standard scholars by the yearly 80,000, is acclaimed by the virtuous as a signal proof of the intellectualization of our people. What these two phenomena really mean is that a much enlarged proportion of them have learnt new and less robustious ways of amusing themselves. And a very good thing to mean, too; that I do not for a moment deny. Only let us, for the sake of clearness, distinguish.

Do not let us infer from the augmented importance of our Lyceums and Haymarkets, the enhanced dignity of our Irvings and Trees, that the growth of the theatre tends, except in a very minor degree, to the promotion of thought, culture, and dramatic "high art." It gratifies some enthusiasts to think so, just as it pleases them to imagine the whole yearly yield of the 80,000 "passed" Board School boys giving their nights and days to one or other of the Hundred Best Books. As a matter of fact, they give their days to *Tit-Bits*, and their nights to an endeavour to win a £100-a-year house by fitting some imbecile conundrum with its least idiotic answer. And as the popularity of the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* among the 80,000 is to the popularity among them of the penny novelette, so are the attractions of *Henry VIII.* and *Hamlet* to those of *Cinder Ellen* and "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay."

The condition of the stage can alway be best ascertained by studying the statistics of the stage-struck. "Stage-stroke" (if I may coin a word in strictest conformity with etymological analogy) is as well known an affliction as sun-stroke, though, its consequences being usually (not always) less serious, it has not received the same amount of scientific investigation. Its affinities, indeed, are rather with a malady of another, and perhaps somewhat legendary, order, due to the influence of a less potent heavenly body. To expose one's face and head during sleep to the action of the lunar rays is said to produce certain physical results which are also to be observed in a moral and figurative form among the stage-struck, who as a rule resemble the moon-struck in suffering from "swelled head." Their complaint, as has been said, is quite a well-known one, and may have existed in the days of Roscius himself. That eminent actor's performances, and the applause which they won for him, may have produced the same disturbing effect on the young Roman

shopman or lawyer's clerk—Cicero's own, perhaps—as the histrionic powers and fame of our leading actors do upon the like class of their admirers among ourselves. In later times, at any rate, we know that stage-stroke was common enough ; and it is at the present moment, as for some ten or a dozen years past it has been, singularly rife in this country. It may be doubted, indeed, whether it has ever before raged with so much violence through every class of the community as it does at present. Few are too high, and, as has recently been demonstrated, hardly any too low, to escape the infection. The "society" actor, the young man who is "quite a gentleman, you know," doth more and more abound, as also does the young woman "who is so well-connected and all that sort of thing," and whose parents do not quite know whether to be shocked at her craze or to share it. These types are unquestionably multiplying, as, in fact, they have been for a decade and more, at a great rate, having steadily kept pace with the growth of the theatres during the period in question.

The maiden of unbashful eighteen takes the complaint, it must be admitted, in an acuter form than the undergraduate or the young man in the City ; in so far, at any rate, as the severity of the patient's mania may be measured by the magnitude of his or her delusions. For the youth's ambition does not usually soar higher than the level of the successful *jeune premier*. He has seen Mr. Herbert This or Mr. Cecil That win warm applause for the gentlemanly ease with which he bears himself in a cup-and-saucer part; and an *et ego in Arcadiâ vixi* rises at once to his lips. "I too am not unacquainted with five-o-clock teas ; I too possess the manners of the drawing-room, and can display a trouser obtrusively creased down the middle of the leg with the best of them. Nothing lacks but that a manager should engage me for a cup-and-saucer part in a cup-and-saucer play, and I on my part will engage to walk through it with all the grace of Mr. Herbert This, all the aplomb of Mr. Cecil That." He is wrong, that aspiring undergraduate ; he is mistaken, that ambitious young man in the City ; he will learn in due time that the professional problem even of the "walking gentleman" is not to be solved like the logical *crux* of Achilles and the Tortoise, simply *ambulando*—that for the efficient doing of this also an art of a kind is necessary, and that to go on the stage and merely "be yourself" is a good deal more difficult than it looks. But the ambition of these two stage-stricken ones is, at any rate, less o'erleaping than that of their stage-struck sister. They covet a form of dramatic success which in process of time and with sufficient patience they will, or may, achieve : whereas she is not—or, at least, in the earlier stages of the present epidemic of stage-stroke she was not—satisfied with any such modest

triumph as this. It was not the honours of the drawing-room *grande dame* that the maiden of unbashful eighteen was wont to sigh for; but those of the heroines of the classic, the poetic, or, at the very least, of the "strong modern" drama. She "saw herself" at once in an "Ellen Terry part," or appearing before the curtain to be overwhelmed with plaudits and bouquets for her impersonation of one of the characters associated with the name of Madame Bernhardt. With absolutely no natural gifts but those of (perhaps, but by no means certainly) a pretty face, or a graceful figure; without power of voice, or impressiveness of presence, or even mimetic faculty; wholly untrained in the arts of elocution, pose, and gesture; unfamiliar, in short, not merely with the higher mysteries, but with the very alphabet and grammar of the dramatic language—the stage-struck young woman of a few years ago was in many cases possessed with the delusion that nature had destined her for a brilliant career in the highest walks of the drama; and, bitten by the *œstrus* of this unhappy frenzy, she was driven, a ridiculous rather than pathetic Io, from manager to manager and agent to agent in the vain hope of appeasing the intolerable smart of their unsatisfied vanity. Critic after critic has been importuned by these ladies and their partial friends to bring their neglected merits to the notice of the public; dramatist after dramatist has been entreated to attempt the conjuring trick of writing a part for them in which they should be able to display their imaginary histrionic powers. And if occasionally dramatist and critic have succeeded in enabling one or two of them to show that they possess some germs of artistic promise, they have at the same time demonstrated that a far longer process of cultivation is needed than most of them are willing to undergo ere promise can possibly ripen into performance.

This breed of "vaulting" amateurs still flourishes no doubt among our high-school girls of the more prosperous classes; but another variety has now sprung up in the same social grade, with ambitions of a less serious order. This kind owes its origin to the spread of the lighter order of theatrical entertainments, a cause which seems also to have been operating as potently in a very different class of society. The enthusiasm of a common ambition appears nowadays to be uniting mistresses and maids in hitherto unsuspected sympathy; and the "sacred lamp of burlesque" is recruiting its choir of vestals from the drawing-room and the servants' hall alike. No wonder that the enterprising inhabitants of the Street of the Agents seem, from all outward signs, to be doing better and better business every day, or even that some of them, as one gathers from occasional scandals in the police-courts, should now and then mistake the character of

the temple in which they are supposed to minister. Venus, one need hardly say, has no connection—or, at least, no necessary connection—with either Thalia or Terpsichore; but the Pagan Pantheon is confusing, and a "variety agent" doing business in the neighbourhood of the Waterloo Road may be excused for now and then getting his divinities a little mixed.

Such solecisms, moreover, are not of frequent occurrence; and in the majority of cases the engagement broker is an "honest broker," who deals fairly alike with the countess and with the kitchen-maid. That extremes should so affectionately meet as to enable him to draw his clients from both these classes is the really interesting feature of the case. The touch of nature which creates kinship between them in this matter might prove an instructive subject of investigation; though at the first blush of the thing—if that metaphor is not an inappropriate one—inquiry seems likely to reveal to us the bond of union in a primary, universal, and very well-known ingredient of the feminine nature. Still, for this as for most other human actions we may expect to find a mixture of causes; and it is probable that the motive which impels Mary Jane to the stage is more complex in character than the impulse acting upon her mistress. Mary Jane, she too, has her frequent opportunities of witnessing the ritual of song and dance which is performed around the sacred lamp above referred to; and, the promptings of female vanity apart, it is not unnatural that from the merely material and business point of view she should regard the lot of its priestesses with an envy which yet does not exclude hope. In many cases she cannot but be conscious that the capering and posturing damsels in velvet trunk hose and pink silk continuations have few apparent advantages either in art or nature over herself. Her voice is very likely as good; it is not absolutely inconceivable that she may sing as well as they; her mastery of the aspirate is not any more uncertain; and in the privacy of her bedroom she can satisfy herself that as regards the more important point of physique her qualifications are not unduly slender, as compared with theirs. Which things being apparent to her, she might with even less than her fair share of feminine vanity exchange, without royal license, the name of Mary Jane Perkins for that of Gladys Vane, and put herself in communication with the variety agent forthwith. There can at least be no doubt that it pays better to minister to the sacred lamp than to the kitchen range, and Mary Jane may excusably aspire to association with a cult in which the priestesses who serve the altar not only live by the altar but are often enabled to keep a brougham.

Above-stairs there is no excuse of this kind to be urged; or, at any rate, not so often or to the same extent. Here the temptation

of "from ten to fifty pounds a week" is, at least in most cases, not so strong, and the less sordid motives which impel the drawing-room into rivalry with the kitchen have, therefore, to be proportionately keener. By as much as the maid's cupidity is greater than that of the mistress, by so much must the mistress's vanity be greater than that of the maid. Cupidity, indeed, does not just yet come into the question at all, for no *grande dame de par le monde* has hitherto, I believe, gone so far as to accept a regular engagement. She is at present content to exhibit her powers as burlesque vocalist and dancer in the tantalizing semi-seclusion of a *matinée*, or, at the utmost, to appear for "one night only,"—of course, in the sacred cause of charity, which nowadays operates not only to the covering of sins but to the unveiling of graces. But the stage to which she at present confines herself is obviously only a transition stage. The *grande dame de par le monde* is simply "standing with reluctant feet" (clad in blue satin boots) where "the brook 'of amateurism meets' the river" of professional art; and if the rush of kitchen-maids continues she will undoubtedly take the plunge.

But will it continue? And, if so, will it, as is the way of such movements, abhorrent as a rule of the equable, gain volume and momentum as time goes on? Will more Mary Janes and 'Lizas blossom yearly into Gladyses and Gwendolens? and will the sleep of more and yet more "society ladies" be broken by a consuming envy of some fashionable sister's *succès fou* in the "Skirt Dance," and of the honorific full-page woodcut which it earned for her in some journal devoted to the interests of her sex? One cannot confidently say. Crazes of this kind sometimes disappear as suddenly as they sprang up and spread; and prophecy on such a matter would be hazardous. But whether the predisposing cause of the mania—whether the spreading and heightening passion for a lighter and ever lighter kind of theatrical entertainment—is likely to gain or lose in influence over public manners is a question on which there are more definite data for speculation. If the people were left to themselves there would, of course, be but one possible answer to it. In all ages and countries the impulse of the mass of mankind, if allowed free play, is towards the purely (in the sense, of course, of the "merely," the "unmixedly") pleasurable. It impels them in this direction with no hostility to, but with an absolute disregard of, moral considerations, whether deriving from intuitional or utilitarian ethics; and its end of pleasure, when attained, is simply justified of itself, the question whether it happens to be sensuous or spiritual, physical, moral, or mental, gross or ethereal, low or high, being regarded as a sheer irrelevance. There is no prejudice against what are called the "the higher" as distinguished

from "the lower" forms of popular amusement; but, inasmuch as the mass of mankind are more responsive to the appeals of the senses than to those of the spirit, and are more readily diverted by jests of the frivolous and foolish order than by any other kind, it would be enough to predict that, if the people were left to themselves, the existing characteristics of popular theatrical entertainment would tend to become more marked than ever.

But what gives interest to speculation on its future is that nowadays the people never *are* left to themselves, and that in London at this very moment they are an object of solicitude on the part of two distinct sections of the Great Progressive Party, which are each of them bent on doing good to them in different, and, as I think it must prove, in mutually repugnant ways. Whether of these twain is to have its will of us in the matter of our public shows? And which of them—supposing that accommodation be, as it will probably turn out to be, impossible between them,—is to have its way over the other? When the "toiling millions of this vast metropolis" (to us a favourite phrase of one party) are placed in possession of all those blessings from which they have been hitherto excluded only by a selfish minority; when they have been provided with free water, free gas, free electricity, free locomotion, free kiosks and coffee-palaces, and a few other such aids to the "humane life" as a paternal Council will be able to furnish at no cost to anybody but the ratepayers, we shall be face to face with the question of "free amusements." And when we are face to face with this question, then also will the party of Prurient Prudery be face to face with the party of Gratuitous Games. Neither of these two is like to be in a yielding mood; for the horn of both has been exalted by the late County Council Election, and, if votes are to decide the point, it is certainly open to the former party to maintain that the municipal electorate is quite as Pruriently Prudish as it is Gratuitous Game-loving. That electorate, it may be said, seems just as determined that theatrical and musical entertainments should not be "free," in one sense, as that they and everything else which the toiling millions would like to have should be free in another. Even the staunchest partisan of Mr. Charles Harrison can point to no larger majorities than have carried the elections of the leading Prudes. North Islington returned the censor of the profligate puppet, the corrector of the dissolute doll, the chastener of the meretricious marionette, by some seven hundred more votes than he received in 1889; and, were it not that the phrase might call a blush to his cheek, one might say of Mr. MacDougall that he literally "romped in" for Poplar.

What will be the result of a collison between these two parties, each equally confident in itself, and equally fortified by the support

of its constituencies? Will their forces clash together in a great conciliar Battle of Armageddon? Or will they arrange a compromise whereby the Prurient Prudes will withdraw their opposition to the Gratuitous Games on condition that the games, whether gratuitous or otherwise, shall be consistently dull?

For my part, although I would not be understood to prophesy, I believe the latter hypothesis to be much the less probable. I believe it will prove that the success of the Puritanical faction in the recent election is more apparent than real; that its leaders have won in the capacity of Progressives, and not in the character of Prudes; and that if the great Battle of Armageddon ever takes place it is not the Prudes who will win it. Their attempted censorship of public amusements has failed to excite popular irritation against them only because it has so far only infinitesimally interfered with the popular pleasure. With the exception of here and there a sailor's gaff at the East End, the places of entertainment into which they have pried, and the proprietors of which they have more or less unnecessarily harassed, have been hardly of the "popular" class. If once they were to render themselves seriously obnoxious to the "masses" in their crusade against "impropriety," the next election would in all probability tell a very different tale. We might have to write then of their revered leader,—

"Sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus Cæperat."

and a profane parodist might be inspired to end the line with,—

"hoc pepulit Poplari e sede M—cd—g—ll."

No: I believe, myself, that in respect of our theatrical entertainments and of the amount of what is humorously called the element of "irresponsible" gaiety which the playgoer will stand, we shall go from strength to strength. And, since the increasing prevalence of the malady of "stage-stroke" has undoubtedly kept pace with the growth in "irresponsibility," there seems to me to be every probability that it will become endemic, and that we shall have to make a certain annual allowance for its ravages among all classes of society.

H. D. Traill.

THE DUTCH PEASANTRY.

A BEING more conservative than the ordinary Dutch peasant can scarcely be found anywhere in Europe. This old-fashioned person is not, as a rule, burdened with political theories. Yet he has an important share in local government. He is free from the noisy self-assertion of the newly-fledged politician, and makes use of his rights simply as a matter of course. As Village Councils constitute one of the topics of the day, it may interest the English reader to hear what manner of man the Dutch peasant is, and how he acts his part on the modest stage of village politics. It may be best to begin with a slight sketch of peasant life. What I shall have to say will refer mainly to the central provinces of South Holland and Utrecht, and, less directly, to those of Zealand (in the south) and Gelderland (in the east). In the other provinces the situation is, in many respects, widely different.

The majority of the farmers of South Holland and Utrecht are tenants. Many of the farms have been held by the same families for generations. The law of the sub-division of property (the same as in France) has not affected the peasantry as much as one would suppose. The son who, either as owner or as tenant, has the family farm for his share of the paternal inheritance gives an equivalent in money to his brothers and sisters, or else a share in the profits.

In the opinion of an expert, tenant-farmers are better off than peasant proprietors. The same authority considers that a small farm can be managed more profitably than a comparatively large one (leaving the very large ones out of the question). The small farmer has the capital necessary for working a farm of 30 "hectares" (22½ acres) with profit. Even 20 "hectares" is preferable to 60. More land entails more working expenses than can be properly met.

The small farmer works on old-fashioned principles, and knows little of "scientific farming." He is inclined to be sceptical about modern improvements, and has a low opinion of the doctrines propounded by the black-coated theorists from the "Agricultural College" who lecture throughout the country. On the other hand, he is thoroughly hard-working and thrifty; his wife is no less so. He has none of the wants which usually accompany a higher culture.

In fact, he lives much as the better-class labourer does. It is difficult for the outsider to realize the social gulf that yawns between them. For, although the gulf is sometimes crossed, as a rule, woe-betide the labourer who dares to aspire to the hand of a farmer's daughter, or the farmer's son who would fetch his bride from the neighbouring cottage. Yet, in outward appearance there is not much difference between them. They wear dresses of the same kind: only the close observer will detect that the farmer's Sunday coat is a trifle less shiny than that of the labourer, and that his wife's cap is of real lace, and her best apron a black silk one, while the humbler woman is content with imitation lace and a checked cotton apron. Both women claim no higher title than that of "vrouw" (the German "frau," in Holland given only to women of the lower orders); the hands of both are red with honest labour, and in education and refinement they are quite on a par. As regards character, most people, I think, would give the palm to the labouring class. The farmer is too often consumed by the love of money, and, consequently, hard and grasping. The labourer is not tempted in the same way. He can seldom make money, and must be content with his wages. On his lower scale of the social ladder there are more opportunities for the interchange of friendly offices, which foster a spirit of kindness that raises and softens the character.

The manners of both classes are awkward, gruff, and unprepossessing. All that can be said in the people's favour is that they are free from servility and insincerity. This unattractive exterior often hides true respect and attachment. Simple and unsophisticated as they are, they still acknowledge the rule of a Mrs. Grundy, and obey her unwritten laws. For example, whilst the lower orders in the towns seldom wear mourning, the poorest labourer puts his family into black after a death. It is true that the dyeing-pot has something to do with this transformation of the family wardrobe.

The staple food of both classes is bread, cheese, vegetables, potatoes, and salted pork. The labourer fattens and kills one or two pigs every year; the farmer a few more, according to the size of his establishment. The farmer, usually, once a year cures the meat of one or two cows for his own use. The labourer grows his own vegetables in the small plot of ground that he always rents. The women of the family generally have the care of this; and, except in haymaking time, it is all the field labour that is usually done by them in the provinces of which we speak, in the greatest part of which the wages of a farm labourer are about 2s. or 2s. 6d. a day at ordinary times, and 3s. 4d. in haymaking. This is in the rich clay-soil districts. In other parts of the country the rate of

wages is much lower—about 1s. a day in the summer, and 8d. or 10d. in winter;—but living is cheaper and rents are lower there. The women in these districts do more field work, much to the detriment of their homes and families.

Of course, there is a great difference between the farmhouse and the cottage. In the prosperous districts, however, both are models of order and cleanliness. There are two kinds of farmhouses—the new, which, seen from the front, resembles an ordinary dwelling-house in the country towns, and is gaudy with fresh paint and red tiles; and the old, with its gabled and thatched roof, which time has mellowed into a fit subject for the painter's brush.

The old farmhouse usually consists of a kitchen, a large living-room, a cheese-room, a dairy, two small bedrooms in the garret and at the back (forming part of the main building), the big cow-stable with its huge loft, and a wide space in the middle, where threshing and winnowing are still done in primitive fashion. Hay-ricks with movable roofs on four poles, various barns or sheds, and an outside kitchen, called the "baking-house," where the rough work is done (food cooked for the cattle, &c.), surround the main building.

The "baking-house" is often used as living-room in summer, and is more cheerful than the solemn apartment into which the visitor is invariably ushered. A wide chimney lined with tiles stretches nearly across one side of this room; but the open fire on the hearth has long ago disappeared and given place to an ugly stove. Quaint brass fire-irons hang behind it, and on either side is an armchair, differing from its humbler brethren only in the possession of wooden arms. If there is a baby in the family it is likely to be reposing in a cradle with green baize curtains as near as possible to the fireplace, in defiance of all laws of health. Two or three large cupboards, sometimes handsomely carved, always kept well polished, stand against the whitewashed walls. One of them generally has glass doors in the upper part; and on its shelves the family china—often of great value—is exposed to view. Unfortunately, these heirlooms in old families have been largely bought up by enterprising Jews. Sometimes, however, sentiment has proved stronger than the love of money, and the farmer has not parted with his family possessions. In a corner of the room a chintz curtain, or sometimes a double door, shows where the big press-bed is—an institution of pre-hygienic times which, to the peasant mind, has no inconveniences whatever. In the middle of the room a table stands on a carpet; and, as people take off their shoes at the door and go about in their thick woollen stockings, neither it nor the painted floor ever show signs of mud. Another table stands near one of the windows, of which there are two or three. The

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linen blinds so closely meet the spotless muslin curtains, which are drawn stiffly across the lower panes on two horizontal sticks, that a stray sunbeam can hardly make its way into the room, even if it has been able to struggle through the thick branches of the clipt limetrees that adorn the front of the house. On one of the tables a tray stands, with a hospitable array of cups and saucers, teapot, &c., and is protected from the dust by a crochet or muslin cover. The huge family Bible, with its big brass clasps, has an honourable place, often on a stand by itself. Rough woodcuts or cheap prints, and a group of family photographs, which do not flatter the originals, are hung on the walls. The framed and glazed sampler, worked in wools by the farmer's wife in her young days, usually makes a "dessus de porte." The alphabet is the principal part of this extraordinary work of art; but it bears various other figures, which, on patient investigation, appear to have some resemblance to certain birds and flowers.

The life which is led by the inmates of these unpretending dwellings is one of much work and little, if any, play. It is difficult to say whether the austerity of the greatest part of the community in Protestant districts is a result of the lamentable coarseness exhibited in the amusements of its gayer members on such occasions as the annual fair, or "kermis," still held in some country towns, or whether the latter is a reaction against the former. It is a fact that both extremes are found among the peasantry, almost to the exclusion of more healthy views of this side of life.

The prose of this dull existence is often relieved by family affections. Some of the peasants, indeed, seem to be devoid of much feeling, and one is sometimes tempted to ask which are more important in their eyes—the cattle that bring in money, or the children that, at first, only bring expense.* But pretty pictures of bright domestic happiness, and, as their sad counterpart, instances of heartrending grief after bereavement, are numerous enough to refute a general charge of callousness.

No class of people in whose lives religion holds so much place as it undoubtedly does in those of the Dutch peasantry is utterly commonplace and uninteresting. The Roman Catholics, who are a large minority, are generally strict in their religious observances; while the Protestants are distinguished by an intensely theological bias. It is, perhaps, the strongest point of contrast between them and the rest of the world that they are as eager about subtle

* A curious instance of short-lived grief in a bereaved person, very quaintly expressed, was given by a farmer when visited by a gentleman a few hours after the death of (I believe) his wife. On the gentleman condoling with him on his loss, the man answered: "Indeed, sir, it was a very heavy blow; but it is beginning to wear off"!

points of divinity as men were two or three centuries ago. They often, in their intense earnestness and intolerance, remind one of Cromwell's Roundheads,* or of the characters in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's New England stories.

Minds of this type are scarcely likely to be open to the various influences that are so busily at work elsewhere to make people restless and discontented. On the whole, the rural population is still in the happy condition (described by the English Catechism) of people who "learn and labour truly to get their own living, and to do their duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased God to call them." In by far the greatest part of the Netherlands there is not the faintest trace among the peasantry of that class-hatred which a recent writer† in the *Nineteenth Century* notices in the "Hodge" of Berkshire. Social agitators cannot get a hearing among them. Only the other day we were told of a party of these mischievous busybodies being refused drink and expelled from the premises by the owner of a publichouse (a woman) not far from the Hague.

Still, a peaceful tendency to seek a higher place in the social scale is not quite absent in the country, especially among the "aristocracy" in the village (as Mrs. Batson calls them), the carpenter, the mason, the house-painter, and the village tradespeople. The daughters often think themselves "too good" for domestic service and become schoolmistresses if they can qualify themselves.

This class tends to migrate to the towns. There is less work for them than there used to be in the country, since so many small gentlefolk who used to live in or near the villages have gone to towns, attracted by educational and other advantages. Also, there used to be flourishing boarding-schools in many villages, and these have been swept away by the cheap "higher schools" established by Government. Migration to towns has not yet taken very serious proportions; and the nucleus remains—the steady, industrious, conservative, loyal population, which is a source of strength and stability to the country.

The lot of the peasantry is certainly happier than that of the working-classes in the towns. At least, in the central provinces there is

* It appears to me that a Roundhead would have made much the same appeal to Scripture to justify an act of his as that of a Dutchman of the peasant class on a certain occasion. The worthy man, a head gardener, had scarcely laid to rest his first wife, a terrible shrew, whose voice was heard all day long from his master's house scolding her poor maidservant, when he came to announce his intention of shortly marrying again (this time a farmer's widow), adding: "Scripture says you may marry again, but says nothing about the time!"

† "Hodge at Home." By Mrs. Stephen Batson. January 7, 1892.

little poverty among them. Drunkenness, the cause of so much want in the towns, is comparatively rare in the country. By thrift and good management the labourer, especially if he have a capable wife, can get on fairly well. Instead of living from hand to mouth, he has his comfortable provisions of pork and potatoes, and, in winter, of salted vegetables, and firewood to fall back upon. Old age is the most trying time. It is seldom the labourer can make sufficient, if any, provision for the days of failing strength. Still, the growing practice of putting money into the Post Office Savings Banks proves that there are those who lay by for an evil day. It is usual to belong to a "burial fund," for it is considered a dire disgrace to be buried by the parish. The aged labourer gets regular outdoor relief from the parish. If he can live with a married son or daughter, his declining years may be very comfortable. Often, however, he is boarded by the parish at a stranger's house for a small sum. His lot depends on the character of its inmates, and it is often wretched. I knew a woman who was a martyr to rheumatism. The neighbours considered her sufferings to be a "judgment" for her cruel treatment of an old pauper who had been confided to her care.

It is necessary to repeat that all these remarks refer mainly to the central provinces. In the north, farming is on a larger scale. More use is made of machinery, and the farmers are better educated, and often very wealthy.

In Friesland, certain causes—such as the increasing number of absentee landlords—have produced great distress among the labouring classes, especially in the "peat districts." Indeed, that province has of late been frequently called "our Ireland." There is considerable emigration to America and elsewhere from this and the adjoining provinces. Social agitators have been busily at work, and have been successful in the endeavour to sow seeds of discontent and rebellion.

Several years of extraordinary prosperity (1876–85) were followed by a period of agricultural depression. The last two years have been more favourable, and a competent judge recently gave it as his opinion that farmers had at present little cause to indulge in grumbling.

It now remains to be seen how these people manage their local affairs. The country is divided into "communities" (French, "communes"); each town forms a single and separate "commune." The size of the country "communes" is unequal. Sometimes two or three villages, if near each other, form one of these parishes; more often each village is the centre of a parish. The head of the parish is the burgomaster (mayor), who is named by the Crown, but draws his salary from the village budget. He is

often a resident country gentleman, who is glad of the additional influence and authority which the office bestows. Sometimes a superior farmer fills it. The post is much coveted by not over-ambitious university men with some private means, who are satisfied with a modest but not unimportant sphere of action. It is sometimes a stepping-stone to a seat in the Provincial States or in Parliament.

The burgomaster presides over the town or village Council, but has no vote unless he be elected a member of that body. The electors are all the male inhabitants who pay a certain share in the taxes. The sum that gives one a right to vote for the Council is lower than that required for the Provincial States and for Parliament.

Members of the Council (who number from seven to thirty-nine, according to population) are elected for six years. Every second year there is an election for a third part. They are unpaid; but the Council has the option of giving "presence money" for each sitting. The Council meets at least six times a year. The executive power is vested in the burgomaster and two or more "wethouders" (French *échevins*), chosen from the members. The latter office is paid, and is no sinecure in large places.

Within certain limits the autonomy of the parishes is very real. Some decisions of the Council, however, must be submitted to the approval of the "States Deputies," a permanent committee of the Provincial States (which can be compared with the County Council), presided over by the Queen's "Commissary," or Governor, who is appointed by the Crown. The village Council may appeal from the States to the Crown.

The Council names all parish officials, such as the "reçeveur" (tax-gatherer), the secretary, the schoolmaster. The burgomaster is the head of the police (except in largetowns). The Council has the power of making police regulations. It fixes the yearly budget and raises local taxes. Its income is derived from two sources: a certain percentage on the general Government taxes (on houses, servants, horses, &c.); and a kind of income-tax, the amount of which, within certain prescribed limits, it has the power of fixing.

The village Council is generally composed of the leading men of the place: sometimes one or two country gentlemen, a few of the principal farmers, a head-gardener, a well-to-do tradesman. The subtle line of demarcation that divides the labouring class from the higher peasantry is apparent here. A mere labourer seldom has a seat in the Council.

The system which has lasted since 1853 was partly a continuation of long-established municipal rights. In its present democratic form it is a result of the popular movement which was the

"contrecoup" in Holland of the revolutions that occurred elsewhere in 1848. It is considered to work well on the whole, even by those who, instead of holding the democratic opinion that there is an inherent right in every man to have a share in the government, incline to the more practical view that the duty of bearing the burden and responsibility of government should devolve only on persons who show some fitness for it. The electors themselves are aware of a certain power of judging for themselves in local matters. They are remarkably independent where local elections are concerned,* while in general elections they are apt to be led by the "dominé" (as the minister is called in Holland, like the schoolmaster in Scotland), or the priest, or their landlord, or some other superior person. The Presbyterian form of church government, which, as in Scotland, has for centuries accustomed the peasants to hold office as elders and deacons, may have trained them for political self-government as well.

Of course, there are drawbacks to this as to every human institution. The Council is apt to be arbitrary in the matter of local taxation. The system of "progression," which is applied to some taxes in Holland (that is, the system of dividing the ratepayers into classes, and making them pay more or less, relatively as well as positively, according to their place in the financial scale), enables the Council to let the lion's share of public expenses fall on the unhappy shoulders of the great landowner of the parish. In some cases the landowner has acted as the Emperor of Germany lately advised his discontented subjects to act, and has turned his back upon the place.

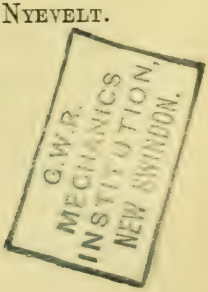
Another institution that must not remain unnoticed is the government of the so-called "waterschappen" (water districts), which cover a great part of the country. As every one knows, a silent warfare is being constantly carried on in Holland against the danger of inundation from sea and river, and it is only by an elaborate system of dykes and drainage that a great part of the land is made habitable and productive. It will be easily understood what engineering skill, what unceasing vigilance, what strict and careful supervision, and what tremendous expenses, are involved where these grave issues are concerned. Now, the management of this important business is mainly in the hands of private persons, elected by all landowners within a certain radius. The expenses

* The following is characteristic of the independent spirit of the average farmer. The speaker was an old-fashioned, illiterate man, owner of a small farm. A gentleman, a M.P., was complaining of the heavy local taxes. The retort, not meant as an impertinence, was this: "Mynheer need not complain. Mynheer earns more money by talking than I do by working!" He was referring to the small pecuniary compensation given in Holland to members of the States-General for expenses incidental to their office.

are met by a tax levied among them according to the extent of their property in the district. The number of votes possessed by one person depends on the number of acres which he owns in the district; but there is a number of votes beyond which no person may go. Women are allowed to vote by proxy. The possession of acres to a certain number makes a man eligible for a seat on the "board" that governs the district. An executive committee is named from its members; and that committee, with the so-called "dijkgraaf" at its head (literally, dyke count) carries on the usual business. An engineer is attached to the larger "water-ships" (to use the Dutch word). The windmills that used to be such a distinctive feature in the Dutch landscape are fast disappearing. Steam engines, of which there are four different kinds, are used for keeping the water out of the "polders" (the low land protected by dykes).

In ordinary times these various offices are no sinecure. In times of actual danger it is impossible to overrate their importance. When the rivers are swollen by melted snow from the mountains in Germany, and huge blocks of ice are borne down by the strong current with startling rapidity, an army of watchers guards the dykes night and day. Members of the governing board are stationed in the houses built at intervals on the dykes. If a crisis occurs—if a gap is discovered in the dyke—they are invested with almost unlimited powers. Farmers, with their carts and horses and labourers, are pressed into service, and yield prompt and willing obedience to the most arbitrary order. It has happened that houses, sheds, and trees have been used to stop the gap. The common danger met, the common deliverance granted must have strengthened the bands of citizenship between the men of all classes, who have been united in the honest, manly duty of guarding their hearths and homes.

S. I. de Zuylen de Nyevelt.



AUTHORS, INDIVIDUAL AND CORPORATE.

Six or seven years ago English men of letters, who had thitherto been a timid and unassuming class, made a bold resolve. Prompted by Mr. Walter Besant, they realized that they should rank as a recognized profession. It did not require much thought to justify this idea. The authors felt that what Mr. Besant suggested was the natural result of social evolution. Literature was no longer merely a criticism of life indulged in for the honour and glory of the critics. Life had become so used to being criticised that criticism had become a necessity of life. Society had been so long inured to books, magazines, reviews, and newspapers, that it could not do without them. The men and women who took part in the work of producing literature had been placed in a new relationship to the public. They had ceased to be bohemians like gipsies and strolling players. The most genteel millionaire who ever clad himself from neck to paunch in a table-napkin, and fed himself with a knife, could no longer thank God and his soap-factory that he was not as the literary gents were. The literary gents had become as respectable as the industrious manufacturer. Once upon a time they had lived, precariously, on the patronage of rich men willing to be amused by the useless luxury of printed matter; but that time was past. Literature had become a marketable commodity, and was in as brisk demand as soap itself, or any other product of genteel industry. That fact made a great difference. Men whose wares had acquired a money value were entitled, even although the wares were merely food for the mind, to rank as equals with the prosperous persons of commerce. At least, they were entitled to try. Perceiving the probability that the community was prepared to think in this generous temper, many men and women of letters acquiesced in the proposition that authors should constitute themselves an Incorporated Society. The times were obviously ripe for this enfranchisement. Indeed, the common or Clapham millionaire had long ago become aware that literatoor was fashionable among the hupper ten, and had for years been purchasing it by the yard to furnish his unvisited library. Thus, the writers to whom Mr. Besant had especially addressed his proposition readily became members of the Incor-

porated Society of Authors. As regards the length of its roll, the Society is remarkably successful. It would not have been surprising if nearly all the famous writers had held aloof from the movement, which had the appearance of being mainly in the interests of the strenuous amateur; but that did not happen. Lord Tennyson became President of the Society, and the Council includes many of our most eminent writers. Simultaneously with the movement which Mr. Besant had initiated, writers of another class, acting under the encouragement of Sir Algernon Borthwick, were establishing the Institute of Journalists. The two societies had the same purpose. Each of them desired that its members should have whatsoever privileges attach to recognized professional rank. Perhaps it would have been well if the two societies had been united. There is no essential difference between the occupation of the members of the one and that of those of the other. Both occupations are literary. At any rate, in considering the question which we purpose stating immediately, we shall use the word *literature* as meaning imaginative, descriptive, rhetorical, writing of all kinds. The common practice of speaking about "literature and journalism," as if journalism were not literature, is absurd. It implies that all work which is embodied in books is artistic, and that all work which appears in publications of other kinds is inartistic. It would be nearer the truth to reverse the proposition. Nine-tenths of the writing which is made into books is very bad; and nine-tenths of that which appears in newspapers, magazines, and reviews is very good. It may be said, further, that only a few of the small proportion of book-writers whose work is good are so artistic as to be beyond learning to be more so from a study of the leading articles which appear in any great journal. These, however, are considerations apart from our purpose, which is to inquire whether the principles upon which the Incorporated Society of Authors and the Institute of Journalists were founded are sound and practicable. Can a trades union of writers succeed? Is literary work an industry to which the rules governing the professions, or the methods of protectionist guilds, can be applied without violating natural laws?

It is not.

In order to become a profession like Law, or like Religion, or like Arms, Literature would have to become subject to State regulation and control. The State would have to devise rules as to who should be allowed to practise in literature, and perhaps it would have to fix the rates of remuneration they should be entitled to exact. In short, the State would have to confer upon certain persons a monopoly of the right of having literary works published. Excepting in the system by which the community

controls the trade in intoxicating liquors, our polity offers nothing like a precedent to the hypothetical regulation of literary industry by the State. The State regulation of Religion, of Law, of Military and Civil Force, contains no precedent. That nowadays literary industry is as much a necessity of life as religious services, and almost as clearly necessary as either Law or Military and Civil Force, is not sufficient to justify the wish that Literature should be made a regular profession. Literature differs fundamentally from each of the industries which are already subject to State control, and the difference is such that literary work must always be voluntary and unprivileged. In order to realize this, we have only to think of the reasons why Religion, Law, and Military and Civil Forces are under control of the State. Religion is a matter of settled principles, principles of which the law of the land is the practical expression; and therefore, as the law is likelier to be respected if the minds of the people are imbued with its principles from childhood, the State has established a Church by which religion may be popularized. From the point of view of society at large, the question as to whether the Christian religion is true is not the main consideration. Certainly it should not be the main consideration in the estimate of Nonconformists who are satisfied with the law of the land. The law, which forbids murder, theft, adultery, and other offences, is an exact transcript into State edicts of the morality of the Christian religion. A national establishment for the inculcation of the Christian religion is therefore, inasmuch as it brings us up in a habit of reverencing the law, obviously the most useful institution to the support of which State funds could be applied. The only reasonable objections to the Established Churches are those which are made by persons, persons with whom our religious Nonconformists have no commerce, who think that the laws forbidding murder, theft, adultery, and other offences should be repealed. Literature has no such clearly defined relation to social life as that in which religion stands. Like tea, tobacco, wine, and other luxuries, it has become a necessity to individuals; but it cannot be called a necessity to the State. It is not the basis of any national policy. There is not even any social custom of which it is the sanction. Indeed, in so far as it has a parallel in social custom, it is under the domination of society; it does not, like religion, dominate. The only parallel which it presents to social life is its standard of taste in morals. Its tone must never be looser than that which is permissible in the drawing-rooms of Vanity Fair. Literature differs from the Law and from the Military Forces similarly. These, like religion, are matters of settled and permanent communal necessity. Whilst of much

importance to individual citzens, Literature, unlike them and Religion, is of no concern to the State, which would not gain from taking it under charge.

Even if the State could establish a control over Literature, men of letters should be the last to wish the control established. To treat Literature, without injury to it and loss to the people, as Religion, Law, and Force are treated is not possible. In so far as their principles are concerned, Religion and Law are fixed sciences, sciences in which there can never be any radical change; the arts of war and of police regulation are likewise approximately perfect. It is possible for the State to satisfy itself that certain men teach religion, and that certain others help in the administration of the law, as well as any men can be expected to; also, as there is little room for originality in fighting and in the work of preserving the peace, it is possible for the State to be assured that its military men and its policemen are the best available; but Literature could not be regulated by the State satisfactorily. A State control implies fixed principles in the activity controlled, and Literature has none. The art of literature has boundless capabilities of evolution. In each generation it has a tone, and frequently a style, special to the time; the very subject-matter of the art is constantly liable to sudden changes; matters and methods which are revolutionary to-day may be canonical ere fifty years have passed. The people whose imaginations were nurtured on the romance of Oliver Goldsmith would have been aghast at the romance of Mr. Kipling; the stories of Mr. Barrie would have seemed poor stuff to the "reading public" for whom Fielding wrote; and Mr. Henley apparently is striving to make the world revise its conceptions of poetry. In short, a constant tendency to change is the very breath of the life of Literature. It is the "new men," with their new tastes and their new methods, that keep literature alive. It is they who freshen the art so that not all of us are in Mr. Gosse's state of discontent with fiction. How could the State satisfactorily take charge of an art whose very life is so dependent upon the transience of its fashions? If it were to undertake the office, the State would have to decide who should be the masters of the art of Literature, just as it now decides who shall be the exponents of the law, who the professors of the established theology, and who the wielders of the sword. It would have to license certain pens, and withhold the license from certain others. It could not possibly discharge this function satisfactorily. State control, which has naturally a non-progressive influence, would be speedily fatal to Literature. We can put up with a postal service which improves only when, as recently, the enterprise of private carriers menaces its monopoly; we can even do, for a

time, with Government-built warships which any private dockyard would be ashamed to set afloat; but Literature would be a lost art soon after it had become subject to a Department of the State. The new men, the fresh geniuses who keep the art alive, would be the very men whom the State would refuse to license. The Department of Literature could act only as its knowledge prompted. It would judge candidates for license by reference to the principles it had acquired from study of the literature of the past. It could judge in no other way; for in literature there is no premonition, no seer. Thus, the art of Literature, which must be constantly developing if it is to live, would be stiffened as with paralysis, and die. That is certain. Even as things are, we are not without experience of how authorities whose judgments are controlled by classics or by conventions instinctively treat new geniuses in the art. We have the honourable company of publishers, who afford us some notion of what the State Department of Literature would be. Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Kipling, nearly every other genius in fiction, and positively every poet in the land, had at first so much difficulty in persuading the publishers to license them that we may be sure that if it had been the State they had to deal with they would never have been licensed at all. A moment's reflection on this obvious truth will convince young writers that, despite the tyranny of the novel as it is written by the popular favourites, and despite the hardness of the hearts of editors and publishers, the system under which Literature at present flourishes imperfectly is preferable to the system of State control which we have endeavoured to imagine.

It may be said, in behalf of those who have sought to organize the workers in literature, that the establishment of a State Department of Literature has never been seriously suggested. The suggestion has never been seriously made in definite words; but it is implicit in the aspirations of the Society of Authors. A feeling that an Established Press is out of the question has prevented the Society from even mentioning it; but there is reason for believing that such an institution is what Mr. Besant and his colleagues, in their heart of hearts, desire. If we may not think of those gentlemen as harbouring such a project, we cannot see any clear justification for the existence of the Society of Authors. Apart from dining once a year, exposing the methods of dishonest publishers, and assuring many young men and women that books they wish published are not worth publishing, the Society does nothing. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Besant and his colleagues in the movement, all of whom are shrewd and busy men, have undertaken the task of organizing the workers in literature

with no purpose beyond those humble functions. Banquets are of such common occurrence with all of them that they would not without grave cause voluntarily impose upon themselves a yearly festivity so exacting as that through which they will be cleaving their ways a few evenings after these words are printed; and surely wicked publishers could be undone, and foolish virgins and young men stopped in the wild career of book-producing, by some means less majestic than a league of nigh a thousand celebrated and reputable persons led by the Lord Laureate. It is indeed obvious that the Society has some "ulterior motive" still to be avowed; and, as we have ventured to remark, it is impossible to resist the conjecture that the motive is a desire to create a Profession of Literature, a profession which, like that of the Church and that of the Law, shall have the privilege of excluding incompetent aspirants. A conclusive reason for this conjecture lies in the fact that, after having spent a few years in a crusade against swindling publishers so effectual that publishing is now a trade as honest as any other, the Society has been gradually restricting its energies to a crusade against feeble authors. The labour of love upon which the journal of the Society increasingly congratulates the committee and the members is that of preventing scores of persons from having their works published. In a recent number of the *Author* the Editor mentioned how many thousands of pounds the Society had saved from the danger of being wasted in the production of useless works. Clearly, then, there is already being created a privileged Profession of Literature. Gradually and imperceptibly, but, as the figures alluded to indicate, rapidly, the writers of established reputation are being freed from the competition of writers who are unknown. The writers for whom a privilege is being created are the members of the Society of Authors. The Society is willing to advise any of its members whether a work of his pen, or of hers, is worth publishing; but the decision is practically settled beforehand, for the constitution of the Society ensures that its members are persons who had already approved themselves competent writers. Who, then, shall say that we may not yet have the Society of Authors established in a position in relation to Literature analogous to that in which the Royal Academy stands to the art of Painting, a position of almost national authority?

It is not to be denied that any system which would restrict the output of novels and other works by preventing bad ones from being published would have certain good results. Only the editors of great newspapers, and of great reviews, have any notion of the extent to which genuine literary merit suffers from the competition of books which have little merit or none at all. They are the only

persons through whose hands all the books which are published in the United Kingdom pass. Whatever else he may guarantee to an author, the publisher invariably undertakes to send the book for review; and a copy of every new work is sent to each of those editors. The result is that the editor, or the member of his staff to whom he delegates the work of apportioning new books among reviewers, has so much difficulty in winnowing the grain from the chaff that a good book is not unfrequently lost sight of among the bad. Every editor could state many cases in point; but one case will suffice for our present purpose. The *Spectator* reviewed "The Story of an African Farm" nearly two years after it had been published, and excused itself for the oversight on the plea that neither artistic nor philosophical worth was to be expected within book-boards bearing such a title. There would never be any miscarriage of that kind if, in common with other men, editors had the guarantee of experience that every work which was published deserved the dignity of print. Certain editors have a rough and ready method of dealing with the difficulty. They cast aside as hopeless all books which bear the imprint of certain publishers. That is because experience has taught them that these are publishers who are prepared to issue any work for the production and the publication of which the authors are willing to pay, and that, therefore, books bearing their imprints are in nearly every case certain to be not worth reviewing. This method is justifiable. Editors are entitled to be indignant, and to take strong measures, with publishers who seek to give them the trouble of considering book after book of the kind mentioned. The invitation might be regarded as one to connive at conduct which is morally fraudulent. The publishers know quite well that works the cost of the production and publication of which is defrayed by silly authors will, as a rule, have little or no circulation beyond the copies distributed for review. Still, the custom of regarding the books published by certain firms as beneath notice, whilst perfectly justifiable, is fraught with inadvertent injury to art. Inexperienced authors are singularly lacking in the wisdom of the world. The desire to see their work in the form of a book occupies their minds to the exclusion of business considerations. It never occurs to them that it matters much whether it is by Mr. Murray, for example, or by the latest rogue who sets up a "publishing company," that their novels, or poems, or essays, are issued. Thus, as there must every now and then arise a new writer who has genius and the sense of art, it does now and then happen that in the batch of books which are cast aside by editors and reviewers as worthless there is one which should be heartily welcomed. It is not only the firms with no conscience who issue books which should not be published that

contribute to the embarrassment which the Society of Authors is seeking to mitigate. A member of a first-class firm recently mentioned that only six per cent. of the MSS. submitted to his house by "new authors" were accepted. He might have added that not more than half of the elected authors deserved the distinction conferred upon them. Not more than half of them are poets, or artistic story-tellers, or trustworthy philosophers; and the Profession of Letters, if it is ever to be, can contain none other than these. We speak from the point of view of the Society of Authors. We are considering literature as it must necessarily be regarded by the Society in its high purpose. We are agreeing with the Society that literature is a high art, and that a system which would prevent all works which are not meritorious from being published is desirable. To devise such a system in a free country passes the wit of man. Certainly the Society of Authors has not devised it. The Society invites young writers to submit their MSS., before offering them to publishers, for the consideration of its readers. It delivers this invitation with an earnestness which indicates that the Society assumes its judgment in literary matters to be almost, if not quite, infallible. We fear that this assumption is not so easily vindicated as we should like it to be. The gentlemen who read MSS. in behalf of the Society are paid a guinea for each judgment, and are only men after all. What reason have we to expect that their decisions will be infallible? We have none whatever. They are just as likely to overlook a new genius as the readers in behalf of publishers are. Indeed, they are more likely; for, whilst every publisher of standing is constantly on the watch for new genius, the Society's readers approach all MSS. with a not unreasonable bias against MSS. in general. We share the ideas which prompted Mr. Besant and his associates to begin the movement now under review; but we cannot perceive how it is expected that a reader of MSS. becomes more than mortally prescient simply by taking service under the Society of Authors instead of continuing to serve a publisher.

It is possible, as we have indicated, that the Society may yet become an institution not unlike the Royal Academy; but that will not mean very much. The Academy has so little authority in "the world of art" that its exclusion of certain painters does not prevent those painters from being highly honoured in more artistic lands, and the reading public will never be prejudiced against a writer simply because he does not belong to the Society of Authors. To say that the Society does not wish to be possessed of autocratic power based upon popular acquiescence in its judgment is not a sound argument. Unless it have some such power, any body concerning itself with an art, or an industry, in which

the public at large is concerned cannot have much permanent influence either for good or for evil. The infallibility of the Pope would be of no value if the Catholic community did not acquiesce in the affirmation of it. Similarly, the wisdom of the Society of Authors will be of no use unless the Society commands the confidence of "the reading public." The Society will never gain that sufficient influence. It will never even become interesting to the people at large. There is reason for believing that the people will always regard it, when they think of it at all, with indifference. The people are interested in books which are great or entertaining; they are interested, also, in the men and women, individually, who write such books; but they have no interest in what we may call, for a moment, the literary class. That is because there is no "literary class" to be interested in. "Class" is a term in sociology; literature, like every other imaginative art, is outside sociology. When we speak of the working class, or the shopkeeper class, or the professional class, or the leisured class, we speak of a body which each of us can identify, a body all the members of which have approximately the same social rank, modes of thought, and manners. We are speaking, in short, of a stratum in society. The persons who devote themselves to an imaginative art, such as the art of painting, or that of music, or that of literature, cannot be called a class. They may, in the case of the painters, or in that of the writers, have a similarity in certain of their habits of thought; but they have no homogeneity. It may be said that, instead of all of them belonging to one class, all classes belong to them. Some are of the royal class; some are of the peerage; some are of the squirearchy; some are of the middle classes; a few of the most illustrious have sprung from the peasantry. It is true that, from what classes soever they arose, all original or brilliant writers, especially if they happen to be young, are, by virtue of their intellectual rank, frequenters, if they please, of the haunts of fashion, in which nobody thinks of patronizing them. This state of affairs is in accord with the social instinct of the age, which seems likely to endure; but it is far from constituting a literary class. Men and women of letters stand towards society at large in a relationship analogous to that of the Jews to civilized humanity. They are in a state of segregation; and, although their influence is everywhere great and increasing, they are as different from a class as the Jews are different from a caucus or from an empire.

These considerations compel us to conclude that the Society of Authors must be content with the useful functions which it already discharges. It must be content with banqueting, keeping a watch on publishers, and convincing fools of their folly when the folly is a belief that they have literary talent. It will never, as we have

shown, be regarded by the public as an institution of unquestionable authority. Then, although its growth so far has been wonderful, it is not likely ever to embrace such a clear majority of our great writers as would make it unquestionably representative of Literature. When one cons the long list of its members one is disposed to imagine that many of them must have joined it out of deference to the amiable celebrities who founded the Society. At any rate, it seems clear that, besides being obliged by the nature of things not to add to the humble functions upon which we have touched, it lacks, by the same token, the spirit of immortality. Exactly in proportion as it persuades writers to deal with the honourable firms of publishers, the rogues of the trade will disappear, and one of its two great projects will have been accomplished. It is this certainty which will cause many writers to see no necessity for asking to be taken into the Society. They will be content with the fact that there are already many publishers who are at once honest beyond suspicion and as eager to encourage talent, new and old, as it is possible for man to be. Then, exactly in proportion as it makes the truism that as a rule it is folly to publish at your expense pervade the community, the Society will perceive its other great project to be in process of accomplishment; and if it is ever fully accomplished the justification of the Society shall have ended.

That project, however, will never be accomplished. Each new generation, as we have remarked, will produce its complement of foolish virgins and vain young men, all of them resolved on having trashy fiction and trashier verse made into books; and if the humanitarianism of Mr. Besant and his associates is permanent we shall have to revoke our prophecy that the Society will not go on for ever. Still, the outlook need not be so exasperating to the world at large as it is to certain earnest men. The British public, which has always shown a capacity to readjust, without violence and sometimes without speech, conditions of its life which have become inconvenient, is already actively engaged in so regulating the demand for literature that the supply of bad work is likely to diminish. It turns a deaf ear to the solemn person who complains that "literature is a poor calling, in which you cannot keep body and soul together unless you take to journalism also." It instinctively realizes that that person is a blockhead, and that he deserves no more sympathy than could be rightfully bestowed on a rustic who, having left the plough for the stage, was embittered against society because he could not shine in Old-English comedy. If the "literature" of which the blockhead speaks had been good literature, the public would have bought it, and he would have gone on his way rejoicing. A writer who is incompetent deserves no

more sympathy in his failure than an incompetent tailor does in his; but in many cases the writer develops a habit of whining which is a disgrace to Literature, and to some extent explains the vulgar proletary's pitying contempt for literary gents in general. If we cannot make a satisfactory competence with our pens, let us, as Mr. Stevenson urges, take to some employment manlier than that of affecting to be able to teach or to entertain the world, and bleating because the world lends no sanction to our false pretences. Above all, let us cease to speak of "literature and journalism" as as if there were always art in the work which is given the form of volumes and none in that which is published in newspapers and periodicals. It is a curious fact that, although the fundamental trouble with which the gentlemen who founded the Society of Authors set themselves to deal was the multitude of books which should not have been published, the nature of the trouble has never been realized. The immediate origin of the trouble is that, having discovered that most books are bad literature, the people are rapidly diminishing their demand for books. Simultaneously they are rapidly increasing their demand for journals and periodicals. The not uncommon assumption that the change indicates degradation of the literary sense of the nation is ridiculous. Even as we are ceasing to buy books because books are generally bad, we are increasing our demands for newspapers and periodicals because these are generally good. Bad books, as we have insisted, will be produced incessantly; but it is scarcely possible for a newspaper or a magazine, or a review, to be bad. There must be merit in any paper or periodical which the people buy sufficiently to justify its going on. Indeed, even apart from that consideration, it puzzles us to understand how any educated man can join in the parrot cry which deprecates "the unpopularity of real literature" and laments the popularity of journalism. The essays in the *Spectator* of Addison and Steele, which it is fashionable among unimaginative pedants to regard as "unapproachable," are not better than essays which may now and then be found in the modern *Spectator*, or in the *Saturday Review*, or in the *National Observer*, or in the *Speaker*, or in magazines such as *Cornhill*, *Blackwood*, *Macmillan's*, *Longman's*, and *Temple Bar*, or in the monthly reviews. Then, the great daily newspapers are one and all of them aglow with talent. From *The Times*, representing the journals characterized by the grave dignity appropriate to the beginning of a new day, to the *Star*, representing those which, like men when the labours of the day are over, unbend almost to frivolity, they are, or deserve to be, the literary wonder of the age. As regards insight, vigour, form, and finish, the leading articles of the morning journals are, as a whole, simply unrivalled in English

rhetorical literature; and evening journalism, which "palpitates with actuality," and is therefore "vulgar" in the estimate of persons who can find delight in actuality only when it is at least a century old, displays marvellous versatility of imagination, humour, and expression. How, then, can we wonder that journals and periodicals are displacing books? How can we wonder that the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, and *Black and White* are now competing with the graver weekly reviews for the services of the brightest intellects to which the English language is a familiar instrument? How can we wonder that *The Times* is at length relaxing its rule of anonymity and inviting great poets and great prosaists to write in its pages above their names? We cannot wonder at all. Great changes for the better have been going on while unperceptive poltroons have been lamenting the "decline of literature," and since the Society of Authors first sat down to dine. Responding to the public need caused by the deterioration of literature as evidenced in new books in the mass, the editors of newspapers, of magazines, and of reviews have been employing the best literary talent available; and it is probable that ere long practically the whole of that talent will give its first services to those editors. In short, the time is at hand when almost the only volumes instantly commending themselves to the public will be those bearing the warranty that their contents had already appeared in great newspapers or in great periodicals. Thus, mediocrity and incompetence finding their proper levels, genius will cease to be hampered as it has been apt to be under the system which, on the principle that

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in't,"

presented volumes of all kinds by the mass to critics and a public who had no time and little patience to discriminate. Thus, also, the Society of Authors will have the pleasure of seeing the writers of real talent distinguished from the crowd, and constituting the nearest possible approximation to the ideal Profession of Literature.

A London Editor.

A POSEUSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

If a soothsayer had suddenly informed Philippe Egalité, on his wedding-day, that he would select as the person most capable of giving his sons, as well as his daughters, a solid education, a lady who had spent many months of her childhood in running about the country dressed as Cupid (wings omitted for Church), who only abandoned her airy costume for a boy's uniform, which she wore till she went to Paris; who could not write till she was eleven, and passed her time in acting, and in studying music and a few romances, till she was married at seventeen,—if a soothsayer had stated these facts, and informed the Prince of the *rôle* that the ignorant little girl was to play in the Orleans family, he would have laid himself open to a good deal of mockery from the *beaux esprits* about the Court.

Yet such, in a few words, is the early history of Madame de Genlis. She was born on January 25, 1746, at Champcéri, near Autun, and lived there, and at another house on the banks of the Loire, till she was five, when her father bought the estate of St. Aubin, and the Marquisate that went with it. The St. Aubins were at no time rich, not even before they were absolutely ruined; and during the years that followed their ruin the Marquis was a good deal from home, his last journey being to St. Domingo, where he had property. During all this while Félicité was her mother's companion, sharing her amusements, and more than sharing her duty of entertaining any visitors. Her brother (intended for the Church, and dressed as an Abbé), was being educated at a Lycée; and, although mentioned in the holiday amusements, he does not seem to have been much "accounted of." "He was nothing like so brilliant a child as I," Félicité says, with the charming modesty to which she so often alludes. Who, indeed, was there to compare with her? We pass over her merely infantile triumphs, of which there were plenty. At ten she acts in *Zaïre* and *Iphigenia*, and is assured by the spectators that she outdoes Clairon; she makes verses that are shown to the leading literary men in Paris, one of whom, Mondorge, "reads them with inexpressible delight!" At thirteen her harp-playing is listened to with rapture by the most accomplished musicians; her mind "has a force quite excep-

tional at her age" ; and she shows "the greatest possible turn for dancing."

In her love affairs it is just the same. "Before I left Burgundy there occurred an event which no woman ever forgets—the first passion she inspires. I was only eleven," she says, "and very small for my age, looking about eight or nine; yet a young man of eighteen fell violently in love with me." The young man was a doctor's son, who had for two years been one of the *troupe* of players whom her mother had gathered round her. Madame de Genlis is tediously fond of omitting to give the dates of the events recorded, though she never tries to falsify her age. She could not have been more than fourteen when she declined the offer of a M. de Monville, "having determined only to marry a man of rank, belonging to the Court: in preference to any one else, I should have fixed on M. de Popelinière," she remarks, "in spite of his being a farmer-general and an old man; but he had won my admiration, whereas I felt nothing warmer than esteem for M. de Monville." Her capacity for imagining all men to be in love with her continued through most of her life. "Custom did not stale its infinite variety" ; nor did the fact that (in later days) some of her adorers might have been her grandsons make much difference; yet an occasional gleam of common sense breaks through her inordinate egotism. She notes (and it is a sign of grace) that her governess openly makes fun of the flatterers who compare her to Clairon; and remarks of her own accord that, anxious though all the world may be to listen to her harp-playing, her mother is still more unduly anxious to thrust her accomplishments on the public.

It is not easy to tell how far the eight volumes of Memoirs published in 1825 can really be trusted to give an accurate account of the events recorded in them. Amid the most adverse circumstances, Madame de Genlis kept a journal all through her life; but when, the Revolution drawing on, she left France, to wander for years from country to country with Mlle. d'Orléans, she handed over her precious volumes to her daughter, Madame de Valence. As Madame de Valence was soon after committed to prison, the journals, among other things, were hopelessly lost; and all that remained of the original documents was a volume that Madame de Genlis had taken with her. She assures us that the contents were so engraven on her memory by repeated readings to her friends that she was able to re-write them exactly; but (as in the case of Madame de Rémusat, with a similar misfortune) it is impossible not to feel misgivings that, although the facts may remain unchanged, the point of view may have varied, and events that have been written down as they occurred at twenty will take a very different complexion at sixty.

Still, take it how you will, these Memoirs that she produced in 1812 throw an interesting and curious light on the occupations and amusements of a century which (to use the words of Madame de Genlis) "had not only passed away, but was effaced." If the vanity which she carried into every detail of life makes a lasting and disagreeable impression on us, it does not do away with the fact that she was a keen observer and a lively writer. Indeed, as Grimm remarks, she was, although not a profound critic, well versed in the surface movements of society, and has contrived (he is alluding particularly to *Adèle et Théodore*) to hit off the manners of the day without caricaturing them.

As every one is acquainted with the main facts of this strange woman's career, this article will deal chiefly with the side-lights thrown by her on the little daily fashions and habits that never lose their interest even for the most philosophic: what time our ancestors had their dinner, what clothes they wore, and similar items of foolishness.

If Madame de Genlis' own account of her bringing-up before her marriage is true, she is a remarkable example of a woman who has learnt from experience, and has contrived, even among the incessant claims of society, to repair her parents' neglect in the matter of education. At six she set forth with her mother to Paris, where she spent a few dismal weeks. After she had had two teeth taken out (the history of children is always the same), "they put a pair of stiff whalebone stays on me, and imprisoned my feet in tight shoes, which prevented me from walking. They rolled my hair in curl papers, and I wore for the first time a panier. To cure my provincial air, an iron collar was fastened round my neck; and, as I squinted a little, the moment I woke, a pair of spectacles was placed on my nose, and these I was not allowed to move for four hours. Finally, to my great surprise, I was given a master to teach me how to walk (which I thought I knew before), and I was forbidden to run, or to jump, or to ask questions." The private baptism of her infancy was supplemented by a public ceremony, and then her woes were partly forgotten in the delight of fêtes, and the glory of her first opera. This was *Roland le Furieux;* and she was fortunate enough to hear Chassé, the singer who five years later was ennobled "on account of his voice and his beautiful style." Unlike his comrades, he had some notion of modulation.

Modern mothers will exclaim with horror at the notion of taking their children to theatres at the age of six; but, in the first place, music was the one genuine passion of Madame de Genlis' life; and, in the second, spectacles began at a much earlier hour than they do now. People dined at two; and the Comédie Française

was supposed to draw up its curtain about five, so that the audience were able to pay evening visits or go out to supper after the performance was over, before making ready for a *bal de l'opéra*. Still, it is noteworthy that in this matter, as in regard to dress, the theory insisted on by Madame de Genlis was quite different from the practice of her youth. Her model children have their limbs free, and may ask as many questions as they choose. They are brought up in the country far from parade or ostentation of any sort,—indeed, so far from Paris that they may not even hear of such things;—and if their bedtime is considerably later than we should think desirable, at least it is much earlier than that of Félicité herself. In fact, Madame de Genlis' views of bringing up children are a severe reflection on the training her own mother had bestowed: perpetual visiting, eternal plays, incessant declamation. What wonder that the child grew up to consider herself a marvel,—what wonder, either, that she was enchanted to exchange the iron collar and whalebone stays for Cupid's pink satin frock covered with point lace and sprinkled with artificial flowers, and to put on the yellow and silver boots and blue wings? The costume seems hardly suitable for muddy country lanes; yet she wore out many such garments, and next jumped to the other extreme in a boy's dress, which was the most comfortable and sensible thing she had yet worn, and enabled her to move about to her heart's content and leap over ditches. She had no education in the common sense of the word. Her governess, Mlle. de Mars, who came when Félicité was quite a little thing, was a good musician; but she read nothing with her pupil beyond Mlle. Scudery's romances, and Mlle. Barbier's plays. In the morning the child sang, danced, and fenced; by way of recreation, she made artificial flowers, and practised four hours daily on the clavecin, the guitar, and the harp.

One cannot help speculating as to whether in those days children matured physically at an earlier age than they do now. How is it possible to explain the hours that girls then devoted to singing when they were twelve or thirteen, and the extraordinary youth of many of the *débutantes* at the Opera? Sophie Arnould herself came out before she was fourteen, and she is by no means a solitary example. At any rate, at thirteen, Félicité had lessons (at 6 A.M.), from the celebrated Pellegrini in singing, and in accompaniment from the composer Philidor. She learnt the musette and the viola, besides the clavecin and guitar; and for a whole year had such a passion for the harp that she practised it daily for seven hours, sometimes continuing even for ten or twelve. When about sixteen, she was living with her mother in a convent, and immense crowds assembled in church to hear her play the harp.

MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

After all these years of Paris in the winter and country-house visiting in the summer—their income during part of the time was nominally 600 francs—the epoch of Félicité's marriage arrived. Her father had made acquaintance with M. de Genlis at Launceston, whither both had been carried as English prisoners—one on his way from St. Domingo, the other from India and China. M. de Genlis had served for fourteen years with distinction in the Navy, which did not in the least prevent his being one of twenty-four colonels of Grenadiers, and (after his marriage) joining his regiment. Before that event, however, M. de St. Aubin died of low fever; and eighteen months later his wife married a man whom her daughter had refused. Delicacy was not the distinguishing characteristic of those times. This may be gathered from the fact that the marriage of M. de Genlis had to be performed secretly, because he had allowed his uncle, M. de Puisieux, to arrange an alliance for him with another lady, and lacked the courage to inform either of them of his change of plans.

The young couple were not rich; but, as in modern days, the amount of their income (12,000 francs) seemed to make very little difference. No one appeared to take life seriously, and they passed their time in inventing elaborate (and costly) diversions. "Dressing-up to amuse Byng's aunt" was an entertainment that never failed. Endless are the histories of these mystifications. They induced one unfortunate man, the Duc de Civrac, to lie *perdu* in a garret for twenty-four hours after his arrival from Vienna, in order to produce him at the proper moment, in a fête they were preparing for M. de Puisieux's birthday. They carry on a mystification played upon a house-painter for eight months, and go through elaborate ceremonies, in which they persuade the poor fool that he is created a grandee of Spain; and, strange to say, the deception is kept up not only by the Genlis family themselves, but by the servants and villagers. It is seldom indeed that practical jokes have any real humour; but considerable fun was got out of Madame de Genlis' first introduction to Rousseau. Some weeks before, M. de Sauvigny had given her to understand that her husband intended passing off on her Préville the actor for Rousseau himself. Having once made this project, M. de Genlis thought no more about it; and when one day Rousseau was announced, she received him in a jaunty, off-hand manner, chattered and laughed, played and sang, and altogether showed in her conduct little of the reverence due to a philosopher. Her husband watched her in astonishment, and, when Rousseau had departed, inquired how she could have gone on like that. "Oh," she answered, "you didn't suppose that I should be so simple as to take Préville for Rousseau?" "Préville?" "Yes: no one could have done it better,

except that, of course, he ought not to have been so genial and good-humoured." Rousseau, however, bore no malice; and they were quite good friends till the inevitable quarrel came.

It is to Madame de Genlis' credit that she resented being considered a "fine lady"; but she took some singular means of vindicating herself from the aspersion. Immediately after her marriage she and her husband were staying with the Marquis de Genlis in his château, and they all went fishing in the lakes. Irritated by some badinage as to "Paris manners," she picked up a live fish the length of her finger and swallowed it whole. It did not choke her; but she was punished for the nasty trick by the horrible fear, which possessed her for many months, that the fish was alive and would grow.

The custom of ladies following the drum was not considered correct in the last century. Thus, when M. de Genlis was occupied by garrison duties, his wife either retired into a convent or stayed with some elderly relative. It was at these times that she began to improve herself. She spent her days in reading Roman History, Madame de Sévigné, the *Lettres Provinciales*, Marivaux, and other authors, while she learnt cooking and embroidery from the nuns. On her husband's return to his brother's house of Genlis, near St. Quentin, they amuse themselves as before. She takes to riding, and "becomes very clever at it"; is taught billiards, reversi, and picquet; doctors the village (bleeding is among her accomplishments); and acts plays in odd moments. It is easy to see that she is not greatly pleased with the fuss that is made over her young sister-in-law, the Marquise, for she never loses a chance of having a fling at her. Indeed, the art of "praising the charms" of "a sister," or of anybody else, was not one of the many in which Madame de Genlis excelled. The delight and asperity with which she records the failures of all who attempt to vie with her, in particular of her young aunt Madame de Montesson, whom she declares that she loves "almost to madness," are surprising. Like Alexander, she would reign, and she would reign alone, and no attempt to interfere with her sovereignty is allowed to go unpunished. According to her own view, she is a quiet and unobtrusive person, and could with difficulty be roused to bear any part in what was going on. "Up to this time," she writes, when relating her visit to the Prince de Conti's lovely property called l'Ile d'Adam,—"up to this time I was only known by my harp and my face. I had always kept silence when in company, and my reserve and timidity augured ill for my conversation." One evening, however it was suggested that she and two gentlemen should act a *proverbe*. It was a prodigious success, and all the ladies were crazy to act *proverbes*. Therefore a series of entertainments, in which Madame

de Montesson and Madame de Sabran had parts, were arranged. Alas! "they played not even passably, but ridiculously, and, becoming aware of their failure, lost their tempers and were very cross. Madame de Sabran cried with rage, and henceforth was my enemy. I have made many from equally frivolous causes."

The *naïveté* of this last remark is delicious. The words could only have been uttered by a person without a grain of humour. But then humour is a wonderful specific against vanity, and is the best preservative against making oneself ridiculous. Madame de Genlis had none of it, and rambles complacently on, narrating her own triumphs at the expense of every one else. This aunt, Madame de Montesson, plays a great part in her life. They are always quarrelling and always "making it up"; but, whatever terms they may be on at the moment, Madame de Genlis never loses an opportunity of telling tales to her discredit. She is furious with Madame de Montesson for becoming the morganatic wife of the Duke of Orleans (father of Philippe Egalité), and scoffs at her pretensions to being an author and a *bel esprit*, declaring that she was "so ignorant all round, she could never have written her plays without Lefébvre's help," and that "the few clever bits in them were stolen straight from Marivaux." "I was her dupe in nothing," she continues. "When you once have the key to an artificial character, it is easily understood, because there is not a movement but what is calculated." These remarks, deliberately written down to be read to the friends of the person who is the object of them, and afterwards to be printed, are not genial; but there is worse behind. Seventeen years later, *à propos* of the marriage of her own daughter Pulchérie, she calmly says that it is universally reported that Madame de Montesson, then a widow, was in love with the bridegroom, M. de Valence, but that she (Madame de Genlis) had reassured herself by arguing that, even if M. de Valence had been the lover of a woman much older than himself, his marriage with a pretty girl of seventeen would put an end to all that; and as for the *dot* of 200,000 francs which she permitted a friend to beg from Madame de Montesson, she contents herself with observing that in reality it is not Pulchérie to whom it is given, but M. de Valence himself.

Madame de Genlis would have been very much surprised if she had been told that in all this she appears infinitely more culpable than the person she is abusing; yet this is probably the impression that will be left on the minds of most of her readers. She was twenty-four when she was nominated lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Chartres, afterwards Duchesse d'Orléans, with a salary of 4,000 francs, while her husband was made Captain of the Guards, with 6,000. At that time the society of the Palais Royal

was the most brilliant and witty in Paris. Ill-breeding, or any flagrant scandal, shut the door inexorably; but neither a spotless life nor a shining gift of any sort was indispensable. As long as people had good manners, and were rich and pretty, they might find their way in; and *dévotes*, prudes, and coquettes of all kinds were to be met with on opera nights, when any one who had once been presented might drop in to supper. On the other evenings of the week the circle was select. The ladies sat round a table with their embroidery frames, or heaps of gold fringes to "drizzle" or unravel; and the gentlemen sat behind and joined in the conversation.

According to her own story, Madame de Genlis was not at all a favourite with the members of this little Court. Still, satisfied with the approbation of the Duke and Duchess, she kept as much as possible to her own rooms, and busied herself with her books and her music. Then the Opera-house was accessible by a covered way from the Palais Royal, and she constantly attended the rehearsals of Gluck's operas, which Gluck was conducting himself. Twice a week, too, he made a point of coming to her rooms and hearing her sing and play the harp. She never suffered anything to interfere with her music, and practised every evening for two hours.

When the twin Princesses were eleven months old (one of them died at five years) they were handed over entirely to her care, and she retired with them to a house not far from the Palais Royal, called Belle-Chasse. Whatsoever Madame de Genlis' faults may have been, she was not lacking in energy. She regulated the minutest details of the establishment, so as to conduct it on economical principles; she calculated the amount of every kind of food necessary for the day's consumption, and even knew the current prices of the market. While the children were young, she had more time to devote to her literary work, and published her first volume of the *Théâtre d'Education*, which made "a perfect rage" for her, and sorely excited Madame de Montesson's jealousy. In our judgment the enthusiasm seems somewhat misplaced. *The Death of Adam*, *The Return of Tobias*, *Agar in the Desert* (a comedy), and similar works, gain nothing by being transplanted from their original setting and converted into dramas. The other volumes are secular; but, although the actors express themselves in a natural way, they are moral stories rather than plays, and, as such, not likely to attract children.

At this time Madame de Genlis was thirty-one, and, in compliance with a vow, had left off rouge at the very age when most women would feel inclined to take to it. Her life at Belle-Chasse for the next thirteen or fourteen years was very quiet; but she

declares it was the happiest time of her existence. She never went into society at all; but she saw her immediate friends and relations every evening for two hours, and the general public once a week, from 6 till 9.30. She soon had a perfect little academy; for her mother (now a widow for the second time) and her two daughters lived with her, while the English nurses of the Princesses were supplemented, when the children were five, by the arrival from England of Pamela. Every one knows that Pamela was believed to be the child of Philippe Egalité and Madame de Genlis herself, and this belief is strengthened by the elaborate and highly improbable account given by Madame de Genlis of the baby's parentage, and still more emphatically by the welcome subsequently bestowed on the girl by her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Leinster. Whosoever she was, Pamela was certainly a fascinating little person, horribly careless over her lessons, and gaining the hearts of all who knew her. By-and-by the circle was joined by two relations of Madame de Genlis, her cousin Henriette de Sercey, and her brother's orphan boy; and then came the supreme moment of her life, when she was requested by the Duke to take the entire charge of his three sons, the eldest of whom, the Duc de Valois, was only eight.

The appointment of a woman as governor naturally excited a good deal of mirth at Versailles; but in the end society was satisfied. It must be said that Madame de Genlis did not spare herself. She exercised her functions wisely and well; exercised them, too, without accepting a penny more of salary than what she received for Mlle. d'Orléans. She had absolute control over their teachers, and kept a journal of all their lessons and hours, which she arranged with the utmost care. The Princes got up at 7 A.M. They slept at the Palais Royal, and were taught Latin and sums till eleven. They were then taken to Belle-Chasse, and at two they all dined. After dinner the tutors left, and she undertook the children herself till nine, when the tutors returned, and after supper the boys were conveyed home to bed. These seem long hours; but in the country, where they all passed eight months of the year, they may have been rather shorter. Some of the lessons —history, literature, and mythology—Madame de Genlis gave herself. Her first experience of teaching M. de Valois can hardly be called encouraging. She turned round in the midst of recounting some exciting deed of his ancestors, to find him yawning and stretching himself, and finally throwing himself at full length on the sofa with his feet on the table! Punishment promptly followed, and the offence was never repeated.

Her plan of education (practically the same as that described in *Adèle et Théodore*) seems very sensible: only, the children were

hardly left enough to themselves. To be properly carried out, too, it requires a great deal of money, a large house, and an absolute isolation and self-sacrifice on the part of the teachers. Private people would have to think of some easier (and cheaper) method of teaching their children history than hanging their rooms with tapestries representing characters and events, or with a series of instructive pictures painted in *gouache*. They would not be always able to afford several personal attendants of every nationality, nor would most boys enjoy having a German valet to accompany them in their walks. The games in the garden—games of adventures and shipwrecks—would be very popular; and so would the portable theatre, though we could have wished them something more lively to act than the *Théâtre d'Education*, of which new volumes were always appearing. If they "talked in German," they "dined in English" and "supped in Italian"; and at odd moments they studied botany and chemistry and painted in *gouache*. When in Paris, they all worked at trades; and on one occasion there was an exhibition at the Louvre of the Russia leather cases, baskets, tools, wardrobes, and other things, entirely made by the Orleans children. In their leisure hours they visited museums, galleries, and manufactories, and any other places worth seeing. They were even brought up from St. Leu to Paris, by their enthusiastic governess, in order that they might watch from Beaumarchais' Garden the crowd assembling for the taking of the Bastille.

Amidst all this practical teaching, the claims which society would have upon them were not forgotten. Dancing was taught them by Dauberval of the Opera; every Saturday they "received" at Belle-Chasse; and once a week, after the eldest was twelve, they were taken to the Français. They learned to swim. They were taught to bleed, and to dress wounds; in acquiring which arts they practised on the poor at the Hôtel Dieu. It is possible they were not more clumsy than many medical students.

It is amazing that with all this Madame de Genlis managed to give up so much time to her writing; but she produced many books, most of which were on the education of her pupils. Of these *Adèle et Théodore* (highly commended by Grimm for its grace, style, and sense, though most of the ideas had been anticipated by Locke and Rousseau) is the best known, and even now is not at all bad reading. It rivalled, almost successfully, Madame d'Epinay's *Conversations d'Emilie* for the Monthyon Prix d'Utilité given by the Academy. Madame d'Epinay won the prize, to her rival's astonishment and disgust; but the defeated one consoles herself with thinking that it is a piece of revenge on the part of the philosophers for the stress which she has laid on religion. In a little story called *Les Deux Réputations* (Veillées du Château) she

censures the judgment, and remarks that, "in spite of his brilliancy, Voltaire is really mediocre in everything, producing nothing but platitudes, and writing about all subjects in the same way." Voltaire apart, it must be owned that Madame d'Epinay's little book has certainly the advantage in simplicity, originality, and humour—qualities not in the least characteristic of Madame de Genlis. The affair occasioned a good deal of talk at the time, and called forth some amusing comments from the Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul. "I am charmed at the result of the competition," she writes to a friend, "for I am certain that Madame de Genlis will die of disappointment, which will be delightful, or she will revenge herself by a satire on the philosophers, which also will be diverting; and, finally, I am enchanted that every one shall see what I have long been convinced of, that the Academy is in its dotage." The Duchess was rigidly impartial.

As the years wear on, the Duchess of Orleans grows colder and colder towards her: a change which Madame de Genlis professes to attribute to political causes, though other reasons may occur to the reader. At last, in 1790, she sends in her resignation. The Duke declines to accept it, and a peace is patched up. An absence of a few weeks proves, Madame de Genlis says, that Mademoiselle could not do without her; she is reinstated in her position, and in October, 1791, is hastily sent with her pupil and Pamela to England. This was Madame de Genlis' second visit; and on the first occasion, some years earlier, she had made the acquaintance of Burke, Walpole, Sheridan, and many others, whose friendship she was glad to claim. We must not linger over the many interesting episodes of their English life and country-house visits to the "castle" of le chevalier Hoare and to the lovely conservatories of le chevalier Bunbury. Every one treated the fugitives with much kindness; but the most romantic event of their English sojourn was the brief engagement of Sheridan to Pamela.

If Madame de Genlis is to be believed, Pamela owed neither of her two proposals to her own attractions, but solely to her resemblance to the late Mrs. Sheridan, with whom Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as well as Sheridan himself, was violently in love. Her betrothal to Sheridan, now a man of forty-seven, lasted hardly more than a fortnight. She returned to France, whither he was to follow her as soon as he had arranged some "pressing affairs." They speedily forgot each other; and in a few weeks Pamela was the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

For nine years Madame de Genlis, proscribed as an *émigrée*, wandered from country to country, before she was allowed to return to France. But the years of the Revolution had done more than sweep away obnoxious institutions and the buildings that

were their outward sign: it had absolutely changed men's ways and manners, and the Paris of the First Consul was no more the Paris of the old *régime* that she knew so well. Napoleon was always very kind to her—he allotted her rooms in the Arsenal, and kept up a correspondence with her; but he could not bring back the birds to the nests of last year. The very language had changed its meaning, and the polite, exaggerated phrases of yore had become more familiar and brutal. Hours were later too. Theatres were not over till eleven, and, if people occasionally gave suppers after, the old gaiety was absent. Ceremony had taken the place of ease and courtesy. At the *petits soupers* which formed the joy of the Paris *où l'on s'amusait*, the ladies had been all on an equal footing: a duchess had no precedence over a queen of finance, and would have been thought ill-mannered had she accepted any. When the *maître d'hôtel* observed that "Madame est servie," the lady next the door walked down first, and the others followed and placed themselves where they chose. On entering, a bow to the hostess was thought sufficient, and the visitor was expected to watch his opportunity and steal away when it suited him, without drawing public attention to his movements.

In 1802 all this was altered. The mistress of the house was bombarded with compliments by the newly-arrived guest, on his entrance and on his exit; due consideration was given to rank and importance; and gesticulation and raised voices took the place of the well-bred calm that formerly reigned in salons. The purely ornamental education of former days was exchanged for as purely a useful one; but one habit of the *grand monde* in France (and in other countries) remained as before—the perpetual sighs of the fine ladies after a simple pastoral life, while no entertainment of any sort was ever allowed to slip.

It was in the days of her life at the Arsenal that Madame de Genlis was visited by Miss Edgeworth, her father, and her sister, on the occasion of their six weeks tour in France, which was so nearly expanded into a residence of twelve years. In a charming book, which, unluckily was printed privately, Miss Edgeworth gives an amusing account of their pious pilgrimage. She thought the celebrated authoress *très peu soignée* in her attire and "surroundings": that Madame de Genlis wore a wig which was not always perfectly straight, and that she would have nothing whatever to say to Miss Edgeworth, but devoted herself to playing off her airs and graces on the only gentleman of the party. This account is borne out by one given, in 1823, by the condenser of Madame de Genlis' Memoirs (and "pruner of her periods"), M. F. Barrère. The writer's young niece was anxious to see a lady of whom she had heard so much: so they both visited her in a small apartment

she then occupied in the Place Royale. "Everything was very badly kept, and Madame de Genlis herself was sitting before a pine-wood table covered with miscellaneous objects in the utmost disorder—tooth-brushes, false hair, two half-finished pots of jam, eggshells, combs, a roll, pomade, hairwash, some dregs of coffee in a broken cup, the end of a candle, a water-colour sketch, cheese, a lead inkstand, two books, and some loose papers covered with verses." After such a sight, the "ease of manner" with which she had welcomed her guests must have fallen very flat, and her inevitable talk of herself and her accomplishments flatter still. We will close with one more anecdote, one related by herself.

Soon after the Venus of Milo was brought to Paris (at least so we gather, though no dates are given), Madame de Genlis went to see it in company with Lord Bristol and Horace Vernet. Words cannot express her disgust at the ugliness of the thing. "It has bad eyes, a clumsy nose (not in the least Greek), a disagreeable mouth, a frightful throat—indeed, it has so little beauty that I am driven to believe that, so far from being the ideal of loveliness, it can only be a portrait. Of course, I may be wrong; but that is my view." Then, some time after, she added in a note, "I think that, after all, I must be right in my judgment, as no foreigner ever asks to see the statue, and it has fallen into complete oblivion." Listen to Paul de St. Victor: "Thanks to her, Beauty has touched Sublimity; the world of stone has found its queen. At the sight of her face how many altars crumbled, how many shrines grew empty! The Venus de Medici, the Venus of the Capitol, the Venus of Arles hung their heads, and acknowledged the might of this other Venus, this Venus twice victorious. Venus rising from the waves has asserted her empire, and gods and men have bowed to her will."

More than anything else she could have said, this last criticism has weakened our confidence in the talents of Madame de Genlis, who has already challenged inspection by the way she defies it. Yet, unsympathetic, spiteful, vain, and untruthful as she is, some good qualities remain to her. She was ready to accept new ideas, without being carried away by them; without any outside help, she contrived to educate herself in a solid manner, at a period when anything beyond a smattering and a jargon was looked on with suspicion. She never wasted a moment, did her best for the children entrusted to her care, and never lost courage in misfortune. Also, which is perhaps more uncommon, she never lost interest in the occupations that had taken up so many hours of her earlier days. Thus, it must be admitted that the world was the better for Madame de Genlis.

L. B. Lang.

PAUL VERLAINE.

The art of Paul Verlaine is something new, absolutely new, to poetry. *Romances sans Paroles*—songs without words—is the name of one of his volumes, and his poetry at its best might almost be called disembodied song. It is an art of impressionism—sometimes as delicate, as pastoral, as Watteau, sometimes as sensitively modern as Whistler, sometimes as brutally modern as Degas. It is all suggestion, evocation—"des beaux yeux derrière des voiles"—the suggestion and evocation of sensations, a restless, insistent search for the last fine shade of expression. "Car nous voulons," he says in that famous poem dedicated to Charles Morice, "L'Art Poétique,"—

> "Car nous voulons la Nuance encor,
> Pas la Couleur, rien que la nuance!
> Oh! la nuance seule fiance
> Le rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor!"

La nuance—the something evanescent which haunts and teases the artist's brain, the something which cannot, which must, be expressed! "And all the rest," says Verlaine, with supreme contempt, "is literature!" Literature means the prose of things: and is that worth expressing? Is anything, when we come to consider, worth expressing except this quintessence of things—perhaps an impossible task? Verlaine has gone farther than any other poet in the direction of an art which suggests, with close-lipped, pausing reticence, "things too *subtle* and too sweet for words." But, having done this, having perfected an art in which the tinge of personal feeling was only a glow of richer colour in the verse, he has gone on, he has modified or developed his art, unconsciously, inevitably, as the years had their way with him.

Verlaine's first volume, published in 1867, when he was twenty-three, the *Poèmes Saturniens*, is a book of charming Parnassian verse, not without touches of personal originality, but, both in form and substance, very definitely under the influence of Baudelaire and of Leconte de Lisle. In the *Fêtes Galantes*, two years later, there is nothing but Verlaine—Verlaine in his first and purely decorative stage. This lovely little book of fifty pages is well-nigh perfect from first line to last. Parnassian it is, in a sense; but it is more than

Parnassian—this diaphanous little comedy of masks in a park *à la Watteau*. It is the very soul of the eighteenth century—the art of Watteau in words and cadences, with that tone as of old rose-leaves, that same evanescent charm, that same happy sense of exquisite moments; and, also, the dainty melancholy, the consciousness of fleeting time and passing beauty and the death of roses—that haste to gather the rose-buds while we may.

"Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire a leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune."

Next year came *La Bonne Chanson*, a wedding-bouquet of songs for a young wife. It is delicate, sweet, pure; it is very pretty, but one sees too clearly that the poems were written to please a woman. The emotion is too near nature, not being poignant enough to support poetic treatment. The verse reminds one of Coppée. It is an episode, a step in life. The tone is so gay, tuneful, and happy, that one instintively forsees storms. Nor were they long in coming. One need only see Verlaine for a moment to realize that no long continued tranquillity could be possible for a man with so radically disharmonized a face—a face in which so much of the brute waits the bidding of so fitful and furious a power for good or evil. I have heard Verlaine talk of that period—in the most simple and matter-of-fact way. The details are not all clear. The marriage, certainly, was an unhappy one; nor is that wonderful, for the disorder of Verlaine's life passed all bounds. He defied civilization, started on a mad vagabondage with his friend, the "marvellous boy" Arthur Rimbaud; and after two years' wanderings, now in England, now in Belgium, there was a quarrel, a happily ill-directed pistol-shot, and Verlaine was condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment at Mons. It was during this tumultuous time—"en plein ouragan," as he says—that *Romances sans Paroles* appeared: Verlaine's masterpiece, as I think, of sheer poetry. There is all the magic of the *Fêtes Galantes*, and how much deeper a personal note, how individual a grasp of the whole art of poetry! There is a new directness, a rhythm which is more surely the rhythm of heart-beats. Here is the first stanza of the second of the "Ariettes Oubliées," a stanza which would have been impossible in French before Verlaine.—

"Je devine, a travers un murmure,
Le contour subtil des voix anciennes,
Et dans leurs lueurs musiciennes,
Amour pâle, une aurore future!"

The words sing themselves, as only English verse had hitherto sung

--with that perfect freedom, that absolute liberty, which not even Victor Hugo quite succeeded in achieving. Here is another of the "Ariettes," the third, which I have translated in the measure of the original, though I cannot pretend to have done more than reproduce on the piano a melody for the violin. I copy it from the *Academy*, where it was printed last year.—

"Tears in my heart that weeps,
Like the rain upon the town.
What drowsy languor steeps
In tears my heart that weeps?

O sweet sound of the rain
On earth and on the roofs!
For a heart's weary pain
O the song of the rain!

Vain tears, vain tears, my heart!
What, none hath done thee wrong?
Tears without reason start
From my disheartened heart.

This is the weariest woe,
O heart, of love and hate
Too weary, not to know
Why thou hast all this woe."

Verse like this goes as far as mere verse can go—I speak of the original—to become a bird-note, the note of a bird with a human soul. Then there are the "Aquarelles," with their English names ("Green," "Spleen," "Streets"), where the rhythm undulates in a vague, dreamy dance, like the very spirit of the hour and place in certain twilight moods. Then there are the "Paysages Belges," marvellous little silhouettes struck off during those wanderings with the boy-poet Rimbaud—impressionist studies of railways, of the wooden horses at the fair of St. Gilles, of "le demi-jour de lampes," of Walcourt, where the Kobolds dance in the darkness of the grass. And then there is that pitifully personal poem, "Birds in the Night," in which the heart speaks straight out—and so strangely! He addresses his wife; but it is not in tones of remorse—in a sort of childlike astonishment. "Vous n'avez rien compris à ma simplicité," he says elsewhere. He complains like a child—Verlaine, all his life, has been a big, unmanageable child—that he has not been understood—his good intentions, his helplessness. There is the same half-piteous, half-defiant protest that looks out of his suffering and exultant face. He is conscious that he has done wrong; but he is conscious, too, that it is nature which has been too much for him. *Homo duplex*, he feels himself condemned to oscillate eternally between the poles of good and evil. Well, he accepts

the fact, he proclaims his unworthiness; but it surprises him, it distresses him, if you do not see the "simplicity," as he calls it, which lies at the root of his nature. Something of this comes out in the poem I have named; but it is in the volume published after a seven years' silence, *Sagesse*, which appeared in 1881, that these personal confessions are mainly to be found.

The conversion of Paul Verlaine—a most important fact in his life—took place while he was in prison. The circumstance was quite natural. He had gone as far in one direction as it was possible to go, and then came these solitary eighteen months in company with his thoughts, an enforced physical inactivity which could but concentrate all the energies of the man on the only kind of sensation then within his capacity—the sensation of the mind and the conscience. The question of religion—which can be so subtly distinguished from the question of conduct—naturally forced itself upon him. Probably it had never occurred to him before. With his astonishing promptitude and sincerity, he grasped feverishly at the succour of God and the Church. With an inverted sensuality, he adored the immaculate purity of the Virgin Mary. In no Church but the Catholic could he have found refuge, and he has never been a conventional Catholic. I remember one day at his wretched little lodging he showed me a Bible, a French Bible—the only book in his possession besides one or two of his own works. It was a Protestant translation, he pointed out; but for himself, "Je suis catholique!" he said, over and over again, as he lifted the glass of rum to his lips; "mais," he added, with a sudden flash of his shifting Faun's eye, "catholique du moyen-age!" No epithet could give a finer definition. His religion is indeed the Catholicism of the middle ages; the simple, picturesque, sensuous, Quixotic faith, which we realize mainly from those marvellous epics in stone, the great cathedrals.

> "Guidé par la folie unique de la Croix
> Sur tes ailes de pierre, ô folle Cathédrale!"

he sighs, in one of his mystic aspirations.

The conversion, and that long solitude in the prison, alone with his thoughts, had a very considerable effect upon Verlaine's art. For seven years he published nothing. During all this time he was wandering from country to country, from city to city, teaching French in England (at Leamington, Bournemouth, and elsewhere); teaching English in France; now at Douai, now at Stuttgart, now at Paris, now in the country; finally, and for good—may one say for good?—at Paris, where he is now living, where he has lived for the last ten years, a life of

cabarets and hospitals—this fervent Catholic who is the most unreclaimable of sinners.

Sagesse, the book of religious poems, came out in the midst of this lamentable Odyssey, with its profession of faith, its declaration: "The author published at an early age, that is to say ten or twelve years ago, sceptical and sadly trifling verses. He dares rely that in those he now publishes there is no dissonance that can shock the delicacy of a Catholic ear: that would be his highest reward, as it is his proudest hope." And, indeed, the book is full of religious poetry which is second to scarcely any religious poetry in the world. With this change of mood there is a corresponding change of style. Sincere to himself Verlaine was from the beginning. But from this point he had convictions to be sincere to. He had a new feeling of duty, of religious obligation—the obligation of confession. In the *Fêtes Galantes* he had to express a troubled, exquisite beauty; in *Romances sans Paroles*, a beauty which was still more troubled, which was poignant, perverse, but still able to be expressed by an art of delicately depraved æsthetic charm. *Sagesse* is written mainly in long lines, with a graver, more measured note—certainly not so fascinating. The language is not so choice, so carefully selected; it has not the flickering, luminous quality of the earlier work. The words used seem often to be the first words that come: there is a strenuous quest after extreme sincerity of speech, sincerity being now a religious duty. "Sincerity, and the impression of the moment followed to the letter,"—that is how Verlaine defines his rule of preference ("Je dis préférée, car rien d'absolu") in a criticisim on the *Poèmes Saturniens* published a year or two ago in the *Revue d'Aujourd'hui*. The result of this new attempt has a naturally varying success. There are poems in *Sagesse* which are merely dull arguments, where simplicity is tiresome, where the language of everyday speech has no sort of poetic effect. There are other poems where this simple, intense language becomes sublime. Perhaps the finest thing that Verlaine has written is the series of ten sonnets beginning "Mon Dieu m' a dit." It is a dialogue between God, claiming the tribute of love, and the Sinner, refusing out of very humbleness. I will quote the first sonnet, which I can compare only with what seem to me the finest religious poems in English—some of Christina Rossetti's.—

"Mon Dieu m' a dit: 'Mon fils, il faut m'aimer. Tu vois
Mon flanc percé, mon cœur qui rayonne et qui saigne,
Et mes pieds offensés que Madeleine baigne
De larmes, et mes bras douloureux sous les poids
De tes péchés, et mes mains! Et tu vois la croix,
Tu vois les clous, le fiel, l'éponge, et tout t'enseigne
A n'aimer, en ce monde amer où la chair règne
Que ma Chair et mon Sang, ma parole et ma voix.

Ne t'ai-je pas aimé jusqu' à la mort moi-même,
O mon frère en mon Père, ô mon fils en l'Esprit,
Et n'ai-je pas souffert, comme c'était écrit ?

N'ai-je pas sangloté ton angoisse suprème
Et n'ai-je pas sué la sueur de tes nuits,
Lamentable ami qui me cherches où je suis ? "

Only in Christina Rossetti is there such abasement of spirit, such elevation of imagination, as in these marvellous sonnets—a scalding heat of sincerity, and a personal passion wholly fused in art. Nor are these sonnets alone. There is the solemn litany of penitence : " O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour "—as fine, as simple, as Villon's ballad for his mother. Throughout the book—not unaccompanied, as I have said, by dull treatises, like that which proves that " Le seul savant, c'est encore Moïse "—there are poems in the same note of passionate humility. Often the note is less intense, but with a wonderful penetrating quality in its charm. " Beauté de femmes, leur faiblesse, et ces mains pâles," " Les chères mains qui furent miennes," " L'espoir luit comme un brin de paille dans l'étable," " Ecoutez la chanson bien douce "—need one quote more than the first lines to show the charm there is in these sensuous, perverse, troubled evocations of hours and impressions ? Appendage or antithesis to the religious feeling, a strangely perverse strain of emotion comes into Verlaine's poetry. It is the voice of the flesh, repressed, but crying out against the spirit : the voice of bewitching temptations, which could never have been possible—in just that savour of deadly delight—without the consciousness of sin, the desire to repent, the desire of salvation. Here is a sonnet—depraved in its very structure—which seems to me the most delirious and depraved bit of verse imaginable, and so admirably characteristic of Verlaine where he is most complex and surprising.—

" Parfums, couleurs, systèmes, lois !
Les mots ont peur comme des poules,
La chair sanglote sur la croix.

Pied, c'est du rêve que tu foules,
Et partout ricane la voix,
La voix tentatrice des foules.

Cieux bruns où nagent nos desseins,
Fleurs qui n'êtes pas le calice,
Vin et ton geste qui se glisse,
Femme et l'œillade de tes seins,

Nuit câline aux frais traversins,
Qu'est-ce que c'est que ce délice,
Qu'est-ce que c'est que ce supplice,
Nous les damnés et vous les Saints ? "

This is the other side of the Catholic poet ; and that other side, as

we shall see, has had farther and even frightful developments. In a sort of apologia under the name of "Pauvre Lélian" (an ingenious anagram), Paul Verlaine has rather subtly, and very legitimately, defined and defended the essential unity of his two-fold later work. "I believe, and I sin in thought as in action; I believe, and I repent in thought, if no more. Or, again, I believe, and I am a good Christian at this moment; I believe, and I am a bad Christian the instant after. The remembrance, the hope, the invocation of a sin delight me with or without remorse, sometimes under the very form of sin, and hedged with all its consequences, more often —so strong, so natural and *animal*, are flesh and blood—just in the same manner as the remembrances, hopes, invocations of any carnal free-thinker. This delight—I, you, he, writers—it pleases us to put it to paper and publish it more or less well or ill-expressed: we consign it, in short, into literary form, forgetting all religious ideas, or not letting one of them escape us. Can anyone in good faith condemn us as poet? A hundred times No."

I take this extract from a prose book—one can scarcely say a book of essays—called *Les Poètes Maudits*, which Verlaine published in 1884. In its final edition the volume contains papers on six unknown poets, as they might almost be called, underrated, at all events misunderstood, among whom one is surprised to find the unoffending and not profoundly interesting Marceline Desbordes-Valmore. The others are Tristan Corbière, a Breton sea-captain, who wrote a marvellous book of poems, *Les Amours Jaunes*, in a crabbed and compressed language, which Huysmans well likens to the language of telegrams; Arthur Rimbaud, to whom I have already referred, a precocious genius, *really* a genius, who disappeared from the world, no one knew whither, at the age of twenty, leaving behind him astonishing fragments of verse and prose; Stéphane Mallarmé, a poet who holds a vague and mystical headship over young French poetry, having printed, in a facsimile of his very neat handwriting, some exquisite poems, merely by way of interim to the great work on which he has been engaged all his life; Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, one of the rarest and most singular writers of the century, but more of a prose-writer than a poet; and, finally, Pauvre Lélian, or Paul Verlaine. The book is interesting, as an explosive scrap of Verlaine's talk is interesting: it is neither more nor less than that. Never was a poet more generous, nor, one may say, more capricious and uncritical, in his admirations. Verlaine's prose—he has written some tales, more or less autobiographical—is exclamatory, and so vivid with gesture and accent that one seems to hear it spoken. But it goes beyond all reasonable bounds of suggestion, and simply drops to pieces—little angular pieces.

In the same year as *Les Poètes Maudits*, Verlaine published a new collection of poems, *Jadis et Naguère*, a volume, as the title indicates, made up of early and recent work. It makes no pretence to unity, but has something in it of every variety of his style, with certain poems, here and there, which rank among his special triumphs. Thus, the first section, "Sonnets et Autres Vers," is the dying echo of the Parnasse—exquisite pieces of decorative work, some of them subtly evocative, with lines like this :—

"L'été, dans l'herbe, au bruit moiré d'un vol d' abeilles."

Others presage the loose later manner, in which the sensation of the moment, and the imperious need to express it, anyhow, are the poet's only considerations. Here are some lines which should interest an English public.—

"Tout l'affreux passé saute, piaule, miaule et glapit
Dans le brouillard rose et jaune et sale des *sohos*
Avec des *indeeds* et des *all rights* et des *hâos*."

That is most expressive ; but it is scarcely poetry. It reminds one of the astonishing American which Walt Whitman occasionally used. But turn from this to the triumphantly and terribly beautiful sonnet "Luxures," which chants the flesh with all the mystic fervour of the Christian. Turn to "L'Art Poétique," that confession of faith which is only a song, and so all the more a confession of faith. A little comedy, "Les Uns et les Autres," fills forty pages, fills them deliciously—though indeed the dramatic form is only an acquirement with Verlaine. Beautiful shadows pass in a twilight: it is a company out of Watteau, under his trees: there is some delicate entanglement and disentanglement, resolved into song. In the section called "A la Manière de Plusieurs "—I suppose because it is so characteristic of Verlaine—there is some of his most finely chiselled "Byzantine" work, such as that languid sonnet, with its "contour subtil," "Je suis l'Empire à la fin de la Décadence." So far we have had "Jadis;" "Naguère" consists in four *contes*, and the famous "Crimen Amoris," which, for a certain diabolical beauty, for an effect of absolute sublimity, must be placed at the head of Verlaine's work. The march of the verse has the thunder of a whole orchestra.—

"Dans un palais, soie et or, dans Ecbatane,
De beaux démons, des Satans adolescents,
Au son d'une musique mahométane,
Font litière aux Sept Péchés de leurs cinq sens."

The four *contes* are as much of an experiment as the little comedy. That was not unsuccessful ; but these are quite masterly. There is nothing in Coppée nearly so fine as "L'Impenitence Finale ;" it is as fine as "My Last Duchess." To know all

the rest of Verlaine, and not to know these four *contes*, is to ignore quite a distinct section of his poetic work, a section which is the strangest of exceptions.

Jadis et Naguère is a step aside in Verlaine's progress. In *Amour* (1888) he resumes his course, and the poet of *Sagesse* re-appears, the personal note still further developed. "Lucien Létinois," a poem in twenty-four sections, in varying metres, can be compared only with "In Memoriam," which, as Verlaine has an immense admiration for Tennyson, probably suggested it. It is a poem written to the memory of a young friend; and it tells, in broken snatches, the idyl of their friendship, and the sad and sordid way in which death came and turned the idyl into a tragedy. It is singularly fine in its extreme simplicity and closeness to life—the direct, unadorned, yet poetic way in which little details are brought back out of the past, just in the simple, naked way in which they really recur to the mind—the walks they took together, the meals in little inns, the meetings at railway-stations.—

"Ame, te souvient-il, au fond du paradis,
De la gare d'Auteuil et des trains de jadis
T'amenant chaque jour, venus de La Chapelle?"

Just these things, just such thoughts as these, without any sort of remoteness, or the veil of an elaborately chosen language, Verlaine has strung together, as if casually, yet with how certain, how immediate an effect! Here and there, as in No. XII., which has the very note of George Herbert, is a magical little poem.—

"Le petit coin, le petit nid
Que j'ai trouvés,
Les grand espoirs que j'ai couvés,
Dieu les bénit.
Les heures des fautes passées,
Sont effacées
Au pur cadran de mes pensées."

How curious to turn from this sweet and fresh simplicity to one of those pieces—No. IV, for example—in which he has revealed, in words that absolutely burn and scorch, all the "fury of love," as he well calls it, that possesses his insatiable heart.—

"J'ai la fureur d'aimer. Mon cœur si faible est fou.
N'importe quand, n'importe quel et n'importe où,
Qu' un éclair de beauté, de vertu, de vaillance
Luise, il s'y précipite, il y vole, il s'y lance,
Et, le temps d'une étreinte, il embrasse cent fois
L'être ou l'objet qu'il a poursuivi de son choix;
Puis quand l'illusion a replié son aile,
Il revient triste et seul bien souvent, mais fidèle,
Et laissant aux ingrat quelque chose de lui,
Sang on chair. . . . .
J'ai la fureur d'aimer. Qu'y faire? Ah, laisser faire!"

What can be done, indeed, with a man of Verlaine's temperament, but "laisser faire"? To preach moderation, and the virtues of a temperate middle course, is to waste breath. It is reasonable to say, "The pity of it!" but it is wholly unreasonable to suppose that amid any conceivable circumstances Verlaine could have escaped from his temperament, could have acted sagely, could have avoided shipwreck. Had he done so—done the impossible—at all events the best of his poems would have remained unwritten.

Besides the elegy to Lucien Létinois, there is a whole crowd of sonnets and poems addressed to friends and companions, some of them not very interesting for any but personal reasons. One of the most pleasing is that addressed to Fernand Langlois—a young artist with a somewhat womanish charm and appeal—in which a note of gracious and passionate friendship is very frankly and simply struck. Among the sonnets there are some which triumph by an amazing virtuosity—the sonnet on Parsifal, for example, to which Mr. George Moore has given such just and eloquent praise—and a "Sonnet Héroïque," which is like the music of gongs and cymbals. A cluster of poems at the beginning of the volume, mainly in long lines, might have found their place in *Sagesse*, of which they have the simple, naïve piety, the personal pre-occupation, the graver, more measured verse. There is a "Prière du Matin,"—

"Père, considerez le prix de votre enfant,"—

a hymn to the Virgin, confessions and aspirations. Then there are English sketches—"Bournemouth," "There," &c.—in which one misses, as one could not but miss, the iridescent charm, the evanescent delicacy, of the earlier work in that kind. The gaiety of life has become more sordid, the charm more severe, the grace of things has been soiled; and for these things, which happen in life, there is no redemption in art. "La chute des cheveux et celle de certaines illusions, mêmes si sceptiques," says Verlaine, in that article to which I have referred before, "défigurent bien une tête qui a vécu, et intellectuellement aussi, parfois même, la dénatureraient." This loss of illusions, with its inevitable effect upon art, we have seen in *Sagesse*, more distinctly still in *Amour*, and we see it nakedly—naked and hideous—in *Parallèlement*, which followed *Amour* in the subsequent year, 1889.

"Parallèlement," Verlaine explains, to *Sagesse*, *Amour*, and *Bonheur*. In these others he has interpreted the spiritual side of his nature; here, with the same frankness, and in the spirit of that dialectic of "Pauvre Lélian" which I quoted, he gives us the flesh. Few poets have ever been so direct and sincere in the expression of religious emotions as Verlaine; but certainly no poet ever gave such sincere and direct expression to "the lust of the

flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life," as he has done in *Parallèlement*. The book is full of a gross hilarity, a frantic impetuosity, a wild and conscious perversity. It is as perverse as Baudelaire; but it has none of Baudelaire's subtlety, a corruption less intricate and comprehensive—more naïve, spontaneous, explosive. The style undergoes the same depravation as the ideas; it becomes almost as unintelligible as the thieves' argot in Villon. Slang swamps the precise and exquisite poetic language of the earlier work; the rhythms, still marvellously agile, are handled with dexterity rather than charm.

But Verlaine would tell us that he did not intend to be charming: that he intended to give voice to certain instincts, which his determined sincerity forbade him to silence. The question is whether many of these pieces come within any possible limits of art. A poem like "Laeti et Errabundi"—the story of that strange vagabondage with Rimbaud—is most certainly a work of art. A piece like "L' Impenitent" seems to me simply disagreeable without justifying its existence by any artistic quality. Psychologically, pathologically, the whole volume is of immense interest; artistically, of much less. Yet the book is not without delicious touches, turned obstinately perverse, of the poet who can still write lines that sing themselves like this one:—

"Le clair de lune quand le clocher sonnait douze."

Two years after *Parallèlement*, in 1891, came *Bonheur*, the third part of the trilogy. Written very much in the style of *Sagesse*, part of it might have been assigned, on internal evidence, to a period anterior to *Amour* and *Parallèlement*. It has none of the perversity, moral and artistic, of the latter book, despite a few experiments upon metre and rhyme. Nor is space devoted, as occasionally in *Amour*, to the mere courtesies of literary friendship. The verse has an exquisite simplicity, a limpid clearness; there is a strenuous rejection of every sort of literary "dandyism"—the word is Verlaine's:

"et que cet arsénal,
Chics fougueux et froids, mots secs, phrase redondante,
Et cætera, se rende à l'émeute grondante
Des sentiments enfin naturels et réels."

I take these lines from a poem which may be considered a new "Art Poétique." In that delicate and magical poem—itself the ideal of the art it sang—Verlaine said nothing about sincerity, except, inferentially, to the fleeting impression of something almost too vague for words. Music first of all and before all; and then, not colour, but the *nuance*, the last fine shade. Poetry is to be something intangible, a winged soul in flight "towards other skies and other loves." To express the inexpressible, he speaks of

beautiful eyes behind a veil, of the full palpitating sunlight of noon, of the blue swarm of clear stars in a cool autumn sky; and the verse in which he makes this confession of faith has the exquisite troubled beauty—" sans rien en lui qui pèse ou qui pose " —which he commends as the essential poetry. Now in this new poem of poetical counsel, he tells us that art should, first of all, be absolutely clear and sincere; it is the law of necessity, hard, no doubt, but the law.

" L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument soi-meme.
Foin! d'un art qui blasphéme et fi! d'un art qui pose,
Et vive un vers *bien* simple, autrement c'est la prose."

The verse in *Bonheur* is indeed " *bien* simple." There is a poem addressed to a friend—" Mon ami, ma plus belle amitié, ma meilleure "—which even Verlaine has hardly excelled in a kind of plaintive sincerity, full of the beauty of simple human feeling, seeking and finding the most direct expression.—

" Aussi, précieux toi plus cher que tous les moi
Que je fus et serai si doit durer ma vie,
Soyons tout l'un pour l'autre en depit de l'envie,
Soyons tout l'un à l'autre en toute bonne foi."

Verlaine speaks to his friend as if he would say more for friendship than has ever been said before. He would fain find words close and gracious enough to express all the intimacy and charm of their friendship.—

" Elle verse à mes yeux, qui ne pleuriront plus,
Un paisible sommeil, dans la nuit transparente
Que de rêves légers benissent, troupe errante
De souvenirs futurs et d'espoirs révolus."

" Remembrances to be, and hopes returned again "—how lovely a verse, French or English! And the emotion, temperate and restrained through most of the poem, rises at the end into exaltation.—

" Afin qu'enfin ce Jésus-Christ qui nous créa
Nous fasse grâce et fasse grâce au monde immonde
D'autour de nous alors unis—paix sans séconde!—
Définitivement, et dicte: Alleluia."

I quote this stanza, not only because of its place in the poem—its expression of the culminating emotion—but because it is an excellent example of Verlaine's most characteristic technique. Note the rhyme at the beginning of the first line and at the end of the second, the alliteration, the curious effect produced by the repetition of " fasse grâce " (itself an assonance), the tormented rhythm throughout, the arbitrary and extraordinary position and transposition of accents. In *Bonheur*, for the first time in his work, there is one short poem written in irregular unrhymed verse: verse,

however, which is still verse, and not (as with the real Decadents) delirious prose. There are also two poems in assonant verse, one of them in lines of fourteen syllables, metrically quite regular. It is difficult to see any reason for the rejection of rhymes; but at all events they are rejected without disdain—frankly for a caprice.

Almost all the poems in *Bonheur* are closely personal—confessions of weakness, confessions of "l'ennui de vivre avec les gens et dans les choses," confessions of good attempts foiled, of unachieved resolutions. One of the finest pieces tells the story of that endeavour to rebuild the ruined house of life which Verlaine made at the time of his conversion, after those calm and salutary eighteen months of seclusion. Elsewhere he writes of his life in hospital—"last home, perhaps, and best, the hospital;"—of his child-wife, for whose memory he has so strange a mixture of regretful complaint and unassuaged self-reproach; and always he returns to the burden of "Priez avec et pour le pauvre Lélian!"

> "Mais, hélas! je ratiocine
> Sur mes fautes et mes douleurs,
> Espèce de mauvais Racine
> Analysant jusqu'à mes pleurs":—

that is how he describes himself, with a certain injustice, a certain measure of truth. Here, as in *Sagesse*, there are times when confession becomes analysis, not to the advantage of the poetry. But here, as in *Sagesse*, the really distinguishing work is an outpouring of desires that speak the language of desire, of prayers that go up to God as prayers, not as literature; of confessions that have no reticences.

In *Chansons pour Elle*, which followed *Bonheur* in the same year, almost simultaneously with a book of unimportant prose sketches, *Mes Hôpitaux*, Verlaine has relapsed into the mood of *Parallèlement*. It represents, indeed, a lower depth—a dead level of animal contentment which has never, perhaps, been expressed in literature since the "Grosse Margot" of Villon.

> "Tu n'est pas du tout vertueuse,
> Je ne suis pas du tout jaloux,"

says this cynical, satisfied lover. There is a sort of tragic brutality in this record of a life which has come to accept so sordid a condition of things, simply, without disguise, without revolt, gratefully even. No matter, he says to the casual heroine of his verses, what the past of both of us may have been: let us unite our two miseries: let us be happy, after the only manner that is left to us, together. In these naïve, often trivial, poems we touch the bottom of Bohemia. There is not even the distinction of perversity. The singing-voice is somewhat thickened: it comes to us from the tavern, from the dubious garret, in the turbulent hours

after midnight. It is the end of all, one would have supposed—especially after so absolute an epilogue as this:

"Je fus mystique et je ne le suis plus,
(La femme m'aura repris tout entier)
Non sans garder des respects absolus
Pour l'idéal qu'il fallut renier.

Mais la femme m'a repris tout entier!

J'allais priant le Dieu de mon enfance,
(Aujourd'hui c'est toi qui m'as à genoux)
J'étais plein de foi, de blanche espérance,
De charité sainte aux purs feux si doux.

Mais aujourd'hui tu m'as à tes genoux!

La femme, par toi, redevient Le maître,
Un maître tout-puissant et tyrannique,
Mais qu'insidieux! feignant de tout permettre
Pour en arriver à tel but satanique . . .

O le temps béni quand j'étais ce mystique!"

Absolute as this is, there is still the sigh, the sigh coming unawares, after that other life, that other side of life; and it is, after all, not surprising—when one has realized the extraordinary simplicity of Verlaine's nature, its sincerity of alternations, of temporary exclusions—to find that *Chansons pour Elle* has already been followed by a tiny pamphlet, privately printed in a "Bibliothèque du Saint Graal," of *Liturgies Intimes*, a collection of devotional pieces addressed solely to Catholics. "This quite small book," says the preface, "is intended for a quite small and select public, and is indeed the complement—dare I say the crown?—of a work of some extent, which the author believes to be correct in regard to the Faith. This work is in four volumes: *Sagesse*, the conversion; *Amour*, the perseverance; a backsliding deliberately confessed, *Parallèlement;* and *Bonheur*, conclusion sorrowfully calm in the supreme consolation." *Chansons pour Elle* is not referred to: no doubt that, too, is to be regarded as "a backsliding deliberately confessed." In these *Liturgies Intimes* Verlaine has endeavoured to recapture the note of *Sagesse*—not altogether with success. Simplicity there is indeed, a simplicity sometimes verging on childishness; but some lack of that distinction which Verlaine's simplicity has rarely lacked. The metrical experiments are not always quite fortunate: the naïveté not always quite convincing. But there is an evident sincerity in that curious humbleness which can pray—

"D'avoir l'ignorance infinie
Et l'immense toute-faiblesse
Par quoi l'humble enfance est bénie;

De n'agir sans qu'un rien ne blesse
Notre chair pourtant innocente
Encor même d'une caresse."

The book is not a record of repentance; it is a collection of liturgies, in which there is devotion but no misgiving. There has always been a touch of fatalism in Verlaine's piety and licence. "Je compte parmi les maladroits," he says in *Parallèlement*, in a personal confession that gives the key to at all events his own view of himself:—

> "J'ai perdu ma vie et je sais bien
> Que tout blâme sur moi s'en va fondre:
> A cela je ne puis que répondre
> Que je suis vraiment né Saturnien."

Born under that unlucky star! no doubt Verlaine owes so much to destiny; and we can well imagine him really saying, with that curious helplessness which underlies all his violence, the words that Charles Morice has put into his mouth.—

> "Je ne sais trop quelle route j'ai suivie,
> Comme j'y suis entré ni comme on en sort,—
> Je ne sais trop ce que j'ai fait de ma vie . . .
> Qu'est-ce que je pourrais faire de la mort?"

With what Verlaine has made of his life we are concerned only so far as the life has made or modified the artistic work; and in him the two are one, as surely as the two are one in Villon. From the date of *Romances sans Paroles* to the date of *Liturgies Intimes*, every stage of the "fever called living" has been chronicled and characterized in verse. The verse has changed as the life has changed, remaining true to certain fundamental characteristics, as the man, through all, has remained true to his strange and self-contradictory temperament. Verlaine has made something new of French verse—something more pliable, more exquisitely delicate and sensitive, than the language has ever before been capable of. He has invented this new kind of impressionist poetry—"la nuance, la nuance encor"—which seems to correspond so subtly with the latest tendencies in the other arts: the painting of Whistler, the music of Wagner. Himself a creature of passions and sensations, tossed to and fro by every wind, he has given voice to all the vague desires, the tumultuous impressions, of that feeble and ravenous creature, the modern man of cities. He has set them to music that is now exquisite, as the mood is exquisite, now dissonant, as the mood is dissonant, always an acute, a floating music, that had never been heard before. So modern, so typical, is this singer who has sung only of himself—of his sorrows, his faults, his distresses; of the times when he has been glad and believed himself happy; of the hours when the flesh has triumphed, and the hours of mystical communion with the spirit; of the colours, the sounds, that have delighted him, the hands that he has kissed, the tears that he has wept.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN LONDON.

It is commonly believed among Englishmen that in respect of extent, of population, and of wealth, London is the greatest city the world has ever known. Probably, however, Nineveh, Babylon, the Egyptian Thebes, and Rome in the second century of our era and in the third were at least equal to London. Nineveh and Babylon appear to have occupied a greater area. Nineveh was described as a city of three-days' journey; Babylon, which is expressly said to have been four-square and twelve miles in every direction, would occupy 144 square miles. The square miles in greatest London are 120. As to Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, we have no data by which we can with certainty estimate their population and wealth. We know that these were very great; but we cannot measure this greatness by exact figures. When we come to Rome we have precise information. Apart from area, Ancient Rome was probably superior to Modern London. It was at the least as popular and as wealthy, and it was more beautiful. I know that this conclusion differs from that of Gibbon, and that, practically, Gibbon's work is the only acknowledged authority in our public schools and universities. To relieve the fears of those who hesitate to differ from so great a master, I will give a few instances of the historian's inaccuracy. Gibbon reckons the area of the Roman Empire at 1,600,000 square miles; really, it was about 3,200,000 square miles. He gives the probable tribute of Spain, Gaul, and Egypt as about five millions sterling each; yet he reckons the total revenue of Rome as from fifteen to twenty millions. Thus, he allows, at the most, only five millions from the rest of the world—Africa, Asia Minor, Austria, European Turkey, and Italy itself. He seems to take no account of any revenues other than the tribute or land-tax; for, although he accurately enumerates the additional taxes imposed by Augustus, he makes no attempt to estimate their produce.

How, then, in the first place, did the population of the city of Rome compare with that of London? We may take it that London, in its widest extent, has a circuit of nearly fifty miles, and that it is nearly seventeen miles from north to south and from east to west. The population may be taken as about five millions.

Rome was of much less extent; but it does not follow that its inhabitants were fewer. The circumference of the city was only about twenty miles, and its diameter seven miles; but its limits were fixed by the fourteen quarters marked out by Augustus, and afterwards enclosed within the walls of Aurelian. Suburbs analogous to Hendon or to Croydon were not reckoned in the population of Rome. A curious proof of this is to be found in the fact that in the census of Rome only large houses or palaces, and houses let out in flats, *domus* and *insulæ*, are mentioned. The villas, which are frequently mentioned by Juvenal and other writers, appear to have been entirely beyond the boundary. Even within this limited area the population, it is probable, was as large as that of greatest London. The streets of Rome were very narrow. Over nearly all London the houses vary from two to four stories in height; those of Rome varied from five to seven stories. And Rome was much more completely built over than is modern London. There were, indeed, few vacant spaces; not one of them could compare with Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Regent's Park, Greenwich Common, Hampstead Heath, and other public recreation grounds which are all included in London.

Gibbon—who was, in every case of large figures, extremely sceptical,—calculates that the city of Rome contained at the most about a million and three quarters of inhabitants. Lipsius, in his *De Magnitudine Romana*, reckons at least five millions; but Gibbon puts this aside with the remark that "the book, though ingenious, betrays signs of a heated imagination." It is singular that both writers rely for their conclusions on the same figures, and differ in their interpretation. It is distinctly recorded that in the fourth century, in the reign of Theodosius, there were enumerated 1,730 *domus*, or great houses, and 46,602 *insulæ*, or large buildings, let out in flats or single rooms, and corresponding very closely with our model lodging-houses. But how many people did each of those buildings contain? Lipsius reckons an average of a hundred. Gibbon reckons an average of twenty-five. The only reason given for Gibbon's estimate is that in his time the houses in Paris were mostly let out in flats, and contained only twenty-five people in each house. Thus the question is narrowed. Did the palaces on the one hand, and the *insulæ* or lodging-houses on the other, contain an average of twenty-five people or one hundred? The larger number is more probable, and therefore the estimate of a population of five millions is the more acceptable. As to the *domus*, or palace, we must recollect that it contained not only the master and his family, but many slaves.

The slaves included (besides domestic servants) librarians,

doctors, hairdressers, painters, carpenters, architects, and so forth. "Almost every profession," Gibbon says, "either liberal or mechanical, might be found in the house of an opulent senator."* Pedanius Secundus, Prefect of the City, whose office corresponded with that of the Lord Mayor of London, was murdered in his own house in the reign of Nero, A.D. 61, and the murderer was not identified. It was thereupon proposed that all the slaves in the house should be crucified; and, after a long debate in the Senate, which is fully reported by Tacitus,† the proposal was adopted. It was then found that the slaves in this one house numbered four hundred. Again, we are told that when a great man went to make a call, he would, although his journey might not be more than a few hundred yards, have a retinue of at least fifty slaves. Ammianus Marcellinus, quoted by both Lipsius and Gibbon, gives a long description of the progress of a wealthy citizen from Rome to his country residence, a description which clearly suggests a household of four or five hundred slaves. It is certain that when it was proposed that the slaves should wear a distinctive dress the proposal was rejected. Seneca asked the Senate to consider "quantum periculi immineret si servi nostri nos numerare coepissent." Tiberius in the year A.D. 21 condemned the number and variety of slaves, "familiarum numerum et nationes."‡ In short, the evidence proving that there were very many slaves in the palaces of Rome is overwhelming, and appear to justify the estimate of at the least a hundred people in every *domus*.

Then as to the 46,602 *insulæ*. Did they contain twenty-five people each (as Gibbon conjectures), or more than 100? There are many reasons for thinking that here Lipsius is nearer to the truth than Gibbon. These lodging-houses contained many flats; for we know that laws were passed by Augustus, Tiberius, and Nero, with the object of limiting the height to seventy feet from the ground—edicts which are said to have been constantly disobeyed. On the authority of Heineceus, Gibbon says that the annual rent of the several flats "coenacula" was about £360 a year. It may be taken for granted that in most cases each flat was occupied by several families, or that in any cases where a whole flat at such a rent was occupied by a single family there was a considerable company of slaves. Thus, the estimate of 100 persons in each *insula* seems not excessive.

The ground floor of the *insula* was often occupied by shops; the next two or three floors either by several families on each, or by single families wealthy enough to own a staff of slaves. The upper stories were let in smaller compartments, and often in single rooms.

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. Cap. 2. † Tacitus, *Ann.*, XIV. 42.

‡ Tacitus, *Ann.*, III. 53.

Juvenal* says that a man could purchase in the country, and within twenty miles of Rome, the freehold of a good house and a small garden for the same sum as was required for the yearly rent of a dark chamber in the attics (sub tegulis) in Rome; from which we may conclude that a single room, at the top of a house, would let for something like £20 a year. It seems safe, therefore, to conclude that each of the five or six flats of an *insula* contained twenty people, and that the 46,602 *insulæ* would hold a population of nearly five millions. As there were 1,780 palaces, we may be sure that the total population of the city was, as Lipsius and others have calculated, more than five millions. It may be said that the number of houses, of both kinds, in the reign of Theodosius is no guide to the number in the reigns of Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, and Antoninus. If that be true, the argument is still good for the reign of Theodosius; but we might expect that the migration under Constantine in the fourth century would have reduced the population of Rome. The enormous growth of the population of Constantinople is ascribed by Gibbon mainly to the great emigration from Rome of opulent senators, officials, tradesmen, and slaves. If there was so vast an exodus in the reign of Constantine, it is probable that the population of five millions in the reign of Theodosius was not greater than that under Tiberius or Hadrian, or at least during the second century.

It is difficult to compare the realized wealth and the annual income of Rome with that of London. We can only pick out isolated facts and indicate the conclusions which they seem to warrant. It may be well to begin with the private fortunes of the Emperors, who for a long time rejected any kingly title and claimed to be only citizens elected to high office, as Principes Senatus, Tribuni Plebis, and Imperatores; not as civil rulers, but only as commanding the armies of the State. Most of them began their reigns with large fortunes. They had, indeed, to provide from the various revenues for all the expenses of Government; but the surplus of receipts over expenditure was constantly very large, and that surplus was as completely under their control as if it had been private property. Neither senate nor people had any voice in the matter. Before the Empire was fully established, Augustus says, "In the consulship of M. Lepidus and L. Arruntius I paid 100,700,000 sesterces (about £900,000), in the name of Tiberius Cæsar and myself, into the military treasury for the fund designed to pay bounties and pensions to soldiers who had served twenty or more campaigns."† This fund was afterwards kept up by taxes.

Again, Augustus, by his will left, after legacies to his relations

* Juv., *Satire*, III. 233. † Arnold, p. 101.

and friends,* more than £350,000 to be divided *viritim* among the people of Rome, £83,000 for the ten thousand Prætorians, £15,000 for the city militia, and £4 3s. 4d. each to the legionary soldiers. Those legacies would require nearly two millions sterling. Nero spent in presents alone more than eighteen millions sterling during his reign of fourteen years.† Vitellius is said to have squandered seven millions and a half sterling in his reign of less than a year.‡

These are, of course, examples of the wealth of Emperors, but of Emperors in their private capacity, on which no public claim could be made. We shall, however, arrive at a similar conclusion as to the wealth of Rome from other considerations. Seneca, a man of vile character, yet of almost saintly reputation (so different was his life from his writings), was worth at least two millions and a half sterling.§ Yet Nero said to him: "You know that there are very many men in this city, and these by no means your equals in accomplishments, who possess still more. As to the freedmen, who are wealthier than the richest citizens, I am ashamed to speak."‖ Much of Seneca's wealth came from the lavish gifts of Nero; but he derived a great revenue from the extortionate interest which he charged for loans in the provinces. In fact, a rebellion was caused in Britain by Seneca's usuries.

Claudius Felix was a freedman. Yet he was the Governor of Judæa who judged St. Paul. His brother Pallas also was a freedman of Claudius. He is said by Tacitus to have possessed two millions and a half sterling. A present of £130,000¶ was voted by the Senate.** Yet he had formerly been a slave of Antonia, the mother of Claudius. It is to him that Juvenal refers when he says that, if content with a modest competence, "Ego possideo plus Pallante et Licinio." Narcissus, another freedman of Claudius, is said to have been worth more than three millions and a quarter sterling. Lucius Cornelius Balbus, a native of Spain, a Roman citizen and senator, and a friend of Tacitus, was considered to be worth two millions and a half sterling. Dio says that he left by his will about 16s. 8d. to every man in Rome: "Populo Romano vicitim legavit denarios viginti quinque." This alone would require about £800,000.

P. Licinius Crassus Dives, whose name is coupled by Juvenal with that of the freedman Pallas as a memorial of wealth, said that he would consider no man rich who was unable to equip an army and keep it in the field. Yet he is credited with only two millions sterling. This sum, however, is probably much below the truth, for he had among his slaves five hundred architects and

* Tac., *Ann.*, I. 8. † Tac., *Hist.*, I. 20. ‡ Tac., *Hist.*, II. 95.
§ Tac., *Ann.*, XIV. 55. ‖ Tac., *Ann.*, XII. 53. ¶ Arnold, p. 132.
** Tac., *Ann.*, XIV. 53.

builders. It seems probable that, like many rich Romans, whether senators or freedmen, he invested large sums in building and in buying house property.

As another proof of wealth Lipsius quotes from Pliny some instances of the price paid for slaves. Thus, Daphnis, who seems to have been a great linguist, was sold for 370,000 sesterces, about £3,500, "grande pretium in uno fluxo et mortali homine, et quem solus Grammatici titulus commendebat."* Suetonius says that Laelius Præconensis was sold for about £1,760. Seneca says that Calvisius had many slaves employed as readers, and that each of them had been bought for "centum millibus" nearly £840.†

Let us take some other illustrations at random. When L. Calpurnius Piso was appointed Governor of Macedonia for one year, he drew for his outfit from the public treasury 18,000,000 sesterces or £150,000.‡ He did not want the money for that purpose: everything required by a pro-consul was supplied to him by the province. Piso simply took the money for himself, and lent it out in Rome at high interest. C. Verres was charged by Cicero with having robbed Sicily of £350,000 in three years, besides many valuable works of art. He practically admitted his guilt by retiring from Rome without attempting any defence. Cicero, when governor of the poor province of Cilicia, found himself the richer, in one year, by £20,000; and he was, perhaps, the only pro-consul who ever handed over his surplus to the State. There can be no doubt that Cicero and the younger Pliny received large sums from their clients while those clients were still living. Balbus is not likely to have secured the argument "pro Balbo" for a mere trifle; and the gratitude of Sicily, for the prosecution of Verres, undoubtedly took a very substantial form. Apart from all such *honoraria*, it is recorded that both Cicero and the younger Pliny received legacies from clients to the amount of £170,000. Gibbon tells us§ on the authority of Olympiodorus, that several of the richest senators had an income of £160,000 a year—without computing the stated provision of corn and wine, which, if sold, would have realized another £50,000. Gibbon continues: "An income of 1,000 or 1,500 pounds of gold (£40,000 to £60,000) might be considered as no more than adequate to the dignity of the senatorian rank. But the wealth of such men as Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Lepidus, Lucullus, Mæcenas, and other magnates, must have been much greater than that of an ordinary senator.

The wealth and luxury of the rich is almost incredible. The *carrucæ* (coaches) of the Romans were often of solid silver, curiously carved and engraved; while the trappings of the horses

* Pliny. *Hist. Nat.*, Book VIII.
† Lipsius *de Mag. Rom.* Book IV.
‡ Cic. *in Pisonem*, 35.
§ *Decline and Fall*, cap. 31.

were embossed with silver and gold.* Pliny says that many Romans had more silver plate on their side-boards than Scipio Africanus brought from Carthage. According to Pliny's own estimate, that would be about £14,000 ;† and this we should probably adopt, although Livy says that Scipio brought back £300,000. Juvenal tells a well-known story of the mullet which weighed eight pounds and was sold for nearly £50.‡ Several of the prætors in the reign of Honorius are said to have spent on public games alone £50,000, £90,000, £180,000. If we suppose the smallest sum to be correct, it is more than any Lord Mayor of London would like to spend.

So much for the Senators, who may be compared with the nobles of England. The Equites, also, who occupied the same kind of position as our knights and squires, were a very wealthy class. From this class Governors of Provinces were sometimes chosen. Pontius Pilate was a notable example. Others were Commissioners of Revenue in the Imperial, and sometimes in the senatorial, provinces. But the great bulk of the Equites were engaged in farming the taxes. Sometimes a single knight would farm the taxes of a small province ; but as a rule the work was undertaken by *Societates* (Companies). The taxes were farmed for five years, and the terms were fixed by auction. Security for the due payment of the amount offered at the auction had to be provided. The Equites thus employed were called *publicani* (the publicans of the New Testament) ; and, as the story of Zacchæus and other publicans prove, they often extorted more than was legally due, and became extremely rich. When harvests and trade were good they made very large profits ; and, in all cases, they were able to escape loss by illegal extortions. "If I have wronged any man I restore fourfold," Zacchæus said ; but very few of the *publicani* reached this altitude of equitable dealing. However, I am only concerned now to show that the Equites as a class must have been very rich. They had to give security for, and provide the punctual payment of, about fifty millions sterling a year.

It is a common saying—even Gibbon repeats it—that there was no middle-class in Rome—only a luxurious aristocracy, and a clamouring crowd of plebeians. Such a generalization must be wide of the mark. It is impossible that the necessities and luxuries required by so great and wealthy a community could have been provided for without a large middle-class of bankers, money-lenders, manufacturers, and shopkeepers. Many of the bankers and money-lenders were Equites ; but many more were private citizens and freedmen. The probable number of this last class has scarcely been fairly considered ; but it must have been very great,

* Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, XXXIII., 50. † Livy, XXX., 45. ‡ Juv., *Sat.* IV., 15.

and in most cases the freedman had to earn a large part of his living by commerce or by industry. The amount of money invested abroad by the *negotiatores* was so great that the war with Mithridates seriously affected public credit in Rome.* Cicero says that in Gaul not a single payment passed from hand to hand without the intervention of a negotiator. Three hundred of them were formed into a council or society by Cato, at Thapsus in Africa.† These men had to pay to Cæsar a fine of nearly £17,000 for supporting the cause of Pompey, while the bankers at Adrumetum were fined £42,000 for the same reason.‡

Banking has always been considered an occupation more honourable than mere trade. But trade also must have been considerable. It was chiefly carried on by freedmen. It will be sufficient to give a single example. The trade in silks and pearls passing through Alexandria is said to have amounted to £1,300,000 a year. £560,000 was obtained from silks, which were sold at their weight in gold (about £40 a pound.)§ Amber was imported from the Baltic, and diamonds from Bengal. Of other trades, such as wool and iron, we have few particulars. But it is quite clear that there must have been a class of wealthy merchants to carry on the trade of imports to Rome. A fleet of 120 vessels brought goods from Arabia, the Red Sea, and Ceylon.

Of mere shopkeepers there are naturally very few notices in the histories written by Romans. It was beneath the dignity of Latin historians to make any mention of traders. It was beneath the dignity of a Roman citizen to keep a manufactory or a shop. Cicero says, "Nec enim quicquam ingenuum potest habere officina."‖ But shops and manufactories were kept—mostly by freedmen or Syrians or Greeks—and we have many particulars of every kind of trade, although little mention of the traders. One barber is mentioned twice by Juvenal.—

> "Patricios omnes opibus quum provvcet unus
> Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat
> Difficile est saliram non scribere."¶

He is mentioned again as the owner of innumerable villas. So, too, Juvenal twice refers to Crispinus, a household slave brought from Egypt, then a freedman and a shoemaker, then a favourite with the Emperor; an exemplar of every vice, and the most fastidious epicure in Rome. He greatly increased his wealth by the purchase or the building of villas and by buying land in the city. Both men must have made money by trade before they could speculate in lands and houses.

Demetrius and other silversmiths in Ephesus may be taken as

* Arnold, p. 81. † Cic., *pro Fonteio* I. ‡ *See* Merivale II. 367.
§ Gibbon, cap. II. ‖ *Cir. Off.* I. 42. ¶ Juv., *Sat* I. 24.

examples of wealthy traders. In short, there was, of necessity, both in Rome and in the provinces, a large and often wealthy middle class. It makes a good antithesis to say that all was luxurious splendour or squalid poverty; but it is very far from being true. The common people, who are supposed to have been so miserably poor, deserve the epithet used by Gibbon. They were "lazy plebeians." Poor in hard cash they probably were; but that was because they would not work. And they would not work regularly, because that was thought to be the duty of slaves, and because, without work, they had so many of the blessings of life provided for them. Bread was given daily to 200,000 citizens, at the rate of a three-pound loaf for each. Formerly it had been given in corn, at the rate of five modii (pecks) a month; but, as the people did not like the labour of grinding and baking, it was afterwards supplied in loaves from public baking ovens. Under the later Empire bacon was distributed to the poor for five months in every year.* In this way about 32,000 hundred-weights were given away every year. Wine was sold on very easy terms. The commodities not given away were very cheap.† Wine was sixteen pence a gallon; bacon a little more three half-pence a pound; and oil three half-pence a gallon. But the oil required for lighting and for the bath was given away; Africa alone was compelled to contribute, as part of its taxation, more than 300,000 gallons every year.

Besides all this, every Roman had the use of the public baths on payment of about half a farthing. These were not such structures as we call public baths, but superb buildings, lined with Egyptian granite and Nubian marble. Warm water was poured into the capacious basins through wide mouths of bright and massive silver. The most magnificent Baths were those of Caracalla, which had seats of marble for more than 1,600 people; and those of Diocletian, which had seats for 3,000 people. For the further delectation of the people there were theatres and amphitheatres. Gibbon says that there were sometimes 400,000 spectators at the amphitheatres alone.‡ The colosseum could easily seat 100,000.§ There were others. The earliest was built by Curio, and was of wood. The first amphitheatre of stone was that built in the Campus Martius by Statilius Taurus. Another was built by Julius Cæsar, and another by Nero.‖ There were three principal theatres,—called after Pompeius Magnus, Cornelius Balbus, and Marcellus,—the last built by Augustus in honour of his favourite nephew. Many thousands of gladiators were employed at the amphitheatres: so many that at one time they rebelled, and

* Gibbon, cap. 4. † Cor., Theod., VIII. 4, 17. ‡ Gibbon, IV. cap. 31.
§ Ramsay, *Rom. Antiquities*, p. 357. ‖ Ramsay, *Rom. Antiquities*, p. 48.

carried on a serious war against the Republic. Three thousand dancers and as many singers daily amused the public. If there were seats at places of amusement for 500,000 people at once, Gibbon's estimate of the total population as 1,750,000 is absurd.

Such, then, was the condition of the Roman poor. Food and wine and oil, baths, theatres, and amphitheatres, were provided either free or at extremely low charges. There was no Union workhouse, no labour test. Newspapers were circulated regularly —not only in Rome, but—in all the camps and the provinces "per provincias et per exercitus."* It may safely be inferred that both in population and in wealth the city of Rome under the Empire was fully equal to modern London; while in the magnificence and beauty of its public buildings, in the splendour of its gratuitous entertainments, and in the profusion of its liberality towards the poor, it was much superior.

It may, perhaps, be objected to these conclusions that they affect the capital cities only, and that, after Rome, Italy had no cities or towns to compare with Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham. But even this would not be the exact truth. There were very large and opulent cities in Italy besides Rome—cities such as Venice, Milan, Naples, Tarentum, Pompeii, Baiae. In fact, Italy, when the last recorded census was taken, contained about 7,000,000 citizens—all adult males. Adding the wives and children, we have a population of 30,000,000. Adding the liberti, the libertini, the foreign residents, and the slaves, we have a total population of more than 60,000,000.

Edward J. Gibbs, M.A.

* *See* the speech of Capito Cossutianus against Thrasca.—Tac. *Ann.*, XIV. 32.

THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

If you had wished to reconcile a red Republican to the existence of a hereditary nobility, you could not have done better than introduce him to Lord Albemarle. He was one of the most charming examples of a gentleman of the old school it has been my good fortune to meet—"a good old English gentleman, all of the ancient time." In person he was slight, and of medium height, with fine features, blue eyes, and a winning smile. His manners were dignified, unaffected, and courteous, without the smallest approach to stiffness, pomposity, or self-assertion. His politeness was that of a good heart, though the outward guise of it may have owed something to inherited high-breeding, and native charm: with him it was no mere veneer of politeness assumed by some Chesterfield or Horace Walpole, so superficial that it easily turns to vulgar insolence in the presence of those counted inferior, and on very slight provocation. Scratch the gentleman, and you too often find the cad. But Lord Albemarle was a man also of scrupulous honour and integrity; his was a very chivalrous nature—as all would understand clearly, if it were proper for me to tell a characteristic anecdote relating to his life at court. He was tenderly considerate of the feelings of others; and though in early manhood he had been proud and impetuous, displaying some of that irritability of temper which often accompanies a sensitive and very affectionate heart, in later life this toned itself down to a gentle serenity. He was fastidious, and easily pleased, or ruffled, by the manner of others towards him; witty and humorous too; in his best days he had been the prince of good fellows, and of boon companions, accustomed to "set the table in a roar" by his amusing stories, in which, I believe, there was never a spice of malice—all bubbled over from a spring of innocent mirth within. In later manhood he combined culture and a certain love of literature rather remarkably with the tastes and pursuits of a man of action; thus recalling in some measure the Elizabethan age, when our upper class, though quite as active, was less exclusively barbaric, athletic, and frivolous than now; though, indeed, a few members of it may be credited with a certain interest in such political tidings as the daily newspaper may supply. Young

Keppel's master at Westminster, however, had recommended his father to renounce the project of making him a lawyer, and advised the choice of a more active profession. This was after sundry floggings for neglect of lessons, from which the intercession of his playmate, Princess Charlotte, had quite failed to save him, and after the episode which caused his removal from the school, it having been discovered that the boy was in the habit of climbing over a wall and down a lamp-post or rope ladder in order to go to the play at night, leaving a dummy in bed to represent him. After this his family made him a soldier. But in later life he combined a taste for reading in many different literatures with the usual pursuits of an English country gentleman, and indeed became quite an accomplished linguist, with marked delight in, and aptitude for, learning languages. Although he never made pretensions to accurate scholarship, philology was a favourite study. In English the poets he cared for were Shakespeare and Byron. He read Italian, which he learned when quartered in the Ionian Islands as a youth, German (he was particularly fond of Schiller), French, Persian (he knew enough of it to enter into a long conversation with the Shah when the latter visited England), and Hindustani. Till nearly ninety, his eyesight remaining good, and his faculties unimpaired, he read books in most of those languages.

Lord Albemarle was born June 13, 1799, and died February 21, 1891; so that at the time of his death he was in his ninety-second year. He came of a distinguished Dutch noble family; and an interesting account of some historic incidents, in which his forefathers took part, especially of famous battles, is contained in the first volume of Lord Albemarle's *Fifty Years*—as also of their later exploits in England. Arnold Joost-Van Keppel accompanied William of Orange to this country in the year 1688, and was created Earl of Albemarle for his services. (The title is derived from the town of Aumale in France, the same which gives one to the Bourbon Duke; and our own Monk of the Restoration had been Duke of Albemarle.) This gallant, talented, and handsome, Keppel stood high in the favour of William.

I had not the privilege and pleasure of knowing the late Lord till he was between eighty and ninety, when I met him at the house of my cousin, Mr. Ernest Noel, who had married his daughter, Lady Augusta Keppel. He was then living with them, either at his own house in Portman Square (where he died) or during some months of the year at their country residence, Lydhurst, near Hayward's Heath, in Sussex. His memory when I first met him, was still fresh as that of a boy; and to hear him talk of past times—to hear him, for example, recount eagerly, and with boyish

freshness, his recollections of the battle of Waterloo—was a most interesting experience. He seemed to remember the incidents of yesterday and of middle age as well as he remembered those of youth, and such a continuously illuminated memory is rare. Nearly up to the last he took a keen interest in politics, although he ceased to take an active part in them when, succeeding to the title, he devoted himself to the duties of a country gentleman, and to the management of his estate in Norfolk. This had been left to him much encumbered by his father: so he devoted years of patient assiduity and self-denying exertion to clearing it as far as possible of debt, and handing it down unembarassed to his successor. For though "a Whig of the sixth generation," as he used to say, indeed a convinced Liberal, he yet retained a kind of feudal feeling concerning old family properties, and the desirableness of their remaining in the hands of their original possessors. One of his daughter's earliest recollections of her father, is of his taking her through the beautiful woods of their old home, Quidenham, and marking for the axe one noble tree after another, now and again exclaiming, sometimes with tears in his eyes, as he paused before a venerable patriarch of the forest, "Ah! he too must go!" Such was his feeling (as of personal attachment) to all the ancient trees on the estate. He had been familiar with them from boyhood; under their roof of greenery he had played with brother and sister, and in manhood he affectionately regarded at all seasons of the year. Yet hard and conscientiously as he toiled, even sacrificing through long periods cherished inclinations and projects to secure an end, which to him appeared worthy of all effort and renunciation, he was destined to suffer deep disappointment, unforeseen circumstance baffling him at last; and Quidenham was sold. But one is glad to know that eventually the fates relented; and much to the old man's satisfaction, the estate was bought by Lord Egerton for his daughter, who had married Lord Albemarle's eldest grandson, the present Lord Bury, so that the family place came again to the Keppels. For the rest, Lord Albemarle in his Norfolk home was a keen sportsman, a bold rider, and an excellent landlord, cultivating very friendly relations with his tenantry, so that his memory is dearly cherished by them to this day. A farmer lately told his daughter he had never heard a single person speak an ill word about him; and that is much to say.

When Lord Albemarle was an old man, living in Portman Square, it became a custom for his friends to visit him on the anniversary of Waterloo—among them the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Gladstone, and Robert Browning—he being one of the very few surviving officers who could remember

that great day; one, moreover, who had gained the good will and respect of all who knew him. This visit of friends to Lord Albemarle grew and grew till it assumed quite the proportions and appearance of a levée. His unassuming, gracious manner on these occasions, so gratifying to himself, will long be remembered. The account he has given in his autobiography of his Waterloo recollections is very graphic, although he did not begin to write that book till he was seventy. But his memory had remained, as I have already observed, wonderfully accurate. So clear was the account he gave in his old age of his memorable experience, that his daughter and her husband, visiting the spot by themselves, were able at once to recognize the exact locality on the hillside where he had described himself as sleeping soundly, wearied out with the long march, on the eve of the battle, the floods of rain having turned the slope where he lay into a very mountain torrent.

What a vivid word-picture he has drawn in his autobiography! "We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the Colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was mumbling my epaulette, while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum capsized, and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away; but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him instantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit."

In General Colville's order it was recorded that "the very young battalion of the 14th"—Lord Albemarle's, in which almost all the officers and men were mere boys; so much so that had not their Colonel protested, they would have been sent to garrison Antwerp, and missed the battle—"displayed a gallantry and steadiness becoming veteran troops." In his *Memoirs* Lord Albemarle then tells us of the march on Paris, which he entered barefooted and in rags; as also of his adventures by the way. But he does not tell us there his opinion of the strategy of Wellington at Waterloo, which, though fully admitting that the Duke was a great general, he considered very far from admirable.

There may, therefore, have been a good deal, after all, in Napoleon's assertion that, by all the rules of war, Waterloo was won by him. Too much credit, moreover, Lord Albemarle always thought, has been given to the guards for their part in the victory. He was

often urged, among others by Lord Wolseley, to write down his views on these matters; but with his characteristic kindliness he forebore, fearing to give pain to some of his old friends. Waterloo, however, he maintained was essentially a soldiers', rather than a general's, victory: the steadiness and dogged determination of our troops had been then, as so often before and afterwards, beyond praise. Yet, of course, confidence in their general could not fail to count for much. Then, a circumstance greatly in our favour was Napoleon's delay in giving the signal for action. Lord Albemarle always wondered at this, as others have done, and was not satisfied with the Emperor's own explanation, given at St. Helena, that the rain had prevented him bringing his guns into position. He found the solution of the mystery in the *Memoirs of the Count de Ségûr*, by which it appears that for several years Napoleon had been the victim of a painful malady, which, during its paroxysms, prostrated the energies alike of his mind and body. And, as regards Waterloo, his general of division and chief of the staff relate that while the battle was raging they saw him seated at a table placed on the field, his head, overcome by sleep, sinking down upon the map before his heavy eyes. General Gudin, who had been the Emperor's page of honour, told Lord Bury (the present Lord Albemarle) that, whereas Napoleon had ordered his horses to be ready at seven in the morning, it was nearly noon before he descended the ladder that led to the sleeping-room and rode away. Before this the Grand Ecuyer had come down to the assembled staff, and told them that the Emperor was in his room, and seated in a pondering attitude, which forbade question or interruption. This is curious when one remembers how some portion of those later disasters to the French army that culminated in Sedan may also fairly be attributed to the painful illness from which the Third Napoleon suffered. But Gudin told Lord Bury a pretty anecdote about Napoleon, the substance of which, in the midst of so much Napoleonic disillusion wrought by Laufrey and other writers, may well be placed to his credit—along with that other incident of his life at St. Helena when he said to the governor's wife, irate because one carrying a heavy load did not make way for them while walking, "Madame, respect the burden!"—Gudin was helping him to mount, and did it awkwardly. "Petit imbécile," exclaimed the Emperor, "va-t-en à tous les diables!" and rode off, leaving the unlucky page, overwhelmed with confusion, to mount and ride sadly in the rear. But they had ridden only a few hundred yards when Gudin saw the staff open right and left, and the Emperor came riding back. "Mon enfant," said he, putting his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, "quand vous aidez un homme de ma taille à monter, il faut le faire

doucement!" The recollection of his kindness at such a moment in thinking of a boy's feelings brought tears into the old general's eyes as he told the story. As to Sir Hudson Lowe's alleged ill-treatment of his illustrious prisoner, Lord Albemarle said he believed that, though the extent of it may have been exaggerated, there was truth in the charges made; for in the Ionian Islands he heard officers who had served under Lowe speak of him as a man of churlish manners and an irritable, overbearing temper, while he added that Cruikshank's sketch of Ralph Nickleby in Dickens's novel forcibly recalled Sir Hudson to his mind—the large head and small body, the beetle brow, the shaggy, projecting eyebrows, the forbidding scowl on the countenance.

It appears that the troops had a very cold reception on their return from Belgium. The victors of Waterloo were not greeted with cheers, as were the soldiers who landed from the Crimea in our own day. "If we had been convicts," says Lord Albemarle, "disembarking from a hulk, we could hardly have met with less consideration. 'It's us as pays them chaps,' was the remark of a country bumpkin as our men came ashore on a bitter winter's day. The only persons who took any notice of us were the Custom House officers; and they kept us for hours under arms in the cold, while they subjected us to a rigid search." In the evening the heroes were ordered to Dover Castle—cold, dark, and dungeon-like. There was hardly any food to be had. On this bitter winter's night, the first of their return from campaigning, our Waterloo heroes lay on a bed of straw. Shortly afterwards George Keppel's regiment was directed to embark for Ireland, and they had already sent their baggage on board the *Sea Horse* transport when an order suddenly arrived for their disembarkation and the disbandment of the battalion. But the 59th sailed in the same vessel, and it was wrecked off Kinsale, 365 of the passengers being drowned. Two other transports were lost at the same time; and there was then no Plimsoll to ask in Parliament how it was these rotten vessels, chartered by the Government, had gone to the bottom, with 600 warriors, just returned from saving their country in a hard fight, as illustrious and as momentous in consequence as Thermopylæ.

Next to what Lord Albemarle had to tell about Waterloo and the Princess Charlotte, perhaps his impressions of Wellington were of the highest interest.

In 1825 he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Marquis Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; which brought him into frequent contact with persons who had been acquainted both with "the Wellesley of Mysore, and the Wellesley of Assaye." What he says of both brothers in his autobiography is worth

quoting, and enables one to accept as authentic an otherwise rather surprising portrait of the young Wellington in the Guelph Exhibition of 1890—that of a heavy, and very ordinary-looking young officer with a rubicund face, showing little promise in it, and offering so marked a contrast to a portrait of the young Napoleon, which hung near, pale, thoughtful, clear-cut, determined, instinct with genius. If from seeing the two pictures only a man had been obliged to choose a leader, he would surely have preferred to take service under the latter. But in later years, of course, the countenance of the Iron Duke became very striking.

"The elder brother, as is well known, after carrying away all the honours of school and university, entered Parliament at an early age, and soon established a character for himself as orator and statesman. The abilities of Arthur, the younger brother, were of much slower development. The late Earl of Leitrim, who was with him at a small private school in the town of Portarlington, used to speak of him to me as a singularly dull, backward boy. Gleig, late Chaplain-General, in his interesting 'Life' of the great Captain, says that his mother, believing him to be the dunce of the family, not only treated him with indifference, but in some degree neglected his education. At Eton, his intellect was rated at a very low standard; his idleness in school hours not being redeemed in the eyes of his fellows by any proficiency in the playground. He was a 'dab' at no game, could neither handle a bat nor oar. As soon as he passed into the remove, it was determined to place him in the 'fool's profession,' as the army in those days was irreverently called. At the Military College at Angers he seemed to have a little more aptitude for studying the art of war than he had shown for the 'Humanities;' but he was still a shy, awkward lad. It is a matter of notoriety that he was refused a collectorship of customs on the ground of incompetency for the duties; and I have reason to believe that there is now extant a letter from Lord Mornington (afterwards Lord Wellesley) to Lord Camden, declining a commission for his brother Arthur in the army, on the same grounds. When he became aide-de-camp to Lord Westmoreland, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, his acquaintance with the usages of society was as limited as could well be possessed by any lad who had passed through the ordeal of a public school. Moore, the poet, who visited Dublin shortly before me, and who lived in much the same society as myself, alludes in his journal to the character for frivolity which young Wellesley had acquired while a member of the Viceregal staff. An old lady, one of his contemporaries, told me that when any of the Dublin *belles* received an invitation to a picnic they stipulated as a condition of its acceptance that

'that mischievous boy, Arthur Wellesley, should not be of the party.' It was the fashion of the period for gentlemen to wear, instead of a neckcloth, a piece of rich lace, which was passed through a loop in the shirt collar. To twitch the lace out of its loop was a favourite pastime of the inchoate 'Iron Duke.' The disastrous campaign of the Duke of York appears to have had a sobering effect upon his character. From that time forth he put away childish things, and betook himself in good earnest to the active duties of his profession.

"It has often been asserted that if Lord Wellesley had not had the co-operation of so able an officer as his brother, his administration as Governor-General would have been attended with less brilliant results; but I have been taught to believe that the benefits which the brothers derived from each other were tolerably reciprocal. If, on the one hand, the victories of the Sepoy General over the Mahrattas reflected lustre on the Governor-General who appointed him to the command, on the other hand, the instruction which that Governor-General imparted to his younger brother proved of infinite service to him in his career. Two military qualities for which the Duke of Wellington became afterwards so distinguished Lord Wellesley possessed in an eminent degree—the faculty of arranging the transport, and that of the victualling of troops. There is one enterprise of Lord Wellesley's to which his biographers have hardly done justice—I mean the expedition which he despatched from India to aid a European army in driving the French out of Egypt."

Some ladies of the Duke's acquaintance were at Brussels in 1841; and after much entreaty they obtained his reluctant consent to accompany them to the field of Waterloo, where he had not been since the day of the action. They dined with him on their return. During the evening he scarcely uttered a word, by his deep-drawn sighs showing how sad a picture was brought to his mind by re-visiting the scene of his great victory.

We next hear of him in connection with the personal appeal for promotion made to him by Lord Albemarle, then the Hon. George Keppel, when the application of a friend in his behalf had failed. "Sir," said he, in his most chilling accents, "you will be pleased to send in a memorial of your claims for promotion, and you will receive an answer through the usual channel." In the memorial Keppel made the most of his "scanty services" (as he terms them), and threw in a book he had just published about his overland journey from India by Bussorah, and Bagdad, up the Tigris, through Babylonia, and Persia, to Russia, and so home. The route he took had rarely been travelled by Europeans. It had been an adventurous journey, showing spirit and enterprise in the

traveller. Thus, the book was a great deal read at the time. I do not think, however, that the writer was so good a describer of places and adventures as he was graphic relater of bright, pointed anecdotes, painter of characteristic portraits, shrewd and wise student of events.

The answer to young Keppel's application came accordingly through the "usual channel," the Horse-Guards, and it proved to be the announcement of his promotion. The friend who had made the unsuccessful application thanked the Duke, who, however, only answered, "You have nothing to thank me for—it was the young fellow's book that got him his step." Lord Albemarle told Mrs. Beecher Stowe, when she was in England, a really witty and amusing story about the Duke of Wellington, which was, in fact, a squib of his own reflecting on the high-handed autocracy of the Duke in the later days of his command of the army. Sitting next a lady at dinner who had a smelling-bottle containing musk, the Duke is alleged to have said to her, "In India ladies put musk rats into their smelling-bottles." "They must be very small rats, then," the lady observed. "Not at all—about the size of English rats." "Then their smelling-bottles must be very large." "Not at all—no bigger than yours." When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to the lady, "You now see the sort of difficulties we have at the Horse-Guards: we are required to put very large rats into very small bottles." To hear the narrator mimic the Iron Duke's manner when he told this was "as good as a play."

I turn now to what Lord Albemarle had to tell about the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George, Prince of Wales, and heir to the throne of England, from whom men expected so much: that "flower of Brunswick," who disappointed so many generous and loyal hopes by her early death; whose untimely doom called forth so much touching verse, including the most beautiful offspring of Southey's muse, his "Funeral Ode." In a different strain assuredly are the old lord's reminiscences; yet I hardly knew a more life-like and friendly, though humorous, portrait. As a boy he was on very intimate terms with her; for his grandmother, Lady de Clifford, was her governess, and a governess invested with unwonted authority; though much thwarted therein by the pompous and pedantic Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, who superintended some of the studies of the Princess, whom she nicknamed "the great U P," from the affected stress he laid on the last syllable of the word bishop, and whose grandiloquent homilies she would mimic, when his back was turned, with her under-lip shot out, after his fashion. This bishop was an ultra-Tory, and tried to insinuate into the ear of the prospective sovereign the pleasing doctrine of the "right

divine of kings to govern wrong—" but without success. The Princess remained a Liberal; and Lord Albemarle publishes in his autobiography a most interesting letter from her to his father, eulogizing Charles Fox (a bust of whom she had presented to him), intended evidently as a manifesto of her political creed, the sentiments of which were as admirable as the grammar was detestable. George IV., however, who had throughout his youth, manhood, and middle age, professed himself a Whig, and educated his daughter (as he boasted in a speech at the Brighton Pavilion) in Liberal principles, no sooner became Prince Regent than he endeavoured by sundry arbitrary and unwise measures to bring the Princess also round to his brand-new Tory creed; but in vain. On the occasion of a dinner which he gave in her honour, he burst into such invectives against Lords Grey and Granville that she shed tears, an incident which gave rise to those lines of Byron, that caused the sycophantic press to call him a "minor poet," and to heap other opprobrious names upon his head:—

> "Weep, daughter of a royal line,
> A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
> Ah! happy if such tears of thine
> Could wash a father's fault away!"

Subsequently, Lady de Clifford, having first exacted a promise of secrecy from the Regent, made, in the discharge of her duty, a statement concerning the conduct of a person known to him; but he betrayed her to this person; upon which she instantly resigned her office, and when the Prince asked her the reason of so abrupt a resignation, she replied, "Because your Royal Highness has taught me the distinction between the word of honour of a prince and that of a gentleman." The Princess Charlotte, though truly attached to her governess; was not seldom rude to her, and, both being hot-tempered, they often quarrelled; but the girl would say to young Keppel, even while complaining of harsh treatment, "After all, there are many worse persons in the world than your snuffy old grandmother." She now resisted strenuously the appointment of another governess, for she was nearly seventeen, and wished to have her own establishment. But the Regent, jealous of her growing popularity, was furious; and in the course of an interview with her at Windsor, he loaded her with reproaches. He asked Lord Chancellor Eldon, who was present, what he would do with such a daughter. "If she were mine," was the reply, "I would lock her up." However, the Duchess of Leeds was forthwith installed in Lady de Clifford's place.

On the subsequent Sunday, young Keppel went with his grandmother to church; and, as an old man, he well remembered that when one of the lessons for the day was read, and they came to

the verse "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in Princes," she whispered into his ear, "Excellent advice, my dear boy: remember it as long as you live!"

Yet shortly after this the Prince Regent actually asked Lady de Clifford to a party at Carlton House, on purpose, as it seemed, to insult her, for he turned his back upon her without speaking, "thus showing," says her grandson, "to the assembled courtiers his idea of the manner in which the first gentleman in Europe should behave to a lady." Of the Princess Charlotte one derives from these pages the impression of a frank, generous, warm-hearted, and rather imperious hoyden, blunt and undisciplined, entirely without affectation, unless her assumption of boyish ways may be regarded as one. She used to pummel her friend Keppel, the Westminster schoolboy, with her fists (I suppose his chivalry would not permit him to pummel back). On one occasion she got him to mount his father's horse in her presence; but before he was well in the saddle she gave it such a cut with a heavy whip that it flew away with him "clinging to its neck and roaring lustily," till the animal, having had enough of him, threw up its heels and flung him off. Such is his own account. This happened in front of his father's house at Earl's Court, Brompton, whither the princess had come to pay a visit. She got a good scolding from Lady de Clifford for her pains, besides looks of grave disapproval from George Keppel's father, in whose good graces she was anxious to stand high; and so angry did this make her that when she and her companion were again alone the same heavy riding whip was brought out anew, "and," said Lord Albemarle, "she treated my father's son exactly as she treated my father's horse." This episode was the sequel to another equally funny; for the bystanders, having seen the royal liveries at the door were anxious to get a glimpse at the Heir Presumptive to the throne, and young Keppel told her how much they would like to see her. "They shall soon have that pleasure," was the reply. So, stepping out of the garden gate into the road, she ran in among the crowd from the rear, and appeared more anxious than any one to have a peep at the Princess. It was now that her boisterous spirits led her to the stable, where she proceeded to saddle and bridle a horse herself, and use the groom's whip on it in the manner described. In the same locality she would entice George Keppel's little sisters to the top of a mound in the orchard and roll them down into a bed of nettles, and if they did not cry or complain she would give them a new doll. For she was very generous, and, although violent, easily appeased; she kept their nursery well supplied with dolls, gave young Keppel frequent tips, though she could ill afford them out of her allowance; and brought him to his school sandwiches of her

own making (the food there being execrable); from her he had his first pony, and his first watch. She once nursed an old servant through a dangerous illness with the utmost tenderness and solicitude. In his *Memoirs* Lord Albemarle quotes a most amusing letter from the girl. He had asked her for a "tip." "Though I send the money," she says, "still I must give you a little reprimand. You will, I hope, dear boy, love me as well, tho' I do sometimes find fault with you. You will, if you go on asking for money, and spending it in so quick a manner, get such a habit of it that when you grow up you will be a very extravagant man, and get into dept (*sic*)," etc., etc. "Your grandmama Clifford allows me £10 a month. But though I spend it I take care never to go further than the sum will allow. Now, dear George, if you do the same, you will never want for money; say you have a guinea, well then, never go beyond it, and in time you will save up. That is the way everybody does, and so never get into dept (*sic*). If you will call at Warwick House, my porter, Mr. Moore, will give you half a guinea. If you use that well, and give me an exact account how you spend it, I will give you something more. I wish you were here. Write to me often, and believe that no one loves you better than I do, nor will be more happy to help you in all troubles than I." Once she and her governess drove down to Westminster to pick George Keppel up, and take him back to Warwick House with them. Like many boys, he was very fond of fighting; and so they found him in the "fighting-green," where a mill was going on between two skilful combatants, which she watched eagerly from the Cloisters. "Once outside her own gates," says Lord Albemarle, "the Princess was like a bird escaped from a cage, or rather like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once. In whatsoever house she entered, she would fly from top to bottom; one moment in the garret, and almost in the same moment in the kitchen. The Prince of Wales, who occasionally honoured Lady de Clifford with his company at dinner, used to flatter Grandmama by asking her how she could afford a man cook. One day, however, at the hour of luncheon things went ill; the Dowager's bell rang violently. The mutton chop was so ill-cooked and so well peppered as to be uneatable. On inquiry it was discovered that the good old lady's royal charge had acted as cook, and her favourite grandson as scullery-maid."

Lady de Clifford did not think highly of the Prince Regent's Consort, about whom opinions have been so divided. Often when, in obedience to King George III.'s commands, she took her pupil to visit her mother, who was then living at Blackheath, separated from her husband, the Princess of Wales would behave with a levity of manner and language which not even her child's and

Lady de Clifford's presence could restrain, so that the latter threatened to make such representations to the King as would deprive her altogether of her daughter's society; and, although the King and his son were at daggers drawn, his own experience of the Princess of Wales had very warmly prevented him from taking her part against his son; yet he encouraged her not to submit to complete separation from her daughter. Lord Albemarle was present at the Queen Consort's trial, in his capacity of Equerry to the Duke of Sussex, a very popular Prince, and one of ultra-Liberal sympathies. He describes the appearance of Queen Caroline as anything but prepossessing. She wore a black dress with a high ruff, an unbecoming gipsy hat with a huge bow in front, the whole surmounted with a plume of ostrich feathers. Nature had given her light hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, and a good-humoured expression of countenance; but the effect of these was marred by painted eyebrows, and by a black wig with a profusion of curls, which overshadowed her cheeks, and gave a bold, defiant air to her features. "I was present," he says, "on the morning of the August 21 at the celebrated interview between Queen Caroline and Teodoro Majocchi, the prevaricating postilion of *non mi ricordo* notoriety. The moment she saw him she raised her hands above her head, and, uttering a loud exclamation, bounced out of the House of Lords in a most unqueenlike manner. What that exclamation was intended to convey is still a mystery. Some said the word was 'Teodoro,' others 'Traditore.' To me it seemed simply the interjection 'oh!' as expressive of disgust at seeing in her accuser one whom she had known as a dirty, discharged menial, but who was now transformed" (by the interested attentions of her enemies) "into a clean-looking gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion."

George Keppel, in passing through London to join a detachment of his regiment bound for the Ionian Islands, caught his last glimpse of his royal playmate, Princess Charlotte, and gave a very picturesque account of it. She was about to be married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and one morning went in State to the Chapel Royal. He went to the Peers' seat in the Chapel, and during the service looked up furtively to the Royal pew. It was five years since he had seen her. She was, of course, altered in appearance; but a glance showed him that she was still the same arch, lively girl he had known so well. She knew him instantly, and from under the shade of her hands, which were joined together over her face as she knelt, made him sundry telegraphic signals in her own peculiar manner. The moment the service was over he rushed to the corner of St. James' Street to see her pass. She kissed her hand to him as she drove by, and continued doing so

till her carriage turned into Warwick Street. Up to the moment he lost sight of her, he noticed her hand waving to him from the window. He had seen her for the last time. In the autumn of 1816, on arrival with his regiment from abroad, the ship had to grope her way up Channel in a thick November fog, and when it dispersed they observed every vessel, whether under weigh or at anchor, with the colours half-mast high. The Princess had died in childbirth a few days before; and nearly at the same time he learned that his mother had died within a fortnight of the Princess, also after giving birth to a stillborn child.

Early in 1820 Lord Albemarle was appointed Equerry to the Duke of Sussex. When only seven years old, this prince had been locked up in his nursery by order of the King, and sent supperless to bed, for wearing Admiral Keppel's election colours. The occasion was the contest for the borough of Windsor in 1780. He had represented Windsor for twenty years; and his brother, the Dean of Windsor, had property in the town. But on the dissolution of Parliament, he was opposed by a candidate of the King's own choosing; the Court and the Government had united their influence against his return. George III. actually canvassed the town in person against him. A certain silk mercer, a stout Keppelite, used to mimic the King's peculiar voice and manner as His Majesty entered his shop, and muttered in his hurried way, "the Queen wants a gown, wants a gown. No Keppel—no Keppel:" which reminds one of Peter Pindar's account of the King's visit to Whitbread's brewery. George Keppel accompanied the Duke into Norfolk to attend a public dinner at Norwich, presided over by his father, Lord Albemarle, ostensibly to celebrate the birthday of Fox, with whom the hero of my sketch had played trap-ball when a boy; but the dinner was in reality a political demonstration against the unconstitutional conduct of the Tory Administration. Among the toasts drunk were the following: "*The King, in solemn silence*" (he was known to be dying); "*The Prince Regent, in silence*" (the words which usually accompanied this toast being on this occasion omitted, out of deference to the royal guest, "*May he never forget those principles which placed his family on the throne of these realms!*"); "*The Constitution, according to the Principles of the Revolution of* 1688"; "*The Cause of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world, the Cause for which Hampden bled on the field, and Sidney and Russell on the scaffold*"; "*May the Example of one Revolution prevent the necessity of another!*"

The Duke of Sussex joined in the song entitled the "Trumpet of Liberty," which ran thus—

> "Fall, tyrants, fall, fall, fall!
> These are the days of Liberty: Fall, tyrants, fall!"

When the Prince Regent changed his politics so suddenly, he attempted, through Lord Moira, to bribe some of his old friends to turn their own coats. He approached Lord Albemarle, by offering him the Mastership of the Horse, and a garter in perspective. The Earl's answer was emphatic. "Lord Albemarle presents his compliments to the Earl of Moira, and has the honour to inform his Lordship that he cannot obey His Royal Highness the Prince Regent's commands."

Yet, as Byron sings, "Some unknown hand strewed flowers" even upon Nero's tomb; and George IV. was not a Nero. He cared for children, and one is glad to note the incident related concerning his last hours in Lord Albemarle's *Five Years*.* The Prince, soon after their marriage, had presented Mrs. Fitzherbert with a large diamond. This she had divided into two parts, one of which she retained, and wore with the Prince's portrait in it; while into the other, which she gave to him, she had her own picture fitted. When they separated it was agreed that all presents should be returned. She sent his back; but he failed to restore her miniature, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, too proud to ask for an explanation, lived and died in ignorance of what had become of it. Now, on his deathbed, George IV. desired his executor, the Duke of Wellington, to take care that he was buried in the night clothes in which he lay. Having obtained this promise, the King died. Then, left alone with the body, the Duke yielded to an impulse of curiosity, *plus fort que lui;* and discovered round the King's neck, attached to a very dirty and faded piece of black riband, the jewelled miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert. "The poor King's dying request was fulfilled to the very letter," says the narrator; "and he carried with him to the grave the image of her who was perhaps the only woman he had ever respected, as well as loved."

The Iron Duke confessed this himself, humming and hahing, nay, actually blushing, while he made the confession to Mrs. Dawson Damer, a personal friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom the latter had bequeathed the Prince's miniature, upon Mrs. Dawson Damer asking him, one night at dinner, what he thought could have become of her friend's portrait.

Toward the close of 1820 Lieut. Keppel was ordered with his regiment to Bengal. On the voyage he fell in with Sir W. Jones's Persian grammar, and picked up, he tells us, more Persian in four months without a teacher on board the *Lowther Castle* than he did of Latin in as many years at Westminster, under the heavy ferule of Dr. Page. He had a strong conviction, which he would

* I do not understand how a diamond could be thus divided. But so it stands in Lord Albemarle's book.—R. N.

often formulate, that the instruction in languages given at our schools proceeds on a wrong system: it is not made interesting, and is not founded on a rational basis. He thought that grammar ought not to be taught first, and in dry abstraction (so to speak) from the concrete language; that the rules of grammar ought rather to be deduced before the eyes of every new learner from examples in good writers. This he used to urge upon those who had charge of the education of his grandchildren, in which he always took a deep interest. And he gave very valuable advice on this subject, as well as on yet more important practical matters connected with the conduct of life, to the young son of an old servant, whose education he provided for at his own cost, the youth's abilities having impressed him as considerable. The boy in his turn looked upon the old Lord rather in the light of a father than in that of a patron. They were in close correspondence by letter till very near the end of Lord Albemarle's life. "Who will care to hear about my work, and about all I have been doing now?" exclaimed the boy on being told of his venerable friend's departure.

With the knowledge of Persian Captain Keppel had acquired on board the *Lowther Castle*, when he began his overland journey from India he made his way from the Persian Gulf to the mouth of the Volga without experiencing the slightest inconvenience from the want of a medium of communication with the various Mohammedan nations through whose country his road lay. One of his latest occupations at Lydhurst, when approaching ninety, was to compare the Greek of our New Testament with the modern Greek version.

But I anticipate. Lieutenant Keppel was appointed aide-de-camp to the Governor-General, Lord Hastings, on his arrival in India, and much enjoyed his intimate talks with this remarkable man, while riding with him in the howdah upon his elephant.

There was a General Hardwick then in India, who was passionately fond of cobras, and kept a large collection of them. Lieutenant Keppel saw him seize one by the tail with his right hand, while he passed the body of the animal rapidly through his left, till he reached the hood. He then forced open the serpent's mouth, and showed the poison-bag at the base of the fangs, and the reptile, on being let go, showed no irritation at this rough usage. Lord Albemarle thought the cobra was undoubtedly "*The pretty worm of Nilus that kills and pains not*," the asp, whose bite Cleopatra employed for self-destruction. He says that a boy who had been bitten, and was brought to Government House, died in half an hour, his body being in a state of perfect repose while he lay dying, the hands open, the palms upward. Lieutenant Keppel

left India, and began that adventurous overland journey of which he has published an account, soon after the resignation of Lord Hastings. Into the details of it I have no space to enter. But it may be mentioned that at Kermanshah, in Persia, he met one Moolah Ali, an Arab, to whom murder and every other crime had long been familiar; yet this man's "mild eye beamed with intelligence, and when he spoke his mouth lighted up with so pleasing a smile that the diabolical matter of his speech was forgotten in the attractive manner of its delivery. He was a man whose conscience never troubled him with 'air-drawn daggers;' but he had a substantial one in his girdle ready for use. He had once invited sixteen persons to a feast, and, placing a confidential agent between each two guests, he caused every one of them to be put to death, himself giving the signal by plunging a dagger into the breast of the person beside him." We one day asked the Moolah how he generally deprived his enemies of life. "That," replied he, "is as I can catch them. Some I have killed in battle; others I have stabbed sleeping." His pistols were studded with red nails, and he told the travellers that each nail was to commemorate the death of some victim who had fallen by that weapon. The same "smile that is childlike and bland" characterized another monster of cruelty whom they met—Davoud, a Georgian by birth, the Pasha of Bagdad. He, too, had very prepossessing manners. Having assumed the character of a Mohammedan devotee, and acquired a large sum by mendicancy at the Palace gate, when he had amassed enough he made a bid to the Grand Signior for the Pashalik. His offer was accepted. An order soon arrived for the immediate execution of the reigning Pasha, whose slave this Davoud had formerly been, and the Georgian beggar was forthwith installed in his master's place. Thus Byron tells us that when he visited Ali Pasha of Jannina he found it no less difficult "*to trace the deeds which lurk within, And stamp him with disgrace.*" The very power and place of such men depend upon their rapacity and extortion. The Turk, from the insecurity of property and the frail hold by which he clings to life, regards merely the present moment. To-morrow he may be dead, or a beggar. This Davoud actually died the same death as that to which he had subjected his predecessor. In his passage through Russia, Lord Albemarle heard much of the constant terror of assassination in which the then Emperor Alexander lived; and so have his successors lived up to the present day. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

Lieutenant Keppel was now promoted to the rank of Captain in the 62nd Regiment; and shortly after, as I have mentioned, he was appointed Aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley, the Lord-

Lieutenant of Ireland. While attending on the Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace he used to watch our Queen Victoria, as a bright pretty little girl of seven, watering her flowers in the garden, and impartially dividing the contents of her watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. She wore a large straw hat, and a suit of white cotton; a coloured *fichu* round the neck was her only ornament. His book opened the doors of many interesting houses to Captain Keppel. He met Sydney Smith, Chatham, Sir J. Macintosh, and Macaulay, besides persons who could remember Burke, Johnson, and Sir J. Reynolds; also he did the usual amount of "sport" at Holkham; and acted in amateur theatricals at Hatfield, on one occasion personating Queen Elizabeth, when the Iron Duke and the foreign ambassadors did mock homage to him in that character. He was likewise admitted into the Travellers' Club, which then occupied a shabby, low-roomed house on the north side of Pall Mall, and into a similar club called "The Raleigh," which consisted of men who had visited the least-known parts of the globe. The travellers dined once or twice a month at the "Thatched House" in St. James's Street. Captain Keppel was the sole member for Babylon. He had intended to call his book *Personal Narrative of Travels*, &c.; and Lord Wellesley, then his chief, objected to the title, saying to Chief Justice Plunkett one evening at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin, "One of my aides-de-camp has written a *personal* narrative of his travels: pray, Chief Justice, what is your definition of *personal?*" "My lord," replied Plunkett, "we lawyers always consider *personal* as opposed to *real*."

In 1827 Keppel became Major; and at Bowood (Lord Lansdowne's) he met Tom Moore, who had walked over to dinner from Sloperton Cottage. Major Keppel amused the poet by telling him a story he had heard about him. A French lady, a stranger to him, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, "Oh, le cher Lord Byron!" "Pardonnez moi, Madame, je m'appelle Moore." "Mais Moore, le poète, n'est a ce pas?" "Oui, Madame." "Alors, c'est la même chose;" and then followed a second accolade.

Lord Albemarle introduced Moore, who was writing Byron's *Life*, to Lord Sligo, an early friend of Byron's; and I remember Lord Albemarle telling me that Byron, when bathing with Lord Sligo one day, said, "Oh, Sligo, what a beautiful corpse I shall make!"

In his thirtieth year George Keppel undertook a voyage to Turkey and Greece, directing his special attention to the Balkan Pass, with a view to ascertaining the facilities or difficulties it may present to an invader of Turkey, as well as to investigate the condition of the "unspeakable Turk," who was then warmly patronized by England, and believed to be capable of civil and political regenera-

tion. His conclusions were adverse to the "sick man," and he found that the Balkans did not present those formidable obstacles to invasion that had been attributed to them. This journey, however (though he does not say so in his *Memoirs*), was partly undertaken to divert his thoughts, if possible, from the too dear recollection of a lady with whom he had fallen in love. His affection had been reciprocated; but there existed serious obstacles in the way of marriage. Suffice it to add that he did not forget her, and that he did afterwards marry this lady of his choice, the marriage proving a very happy one for both. At Shumla he visited the Grand Vizier of Turkey, and was closely questioned by him on the points of difference between our military manœuvres and those of Russia. This he explained, much to the Vizier's satisfaction, by help of an interpreter, and a chaplet of beads borrowed from the Vizier; so that the young English officer found himself unexpectedly in the position of sitting knee to knee with the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army in Roumelia, and giving him a lesson in the art of war. Clapping his hands to summon his Generals and Colonels, the Vizier said to them, "Look at this young officer. He is your inferior in rank, and yet he knows more of your profession than all of you put together." Then, turning to young Keppel, he continued, "It is not the fault of the Osmanli soldier, for he is brave enough, but of these ignorant fellows, that he is not oftener successful in the field."

Between Shumla and Constantinople the travellers were nearly frozen to death, and nearly drowned fording a river. Keppel then made a journey into Asia Minor in quest of some Roman ruins, no account of which had been published. He was successful, and afterwards described them in a volume entitled *A Journey across the Balcan*. In 1833 he became a candidate for East Norfolk in the Liberal interest, and in February, 1833, took his seat in the first reformed Parliament. In 1838 he was appointed groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, and was present in that capacity at the Coronation. In 1851, on the death of his brother, he succeeded to the title and estates, and in 1882 he published his *Memoirs of the Marquess of Rockingham*. On two subsequent occasions he enjoyed a pleasant *tête-à-tête* conversation with his illustrious old chief—once [in the same year] at the Palace of Westminster, where Lord Albemarle received the Queen's commands to carry the cap of maintenance in the absence of Lord Winchester, when she opened Parliament in person, and the Duke bore the sword of state; and once when both were present at the wedding of some mutual friends. They then exchanged reminiscences of Mrs. Fitzherbert, in whose former residence, in Tilney Street, they found themselves. Lord Albemarle this same year was guest of the Duke of Wellington, at

the Duke's last Waterloo banquet. In his speech the Duke hoped he would have the pleasure of seeing his friends again there the following year. Proposing the health of Prince Castelcicala, the Neapolitan Minister, who had served at Waterloo under the title of Count Ruffo, as a Lieutenant in the Enniskillen Dragoons, his memory failed him, and he could not remember the name: so he paused, no one liking to prompt him, till at last Lord Sandys, who had been his senior aide-de-camp in the action, called out, "The Field-Marshal gives the health of Prince Castelcicala." "Exactly so," said the Duke: "that's the name, Prince Castelcicala!" These were the last words he heard the Duke utter. They sat down eighty-four in number. "Of these," says Lord Albemarle, "in 1876, General Sir Charles Yorke, Constable of the Tower of London, General Lord Rokeby, Colonel of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and I, are the only survivors." Lord Albemarle was present at the Duke's funeral, in St. Paul's. He gave up his place at Court in 1841, and became successively Colonel and General. In 1847 he was returned to Parliament as member for Lymington; but he held the seat for only two Sessions. Lord Albemarle retained to the last his interest in military concerns. He loved to gather military men of distinction around him, and conversed eagerly with them on these topics. Thus, he frequently saw Lord Wolseley, General Sir Redvers Buller, and General Eyre. Only the vexed question of Home Rule for Ireland had separated him from his old friend, Mr. Gladstone. But he paid Mr. Gladstone a visit at the house of a neighbour near Lydhurst, in extreme old age, and received a visit from him in return, both the veterans enjoying their conversation about old times.

When I met the subject of this sketch at Lydhurst, his life was one of quiet, uneventful, refined, and scholarly leisure. He drove out in an open carriage morning and afternoon, always accompanied by a tiny, shaggy, pet terrier, belonging to his daughter, of which he was very fond. He was a pretty and intelligent creature; but his friend, the old lord, who had studied his character closely—and was so much his friend that, though weak and ailing, he *would* go out with the dog, saying, "Toosie wants his walk!"—assured me he was a very selfish little beast, whatever he might appear to strangers. At any rate, the dog was always in the hall, barking and yelping, when the carriage came round, and the hour arrived for their daily drive. Only a day or two before his death he was greatly amused by the little dog getting upon the table at dinner to drink water out of his finger-glass, and eat bread crumbs. In the afternoon Lord Albemarle would walk in the beautiful gardens on the hill, whence one has so exquisite a view of the Sussex Downs, with their changing lights and shadows,

flowers in the foreground, woods in the middle distance, dimly dwindling, and growing faint afar, with many a red roof of byre and grange embowered in greenery, village spire, or grey church tower. In the evening he joined the family circle at dinner, and afterwards enjoyed regularly his rubber of whist or game of backgammon, retiring, and rising early; but the mornings he passed in his private room among his favourite books. Quite towards the end of his life he devoted himself mainly to the study of the Bible, and became a very religious man, so passing peacefully to his rest, surrounded by all the affectionate care that his loving daughters could bestow; for while in the country house of one of them and her husband he spent his latter years and died, her sister, Lady Louisa Charteris, who had built a house close by, was able to visit him constantly. He had married, in 1831, Susan, daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart.; and at Lydhurst she also had died. It was a fitting scene, pastoral and peaceful, for the quiet lapse of a singularly serene and happy old age, the old age of one who had known trouble and disappointment indeed, but whose mind remained eager, and active, and varied in its interests up to the last—one who had endeared himself to those around him by his amiability, thoughtfulness for others, and patience, amid the inevitable infirmities of unusually prolonged life, which could not but be felt as a burden in the end, when he had grown deaf, and in consequence more silent, more isolated from the family circle and social board.

"I live to experience what the Bible means when it describes old age," he said to me the last time I saw him; but he was not to suffer thus for long. His grandson and granddaughters often visited him at Lydhurst, and in their unfeigned affection for him he took manifest delight. Indeed, the old man seemed to realize in his own person the sentiment of those beautiful lines by Wordsworth:—

> "Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
> Nor leave thee when grey hairs are nigh
> A melancholy slave;
> But an old age serene and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night,
> Shall lead thee to thy grave."

His sweet spirit was manifested in the last words his daughter remembered him saying as she watched by his bedside on the last night of his life; he woke, and, seeing her there, he said, "My child, why do you sit up so late?" And when the good man dies at a ripe age, those who have ministered to him, and to whom he has proved a life-long friend, will feel, indeed, the blank of his withdrawal; but for himself there is no place for tears.

There was a funeral service held in Westminster Abbey, by

desire of his friend Dean Bradley, in memory of Lord Albemarle, at which the Queen and other members of the Royal Family were represented, while a detachment from his old regiment, the 14th, whose colours he had carried at Waterloo, accompanied the chief mourners, and followed the coffin from his house in Portman Square to the Abbey, together with twenty scholars of Westminster, his old school. Thus the remains of the old man, who had so worthily filled his place through the long day, dying full of years and honour, passed through those ancient historic cloisters, near to which he had played and fought as a boy, or, "ever a fighter," watched child-contests of companions, passed, accompanied now by fresh young boys of a later generation, in their turn glad, healthy, and strong, attending to show respect for him, who thenceforth would only be a name among the living. Several distinguished military men were present. The remains were afterwards conveyed to Quidenham, the place he had loved so well.

RODEN NOEL.

YEOMEN AND SPORTSMEN.

The word *yeomen* seems to have been originally used to denote the whole body of the rural population which came between the gentry and the peasantry. That is the sense in which it is used by Bacon; and as at that time the class of tenant farmers, as we know them now, was neither so large nor so important as it is at present, if indeed it existed at all, there was no necessity to draw any distinction between the owners and occupiers of land below the "table land of gentility." All alike belonged to the "middle sort," and all bore one name. It may be remembered that in *Henry VI.* Shakespeare makes Somerset address Richard Plantagenet as a yeoman, because his father, the Earl of Cambridge, had been attainted:—

> "And by his treason standest not thou attainted,
> Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
> His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
> And till thou be restored thou art a yeoman."

Thus, it may be supposed that in those days the dwellers in the country were divided roughly into gentry, yeomanry, and peasantry. In process of time, however, as it became expedient to distinguish between freeholders and tenants, the word *yeoman* was reserved to the former, and the word *farmer* appropriated to the latter. Locke speaks of farmers and yeomen as if they were distinct classes; and Sir Roger de Coverley, as they are riding to the Assizes, points out to Addison "an honest yeoman of a hundred pounds a year, just within the game act, a very sensible man who shoots flying, and has been twice foreman of the petty jury." We may take it that for the last two hundred years the word *yeoman* has, as a general rule, been limited to freeholders: though the ordinary use of it, to signify both owners and occupiers, survives in the yeomanry cavalry, in the ranks of which occupiers are more numerous than owners. But there are yeomen and yeomen, though it is essential to the definition that they should all alike be dwellers in the country, and engaged in agriculture. Under this general designation there is room for many varieties, of which, however, we need only

consider two on the present occasion, the yeoman, namely, who is virtually a peasant, and the yeoman who is not. There is still to be found in the English counties a considerable body of land-owners who, without being gentlemen, are still far removed above the rank of peasants: men who, in some former generation, either rose out of the class of labourers, or sunk out of the class of gentlemen, and now retain no traces of any higher origin. All alike are yeomen, with all the habits, manners, and prejudices proper to their class, which possesses an ἦθος of its own distinct from that of the tenant farmers. But there are yeomen, besides, of quite another stamp, though the name is not now commonly applied to them: men who in all essential respects are still peasants, and in manners, habits, and education not to be distinguished from the ordinary agricultural labourers. They are the owners, generally speaking, of small plots of land varying from five to fifteen or twenty acres; and this is the class which it is the object of the Small Holdings Bill to restore.

The termination of the Wars of the Roses, the dissolution of the monasteries, and the great increase in the value of wool which occurred about the same time, all contributed to the decay of this class, whose small farms consisted chiefly of plough land, which then began to be consolidated and thrown into grass. The finishing stroke was put to their existence as a distinct class by the Enclosure Acts of the eighteenth century, when what was called the common field in each parish was divided into enclosures, a system which gradually drove the old class of petty proprietors and farmers out of the ranks of agriculture, and reduced many of them to the condition of labourers. The steps by which this result was arrived at are too numerous to be recapitulated here, nor is it necessary to our present purpose to dive so deep into the history of agriculture as we should be obliged to do to make the process intelligible. Of course, the whole body of small corn farmers were not extinguished at a blow. Some kept their heads above water, and from time to time the class has been recruited from below. But they no longer constitute any large or important section of the agricultural community. When people talk of farmers and yeomen, these are not the men they are thinking of. Two hundred years ago they were rather the rule than the exception; now they are decidedly the exception rather than the rule. And the process of extrusion has been going on within my own experience. In my native village, in the midland counties—a village of not more than four hundred inhabitants—there were, when I was a boy, six or seven of the yeomen class; the most important among them, one who owned a hundred acres, being an excellent specimen of his order. The others held much smaller plots, varying from five or six to ten or

twelve acres. Twenty years ago there was only one left. The memory of the older system, before the enclosures of the last century, is still preserved by the common people in their use of the word *field*. They seldom use the word *parish* to denote any area of land; it is always *field*, or *lordship*. Such and such a thing was seen in Newton "field," or Milton "field," or Naseby "field"—never "parish." But this is a digression. To come to our main point: The class of small yeomen whom Mr. Chaplin is anxious to resuscitate, though grievously thinned in number within the last hundred years, is far from extinct; and almost within the memory of living men was still a very numerous body. I can remember quite enough of the yeomen to be able to say something of the light in which they regard game and field sports, and of the effect upon hunting and shooting which the restoration of them on a large scale is likely to exercise.

Take them all round, high and low, great and small, whatever their other differences, the one salient characteristic of the whole yeoman genus is extreme jealousy of any encroachment on their independence, and remarkable sensitiveness to what they consider any want of due attention to themselves. On all these points the yeoman is more touchy than the farmer, and the small owner more touchy than the large one. This general truth must always be borne in mind by any sportsman who wishes to be on good terms with two or three thousand acres of small proprietors,—to borrow a form of expression from the elder Mr. Weller,—such as it is the object of the Government Bill to encourage and multiply.

But I think the assertion will hardly be challenged when I say that your genuine unsophisticated English countryman is almost always a sportsman at heart. He may "cut up rough" when the hounds come across his farm, and the horsemen break down his hedges; he may not like the spectacle of three guns and a beater walking through his standing beans; he may dislike gamekeepers, and the kind of surveillance which they are supposed to exercise over him. But I say that his natural instincts are all in favour of sport, though he may have his quarrels with particular sportsmen. He likes to see the hounds if they do not do him any damage; and, if he is not in a position to ride after them, will often leave his work and follow them on foot. He likes to mix with a shooting party, too, to mark, to carry game, and to see birds killed. But the pleasure which he takes in such things is not great enough to counterbalance the irritation which he feels if they are done in a manner injurious to his own property, and in disregard of his known wishes and susceptibilities. As far as game is concerned, there is a class of tenants who stand in just the same position as freeholders—that is, farmers who rent

their land from absentee landlords, and are left to do as they please with the sporting rights. For the purposes of this article, then, we may regard the small yeoman and the small occupier of the last-mentioned description as one class.

Men of this stamp have not much to give away. It is no wonder, then, that they prize in proportion whatever little thing they possess which helps them to realize the dignity of being able to confer favours. The sporting right is one of these things; and the farmer of twenty or thirty acres is often as coy about granting it, and as difficult to approach upon the subject, as if he were a woman listening to her first lover. If you don't take him just in the right way, it is idle to think of talking him over. Just when you think you have convinced him that you are the only man in the universe to whom he can let his shooting without some detriment to himself, you suddenly discover that he has half-promised it to somebody else. Or, worse than this, after what you consider to have been a virtual consent to your request, you come on the first of September only to hear, as you approach his boundaries, two or three shots fired just over the hedge, and to find that the whole ground has been beaten before your arrival by his wife's uncle, the brewer from Mudborough, of whom he had given no hint when you previously canvassed him. All this is only a kind of self-assertion—a determination to show you that he can do as he likes with his own, and means to do it.

Then, again, there are other difficulties connected with this class, springing rather from their willingness to seem friendly and obliging without duly calculating the cost. It is often very difficult to understand them. I remember an occupier of near a hundred acres who met a friend of mine one day in August, and said to him, quite unsolicited, "You never come over my farm now, Mr. C——." "Oh!" was the answer, "I didn't know you expected me. I thought somebody else shot there." "Oh no," cried the farmer: "you'd better 'ev a walk over." Accordingly, Mr. C—— one day early in September found himself in one of this man's stubbles. A bird got up, which he killed; but before he could reload his gun the burly form of the tenant was seen advancing in a great hurry across the field to "warn him off." He reminded him of the conversation he had held with him, and the invitation he had received; but all he could get out of him was, "I'd reyther yer didn't come." This he repeated several times, in the same tone of voice, without betraying the slightest irritation or ill-humour, or affording the slightest clue to the cause of this sudden change of mind. It was afterwards discovered that he had invited his brother to come sixty miles in order to shoot over his small farm. But yet he couldn't say so; for some reason best known to himself, he con-

fined himself to the words aforesaid "I'd reyther yer didn't come."

It must be confessed that men of this kind are very difficult to get on with; and keepers have a worse chance with them than their masters. They may perhaps be a little flattered at being directly solicited by a gentleman for the privilege of shooting over their ground. But they are not flattered by the same application from his servant. We see much the same feeling at work in connection with the franchise. It is a cherished possession which every now and then makes the owner of it a greater man for the moment than the candidate who asks him for it. In proportion to the dearth of his opportunities is his value for the few which he possesses. And there is not more skill and tact required in securing such a man's vote than there is in getting hold of his shooting. So true is this, that sportsmen who have plenty of ground of their own have not hitherto troubled their heads very much about such men. But it will be a different thing when there come to be on the skirts of every large estate small settlements of freeholders, as it were, holding perhaps eight hundred or a thousand acres among them. These will have to be reckoned with in considering the value of sporting rights: and they may make things very uncomfortable, if they choose, both for hunting and shooting.

But all comes, as Caleb Balderston observed, of taking people the right way. I knew a man once who happened to have pitched his tent in a part of the country where there were few country gentlemen or large estates, and most of the land was in the hands of one or other of the two classes I have described. The way in which he managed the small yeomen and tenants was a triumph of diplomatic art. Yet he was a London man too, not much habituated to the ways of country people till he had reached middle age. But such was his natural *bonhommie*, and his keen eye for character, that there wasn't a yeoman within ten miles of his house who would not rather have let his shooting to "the Doctor," *cæteris paribus*, than to anybody else. With themselves, their wives and their daughters, he was completely at home; knew exactly the right joke to crack with each of them; was able to sit out a long tea, or a long lunch, such as they would often provide for him, not only without seeming bored, but apparently with the most intense relish. He could give the wife some useful hints about her poultry; inspect the kitchen-garden with her husband; and captivate the daughter by his interest in the village choir. He was a short, square-built, ruddy-faced man, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and a hearty manner and address which carried all before it; and he, at least, had seldom to ask twice for leave to shoot over the thirty, forty, or fifty acres which constituted the yeoman's holding. But the

Doctor was a personage in his little circle, and a genial spirit in whose presence all the reserve and jealousy and "orkardness" of the small proprietor was bound to melt away. We cannot all emulate the Doctor. But I have given this sketch of him just to indicate the manner in which farmers of this class should be approached. With the occupier of three or four hundred acres it is different. With him it is a matter of business. He sells his shooting right as he would sell his sheep or his wheat, and thinks no more about it. He must, of course, be properly supplied with game. But that is part of the bargain. With the smaller man, however, the question assumes another aspect. Many handfuls of ground bait such as I have described must be thrown out before he can be hooked; and it will be a pretty business when the owners of estates have to go through this process with forty or fifty such men on pain of having their best beats ruined.

The reader, I hope, does not require to be told that I am not now considering field sports or game-preserving on their merits, or even desirous of entering on any kind of political argument on the subject: my object is only to consider, in the light of my own experience, some aspects of the question raised by the title of this paper, which are rather humorous than serious. I can imagine some critic of a particular class crying out on reading the last sentence of the last paragraph, "And a good thing too!" He may if he likes. The exclamation will recoil harmlessly, for in this article I do not profess to be didactic.

Some of the few small holders with whom I myself have had sporting relations are worthy, I think, of a tributary page; and I will take this opportunity of laying the offering on their tombs. I remember one man in particular, a very good specimen of his class. He farmed from thirty to forty acres of land, chiefly arable, which he rented from a landlord who lived a long way off, and left him master of the game question. It was a wildish neighbourhood in which he lived, and he was a rough, loud-spoken man, though not an ill-conditioned one at bottom. I used to shoot round about this man's holding, and never scrupled to beat it if I thought there was anything to be got there. The holding was in small enclosures separated by tall thick hedges, so that a trespasser was not easily seen, and as long as he didn't shoot very often had a good chance of not being interfered with. But one day I drove a covey of birds into a small piece of beans, a poorish crop, and full of weeds, and soon began to pick them up one by one in fine style. I had just stuck two fresh cartridges into my gun, when on looking round I became aware of a stout, red-faced man in his shirt-sleeves coming along under the hedge with a pitchfork in his hand. He had been stacking wheat, and from

the top of the rick had been able to see where I was as soon as the firing attracted his attention. His first greeting, as may be supposed, was not of the most friendly character. But I soon found out where the shoe pinched. He didn't mind the birds being killed; he didn't even mind the beans being walked through: his grievance was that I came and shot over his land without claiming his friendship. "We don't see nothing of you at no other time," he repeated more than once: it gradually being quite plain that if I had sometimes called at his house, and drunk a glass of his ale, all would have been right. However, I duly apologized: I explained to him that I lived the greater part of my life in London, that this was the only recreation I had after months of hard work, and that I wouldn't come again if he didn't like it, and so forth. Under the influence of these soft answers "his threatening unkind brow" soon began to unknit itself, and he appeared to be regarding me rather with pity than with anger. This point once reached, the rest was easy enough. He soon said that he didn't mind my coming; only, he should like a hare. So it was eventually settled that I was to hold the right of shooting over his farm subject to the payment of a hare at Hogsthorpe Feast—that being the nearest village, and such the festival at which Mr. Grunter was wont to entertain his friends. We parted on excellent terms; and ever afterwards, as often as I took him a hare, he received it with mingled thanks and wonder. "Where did you kill her?" he would ask. "Oh, in such-and-such a field." "No! did you, though?" he would exclaim; and from this formula he never varied.

This class of men prefer a hare to anything; and as for letting it hang, or deferring the happy moment of dressing it till it is fit to eat, many of them never think of such a thing. I was once out shooting with a friend, and we left a newly-killed hare at a small yeoman's house as we passed by in the morning. When we returned in the evening he was having it with his tea.

I remember another, a yeoman on a larger scale in a different part of England, on whom all my diplomacy was wasted. He had bought some land the shooting over which I rented, and it was agreed that I should keep on the shooting till the end of the season. I did not know the new owner by sight; and one day in October I saw from some high ground a man walking across a turnip field, which formed part of my beat for the day, with two dogs, who were galloping all over it. Would not any one have done the same as I did? Of course, I rushed down, and remonstrated with the intruder in not, perhaps, very gentle terms. Unhappily, as the reader will have anticipated, it turned out to be old Surley himself, the man who had bought it. One would have thought

that such a mistake scarcely needed apology or explanation. But my gentleman was not to be pacified. He persisted in regarding it as a studied insult, and continued my bitterest enemy to the end of his days.

There is also a class of small proprietor, or quasi-proprietor, to be met with, whose infirmity lies in an opposite direction —I mean the men who press you to come over their small farms, and brag of the birds there are. I once knew a man very well who owned two fields, both grass, considerably more than a mile from the village where we both lived, who was always most urgent that I should go and "beat his ground." "He see a fine covey o' birds there ommost ivery morning." These were birds that had been hatched in the long grass somewhere close at hand, and still hung about the place, as partridges will do long after the season has begun. But, of course, they were up and away in a moment; and I never could make this man understand that it was not worth my while to trudge a mile and a half to a spot where I had no other shooting on the chance of one shot at this famous covey. He was rather offended with me, and if fortune had ever made him the owner or occupier of a small farm he would probably have forbidden me to go over it.

I mention these few instances to show how touchy yeomen often are. Sometimes they are to be approached as any other farmers are, and regard the transaction in a commercial spirit. But if the Government Bill succeeds in its object, and leads to the gradual expansion of a large class of small yeomen among the ingredients of the agricultural population, many of the yeomen's peculiarities will become worth studying by gentlemen whose estates are surrounded by them; while to others, who have to hire shooting where they can get it—a class including a great number of excellent sportsmen—a knowledge of the *carte du pays*, such as I have described it, will be indispensable.

I have tried in the above slight sketches to convey some idea of the peculiarities which distinguish the small farmer or yeoman as I myself recollect him. Of course, there are numerous varieties of the same species, differing—perhaps widely differing—from each other. But I think it will be found that one or two of the traits I have mentioned are sufficiently widely distributed among them to be considered generic characteristics. Extreme tenaciousness of his rights, and quickness to resent anything which looks like neglect or inattention, will be found, I think, to be especially distinctive of the small yeoman, in whatever part of England he exists.

I have hitherto spoken of the small yeoman or tenant in con-

nection with sporting rights. We have now to glance at him as he affects the preservation of game. I should not say, from my own recollection of the class, that poaching was one of their special failings. They do poach, no doubt; but not more than the ordinary agricultural labourer, if so much; and the reason is obvious: they have not so much ground to go over. On a large farm of four or five hundred acres every labourer employed upon it can give a reason for being where he is, if his movements have aroused suspicion. But if you find the occupier of eight or ten acres prowling about at a distance from his own farm, no one well acquainted with the habits of the rural population can have much doubt what he is after. He is not likely to be "taking a walk" for pleasure, or to be studying botany or natural history. His depredations, then, if he commits any, must be limited to his own farm. But he is already at liberty to kill the hares and rabbits which he finds there, and it would not be worth his while to be convicted of poaching merely for the sake of the two or three partridges or a stray pheasant, which is all the feathered game he would be likely to get upon it. The man may be a poacher, and member of a regular gang; but if he is, it is not the possession or the occupation of a few acres of land which has made him so.

There are, however, other ways in which such men may unintentionally interfere very much with the rearing of game and the sport of shooting. One is by the dogs they are so fond of keeping. Of course, when the small holding is in grass and the farmer keeps sheep and cows, there is some reason for his keeping a dog too, though no absolute necessity. But where it is ploughland he obviously does not require one for the purpose of his business; yet he will constantly go to plough or to hoe turnips or to get up potatoes attended by an animal whom he takes no pains to keep within bounds; who strays all over the place, in the breeding season disturbing the nests, and in the shooting season driving away the game. There is nothing which sitting birds are more afraid of: and a partridge or pheasant once put off her nest by a dog invariably forsakes it. Of course, it is only very cruel persons who would deprive the countryman of his "faithful friend." If he really keeps a dog because he is fond of it, all my sympathies would be with him. Still, the dog is undoubtedly one of the evils which from a sportman's point of view will attend the multiplication of small farmers. In some districts, we fancy, dogs are really kept for poaching purposes: that is to say, in the neighbourhood of covers which still contain ground game. But the principal mischief which they do is during the nesting-time in May and June. It is exasperating, of course, when you are out for a day's partridge-shooting in September, to see one of these curs,

who has strayed away from his owner's cottage, plunging about in the middle of your best turnip field. But he does not kill partridges. In the spring he may cause scores of eggs to be spoiled, and you may be short of half a dozen covies in consequence of his pranks.

I have heard keepers in some parts of the country say that they found more game on small farms than on large ones. But the small farms here spoken of can hardly be the diminutive Holdings to be provided by the present Bill: and my reason for saying so is this—that the tenant of six or eight acres is always at work on them, and that the ground never lies sufficiently quiet to suit the habits of game in the breeding season. As these farms are often overrun with weeds, there may be better cover on them than on larger ones, and this may account for birds often being found there. But fields which are constantly traversed are not favourable for breeding, especially if the tenant is always accompanied by his canine comrade.

Furthermore, in the immediate neighbourhood of pheasant covers, it is not desirable to have too many cottages or farmhouses, as farmyard poultry eat up the food thrown down for the pheasants. But in connection with the present Bill this is a remote danger, as restrictions are placed by it on the erection of dwelling-houses where the holding is below a certain size; while, on the other hand, as many of the purchasers of Small Holdings under the statute will be local tradesmen, with houses and shops of their own in the neighbouring village, there will in the great majority of cases be no necessity for any new house. The Bill, as it originally stood, provided "that no dwelling-house should be erected on the Holding where the Holding is of an annual value, for the purposes of the Income Tax, not exceeding twenty-five pounds, unless the Holding appears to the County Council sufficient to enable the occupier thereof to maintain in comfort himself and his family by the cultivation thereof." The reason for this limitation was to prevent the land from being acquired for building purposes. It was, however, modified in Committee, and it will now probably be left to the County Council to determine whether a house is necessary or not. We like not the security. But it is better than none at all.

On the other hand, there is about small tenancies a consideration which should commend them to the owners of large estates, who, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chaplin all think, would make much better landlords than the County Council. It is that, unlike the larger farmers, these men never want the shooting for themselves. Much of the outcry which has been raised against game by the tenant-farmer class is due—not to hatred of

hares and partridges, but—to their love of guns and greyhounds. They have never really wished to exterminate the game, but only to appropriate the sport. Now, from any such jealousy as this the small holder will be entirely free; and that will be a great point gained. When farmers have said to me, as they often have, that they think the tenants on all estates ought to have the game, my answer has always been, "But you cannot both have it—both you and the landlord—and which has the stronger claim, the owner of the soil or his tenant?" This has generally put an end to the controversy. If you choose to say that field sports in general are a bad thing, and that game and game-preserving should be abolished altogether, well and good. But why rob the landowner of his principal amusement in order to hand it over to the farmer? Well, there would be no trouble of this kind with the class of cultivators contemplated by Mr. Chaplin. Other troubles there may be, as I have said; but not this. There are parts of the country, no doubt, where, the hatred of "landlordism" having been seditiously fostered by agitators, it has come to be an article of faith with certain of the farmers and the peasantry that a landlord can do no right. Those who should know better, and who perhaps have not reflected on all the indirect consequences of helping to set class against class in the rural districts, have contributed to fan the spark which more selfish and unscrupulous politicians have deliberately kindled; and in certain districts, for every new holder created by the Act, the landlord will have a new enemy, who will endeavour to annoy him as much as he possibly can, merely for annoyance' sake. But such districts are few and far between: such is not the general temper of the English peasantry, least of all of the class most likely to take advantage of the Bill. So that I don't think that, as a general rule, sportsmen will have anything to fear from yeomen (with the single exception, perhaps, of the dog nuisance) if they only mind those little peculiarities to which I have already called attention.

It is needless to add in this place that the old-fashioned yeoman, who gradually came to be called a gentleman farmer, the two words being represented as synonymous by Johnson, was a keen sportsman; and if we want to know what he was like in the days of our grandfathers, we have only to look at Morland's pictures. His modern representative yields nothing to him in this respect, and, as he has his own estate of perhaps four or five hundred acres to shoot over, bears no grudge against the country gentlemen whose sporting interests are identical with his own, and without whose co-operation, he is well aware, there would be little game left in the country. Some specimens of this class have been left us by Miss Hannah More, both good and bad, as she saw them in he

own generation, and I have always thought them painted to the life. Arthur Young had the highest opinion of the cultivating owner, as it is now the fashion to call him, when he was a man of some capital, and had a good-sized property of his own. Yeomen of this stamp he held to be the salt of the agricultural interest, and the backbone of British agriculture. It would be an ungracious task to point out the failings which have to be set off against the virtues discovered in them by their eulogists. It is sufficient to say that they were, and still are to some extent, the failings of men very indifferently educated, responsible to none for their actions, and out of the reach of any bracing or active public opinion. The best among them are the best, the worst among them perhaps the worst, specimens of the rural Englishman which the country has to show.

But these men will neither be increased nor diminished by Mr. Chaplin's Bill. They are still numerous, though they have receded during the last sixty years before the advance of the wealthier landowners, to whom the Chandos clause in the Reform Bill of 1832 opened a way of repairing the loss of influence they had sustained by the disfranchisement of their boroughs. For many years after that event they continued to buy up land wherever they could get it, till the process was at last arrested, first of all by the agricultural depression, and secondly by the Reform Bill of 1885, which robbed the tenant-farmer vote of half its value. Landed proprietors, therefore, are now nearly as anxious to sell as they formerly were to buy; and it seems highly probable to myself that the class of substantial yeomen would have received a great accession of numbers before the end of the century by the natural operation of supply and demand alone. Such a change as this would, I think, tell in the interests of sport. A body of men perhaps more deeply interested in the maintenance of field sports than even the country gentlemen themselves, who can find abroad what they cannot get at home, would be, not indeed called into existence by it, but greatly enlarged and strengthened. All their interests, all their sympathies and traditions, would lie with the patrons of the chase, whether pheasants or foxes were the objects of it. And to any peaceful and self-acting readjustment of landed property on this basis the Conservative Party, the friends of our old country life, ought to lend their heartiest encouragement.

With regard to the smaller class of tenant-farmers, the landlords will be wise if they take Mr. Gladstone's advice, and make terms with the labourers themselves; but we do not at all see why the County Councils should not come to their assistance in the matter of farm buildings. The landlords would let on much easier

terms than the County Councils could afford to do; and in the case I am supposing there would be no difficulty at all about the acquisition of land—that would be to hand. And it is unnecessary to point out that, except on financial grounds, and more lately on political, it was never any particular interest of the landlords to have large tenants rather than small ones. Of these two reasons, the latter has vanished altogether; and the former has within the last twenty years lost much of its weight. More than a hundred years ago Dr. Johnson saw what a landed aristocracy must necessarily gain by distributing their land into small farms, let at easy rents, instead of dividing it all into a few large ones. The ballot has made both farmers and labourers independent. But the ballot cannot change human nature, or prevent men from knowing when they are well off, or destroy the feelings of natural goodwill and respect, such as grow up spontaneously between classes knit together by long association, and sensible that each in its way is doing his duty by the other. *Veritas prævalebit.* I don't believe it is in the power of demagogues in the long run to blind the peasantry to their true interests, or to the claim upon their loyalty inherent in the gentry as a class, though

"Graceless zealots teach these friends to fight,"

during a period of change and struggle, when all social relations are seen only through a kind of mist.

Sportsmen and yeomen, then, whether small or great, will, I think, upon the whole, agree very well. The Bill, however, is allowed to be an experiment, and it may be that the attempt to restore by legislation a class which has been gradually retiring before the operation of a natural law will be less successful than, if judged by the good intentions of its authors, it deserves to be. For my own part, I should be glad to see a thriving race of peasant farmers distributed over the whole island, and constituting the great bulk of the agricultural class. But I cannot help fearing that the causes which proved fatal to them before will have the same effect again. It is useless to point to the fact that we still have them among us. That means only the survival of the fittest. I think I might challenge contradiction when I say that the petty farmers of to-day, where they have really risen from the ranks of the peasantry, would be found, on inquiry, to have been men of exceptional capacity. But a system intended for general use contradicts itself when it demands more than average qualifications in those who are to profit by it. However, the peasant farmers of the future are to be helped by the State. Many a man succeeds very well if he is helped into the saddle, who would never have got there by himself. And it may be so with our own agricultural labourers. But experience

alone can teach us whether a system which does not arise naturally out of our existing agricultural conditions can be grafted on to them with any prospect of permanent success.

While these lines are being written a very important question is still undecided by the Committee,—one which will affect very seriously the ultimate working of the Bill. This is whether the conditions annexed to the sale and purchase of small Holdings by Clause Seven shall be made permanent or not. The subsections to which I particularly refer are as follows :—

1.—Every small holding sold by a County Council under this Act shall for a term of *ten years* from the date of the sale, and thereafter so long as any part of the purchase-money remains unpaid, be held subject to the following conditions :—

(*a.*) That any periodical payments due in respect of the purchase-money shall be duly made ;

(*b.*) That the holding shall be cultivated by the owner, and shall not be used for any purpose other than agriculture ;

(*c.*) That the holding shall not be subdivided or let without the consent of the County Council.

It was proposed by Mr. Jesse Collings, strongly supported by Mr. Chamberlain, that these conditions should be made permanent, in order to prevent the small holder from selling his ground again as soon as he became absolute owner, in which case it might be bought up either for building or other purposes, totally defeating the original intention of the Act. The land, it was argued, being bought for agricultural use, should be kept for agricultural use, or, if not, be restored to the former proprietor, if he cared to have it : in other words, the right of pre-emption should be given to the first vendor if the purchaser desired to dispose of it. Some such provision seems to be imperatively required, if the Bill, after it becomes law, is to be kept straight. It may be said, as Mr. Chaplin did say, that the purchase-money will not, in the majority of instances, be paid off for fifty years, and that half a century is a long time to look forward to. This may be. But what is to prevent collusive purchases ? Why should not an enterprising speculator, who sees the chance of making a good profit, help the first buyer to pay off his instalments promptly, and then enter on possession himself ? If the labourer will not like the idea of having his bargain clogged by such conditions, it is clear that the wish to become a farmer on his own account is not the only idea which will prompt him to apply to the County Council. "The object of the Bill," said Mr. Lowther, "was to enable holdings of small size to be created for the purposes of agriculture ; it was not their object to enable village mechanics and others to get hold of eligible plots of land with the view eventually of making a profit out of the enhanced value. They rather

desired, on the contrary, that the land should, as far as possible, remain for all time devoted to the purpose for which it had been intended by Parliament." The butcher, the publican, and the village shopkeeper, if they took land under the Act, probably would use it for agricultural or pastoral purposes; at least, such is my own experience of the manner in which men of this description use their land. The danger is from the neighbouring towns; or, of course, in very large villages of fifteen hundred or two thousand people it might be the same. This must be strictly guarded against, or in a few years landowners might see the ground which they had only parted with to accommodate the peasantry handed over to a different class of owners altogether, and their estates surrounded by a fringe of brick and mortar, or dotted at short intervals with houses and factories, interfering greatly with its utility and utterly destroying its beauty. In the second place, unless condition (c) is made permanent, what is to prevent the continual subdivision of land till a class of pauperized peasantry is created which will be a source of much greater trouble to us than the rural exodus? I have referred to this clause because it has a very direct bearing on the special subject discussed in this article—the probable effect, namely, of the Small Holdings Bill on game and field sports. From its legitimate operation and its real intentions sportsmen, I think, have little to fear; but as it now stands (May 14th) there are potentialities of mischief involved in it which call plainly for removal.

T. E. Kebbel.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Mr. Ruskin once criticized the novelist's custom of leaving off with the cessation of the marriage rejoicings. He held that that is the time when beauty and happy youth enter upon the most interesting period of their lives, and expressed a wish that some competent writer of fiction would defy the convention, and let us see how things go after the marriage bells are silent. Mr. Mallock seems to have shared Mr. Ruskin's critical canon and his curiosity. At any rate, *A Human Document** fulfils the canon in a generous measure, and shows the curiosity to have been well worth expressing. The hero, it is true, is a bachelor when we are introduced to him; but the heroine is married, and has two children. As may be inferred from those facts, the novel is as unconventional in its morals as it is in what Pope would have called its machinery. Mr. Schilizzi, to whom the heroine was wedded against her will, does not deserve her love, and she does not bestow it upon him. She is gentle in birth and in delicacy of character; he, a rich railway contractor, is vulgar, profligate, and brutal. It is no wonder, then, as he has no sympathy with the aspirations of which she is capable, and is actually cruel to her in a sense which the law would construe as a sufficient reason for divorce, that she finds herself drawn into close relations with Robert Grenville, a brilliant diplomatist, a young man of her own social station, whom she meets at the house of her aunt, a Hungarian princess. At least, we do not wonder at it as Mr. Mallock unfolds the tale, which he does with consummate skill. From chapter to chapter, without a break in the climax of unconventional "sensation," we are led through a narrative of wonders, experiences "not of the dirt of life, but of the depths," which we can never call overstrained. We cannot even call them shocking; for Mr. Grenville is persuasive with his proposition that there are cases in which the contract of marriage is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. A sufficient account of the plot cannot be given in the space which is at our disposal, and it is equally impossible to indicate the philosophy by which Grenville and Mrs. Schilizzi

* *A Human Document.* A Novel. In three volumes. By W. H. Mallock. Chapman and Hall.

justify their relationship with each other. We must, in fairness to Mr. Mallock, content ourselves with declaring that the plot is extraordinarily ingenious and exciting, and that the only fault which could possibly be found with the philosophy is that its subject has been vulgarized by excited and incoherent empiricists. Whatever subject Mr. Mallock touches, he illuminates. Even when he is questioning some convention which is already discredited, he is scrupulous to the last degree, and, instead of seeking to give his own opinions any unfair advantage, he is constantly setting forth the strongest arguments which might be used against them. *A Human Document*, therefore, in so far as it is an essay on sexual morality, will command the utmost respect. It exhausts the subject. Its conclusions, most of us will be relieved to find, are fraught with no menace to the institution of marriage. In showing how defiance of the law of wedlock may be justifiable, and even highly moral, in certain cases, it leaves us with a comfortable assurance that those who would abolish the institution altogether are exceedingly shallow persons. It must not, however, be supposed that the work is a mere philosophical essay. Despite the disagreeableness of its subject matter, it is a bright tale, exceedingly pretty in parts. Mr. Mallock's knack of touching pitch without being defiled is unrivalled. One of the chapters deals in detail with an event more horrible than any we have met with in fiction; yet we pass through it quite unshocked. On the other hand, Mr. Mallock's philosophical subtlety is curiously blent with quite elemental affections and admirations; and, in their smiling, candid happiness, many passages are full of an innocent delight of life which a child of ten might envy. It is needless to add that, even as a story, *A Human Document* is beautifully written. Here and there, it is true, the movement is slow; for, the fiction being seriously philosophical, Mr. Mallock has to record details of motive and of emotion which in shallower romance would be left to the imagination of the reader. Still, there is not a paragraph which we should have liked cut out; and the pages glitter with epigrams which, instead of being mere play upon words by mechanical wit, help the reader to a perception of serious truths whilst they seem to be merely decorating the narrative.

A Human Document was published only a few days before this Number of the *Review* appears. If we had begun with the book which everybody has been looking forward to, everybody has read, and upon which everybody (so far as possible) has made up his or her mind, it would have been with the *Barrack-room Ballads** of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We say "as far as possible" because

* *Barrack-room Ballads, and Other Verses.* By Rudyard Kipling. Methuen & Co.

to make up one's mind upon these poems is not an easy thing to do. If ever any student, for example, following the advice of Mr. Matthew Arnold, made a collection of touchstones wherewith to test for the precious ore of poetry, they would not serve him very well in the case of—

> O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy, go away';
> But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the band begins to play;"

or of—

> "The uniform 'e wore
> Was nothin' much before
> An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind."

We have had such music in our ears before; but scarcely in the region of high seriousness. Nevertheless, it is just the grim high seriousness of Mr. Kipling's poems that most convinces one that they are sterling.

There is in the choice of these forms of verse a perfect unconventionality which is of a piece with the matter for which they are the medium. A great many people tell us, and we may conclude, therefore, that influential critical persons have felt and said, that Mr. Kipling pictures for us "that strong man, T. Atkins, private of the Line," in his true colours, as he never was pictured before. There are others, again, who will have it that our soldiers do not act and feel as Mulvaney and Ortheris and Learoyd do, and that you may look for the spirit of those ballads anywhere sooner than in the barrack-room. This difference is not confined to opinions about Mr. Kipling. There are always readers who demand a realism which their authors have not aimed at: a realism which, were it attained, would, to many minds, be little worth the having. Call that realism by what name you like, it is the depiction of the commonplace; "the disinterested painting of dulness," Mr. Stevenson terms it in his latest volume. It is out of accord with the romance in *The Little Minister*, for example; or, if that is an extreme case, with much that we find in *The Window in Thrums*. Now everyone knows that Mr. Barrie's characters are to the life as you may meet them to-day walking about in Forfarshire. These particular realists admit that. What they object to is the touch of passion which the Auld Lichts display now and then. And so certain douce folk of Kirriemuir, as we have read somewhere, cannot recognize their neighbours (we could not ask them to recognize themselves) in Mr. Barrie's figures. The mere selection implied in giving their life a place in a printed book idealizes it beyond their comprehension. No doubt, then, Thomas Atkins, take him as you meet him, does not feel and act and talk as did any of the glorious trio. When we find him reflected in Mr. Kipling's pages

we are—to borrow the figure of Mr. Barry Pain—looking into the glass of supreme moments.

For all that he has said, or has made Dick Heldar say, about the soldier according to conventional art and the soldier in naked truth, it is easy to see that Mr. Kipling knows that he is the painter of supreme moments. In an ingenious argument in the *New Review*, Mr. Mallock set out to show that the style is the man; and he began by pointing out how the choice of a word will give the reader a flash of insight into the writer, and set up personal relations between them. He instances a passage from Thackeray in which the use of the term "our young lady" for Miss Amelia Sedley discovers the author's habit of familiarity. The discussion has a bearing upon the wonderful subject of epithet. We mention it here in order to point out that in the use of the name "T. Atkins" (especially the T.), as well as of other qualifying words, and again in that line in the dedicatory verses—

"And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!"

Mr. Kipling, despite his avowal of respect and good friendship, displays a bantering condescension which would not be were the supreme the normal condition.

In the writer of the *Barrack-room Ballads* the British soldier has a true friend, whose pen will help towards his betterment. In judging of Mr. Kipling's place in literature, however, we must account his selection of the soldier for a subject an accident, and look deeper for the keynote of his writings. We are not sure that it is not struck in that glorification of supreme moments which we find in Mr. W. E. Henley. That is what makes *Barrack-room Ballads* and *The Song of the Sword* really remarkable books of poetry. Their authors are in high revolt against certain tendencies which are difficult to define but are more or less dimly understood and complaisantly acquiesced in. These Bounding Brothers of the poetic stage kick up their heels considerably. They probably know their business, for it is deep apathy that they have to rouse. *À vilain, vilain et demi.* We observe that in a little brochure, *Twelve Men of To-day*, Mr. Edward Salmon calls Mr. Kipling "a necessity of the age," apparently because "we live in lightning times," when everything has to be sharp and to the point. Undoubtedly Mr. Kipling is very much to the point: "The 'Bolivar'" and "Tomlinson" are proofs of that; but there is a deeper sense in which he is a necessity of an age that is everywhere showing signs of the need of more glorious life—more glorious because looked upon as

"but a coin,
To be staked in the pastime
Whose playing is more
Than the transfer of being."

Mr. Kipling is what Heine would call a Man of Providence; and we do not expect such an one to be doubtful, tolerant, full of allowances. It does not detract from its value that his revolt is, as yet, unrestrained, often uncouth, and even clumsy and incoherent in its blasphemy.

In Mr. Henley's case it is chastened by intellectual considerations to a greater degree than in Mr. Kipling's. We suppose that most people found it difficult to re-read *The Song of the Sword*,* and the other verses collected from *The National Observer*, with that disinterested mind which ought to be brought to bear upon poetry. Everybody knows Mr. Henley for a polemic who has no mincing ways: one who calls a spade a spade, a goat's horn a goat's horn; and, even if one had not an idea that he was always spoiling for a fight, the poem which gives a title to this volume would bespeak contention as surely as "the smell of ships is the earnest of romance." Now hard words, although they break no bones, do rankle in the joints; and the sight of the discomfiture they cause is often pleasant. And, therefore, your judgment of Mr. Henley's volume is certain to be influenced in some measure by whether you find his gospel a thorn in the flesh or rejoice to see it sticking upright in another's.

The sword of steel is symbolic of the Will of God; but this Song of the Sword, with many of the poems which follow it, is a vindication of a right sensualism. It is false, as it is evidently convenient, for its adverse critics (or, rather, for the adverse critics of Mr. Henley's politics) to say of it that it is the evangel of brute force; forgetting, or pretending to forget that, by means of it, Authority

> "Flames through the dim,
> Unappeasable Grisliness
> Prone down the nethermost
> Chasms of the Void."

No! This is the evangel of the strong hand, of firm rule: the Song of the Arch-anarch, chief-builder. From beginning to end of the volume this is the passionate proclamation:

> "Life is worth living
> Through every grain of it
> From the foundations
> To the last edge
> Of the corner stone, death;"

and if worth living, then worth preserving sweet, sound, ordered, by the sword "Edged to annihilate, Hilted with government." This is the very kernel of morality, which some one has defined as

* *The Song of the Sword, and Other Verses.* By W. E. Henley. David Nutt.

the strict practice of duty. It is every man's duty to be jealous of the conditions which render his life worth living; and it would be well if into the blood of every man in England there entered the fire of "What have I done for you, England, my England?" We need not fear that this fine burst of patriotic song will not find a wide response. There is a sane sentiment deeper than all our Radicalism. Political evolution is like the evolution of character: more than we are inclined to believe, we live up to that to which we have glibly committed ourselves.

It would not be fair to leave these poems with no comment except on their passionate fury. It flames through the volume—it is tonic. But when besides this fierce aspiration after fuller life, this virility that is not blind (we say it with No. IX. of the Rhymes and Rhythms in our mind) to the manly softening of character, we find such a rich display of other qualities: keenness of observation —more so than keenness of insight; for the chief merit of such insight as he has is its accompaniment of a fearless tongue—; a mastery of words—that dangerous gift that comes by seeking and often ends by giving them the mastery;—an appropriateness of tune to sense; a fine luminosity and colour of epithet—when we find these we are jealous of the time wasted in polemics, and (parodying the advice which Mr. Matthew Arnold gave himself in the matter of Dissenters) say that Mr. Henley would be well advised to let Philistia go to the devil in its own way. It is in the "London Voluntaries" that Mr. Henley touches the highest note. Thus:—

> "Hark, O hark,
> Sweet, how the old mare's bit and chain
> Ring back a rough refrain
> Upon the marked and cheerful tramp
> Of her four shoes!"

Or again:

> "And behold
> A rakehell cat—how furtive and acold!
> A spent witch homing from some infamous dance—
> Obscene, quick-trotting, see her tip and fade
> Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade!"

Or, again, that picture (displaying the true painter's sense) of London:

> "golden everywhere,
> And golden with a gold so suave and fine
> The looking on it lifts the heart like wine,"

—which, we think, is marred by the aside (true; but surely trivial if not irrelevant) about "the picture-place." It is indeed seldom that one meets so much to stir, to delight, to make him think, and to make him feel, as in the *Song of the Sword*.

We cannot write about the Song of the Sword without turning

to the mention of the Stories of the Sword contained in the very remarkable collection of Mr. Egerton Castle.* You have no more to do than to read "La Bella" to know that Mr. Castle derives a right, from love of it and from knowledge of it, to discourse on the art of swordsmanship; but if further warranty is wanted it is found in the publication of a new and revised edition of *Schools and Masters of Fence*,† and the inclusion of it in *Bohn's Library:* a popular recognition of its being what the skilled all along knew it to be—a standard work on the subject. But from all its learning it did not follow that Mr. Castle could write "La Bella" with its fine restraint; or "The Renommist"; or "The Baron's Quarry," and "Son of Chaos," with their uncanny touches held in restraint, also. All of the stories are marked by a distinction of style. Here and there we meet with an over-precious choice of epithet; constantly, with the all-sufficing word. Besides these marks of the modern literary romance we have that other—the naïveté which is the very atmosphere of pathos. In none of the stories is this quality displayed more than in "Master Huldebrand," by Mrs. Castle, to whose qualifying touch in his own work Mr. Castle makes graceful allusion in his appropriate dedication to Mr. Walter Herries Pollock.

This artful naïveté distinguishes the stories, if not the interludes, of Mr. Barry Pain.‡ We are all a little tired by this time of the talk about the New Humour, and of the accompanying little gibes at a writer whom mere accident associated with it. At any rate, one who has a little sense of ashamedness at the glibness with which he has followed the fashion may take this opportunity of expressing his contrition. There is something delightfully, because unsatisfactorily, fascinating in these stories with their touch of *diablerie*, their elusiveness. Sometimes, we admit, we fail to see the mark at which they aim; perhaps because there is not any sure mark. But we are satisfied with the way the wand is shot. There is a fine large simplicity in "The White Nights." Take this, as an example, from the little "Story of the Ferryman":

"Or he would speak to the river—

"'River, why do you go on? Do you not know what will be the end of it—the awful limitless sea where you will be lost, lost? Why did you come this way? Why did you not pass through the city—four miles yonder—where there are children, and love, and laughter. Poor river, you could not help yourself, just as no man can help himself. The tilt of the land for you, and the set of circumstances for me; and we both go on.'"

Or take the "Story of Sybil," the little ugly girl whose doll did not satisfy her because it was not—not It.

* "*La Bella*," *and others.* By Egerton Castle. Cassell & Co.

† *Schools and Masters of Fence.* By Egerton Castle. George Bell & Sons.

‡ *Stories and Interludes.* By Barry Pain. Henry & Co.

"'What's *It?*' asked the third sister.

"'I don't know—the thing I want most badly.'

"'We can all of us kiss you,' explained the eldest sister, 'and we like kissing you, if that's It.'

"Sybil shook her head. 'If you couldn't kiss me—couldn't anyhow—and yet somehow did, I believe that would be something like *It*.'"

That is very simply and touchingly pathetic. It is a pity to have to add a word of adverse criticism about a book so original and full of promise. There is a lack of literary chastening, of that proud purging in the writing which is nowhere so necessary as in literature of this nature. It is difficult to say what its nature is exactly: Mr. Barry Pain works in an original vein. But while not meaning to compare these stories with Hawthorne's, we think that the two are nearly enough alike in kind to justify us in pointing out how much those of the older writer gained by their preciousness. Or read the *Dreams** of Olive Schreiner, a new edition of which has appeared; and then think how great a blot upon "The glass of supreme moments" of the younger is such a sentence as this—

"One of the men—a large, clumsy man—had been smoking mitigated Latakia, and Latakia has a way of rolling itself all round the atmosphere and kicking."

That the author of so much that is dainty and distinguished in feeling should ever write and publish such a passage argues a lacking sense.

Mr. Pain's little volume contains a great deal of the inconsequent matter from which fairy tales are spun. We have to go to an older generation for the inconsequent mood which reaches the hearts of children of all ages. Something of it is found in the latest addition to The Children's Library, *Irish Fairy Tales*,† which will recommend itself to old and young by its dainty dress. The introduction which Mr. Yeats has written for it is a charming sketch of an Irish story-teller. Old Biddy Hart believed in her fairies, even as the old-fashioned folk in Ilse Frapan's tale believed in the ghost of Rothenburg; and, indeed, so long as there are simple folk anywhere left in the world—and there are no better folk than the simple—there will be fairies, and ghosts without the stimulation of a Psychical Society. That was a fine sarcasm of Heine about miracles having ceased with the progress of Natural Science; but it took no account of the other side of the question, namely, whether the old belief might not be more profitable than the new knowledge. Biddy, at any rate, was all the happier for her faith in her fairies, whom for

* *Dreams.* By Olive Schreiner. Fourth edition. T. Fisher Unwin.

† *Irish Fairy Tales.* Edited with an Introduction, by W. B. Yeats. The Children's Library. T. Fisher Unwin.

politeness' sake she called "the gentry." She has a claim on our good-will, by the way, because of her admirable term "Towrow" for the English tourist.

The tales which follow are taken from many sources; and we shall be surprised if they are not of the kind to unite shivering little hearts round nursery fires—although, until it has been tried, it is rash to say that anything will do that. We are safer in predicting that to their elders Lieutenant Shore's *Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways** will be a source of pleasure. It is informatory with just the requisite dash of anecdote which suits people with whom "reading" has become one of the recognized pleasures of life in a country where the pleasures of life are taken somewhat sadly. "The smell of ships (that earnest of romance)" says Mr. Henley, phrasing for us what surely we all have felt. There is a smell of ships about the title of Lieutenant Shore's volume, and it is a great disappointment to find the earnest not fulfilled. It appears that there are two periods in the history of smuggling: the Free Trade (ought it not rather to be the Brute Force?) period, running from the earliest times of the art or craft, to 1816, or thereabouts, and having its golden age in the middle of last century; and the Scientific Period, which began when the cessation of the great national struggle left the government free hands to cope with "the trade." The scientific period is not closed yet; even now we see something of its methods in the lady tending to *embonpoint* of lace, or in the man—whom any of us may number among our acquaintance—the hold of whose valise carries an undue cargo of cigars. Nothing very romantic is expected from that period. It is worth remarking, however, that even the scientific methods receive something of our sympathy. All of us have a dash of the smuggler in the blood. Few, for example, are virtuous enough to be informers, or to have the respect which we ought for those who send tardy windfalls to the Treasury. The old smuggler's warrant,—"Why should the king tax good liquor? If there must be taxes, let them tax something else"—has become our grumble. And as surely as there is a touch of the smuggler in the blood does the idea fill our minds that there was something glorious in the olden times when the cutter, lying in the offing, made a dash for the cove when the day died; when the cargo was landed by decent hands and lodged in respectable tenements, and any scuffle with the authorities, in the process, was a gay encounter. That is fiction, and (saving the presence of those who will have their fiction fact) all very well in fiction; but it is not how Mr. Shore paints it. It is true that there was "a roaring

* *Smuggling Days and Smuggling Ways; or, the Story of a Lost Art.* By Lieut. the Hon. Henry N. Shore, R.N. Cassell & Co.

trade." For example, there sailed out of an English port a sailor who married a Dutch woman, the owner of a china shop. This couple were settled in Zealand, and kept four sloops that smuggled half a million pounds of tea into England in the twelve months; so that they had more guineas and English specie in their house than any banker in England. How many of these guineas ought to have gone to the Treasury is seen in the fact that the duty on tea at that time was 4s. per pound, and brought £130,000 a year. Duty was paid on no greater quantity of tea than that which the enterprise of this Zealand smuggler alone landed on our shores. And while the master smugglers made rich harvests the "riders" whom they employed to assist were liberally paid with half a guinea a journey—that was once, twice, sometimes three times, in the week—and a "dollop" of tea, a "dollop" being forty pounds, worth another guinea. But it was hard work, and dangerous; for the authorities had some alertness even then, and one cargo saved in three was considered successful trading. Moreover, for all we may join the Kiplings and the Henleys in extolling very masculine methods when they are absent, were they revived we would be forced to admit that there might easily be too much of them. The old smugglers were very muscular; but they were not very agreeable persons. In the palmy days they rode out in armed bands and made themselves intolerable to their neighbours who were by no means squeamish about the trade. The story of the Hawkhurst band is a record of brutality; and it was one of several. There was one crew that did a little privateering on a Dutch ship; and they were discovered because they could not resist bragging, in the open, about how the Dutch master wriggled when they cut him down the backbone. Evidently "as like the Woman as you can" would in those days have been no subject for Mr. Henley's sneer, for the influence of drink and the influence of their wives led the smugglers to their excesses. It is part of the smuggling tradition that the women screened the men. Is it not on record that Maggie M'Connell tricked the officer until the lads got the goods clear?—tricked him—not with fence as the Gypsy did in the story, but—with a trick of wrestling that gave him a heavy fall so that she sat upon him until such time as he might rise to find nothing.

The greater part of Mr. Shore's interesting book deals with the preventive measures. For all information about the Coastguard and the wiles for which they had to provide counter-wiles, the reader must go to this volume by himself. It would seem, however, that the informers as well as the coastguardsmen helped to the suppression of the Freetraders; and this leads us to mention another book in which these unpardonable sinners

(according to Cornish ideas) receive attention. In *Secret Service under Pitt,** which is not a book of the month, but is entertaining at all times, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick tracks his informer ruthlessly, if, perhaps, a little tortuously. We are conscious of some want of straightness in the composition, of a wandering from the main track; but, then, the by-ways are so fresh and interesting! There are few writers who know them so well as Mr. Fitzpatrick and are so safe in making use of them with the end of the journey always in view. Everybody should read *Secret Service under Pitt;* if, indeed, everybody has not done so already.

It would be quite ridiculous, we suppose, to suggest, as a reflection upon these two books, that their fact is stranger than fiction. There are certain maxims which are so much used by everybody that, of course, nobody uses them. Were this not one of them we should offer it as an excuse for being so tardy in our attention to our new acquaintances, the novels of the month. That word "acquaintances" condemns any scant courtesy which may be shown them. For novels are acquaintances. Nay: they are whole circles of acquaintances; acquaintances of whom we know more than we do of our nearest friends and even of ourselves. And, although we do not wish our remarks to smack of the County Councillor arguing the teetotal question (on the lines that one must protect bad people—that is, people who do not see eye to eye with him—from themselves), the thought ought to check any perfunctoriness in introducing to one's readers the very strange and influential characters of fiction. Of course, every one will have guessed that this excellent precept is by way of introduction to very bad practice.

The slave of the lamp in Mr. Merriman's story† is Mr. Christian Vellacott, the brains of *The Beacon*, a weekly journal owned and edited by Mr. Bodery, sub-edited by Mr. Morgan, and published over-the-way from the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West. Its identity, however, is completely veiled by the fact that the daily press unanimously looked to it for light and leading on the question of French politics. Fortune gives Mr. Vellacott a short respite from his work and from his aunts in their dotage, and lands him into a very charming family at St. Mary Western, in Dorset. To it, too, had been introduced a certain Signor Bruno, an Italian runaway who is no Italian, but a French Jesuit whom we have met already, with Citizen Morot and Monsieur Lerac, at Citizen Jacquetot's tobacco-shop in the Rue St. Gingolphe. The discovery of false metal in the would-be Italian arouses the slave of the

* *Secret Service under Pitt.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick. Longmans, Green, & Co.

† *The Slave of the Lamp.* By Henry Seton Merriman. Two vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

lamp from some sentimental misgivings he had fallen into with regard to Hilda Carew, a daughter of the house, who is engaged to Frederick Farrar, squire and commonplace fellow; and it stirs in him afresh the sense of his duty to the British public. As everybody knows, when, even in the interests of that public, you set yourself up as a barrier to the schemes of the Jesuits—especially in a house which possesses a moat, and on a coast down whose perpendicular cliffs cases of rifles may be slung—you must be prepared for adventures. The adventures quite come up to Christian's expectations, and to the reader's as well; and it seems as if, with Hilda safely left behind in Dorset, Mr. Merriman is out of danger of spoiling a story of the good, old-fashioned kind by any melancholy complications. But when Christian does return from his adventures, Hilda is married to her squire, Farrar, which is right; and is tending Christian's aunts, which Christian thinks, in the circumstances, an unnecessary prying into the cupboard where he keeps his skeleton. It does seem an uncalled-for attention, for Hilda's mother was upstairs, and, if further aid was wanted, Hilda has a sister Molly, down in Dorset, whom we would have liked to meet again. Hilda's presence, however, reveals, in a dramatic way, that if she had done something, or had not done something (we are not sure which it is), Christian Vellacott, albeit a great man in his way, would have been a greater; and so a capital story ends with the inevitable little bit of morbidity.

In *A Fellowe and His Wife*,* on the other hand, the conditions of the story are *fin-de-siècle* throughout. That a wilful woman must have her way always has, no doubt, been an element in the relations between a *fellowe* and his *wife;* but now only, if ever, would that way have led to Rome for the study of art, shortly after her marriage, and would she have gone with her husband's consent. The letters which pass between them discover a not unlikely sequel to such a proceeding. We may confess that we do not think that the Countess von Jaromar would ever have penned hers, or the Count have sent exactly the replies that he did; but that Miss Blanche Willis Howard and Mr. William Sharp have written them delightfully there is no gainsaying. If the reader wishes still more harrowing relationships between husband and wife unfolded with a great deal of cleverness, he may go to Mr. Julien Gordon's *Vampires* and *Mademoiselle Réséda*,† in the latter of which, by the way, the disturbing element is our old friend, a lion of the Paris salon. If his taste is for something sweeter, by all

* *A Fellowe and His Wife.* By Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

† *Vampires* and *Mademoiselle de Réséda.* By Julien Gordon. Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.

means let him read *Mr. Witt's Widow*,* by Anthony Hope, and *Betsy*,† by "V," and the two short stories‡ by Ilse Frapan, which Miss Ellen Macdonell has translated for the *Pseudonym Library*, already full of good things. Mr. Hope's story is delightfully frivolous, and far exceeds the promise of his first work, *A Man of Mark;* and "V" tells a happy-go-lucky tale in a happy-go-lucky manner, interpolating many opinions about art which are not above dispute (and Raeburn did not spell his name Raeburne, by the way), and many thoughts about life which are not too deep for words but are generally clothed in appropriate ones. We may hazard the conjecture that *Betsy* is the first work of a lady, even as *Lucy, Francis, and Cousin Bill*,§ by Aden Wistan, bears traces of being so. One of the characters in *Mademoiselle Réséda* says that "a book attracts us which is written straight from the person's heart"; and that must be why we read Aden Wistan's novel with such interest. For it does not show the workmanship of the accomplished story-teller; it lays no pretensions to witty dialogue or to brilliant writing; it certainly does not introduce us to the people in Edinburgh who are most worth knowing. But the characters are firmly drawn, and their story is told straight from the author's heart, with the result that our interest in it does not flag; and, moreover, it contains excellent descriptions of Edinburgh.

* *Mr. Witt's Widow. A Frivolous Tale.* By Anthony Hope. A. D. Innes & Co.

† *Betsy.* By V. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

‡ *Heavy-Laden and Old-fashioned Folk.* By Ilse Frapan. Translated by Helen A. Macdonell. T. Fisher Unwin.

§ *Lucy, Francis, and Cousin Bill.* By Aden Wistan. Three vols. Eden, Remington, & Co.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

A Visit to Iona.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

"W. H.", who writes in the May number of *The National Review*, could have made his conjecture about Disestablishment in Scotland stronger by saying that it is impossible until the repeal of the Treaty of Union. There can be no Disestablishment till that Treaty is repealed. On my own account, I offer the suggestion that when the revision or the incorporation of the three Presbyterian "denominations" takes place, of which at present there is not even the remotest prospect, it ought to be celebrated by the restoration of S. Mary's, in Iona.

The island is the property of the Duke of Argyll, who carries on the traditions and the energies of the most noted Presbyterian lay family in Scottish history; and a reconstruction of the three divisions of the Presbyterian church would manifestly be fitly commemorated by the restoration of an ecclesiastical edifice so ancient as the thirteenth century. In S. Giles, in Edinburgh, and in S. Mungo, in Glasgow, Presbyterianism already has its cathedrals, in which the taste and the fancy find themselves renewed and refined after the manner of days that are lapsed; but what to the Scottish form of social religious observance would compare with a metropolitan edifice in Iona, in which the very dust is dear to all professing Christians? The dullest eye may note a certain beseechingness in these unroofed walls uplifting themselves towards the mainland, as if in audible eagerness for repair, and as if their longer neglect were contumelious after all that they have seen and done.

It may be taken for granted that the response would be quick if the Duke of Argyll were the Duke of Norfolk. The pilgrimage of Roman

Catholics three years ago from Ireland to Iona was the manifestation of a pious love—the exhibition of a feeling and temper wanting only the legal title to restore and enshrine.

There remains, however, the suggestion by an observer, with whom neutrality in momentary disputes is a saving grace, that the Duke of Argyll, whose good fortune is conspicuous in the possession of so famous a place, should do in it what Sir William Crossman has done with S. Cuthbert's monastery, in Lindisfarne, and what the Marquess of Bute has done with the Palace in Falkland. He should lay bare the ground plan of the buildings that once in a day bore witness to the baptismal fires of S. Columba. One goes about the mounds and upheavals where lie the foundations, grass-covered and indistinguishable from earthworks, in the feeling he would do it himself if he had the power. The period is long past for the theory of the tourist that Iona is merely one of the show-places of Europe.

If tranquillity was S. Columba's purpose in coming here, then is the scene not much changed. As much as tranquillity is still to be found, for the crowd at mid-day passing through in the summer season from the MacBrayne steamer does not count with the sojourner. Their gabble is soon overpast, with the effect of confirming prejudices against insincere inquiry and hasty sight-seeing. The steamer soon goes off, and the internal resources are left affectionately to themselves in this dot on the Atlantic swell. The Celtic period remains stereotyped here, under deduction of the daily newspaper at fitful intervals, and of the throb of the passenger craft in its due moments. Mull across the narrow Strait is not in the reckoning, for that greater superstructure is equally pensive. The tombs in the cemetery of S. Oran, in which are the bones of Kings of Norway, Scotland, and Ireland, and of mortals as well remembered by inheritors of their rank and virtues, share the peace that is only broken by the fruitful wind and the surge that girdles with white the beach of sand in which Iona is set round. It may even be circumnavigated by the valetudinarian when the pressing quests of Old Mortality are overtaken. Its undulations furnish no tasks to the hill-climber, and soon without stress of lung may the far reaches from Skye to Jura be commanded.

The humble, kindly peasant folk, like all who are in great possessions, allow you to consider yourself strange to them by manners of your own. They are contentedly at home among primitive usages. It takes practised discrimination among their insignificant croft patches to know which is weed and which cereal, as the barley and oats are coming into ear. The same perplexity offers itself among the root crops, where the lambs may be seen doing the weeding in the drills. The plough is the same that tore the fertility out of the plains of Shinar, and was left as the newest invention by Agricola when he was in the north with his legions. The way they do is the way done in all the crofting counties. They allow the processes of nature to do everything and to settle among themselves any differences they may have. Self-help and personal application, if they came with S. Columba, left with him. A Crofters

Commission and a Parliament in Westminster, while they may beneficially interpose elsewhere, can do little in Iona. Within the meaning of agriculture, it is only a sphere within which to see the ancient implements that are still modern in too many scenes in the Highlands. Its length and breadth are mostly under herbage, and the horned bestial on the island are with confidence trusted for its usury.

It follows that on Iona all animated nature is on the most intimate terms. On the sequestered spot the visitor is soon lost in the universal fraternity. Wanting a drink, I went to a shieling and sought it. The well, or burn (I forget which), was dry; but "Would I have milk?" Whereupon a brindled half-bred West Highlander was selected out of a browsing herd, and, driven into the byre, was made to yield the required supply in tumblersful! The brief refreshment over, the genial "Crummie" was sent to grass again. But these are pastoral haunts in which fellow-feeling and helpfulness are without stint. All the intercourses are humanized, insomuch that I walked about with reluctance as somehow a discord in the various relations. The June twilight settled on me once, when I was new to Iona, unexpectedly soon, as its manner is, and I was rather far south-west for sure footing. It was a dull orange twilight; and I was hastening back through slanting rays, making shadows across the Strait to Mull, and through an atmosphere that was drowsy with the scent of thyme and the hum of insects. The unexpected happened in a musical call, the like of which I have never heard before or since. It came from various directions, and was the call of milkmaids to the cows to stay, or to come, and be milked. Soon the night fell, and all was shadow together, except the new light in the knowledge to me of a kindred won by human folk among cattle. The words were hidden that the vocal strains carried to the echoes across the waters, which answered them back, as if cherishing the pastoral measure; but I knew there was Gaelic in the call, just as I know that countless generations are sobbing in the Gregorian Mode. I remembered that cattle had been called home before; that Kingsley's Jenny had called them home across the Sands o' Dee; but sure was I there was never any calling like this. It was not in vain, like Jenny's, and there was no depth of final sadness in it. It was mellow with the note that one finds in the Curfew. It was the note of another day ended in the evening's milking on the plains of Iona, where yet the ineffable beauty in the rhythmical utterance seems to me to be lingering in the enchanted air. On purpose to keep it imperishable, a brooding peace mantled the whole island and made it captive. If not in a ballad of affecting melancholy, it is lasting on the scene as indigenous melody.

The supposed landing-place of S. Columba resembles an amphitheatre in shape, and is on the south-west of the island. The tourist has no time to see it; but the lingerer makes it his own, and he has it all to himself. Here is realized, with specific intensity, that man is never less alone than when alone. In fact, the pressure of the isolation and the silence is almost too great. The image of a man anywhere about would

be incredible, except as that of a ghost. It is felt to be an act of daring to be on the spot. A Presence concealed anywhere among the rocks may, you are apprehensively aware, arise and startle you into mortal terror for an invasion that is without adequate authority. You even hear, in your abnormally sensitive frame of mind, the immemorial murmur of the sea-shells as they brew their thunder in the caves. The oppressive calm exaggerates everything, including your own thoughtless violence for having come. It is in trepidation, therefore, and by no means in full assurance, that you taste, and feel, and glide along. It were well, you reason, an 'twere all over; for, somehow, the present is the supreme moment of an impious sacrilege that surely can never pass unavenged by those spirits of the dead which guard these sacred portals. It is thus impossible to be sure of anything as having been seen or heard. I recall, however, that the Atlantic makes the place of the footlights to the area of this resplendent theatre. On either side on the enclosing rock may be laid the methods for the proscenium by which may be hung the drop-curtain, on the hither side of which was darkness, till S. Columba came. Where the acclaiming orchestra sat is now the bed of water-worn stones which the tide drove under his boat after he had upturned it to stay. That boat must have been over fifty feet long, for I paced the bed of stones on which its timbers rotted away. If a legend loiters here, so, I confess, does my measurement of the mark of the boat, for it was done in devout alarm. There was no visible creature near; but that comes to nothing, for it is the invisible that disconcerts me, and of that there is a great deal at S. Columba's landing-place in Iona. I was not long there, for I had little curiosity to satisfy, in comparison with a veneration which I had no means of adequately ministering to. I at length took the foolish course of engaging my own fears to trifle with them, and quell them, and pamper them, by gathering a few emeralds on the beach. The reckoning of my own accounts for my own fault in my own eyes for being within the altar-rails, I thus postponed, and strode away into what I perceived to be, and acknowledged to my own conscience to be, my proper domain. Wonders on Iona never cease; for, just as I gained the heights of the auditorium whence in the fifth century S. Columba could be witnessed landing, a mystery from the waters, by the savage islanders, I found a bunch of white heather, the floral offering of Iona to a revering wanderer!

The preserved Runic crosses, S. Martin's and S. Maclean's, the two remaining of numbers found at several times on the island, are right in the beaten path of the tourist; but they will not the less attract the regard of all unimpetuous antiquaries. I am not aware that the National Monuments Preservation Act applies in Iona; but with the Duke of Argyll these crosses are safe. I should as soon think of soliciting external protection for the memorial of the late Duchess, much loved and much lamented, that gazes eastward over the mountains of Mull to the old home at Inveraray, as for anything of these pious relics. But south-eastward towards Ruthwell, in Dumfries-shire, is, I remember, *the* Runic cross that in antiquarian fulness dwarfs all others

in Europe, which in different circumstances from those in Iona needed vigilant guardianship.

An allusion in kind leads to another: this one to the Isle of Saints, that stands south-east from Iona, and down south-west from Oban by about thirty miles. On it are beehive dwellings; one excellently well on its foundations; while all around lie the remains of prehistoric life and animation. I would suggest to the Marquis of Breadalbane what I have herein mentioned to the Duke of Argyll. As the owner of the lonely Isle of Saints, which no one sees unless by means of his own yacht, the Marquis should lay bare the ground plan of this primeval community. It is extremely rich in the material with which the archæologist baffles the flight of time, and hoists the fleeting hour with its own petard. There is a Saint's well here, on which the most intact of the beehive houses almost throws its shadow. I have drunk deep at its ice-cool spring before it spends its little minute of a brawl between where it rises from the depths and loses itself in a miniature bay of yawning sea a dozen yards off, and have also shared the water-cress which grows around its lavish fountain. The Saint here knew his botany and his dinner of herbs with contentment, for the water-cress he has left behind him is nearly half an inch round the stem. It is remarkable that all these Western Isles in Scotland have something or other of novelty for the inquiring mind; but their united, disheartening testimony is that in Adam all die. It is on Iona you first learn that in Christ shall all be made alive.

The contingent risk to Iona is a compendious Villadom. Glasgow down the Clyde is getting scarce of resorts, and only Arran and Iona are left as soil whereon gigmanity with boasting may raise its tabernacles and palatial residences. Iona's comparative remoteness is a species of self-defence; but no one knows what wealth, scraped up from trade and soothed neither by antecedent education nor by subsequent refinement, will not do next. It may be hoped, with reason, surely, that the Duke of Argyll will stop feuing Iona with his recently granted site for a Villa-chapel to the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, and keep all those foes of piety and repose at arm's-length.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

Edinburgh, May 10, 1892.

Unconscious Plagiarism.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

I gather from the letter of Mr. Frederick Wicks, in the May Number of *The National Review*, that there is a lodger in his memory paying him no rent, he having overlooked the occupation; for what he states proves to me that there is nothing new under the sun, and that the best of men are necessarily appropriators. He mentions that for a work of imagination at which he is engaged he made a name, when in the Mediterranean off Smyrna, part of which was "Leuchars," and that he was subsequently shocked when he saw it over a shop in Piccadilly. He had imagined, obviously, that he had invented it. Herein, indeed, comes in the old story of the lost axe: "Alas! master, for it was borrowed." Leuchars is the name of the parish that on the west encloses the Bay of St. Andrews, in Scotland. It is familiar to all archæologists passing that way, as having at the east end of its parish church a Norman tower in perfect preservation, the like of which is not in all those Northern parts. As Mr. Wicks will admit, not only is the "Normandy flavour" here, but there is the actual Normandy workmanship as well, known to all antiquaries. It is said of the pile, of which the tower alone remains, that its architect was an ancestor of De Quincey. The name "Leuchars" is further celebrated to all Presbyterians as that of a favourite Psalm tune. It is also notorious to many travellers as the name of the junction branching from the Edinburgh-Dundee line to St. Andrews. Moreover, it is to be found both in *Baedeker* and in *Bradshaw*. It is necessary to assume that Mr. Wicks is neither a golfer nor an antiquary, after the manner of those who visit the headquarters of the game, or take counsel together about old stones in Edinburgh, to account for his philological inventiveness off Smyrna. A memory at fault, as it often is with every one, may be urged as explaining this incident of unconscious plagiarism.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

St. Andrews, May 18, 1892. X. Y. Z.

Mutterings from India.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

A recent circular of Mr. Allan O. Hume, General Secretary of the Indian National Congress, addressed to all Standing Congress Committees, has attracted so much attention, and provoked so much comment, that it seems necessary to offer a few remarks about it. Opponents of the claims of the advanced political party in India have tried, and with some success, to make capital out of the affair. The circular has been branded as "malevolent" and "seditious," and the Anglo-Indian Press has made an attempt to involve the Congress movement in the discredit thrown upon its chief. As it seems likely that garbled reports of the nature of the circular will reach England, I hope you will kindly allow me to say a few words in the interests of fairness and justice.

The circular letter of Mr. A. O. Hume has been published, and I shall here give a short abstract of it. Mr. Hume believes that the existing system of administration in India "is not only ill-adapted to the wants of the country, is not only pauperizing the people, but is inevitably preparing the way for one of the most terrible cataclysms in the history of the world." The causes of this explosion he finds in the ever-growing poverty of the people and the ever-deepening discontent caused by this poverty. In his opinion, "the cup of the misery of scores of millions" of the masses "is well-nigh full," and "day by day, Poverty, the mother of Anarchy, is pressing with a heavier and heavier hand upon an ever-growing portion of our population." This state of affairs will (Mr. Hume sincerely thinks), unless quickly remedied, result in "an universal agrarian rising," and the wreck of property, and the dissolution of social order. The entire splendid fabric of British rule and civilization will disappear—"rail and road will become impassable, bridges will be wrecked, telegraphs cease to exist." Englishmen will be reduced to the position of men in the desert, vainly struggling, for a brief space, against the simoon—for what could arms avail against the fury of millions of people urged on by despair? To avert this terrible catastrophe, Mr. Hume calls upon every member of the Congress Party to join in a grand effort to save their country. He appeals to their own interests: they are "the creation of Great Britain"—of "British learning, history, and literature,"—and with British rule they must stand or fall. "On the peaceful continuance of that rule," Mr. Hume assures his followers, "depend all that is dear to you in this life, all your earthly hopes"; but this peaceful continuance, he asserts, "can only be insured by securing those fundamental changes in the policy and practice of the administration" that have been advocated by the Congress. In conclusion, Mr. Hume urges upon the richer classes of India to contribute

liberally to a Constitutional agitation in support of the Congress demands, and warns them not to pursue the short-sighted policy of grudging a few hundreds or thousands to the only cause that can save their lakhs and crores. The circular finishes up with an exordium to the educated people of India "to open the eyes of their rich but ignorant countrymen, to make them realize their position, and induce all to join heartily and liberally in a grand effort to save that government" to which (as the writer remarks) "India has owed so much, and in whose fortunes ours are indissoluby bound up."

Such is the tenour of the document which has given deep offence to the Anglo-Indian Press, and which has been stigmatised as "mischievous" and "seditious." Every organ of that party, from the Calcutta *Englishman* and the Allahabad *Pioneer* to the *Bombay Gazette* and the *Madras Mail*, has spoken of it in terms of indignant vituperation. One newspaper, the *Morning Post*, published in the North-West Provinces, goes so far as to charge Mr. Hume with holding up the English nation to execration, and inciting the people of India to cut the throats of their English rulers like sheep. Now, all this is nonsense. Mr. Hume is no discontented agitator. He is a man who has rendered valuable services to his country for the long space of thirty years. Having spent the best portion of his life in the service of his countrymen in the East, he is not the man to spend the evening of his life in inciting murder and rebellion against his own kith and kin. He has no motive to commit such diabolical treachery. The head and front of his offending is that he sincerely and honestly believes that the existing system of administration in India is impoverishing the people, and thereby giving rise to deep and serious discontent, which may any day subvert the foundations of England's Eastern Empire. He contemplates the prospect—not with the horrible pleasure of an anarchist who gloats over the impending ruin, but—with the profound sorrow of a patriot. His opinions may be wrong, his conclusions erroneous; but that in no way affects the course of my argument. No more generous recognition of England's work in the East has been accorded than that noble passage in which he justly argues that the interests of the educated classes are indissolubly bound up with the stability of British rule. No thoughtful student of Indian politics will deny this statement. For with the downfall of England's rule will disappear that stately fabric of civilization and refinement that has grown up these one hundred years. Brute force will again triumph over reason and intellect. The Press, the Universities, the mills and factories, the railways, the Courts of Law and Justice—in short, all the complex machinery of civilized life—all those appliances that are subservient to the wants and tastes of an enlightened community—will be destroyed in the general confusion that must follow upon the overthrow of English domination. India will again be torn by internal dissensions, and the fortunes of a great and historic people will be imperilled. With such a fate in anticipation, what thoughtful man would desire the extinction of English supremacy?

The attempt to trump up charges of disloyalty against Mr. A. O.

Hume is—not only prejudicial to the best interests of the Congress cause, but—fraught with danger to the liberty of the native Indian Press. If every article which runs counter to the received opinions of the official party is to be branded with sedition, if every person that has the misfortune to dissent from the official view of things is to be traduced as a liar and wire-puller, there will be an end to all liberty of thought and discussion. Into the subjects raised by the document itself I have not essayed to enter. They are most important questions, about which there will be vast differences of opinion, questions which cannot be treated with any adequate measure of justice within the limits of such a letter as this. But upon the rightful solution of these problems the future of the Indian people depends, and it will be our own fault if we try to exclude light from any quarter.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours truly,

LOYALIST.

61, Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras, India.
April 17, 1892.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Letters by* Mr. NORWOOD YOUNG, Mr. LOCKSLEY LUCAS, Dr. T. ROBERTSON, LADY BLAKE, *and others, are unavoidably held over. Most of them will be published in the July Number.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. ALLEN & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

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G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 113.—JULY, 1892.

THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

By the time these pages are in the hands of our readers, Her Majesty's Ministers will have appealed to the Country; the Wager of Battle will have been thrown down, and Unionists and Separatists will have opened the engagement, on the results of which depend, in no conventional sense, the happiness of Ireland no less than the honour of Great Britain, the credit and cohesion of the British Empire, and the continued peace of the world. The strife will be so keen and bitter, the combatants will be striving so hard for mastery, that we cannot flatter ourselves that any words of pure reason we can employ—and we do not care to employ any others—will exercise much influence on the issue. But, if only to liberate our conscience, to satisfy the patriotic sentiments of the readers of *The National Review*, and to leave on record, be the decision of the constituencies what it may, the services of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues to our fellow-countrymen, we venture to call to their recollection the following facts.

This is the thirty-eighth General Election that has been held since the passing of the Septennial Act in 1716, and the thirteenth in the reign of Victoria. Though anxious to avoid those exaggerations which are the opprobrium of current politics, we need not hesitate to affirm that, on no preceding occasion, has an Administration appealed to the country for a renewal of the trust previously reposed in it, with such excellent credentials, and with so fair a record. We have laboured, to the best of our

ability, to discover some one great question of public policy, domestic, foreign, or colonial, in which Lord Salisbury's Cabinet has met with failure, check, or discredit. Let us take the various Departments of State in succession, and expose them to the most searching scrutiny; and what do we find? The Foreign Office, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Treasury, the Colonial Office, the Home Office, the Privy Council Office (in which we include the Committee of Council on Education), the Local Government Board, the Board of Trade, the Board of Agriculture, and last, but not least, the Irish Secretary's Office, one and all have during the last six years, undertaken tasks of extraordinary magnitude and exceptional difficulty; and there is not one of them that has not emerged from its ambitious efforts with success and distinction. Mr. Morley is supposed—or, perhaps we ought rather to say, was supposed—to be the fairest and most scrupulous dialectician in the Opposition ranks; yet he has had—well, the disregard for his original reputation for candour, to affirm that the policy of the present Government has been "to do nothing." It is impossible that Mr. Morley should really think so; for it would necessitate his having been asleep during the last six years, and we know that he has been exceedingly active and alert, in what, for courtesy's sake, we will call criticism, during all that period. But it is hardly credible that the most unlettered elector could be induced to accept such a statement in the face of the unprecedented legislative energy of Lord Salisbury's Government.

The Admiralty has given us a Fleet such as England never before in time of peace possessed, and which German military experts have pronounced to be, in the event of a European Conflict, the equivalent to those Powers with whom we happened to be allied, of half a million of soldiers. The War Office cannot boast to have done anything like such valuable work as that, for the English people do not wish to possess an Army commensurate with their Navy. But Mr. Stanhope has effected immeasurably more than any of his predecessors since the Crimean War; and by the building of commodious barracks and kindred arrangements much has been done to assist the important duties of Recruiting Sergeants, though, as the Report of Lord Wantage's Commission shows, much yet remains to be effected in that direction. No one can say, with a due recollection of the Behring's Straits, the Newfoundland Fisheries, and the Queensland controversies, that the Colonial Office has not had before it questions of unusual difficulty; yet all these matters have been treated between the Mother-Country and its dependencies without serious friction, and have either been disposed of, or are in a state of progress towards settlement. The attempt to open up the interior

of Africa to civilization and commerce has thrown upon the Colonial Office, no less than on the Foreign Office, a new and heavy burden of anxiety; but, notwithstanding the efforts of faction to render it yet more difficult to bear, the Government have persisted in bringing within the sphere of British influence vast tracts of the Dark Continent, whereby the hideous bane of slavery will be gradually removed, and populous markets be opened out to the manufactures of this country. The Local Government Board has, during the Parliament just expired, carried the most ambitious, the most important, and most far-reaching Measure for which that Department of State has ever been responsible; and only want of time, rendered much narrower than it need have been by the ceaseless devices of Obstruction, has prevented it from extending the principle of the Bill to smaller areas than those to which at present it applies. The newly created Board of Agriculture, under the singularly able direction of Mr. Chaplin, whose personal knowledge of rural life and manners has been invaluable to him, has covered itself with distinction. It may well be that, so long as we cling to unqualified Free Trade, it will not be possible for the most industrious peasant proprietors in this country to make small holdings remunerative; but, at any rate, the experiment is now to be tried under the most favourable conditions, thanks to the Bill which passed into law at the conclusion of the Session. But no one doubts that the extension of Allotments to farm labourers and others will be of immense advantage to them; and this boon they owe entirely to the Board of Agriculture under the existing Administration. Upon the same class, and equally upon artisans and small shopkeepers in towns, has been conferred the long talked-of but perpetually deferred gift of Free Education in Elementary Schools, equivalent to a remission of taxation, as far as they are concerned, such as has never before been extended to them. It would be only natural to suppose that such large and generous measures must have entailed a heavy charge on the Finances of the country; and had taxation increased, instead of being lowered, no one would have had a serious right to complain. But, as a fact, there is not a class in the community that does not pay lighter imposts than they paid when the present Ministry entered office; and, by the reduction of the interest on the National Debt—an operation none of his predecessors were successful in accomplishing—Mr. Goschen has conferred on all his countrymen, not only a signal but a permanent benefit. It is obvious that these great and beneficial Measures would have been impossible but for the one supreme fact, that, during the career of Lord Salisbury's Administration, Europe and the world have been at peace. The period has not been tormented and disfigured by those

costly yet humiliating expeditions that cast such a stain on Mr. Gladstone's management of our Foreign Affairs; and it has been equally free from those harassing rumours of yet graver complications that attended his incapable and disastrous conduct of our relations with the Great Powers. There is not a truthful man in England who does not allow that we have never had a wiser, firmer, more dignified, or more pacific Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs than Lord Salisbury, and every serious and patriotic citizen must tremble at the thought of his being removed from a post in which he has so faultlessly guarded the honour and so actively promoted the interests of England, without irritating the *amour propre* of foreign States. We have left to the last the splendid results achieved by the Irish Chief Secretary's Office; but, did those results stand alone, they would of themselves be enough to justify the Government in appealing to the country for a renewal of its confidence, and in believing that the appeal could not be rejected. Never did an Administration receive such a *damnosa hereditas* as that bequeathed to Mr. Balfour by Mr. Gladstone's unaccountable tergiversation and Mr. Morley's pitiable ineptitude in Ireland. Every sanction of law, honesty, order, loyalty, had vanished; and Mr. Balfour had to begin, *de novo*, to reclaim Ireland from social and political barbarism. No human being at the time believed that he would succeed so completely, and in so short a space of time. At this moment, if Mr. Gladstone only had the candour to confess that he has been mistaken, and that Mr. Balfour has proved that Ireland can be pacified and rendered prosperous and contented by the British Parliament and by British administration, the agitation in Ireland itself for Home Rule would die a natural death, and we should hear no more of the difficulties which are at present artificially fostered by English politicians covetous of place.

Well may Mr. Chamberlain have candidly avowed that Lord Salisbury's Government has a brighter record, both as regards legislation and as regards administration, than any Liberal Administration that ever sate in Downing Street; and either the Electors of Great Britain and Ireland are aware of this, or they are utterly insensible to evidence of the most patent and irrefragable kind. But if this be the record of the Unionist Party during the last six years, it would be an insult to the English people to believe that they will withdraw from their hands the reins of power and responsibility.

For, if they did, to whom would the transfer be made? From the hands of those who have restored order in Ireland, to the hands of those who declared that it could not be restored, save by surrender to Mr. Parnell, Mr. Tim Healy, and Mr. Davitt.

From the hands of those who, without firing a shot or spending a shilling, have raised England to a position in the estimation of foreign countries such as could not be improved on, to the hands of those who are still responsible for the infamous Convention that followed Majuba Hill, for the tragic death of Gordon, and for sanguinary expedition after sanguinary expedition in the Valley of the Nile and in the neighbourhood of Suakim. From the hands of those who have reduced the Income Tax from eightpence to sixpence, to the hands that raised it from fivepence to eightpence. From the hands that have reduced expenditure, to the hands that augmented it. From the hands that have given us an imposing Navy and a well-housed Army, to the hands that left us with a starved Fleet, without proper coaling stations, and with Barracks that were a disgrace to the country. From the hands that have promised little and have performed much, to the hands that have promised everything and did next to nothing. It is simply incredible that the Nation should do anything so idiotic.

If we assume for a moment that the English People are capable of taking leave of their senses, and giving Mr. Gladstone a majority, what would he, or could he, do with it? He would have to perform tasks the execution of which, to use his own language, would pass the wit of man. He would have either to exclude Irish Representatives from the Imperial Parliament, in which case Ireland would, to all intents and purposes, be separated from Great Britain, which his English and Scotch supporters say they would never tolerate; or he would have to retain them at Westminster, and so give Irishmen two votes a piece, at the same time that he put in the forefront of his Programme One Man One Vote. He would have to content Gladstonian Whig, Gladstonian Radical, Parnellite, and Anti-Parnellite, by the clauses of his Home Rule Bill, and at the same time satisfy Ulster that the arrangements proposed were compatible with its liberty and its welfare. But we need not pursue the theme. Over and over again it has been proved to demonstration that any Home Rule Bill creating an Irish Parliament would be attended with such difficulties, contradictions, and absurdities, that it cannot be regarded as within the range of practical politics.

There are some Unionists, we are aware, who say it would be not an unmixed evil to see Mr. Gladstone struggling with these insuperable difficulties. But the interests of a great nation, and the government of a great Empire, are much too serious to be subordinated to a desire, otherwise legitimate enough, to see a conclusive exhibition of Mr. Gladstone's incapacity as a constructive statesman. That, if he got the chance, he would fail miserably, we entertain not the very faintest doubt. But, remembering at

whose expense his experiment would be made, we do not wish the chance to be given him; nor do we believe for a moment that it will.

Posterity will say that Mr. Gladstone was a great man of action and a great speaker; but it will inevitably refuse him the designation of Statesman, since Statesmanship presupposes the faculty of judgment, and Mr. Gladstone has none. What little he started with in early life he rapidly got rid of; and, from the first moment he assumed power and responsibility down to the present hour, he has uniformly shown himself destitute of it. He is a great advocate, a great sophist, a great combatant; but he is without even the rudiments of Statesmanship. There never was a time, in our opinion, when, in consequence of the lack of this indispensable element in Statesmanship, his influence was not a mischievous one.

"Reason the card, but passion is the gale,"

says Pope in his *Essay on Man*. Mr. Gladstone is all passion; and the consequence is that he has driven the Vessel of State, whenever he was master of it, first in this direction, and then in that, but never to a safe harbour or to a profitable shore. But surely it is astounding to see the tranquillity of the Realm still placed at the mercy of his mercurial and tempestuous mind, when he has reached the age of eighty-three! His physical energy, and his mental restlessness, notwithstanding such venerable years, are, no doubt, a wonderful phenomenon. But, to all serious persons, they are a lamentable one; pathetic, in one sense; tragic, in another. We do not allow Generals to direct our Armies, Admirals to command our Fleets, Diplomatists to represent the Crown, at such an age. How, then, is it that people propose that matters infinitely more grave and difficult, the entire control and management of our affairs, should be entrusted to one of Mr. Gladstone's necessarily failing powers? Whether we regard him, or the Nation, it is a saddening spectacle.

But, it will perhaps be said, he is only the figure-head of the Separatists, and that, should he succeed in obtaining a majority at the General Election, he will retire on his laurels, and leave to others the arduous work of the next Parliament.

What others? Sir William Harcourt? Mr. Morley? Mr. Labouchere? Lord Roseberry? *Solvuntur tabulæ risu.* The whole of Euclid contains no such complete *reductio ad absurdum.*

But our readers need not be afraid. Mr. Gladstone may be politically insane; but the English People are not. The creation of a separate Irish Parliament is the vainest of dreams, the final fantasy of an excitable brain that has for half a century delighted the thoughtless, but saddened the wise.

SUGGESTED BY COBBETT'S GHOST.

Of course, there are good reasons for "appealing to the country" at this particular time—in the hey-day of summer. These reasons we have heard, and acknowledge them convincing. The House of Commons had become so impatient for dismissal as to be almost out of hand; there was no hope of any more steady work, and no use, therefore, in running the session to the customary term and dissolving Parliament at the most convenient season of the year, which is not till the later days of autumn. On the other hand, a general election when enormous numbers of city folk are holiday-making, far away from their polling places, would not do either. Therefore the better time seemed to be between the hay harvest and the corn harvest, and before the holiday flitting had well begun.

It plainly appears, then, that if there is something to regret in the choice of June for the dissolution of Parliament and the rage of a general election there is nothing to resent. Like electioneering itself, it cannot be helped; but the proper time for general elections is November with its murky dreariness, or March, the grey, the windy, and the bitter. It would be a kindly thing, indeed, if Sir John Lubbock would take the matter in hand, and pass a law providing that general elections shall always be held in the first week of the one month or the other. No sound or no considerable objection could be raised against this reform. For though it would be said, perhaps, that with such a rule in existence the most virtuous of Oppositions could not turn out the vilest of Governments on the instant, experience teaches that that would not make much difference to us. Or it might be argued that whenever an election fell in March, the period of legislative energy for that year would be greatly abridged. And so it would, but to no harm; though, as for that, dissolution under the Lubbock Act would almost always fall in November, according to the natural order of Parliamentary events. And the advantage of the change! Sobriety would be encouraged. Dodge would be disarmed. The dubieties we have lately undergone—dubieties very costly and wearing to candidates and caucuses—would be diminished. Both in March and November the heats generated by the ardour of political con-

flict would be very serviceable in our wretched climate; and whatever our disappointments, whatever injury was inflicted or insult endured in the wrath of the conflict, there would be the on-coming of gentle Spring or jovial Christmas to soothe or reconcile at the earliest possible date.

And henceforth there would be no electioneering in the time of roses. Were we Britons like the Japanese (according to all accounts of the happier if inferior people of Nipon), that might not be so much of a gain. For if we were of the Japanese temper, our delight in the glories of summer would lose its melancholy; it would be joyous; the renewal of beauty in tree and flower would make children of us, and gay, and goodnatured, and emulous of the sweetness and bounty of garden and grove. In that case, therefore, it might be no bad thing to appoint our general elections for the month of June; to the subduing of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, the springing of generosity, the admission of light and warmth to those dark nooks of character where the fouler growths of political contention prosper most. Then in the intervals of polite controversy in the Town Hall, the Radical would go a-maying with the Tory; or they would stray together with hearts full of joyous worship (as they say the Japanese do—or did till the introduction of a parliamentary system into their country) beneath the flowering trees; or even when they were most hostile, would show the divergence no further than by standing at opposite sides of the same meadow, to draw softer feelings from the contemplation of its glorious green and gold. But though there was a time when we were somewhat Italian, and another when we were something French, Japanese we can never be, no matter what the multitude of "curios" distributed from Leadenhall Street. The rudenesses of nature breed in us more readily than her deftnesses and sweetnesses. Spring delights do soften our softer moods, but cannot overcome the rougher ones; and therefore it would be mere waste to try the Japanese cure for the hot intemperance of British electioneering. No such turmoil should be allowed to distract us from what pleasure and what mollification we can take from our beautiful brief summers.

It is all very well to sit in a garden and read last night's debate in the House of Commons, or, while wandering in Hertfordshire lanes on a June morning, to compare the nightingale's song with Sir William Harcourt's as scored by a *Times* reporter. We must admit, indeed, that if it is a delight to listen to the one lay it is a duty to attend to the other. But between such employments for a summer morn and immersion in the froth of a conflict four-fifths of it passionate ignorance, enraged vanity, ingenious lying, self-deceit, evasion of anything rather than the way to win, this is

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a difference which the season strongly brings out. If such business must be done—as it needs must be—let us have an appropriate time for it; some time of the year when all about us wears a more corresponding or less reproving look. Give us, if possible, a foggy week in November, or a choice of those March days that seem so fair and are so treacherous, when the sun, smiling on your cheek, warms it for the more effective operation of neuralgic airs from the east. At either season general-election excitements and distractions would be tolerable enough; harmonious with the world without, at least.

Far different is it this year. When the heavens were most worth scanning we who are politicians had to turn from the perusal of their loveliness to the rampings of our chiefs on the war-path; for every gesture, every caper on that path may have a meaning which it behoves us to observe. While the laburnum-trees were hung with gold from the skies; while lilac-bushes held forth their bunches of bloom, so abundant, so sweet, and so soon overpast; while the white may and the red were all a-blow in garden and field, our thoughts were drawn away to far less beautiful bursts of colour: the display on the hoardings where bill-stickers crowd their rival "posters." That was no gain; and by the time the fight is over and the posters hang in rags from the walls the glory of spring and early summer will be gone.

Yet if we happen to be blessed with fair seasons in this year of confusion and menace, no sooner will the conflict be over than we shall have occasion to contrast our angry, noisy scrimmages in this corner and that corner of the town with the broad and generous peace of Nature's own domain. The meadows will be growing the aftermath; and though there will be no more bloom in the trees, and though their thickening leaves will shelter songless birds and cease to reflect the light that shone from them in June, there will be poppies in the hedgerows, woodbine on the hedges, apples reddening in the orchards, tall corn swaying in the fields, bees in the air,—warmth, beauty, bounty everywhere. To the environment of these sweet sights and sounds we may go straight from the row at Little Pedlington; and, as we lie on the hillside or ramble by the river, settle within ourselves whether it is worth while musing any longer on the trickery of Seymour Smith's agent, the ruffianism of Seymour Smith's billsticker, or the abominably successful wobbling of Smith himself. I stroll out from my inn to the moor, meaning to go no farther than a mile—no, nor so far. I've a shawl on my shoulder, a book I shall not read, tobacco in plenty and sweet as roses. With these I cross the common to mix awhile with the geese. Good-bye, geese; and so on to the moor. It is high, it is broad, and close-grown with

ling as high as my walking-stick; with spaces here and there where it is higher still. When no more of my inn is to be seen than the peat-smoke from the kitchen of it, nor of anything at all but billowy heath and lofty sky, I seek out one of the taller ling-hillocks, fling my plaid upon it with a spreading cast, mount thereon, and lie between earth and heaven as if upon a cushiony cloud. Should a dog bark in the handful of a village below I may hear it, and a good sound it is to brush upon the drowsing sense it is not addressed to: should a bee go by, that also I hear; but, otherwise, not a sound. Of visible things there are none but a few small white clouds sailing and fading in the blue, and some yet smaller, but as soothing in their motion, that circle just above my head. And here while I lie, thinking of this and that as the aimless breeze moves here and there, how mean and worthless does the turmoil seem for which this peace is abandoned!

And yet it is not in a scene like this, perhaps, that the meanness and the worthlessness is most keenly felt. Not that for refreshment, for renewal by touching Earth, is there any place within the bounds of civilization like a northern moor. Here it is that we are closest to our mother's bosom, nearest to our own beginnings; and here our minds are conscious of moving in freer, broader, more untrammelled ways, and out-of-school, than anywhere else. But, with all their beauty and inspiration, moors are barren; and it is where Nature shows her bounty most that we find how strong the contrast is between the work done in partnership with her, the life that is led in her companionship, and our wretched strivings and sweatings in the arena of politics and "society." It has its charm, this arena, as is well known to some and well seen of many; but in all that moralists and satirists have said to draw or drive men from its pale there is not a word too much about its fatuities, failures, and wearinesses. Nor, for that matter, is novelist or satirist needed to point the lesson for any man who steals out of the struggling mob for a while to seek a spell of quiet in some country place. A little thought, a little imagination, a little sensibility and conscience, a little remnant in him of the child, and he says to himself all that the satirist comes to, and the moralist to boot.

The good of it! Should he be a foremost man in affairs—he may still pride himself, as he walks the fields or rides along the grassy borders of the lanes, on his influence and exalted position. But neither the one nor the other appears the same to him here as when he contemplates them from his seat in the House or from the platform in a monster meeting. Under this clearer light, and in this purer air, they dwindle to their true bulk and meaning; and the suspicion that often fills his breast with a sickening qualm,

even where he is most glorious, settles into quiet perception: his eminence and his influence are very infirm and much of an illusion. He looks back to the men who were all that he is thirty, twenty, ten years ago, and remembers almost with contentment now that he is so far away from the gaslights and sawdust of that delightful place, "the forum," that nearly all the eminent statesmen of his boyhood are forgotten if they are dead, while a worse fate than oblivion has befallen half of them that still wander about in politics alive.

But if this were all, our politician in the country would not so often look about him with a half determination to give up the racket in which he lives, and dwell amidst books and trees and flowers in rural peace. It is such a low business, politics! Perhaps it was always a low business: there is reason in plenty for thinking so. But whatever it may have been in past days, no one doubts what it is in our own time and generation; and perhaps there is an easy explanation of a difference for the worse. The change is from private to public prostitution. Historians assure us that intrigue, venality, corruption have never been absent from the purlieus of legislatures and cabinets. They have never been absent; but they take different forms at different times. There were days when the intrigue and the corruption were the traffic of a few persons of family and distinction. Coarser in itself than it has been since, the business was transacted in more or less of an elegant seclusion. The boudoir and the salon saw it done, and, like the historiettes of a Pompadour and what not, it came out afterwards in memoir-books. Not so is it now. Though conscience has become sharper and more general, there is little concealment for whatever traffic may be necessary nowadays for politicians who would rise. The trade must be carried on in the streets; for there the market is, and not in the boudoir and salon. No gentlemanly arrangement is possible now. The aspirant, or even he who knows the country's needs and would keep his place for no other reason than to serve them, must resort to the streets for patronage and become "known to the police." In this sense, if in no other, politics is a lower business than it used to be, judged by the feelings of those who engage in the pursuit. And, contrary to the expectation of some who were unwisely hopeful, it is none the purer for being carried on in the open highway. There is as much as ever to affect and to conceal. The strain upon conscience is no less, nor the call for endurance of self-humiliation.

Yet when a man has risen to a certain place in politics he must needs go on—as long as he can. Whenever he finds a little repose amidst the fields, he may long more and more to remain in their innocent quietude; but, as he would tell you, there is no going

back. He hopes to be useful still, he thinks he is under obligations, and he dreams of soaring above the mire yet. Moreover, there *is* the eminence; and there, too, are the melancholy shadows of the no-longer-eminent moving about; and what if, instead of finding content apart from the madding crowd, he became one of these! He knows the Higher Reason to be that which speaks to him in the whetting of a scythe, or looks persuasion from the flowery lawn; but on he must go. It is required of him.

But the sacrifice is hardly required of the ordinary political or society person—the common member of Parliament, for example. Beyond doubt there were plenty of sound and able men in the Parliament now dispersed; but what were they besides in that Assembly? How many dozen of them were anything but ciphers there? how many hundreds were nothing but ciphers? All were supposed to carry about them not only a judgment but the potentialities of an independent use of it. Judgment of one kind or another they all really had; but in nine cases out of ten the potentiality of using it to their honest liking was a figment. It was their own to keep, but not to spend; except when it happened to be of the metal and mintage required for the occasion. If not, they were supplied with another sort, which they uttered under a right or wrong belief that they were assisting to put base money in circulation. And since these facts were perfectly well known amongst themselves, and to everybody else whose good opinion they valued, it is wonderful to think of how much these poor gentlemen endured, and how much they sacrificed for the sake of being in the House of Commons though not at all in politics. The tie to Westminster; the servitude to the whips; the keel-hauling by one set of faddists; the bullying of two, three, four other sets; above all, the shame of sham dignity and the total loss of every Briton's birthright, free speech for opinion—all this and more for what? We know: for "social position;" for what is in France the uniform, the bit of ribbon which is as proudly worn when it is bought as when it has been pretty fairly earned.

Of course, that is not the motive that carries many a man into Parliament, or not the only one. As to some who take pains to gain a seat in the House of Commons, success can add nothing to their social position. Their hope is to become influential for good, which is the hope of humbler men: though, of course, both would be glad of whatever distinction may be earned in that way. But even of men like these, few come to the end of a five-year Parliament without discovering that Individualism is no "ism" for the House of Commons; and that they are regarded by the managers of their party as so many votes, so many counters in a game which they are not asked to understand. The wonder is that,

after making this discovery, they go on in uneasy self-abnegation for years, instead of leaving the business to the other sort of M.P.'s: gentlemen who do care mightily for the parliamentary stamp of "position," whose opinions are no mandrakes to bleed when they are pulled up, and whose votes are worth exactly as much to the Whips as if voiced with knowledge and conviction. And yet if the better men can stand it, we can but wish that some of them may remain, though they would be happier away and feel much more respectable. It is a nice question, however, and a great range of argument would have to be traversed before we arrived at conclusions upon it on grounds of public morality.

But what admits of no doubt is that England would be vastly served if her richer sons of every sort would take more to the country and less to the town. It is not one class alone that makes Cobbett's ghost to rage, as, journeying up and down in the top-boots and breeches of this life, he sees the Great Wen still spreading all along the Thames, and back into his dear Surrey, and far, far beyond the ruined innocence of Marybon Fields. Other wens are spreading, too, by the dozen; the rural folk deserting their villages in every part for the great cities, to the fulfilment of all Cobbett's fears for both country and town. What would he say now if he could renew the body of this flesh, and start the *Register* again? In all likelihood he would say a great deal at this juncture; but as to the Great Wen, I fancy he would argue that if it is not to be worsened and its dangers multiplied, there must be a dispersal of rich townsmen over the whole face of the country. The poor flock where the rich gather. When the rich are business men, closely engaged, they must, of course, abide near their factories and counting-houses. But even of these many could spend more time and cash in a country life (to the wise economy of whatever vitalities they possess) than they do spend; and, besides these, there are thousands of families with completed money-piles who would be a veritable blessing to their native land if they would take a taste for living where it is loveliest. That the taste for Art is increasingly widespread and rapturous is indeed delightful; but how much better it would be should a taste for Nature break out amongst the wealthy of all sorts and conditions! They are very much alike, these tastes; the one is not more costly than the other, nor is it less wholesome and elevating; and, as I hear the ghost of Cobbett say, there is no visible cure for the depopulation of rural England and its dangerous running into city wens if the idle rich do not go out from them and re-establish the villages.

Is it impossible to hope that they will do so? Great Pan being dead, we cannot count upon the inspiration of his voice; but the varying breath of Fashion may help us. Here is a man who, having

made or inherited a fortune, plants himself in Manchester Square, in Portman Square, or near Hyde Park, spends twenty thousand pounds with Messrs. Agnew and Wertheimer, and, having "surrounded himself with beautiful objects" that way, contents himself in the thought that with this and the club and his little dinner parties he is well "in the swim": as he is, though indistinguishable there. Had taste or the mode led him in that other direction what would he have done? He would have betaken himself to the country, spent his money on some pretty place there—still surrounding himself with beautiful objects—and had a life before him of far greater healthfulness, usefulness, happiness, and distinction than the illusion he resigned with Portman Square. Loneliness? No. The roads are not what they were in the seventeenth century, and what he has chosen to do others have done. All about him are dozens of pleasant little places, bought or built by men like himself who have declared for a country life. The landscape is dotted with them. Rural England is alive again. The country towns take heart, and so much comfort grows up in the villages that there is far less running to London, which so many of the rich have abandoned for the greater part of the year. And why not? What have they to do there, the majority of them? What is their precious "society" after all, and what their occupations? The one extremely limited and lamentably hollow, the other trivial to the last degree, and yet consuming their small account of days at such a rate that there is hardly an hour of conscious life between the rising up of their mortal selves and the lying down thereof.

As to expenditure, you must have a house somewhere; the cost of a house in town and the ground it stands on is two, three, four times what it is even in the lovely home counties of Hertfordshire, Kent, and Surrey; and what if the ten thousand pounds worth of land return no more than one per cent.? Perhaps it would not; but how much per cent. is the annual return on the pictures bought at Agnew's, and the bric-à-brac acquired of the Messrs. Wertheimer? There is a chance, no doubt, that they may become more valuable twenty years hence; but there is as good a chance for the land, and no more fear that the value will fall. For the rest, if you are not content without beautiful surroundings here they are, in all the variety afforded by the collection of the late Mr. Lehman, and in ever-changing forms: which was not one of the delights of that gentleman's gallery, nor is of others even better stocked. The bits of landscape about you are now Constables, now Linnells, now Old Cromes. They are each and all winter scenes—(the more brilliant of which are never attempted by man)—spring scenes, summer scenes, autumn scenes, and every one of them

changes five times a day. And though it will not do to put any of your own work into a Patrick Nasmyth or a Thomas Gainsborough, you may do it here with infinite advantage, clapping a bit of red roof in one place, sending up a poplar in another, draping an old wall with a cast of ivy-shroud, or breaking the long line of a hedge with a bough-timber gate. This is to add to the spectator's pleasure the pleasure of the artist; which is repeated when your own pains brighten the enamel of the fields.

If the contemplation and the patronage and the practice of Art be so ennobling, as no doubt they are, should not all this be more so? And if it be, why may not some sacrifice be made for it—some money sunk in it, as in the other case? I say sunk rather than spent, because what is it that we hear whenever the future of rural England is discussed? We hear on all hands that it can hardly be saved except by the wide adoption of garden culture. Not so much of corn-land, nor perhaps so much of grass-land; because the beneficent foreigner is sending us ever-increasing consignments of flour in barrels, beef on its own four legs or in ice, milk in tins, and cheese of a thousand aspects and odours, all different and all nasty. Orchard produce, garden produce, poultry produce, the growth of small fields tilled with Chinese care,—this is what we should baffle the importer with, and keep rural England populous and prosperous. If that is really the best counsel that can be given, how shall it be carried out more advantageously than by the fulfilment of this dream? A taste for the country springs up; it is strengthened by a sense of duty—a patriotic desire to do what can be done by the exchange of futile pleasures for simple joys to clear England of the dangers of "the wen." Vexed by the mere vulgarity and commonness of society splendours, many of the old gentry take more exclusively than ever to the taste; which inspires a yet greater number of new rich men, who depart from the crowds where "a plum" is accounted nothing and ten thousand a year is no title to distinction. Estates of squirely magnitude are sought in all parts of the land, with little more regard to percentage-returns than there is in buying a yacht or a Meissonier or two; till there are a dozen good houses on a dozen little domains where now there are three, and none of their owners are simply dependent upon rent. These estates being small, and being in such hands, what we have called garden tillage is the rule with them; which means the employment of a good many husbandmen. The land is beautified, labour has its old place upon it on better terms, it yields more richly what is wanted most (according to the economists), the classes associate in a wholesomer way than "slumming" affords, the physical degeneracy of the people is arrested by the salvation of thousands of families from wen-absorption, and there

is less competition for work amongst town labourers of various kinds; for where the rich man's home is, there direct or indirect service of all sorts is required.

Do I not know that this is nothing but a dream? I do, and that there is hardly a single sign to justify the hope that it will ever be realized. Yet the thing could be done. It could be done but for certain tendencies in human nature, the same which (apart from the hope of better wages) drive so many men from the village to the town, and keep them there in worse conditions than those they fled from. From time to time, many men of three, or five, or seven thousand a year, and with little to do in a world of fashionable fuss and political gabble, think of taking to the life of a country gentleman altogether; and every one of them that carried out the halting intention would contribute sensibly and immediately to what would be the greatest blessing for England. But they don't do it, and it is to be feared that few of them ever will. They are restrained by exactly the same instinctive feeling that gives humbler men a preference for life amidst bustle and glare, horribly foul as their surroundings may be, to the dulness of village life in healthier air and equal poverty. Pity that it should be so. If the ideal of country life is rarely attained, neither is the ideal of town life, and how much above the one ideal is the other! The roses are not always blooming about cottage eaves, or buttercups in the meadows; there are dreary seasons of mist and rain, as well as glorious days of sunshine; and no doubt there are spells of solitude to weary those that love it not, and of nothing-to-do for the unhappy kind of persons who must needs import some distraction or other into every hour of their days. But all such drawbacks are reduced to a minimum for the wealthy denizens of "a pretty place," with its manifold duties and employments, nearly all of which may be made into pleasures by a fairly good heart and a fairly full purse; and surely there are dreary times enough in town, with no very great amount of "the distractions of society" for every aspirant thereto. As to that, indeed, there is an intolerable deal of pretence and make-believe—a vast deal of conscious failure and secret heart-burning that cries out for relief. And when all's said, who doubts that the less of country life there is in any land the less of peace there is, and health, and contentment, and wholesomeness?

We may treat it playfully if we please; but it is a question of the common good, and one that becomes every day more grievous and pressing in England. Long centuries of toil and poverty, with rest at night in cabins unapproached by sanitation, left her peasantry a stout, hardy, handsome race. They flock to the towns to eat more beef and change rye-bread for wheaten loaves,

and in three generations what do they become? Sharper, it is said, and much more intelligent; but in most cases weakened, stunted, distorted, and so ungraced in feature that any considerable company of them is the most heart-sinking sight that England can show at this hour. You look into some valley where their grandfathers worked and see how beautiful it is. You go again a few years afterwards, and the place is hideous with shoddy-built factories, reeking chimneys, refuse heaps, close and squalid streets; and you say, "Truly, God made the country, man made the town." The difference is unspeakably saddening; and though Economy whispers, "There has at any rate been a money gain, and a certain amount of bread for mouths that might otherwise have gone short of it," you cannot be reconciled to the spectacle. Speaking above the economic voice, something within assures you that you do well to be angry. What, then, of the human creatures who are marred in exactly the same way and by the same workmanship, the identity of which any visitant from Saturn could swear to? Or, if he happened to admit a doubt about it, we can fancy the intelligent stranger saying, as he looked upon some bred-and-born typical Whitechapel lad, "God made man, but who made this?" Whatever the answer, the making of this new kind of Englishmen and Englishwomen is going on at a rapidly increasing rate in point of numbers; and while already they look to the shrinking eyes of their fellow-countrymen like another and a different race (when they flock from the east to the west end of the town to view some holiday sight, for example), who is to say what the dreadfully pathetic change in three generations may not become in five or six? That it has gone so far already is amazing to think of, but not that it is likely to go farther.

It seems, then, that pride, patriotism, pity, self-regard, and every other wholesome feeling (including æsthetic sensibility) should engage all good English folk in the endeavour to arrest a decline so disturbing. That endeavour is very much what is intended by Factory Acts on the one hand, and Small Holdings Bills on the other; but with no hope of sufficiency or anything like it. Such means are not enough for the grand purpose, which is to keep the rural population on their native fields, and (if only it could be done!) to re-stock the villages with a contented people. And if there be a better way than that suggested by Cobbett's ghost, what is it? No. I shall hope that it is really possible to indue and maintain a taste for the country amongst the moneyed people of a nation that does love rural sights and sounds as much as any in the world, and may be more; while it isn't nearly as good at making gay capitals as the French, the Austrian, or the Russ. To be sure, one most formidable difficulty stands in the way, which is that we

also are of two sexes, one being Woman; and how many women, the wives and daughters of men of means, are capable of supplanting the taste for Bond Street by a taste for country lanes? There is the rub. And what a melancholy reflection it is that by far the greatest hindrance to a most beneficent change in the whole aspect of things in their native land should be the gentlest creatures in it! The men are willing enough, plenty of them, to flee from the panting crowd where they have no sure tranquillity out of the holes they make for themselves under the name of clubs. They would gladly seek a broader peace, a wider solitude, and dwell therein nine months of the twelve at least. Some have even mentioned the desire at home; but most men dissemble it summer after summer till jumping a gate is out of the question; and why? Because "What do you think of that, my cat?" is answered by an arching of backs and a bristling of fur which, delicately as it may be done, no man likes to see on the domestic hearth as the product of his own conjurations. The ladies will not hear of any such project. They declare it nonsense. They would die. As well be in the grave as out of the world. And thus a wider world than their own loses one means of remedy for a very great ill, and no soul is the better for the loss.

But there is some hope even here. Women are pushing into politics at a great rate; as is well seen at the present hour. Leagues of them, both blue and yellow, aim at nothing less than laying a masculine grasp on social problems of every sort, and especially such as relate to overcrowding and the degradation of the masses. Why, then, perhaps we may look forward to a time when they will take hold of this part of the question in an unmillinered and manly way, perceiving and acting on the perception that if the rural population is not to choke the towns and themselves in them, there must be some dispersal of the rich to country places. Be it remembered that there are two parties to the misfortune we have so much reason to deplore. Whatever blame may belong to it is not unshared, nor will the suffering be. There is a congestion of wealth as well as a congestion of poverty. The one is very much the outcome of the other, and punishment lies in wait for both. Great, then, is the call for this, the best of remedies. To the pleadings of duty and policy, health, beauty, peace join their voices, without a contrary word from any respectable source.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

A CRITICAL TABOO.

Replies to critics are not usually judicious. A critic dispraises a book, as a rule, because he dislikes it, because there is a pre-established want of harmony and correspondence between his mind and the author's, because the contact of their intelligences is not agreeable, but clashing and discordant. He then seeks for the reasons of his antipathy, and states them in the form of general law, or taboos; but, at bottom, he is in the position of the poet who did not care for Dr. Fell. Thus, there is no possibility of converting the critic by a reply. You cannot persuade him that you have humour if you do not make him smile, nor that you excel in pathos if at your pathos he only grunts indignantly. So far, then, replies to reviewers are destined to be failures; but they may instruct the public, and illustrate the principles of criticism, and of literary art, these evanescent, these intangible principles. Thus, in a recent Reply, the accomplished author of *David Grieve* defends most successfully the novelist's right to use all the materials that make up life, among them, moral, and theological, and social discussion. It is not possible, in common fairness, to deny her thesis, that speculation about religion and morals does make a great part of some lives, and consequently, just as much as love, or war, or business, is the legitimate material of the novelist. Indeed, one cannot properly restrict an art which is also, and inevitably, a "criticism of life" to any set of topics which are elements of life, except by generally regarding some themes as barred by the universal rules of human modesty. Even on this matter there may be argument; and we might discuss, at great length, the sources of the sense of shame, which everywhere exists, though more potently among ancient Persians and modern English, less potently among ancient Greeks and modern Frenchmen. On the whole, in England at least, we do not wish or expect novelists to dilate on experiences from which we instinctively turn away our eyes and avert our thoughts, just as the very Hottentots do; so they told Kolbe. Yet even this is, no doubt, a geographical morality; and that is permitted, or encouraged, on one side of the Channel which is forbidden, or at least disliked, on the other.

However, we have to do here with other proposed limitations, or

taboos, such as the assumed rule that religious and moral discussion and criticism is not fair matter for the art of fiction. Here Mrs. Ward does seem to establish her case. Moral and religious discussion influences and interests many lives. The novelist, therefore, has a right to work in these elements of interest. He has also, if he chooses to exercise it, a right to try to reform society: there is no law of the land, or of literature, against the endeavour. We can only collect the law from the ruling practice, as the laws of epic poetry were collected by the Greek critics out of the practice of Homer. That practice was adopted as the canon by Aristotle, though he hints an opinion that all epics need not be quite so very long as the great originals. If, then, we seek to gather the law, in the case of fiction and of literary art generally, out of the classics of fiction, we certainly find that the best and most famous writers allowed themselves, in some degree, the license pleaded for by Mrs. Ward. But it is emphatically to be noted that the question is one of degree. The most eminent authors of the past never pretended to make Art the only object of Art: they were always asserting their privilege to be didactic if they choose. Take the example of Molière. He wrote *Tartuffe* as a criticism of religious hypocrisy: really to avenge himself on hypocrites, no doubt; but he also persuaded himself that he was and ought to be didactic. Then, as he says in his preface to the play, "these gentlemen try to insinuate that the theatre has no business to meddle with such matters." But this, he remarks, is an arbitrary taboo of their own, which they never succeed in proving. He points to the religious origin of the drama, and insists that the stage is a corrective of human errors. So far, then, Molière set himself about "reforming the world," though, on the whole, he was fortunately much more addicted to amusing it. Still, he claims his right; and every author has always claimed it, and exerted it as he thought desirable. Fiction, in our age, holds much the same place as the drama held in the reign of Louis XIV.: it is the most popular and accessible form of literary art, and assuredly it may be as didactic as it likes, taking the risks upon its own head.

Though the opposite opinion—namely, that art exists for art's sake alone—is now so popular with critics, and really has so much, of a kind, to say for itself, it has never been accepted by the public, nor by artists in literature. They have always, in practice and theory, asserted their human privilege of discussion—of preaching, if you please. The greatest novelists of the last century, Fielding and Richardson, are deliberate and incorrigible preachers. Richardson started on his voluminous career—not as an artist, but—as one who wished, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "to suggest proper sentiments to handsome servant-girls." As for Fielding, he declares,

"The provision which we have here made is no other than HUMAN NATURE," wherein "is such prodigious Variety, that a cook will have sooner gone through all the several Species of animal and vegetable Food in the World, than an Author will be able to exhaust so extensive a Subject." He most emphatically does not deny himself any side of human nature, nor stint himself in social and moral discussion. For example, take the discourses on charity, in *Tom Jones* (vol. 1, p. 111, Ed. 1749). Here Captain Blifil and Mr. Allworthy argue about charity as inculcated by Christianity, and are in the very thick of matter which some modern reviewers would taboo against the modern novelist. Captain Blifil suggests that one should not give alms, for one may be imposed on by the undeserving. Mr. Allworthy, on the other side, maintains that Charity consists in Action, and that "giving Alms constituted at least one Branch of that Virtue." Mr. Allworthy held that charity was a duty, and asserted for it no merit, except, perhaps, when in a spirit of Christian love "we bestow on another what we really want ourselves," when we give "what even our own necessities cannot very well spare." On the other hand, to give only at the expense of our coffers, to save a family from misery rather than hang up an extraordinary picture in our houses,—"this seems to be only being Christians, nay, indeed, only being human Creatures." With hardly an interval, do we not find the Philosopher Square discussing Religion under well-known limitations? "When I mention religion, I mean the Christian Religion, and not only the Christian Religion, but the Protestant Religion, and not only the Protestant Religion, but the Church of England." And so Fielding goes on always: he sets apart chapters for disquisition in general, and his whole heart is bent on "reforming the world," and, especially, on reforming the condition of the poor. The author rarely forgets that he is also the just and humane magistrate. "Be a good man, my dear," were the last words of Walter Scott; it is the first and last word of Fielding, though he is more than need be lenient to the adventurousness of youth. Thus, his character is not high with those who restrict the term "morality" to one point of conduct. Yet, as he understood morality, he is an unceasing moralist, a preacher up hill and down dale. But then he is a preacher with the saving gifts of humour and knowledge of human nature. Thus, his preaching does not bore and fatigue, it comes in its place; it holds its due proportion in that great happy current of his tales.

Of all novelists Scott gave himself most frankly to the task of entertaining. Yet even his novels are unmistakably didactic. A man cannot but bring his own reasoned theory of human life into his work in fiction; and what is this but teaching? What is this

but criticizing? Sometimes he admits his set purpose. For example, he was blamed for making Rebecca the victim of an unhappy love; and we have all regretted it: we all are on Rebecca's side, not Rowena's,—we all know which of them Ivanhoe loved in his heart. But Sir Walter says, in his Preface: "The author may, in passing, observe that he thinks character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of principle and of conduct are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or the attainment of our wishes." Here be morals, indeed; and here, in a regular boy's book like *Ivanhoe*, we find Sir Walter practically in accord with modern doctrines about the "happy ending"—about the satisfactory *dénoûment*. The ending of *Ivanhoe* was not happy and satisfactory enough for Thackeray, who converted Rebecca, as we know, from the Hebrew error. Scott might have killed Rowena, or married her to Athelstane; he might have converted Rebecca; or he might have made her leap into the Templar's saddle from the stake, flee to some hold with him, and set forth to find and found a new kingdom in the mysterious East, as the Templar gallantly proposed. But Scott had his moral in his eye: he denied himself and his readers. So, in *The Heart of Midlothian*, he makes goodness, in a simple mind, in a body not more than ordinarily comely, far more attractive than the beauty and passion of Effie Deans. So he constantly inculcates his own loyal theory of life. He makes Frank Osbaldistone swallow down his excessive passion; at that last meeting with Di Vernon on the moonlit moor he makes him conquer his extreme emotion and take heart of manhood. Again, as Mr. Ruskin has noted, Scott makes, invariably, the most searching analysis of the effects of various degrees and forms of religion, in the characters of those who hold them; on fanatics, on half-hypocrites, on men of the world, or on saints like Bessie Maclure in *Old Mortality*. To this extent, and this effect, or, again, when he illustrates the temper begotten of black poverty in the hags of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, he is always a teacher, and one who denies himself no element in human nature, though he prefers the large and ringing fields of life and war.

It is needless to illustrate the same distinctive tendency in Thackeray. He is pre-occupied with the anomalies and absurdities of society; he is always insisting on the excellence of goodness, of a pure and kind heart. Mr. Howells says that he lounges about the stage among his characters, talking, with his hands in his

pockets. I, for one, am glad to meet him on that stage, in these moods, in that familiar attitude. M. Taine also has reproached Thackeray with his preaching: his modern versions of "the weary King Ecclesiast." In places, when he is tired and already old, the manner becomes a mannerism. But we take him as we find him, and are thankful for him. Dickens, of course, wrote plenty of his novels "with a purpose"—to expose Yorkshire schools, or the Court of Chancery, or the Circumlocution Office. Now it is ill done, and a weariness; now it is as admirably and humorously done as in the pictures of the immortal Squeers's, whose coat of arms is never really "tore," nor has their sun gone down behind the western wave, as Miss Squeers observed in a moment of lyrical effusion. It is not the thing done, but the manner of the doing it, that seems to count in this art.

If we turn to the modern French, do we not see M. Zola writing his Temperance Tale, and generally reforming society, albeit with a muck-rake? Does not every novelist inevitably criticize life, and preach his peculiar moral with more or less explicitness and insistence? Is not M. Guy de Maupassant practically saying always that life is a gloomy Sahara, with oases of pleasure and of grimy humour? Does not M. Pierre Loti find life a weariness, tempered by scenery and the emotions? Is not M. Bourget's *Le Disciple* a long didactic tract on Determinism, if that be the right name of modern psychological fatalism? Then, as Mrs. Ward says, did not Rousseau, in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, take all discussion for their province? They did it,—and they overdid it. They made their effort, made their mark, their impression, and their success. But the *Nouvelle Héloïse* had become *rococo*, as Lady Louisa Stuart found, when Scott was in his prime; and who reads it now as a novel? *Wilhelm* is partly saved by Philina the delightful, and by Mignon; but it is sad æsthetic reading, taken as a whole.

This brings us to the gist of the matter. A book cast in the outward form of a novel may be a successful pamphlet, and may reach and influence persons who can read nothing which does not bear that outward form. But its permanent value, and all its value as art, must be due to something else than preaching, howsoever earnest, eloquent, and learned. It is the human nature, the humour, the pathos, the action of Richardson, Fielding, Sir Walter, Thackeray, that keep them alive, howsoever assiduously American literary sextons and parish clerks may dig their graves, and toll their knells. They survive by their power of entertaining, not by their didactic element, howsoever good, howsoever enduring it may be, as "criticism of life." Art, and not morality, is the

salt of such literature; if it is to live, the preaching must not be to the amusement as Falstaff's bread to his monstrous deal of sack. Naturally, this is especially obvious when the preaching is "topical," and is meant to hit a moment in human thought and belief. A novel, in brief, is not better, but worse, in the ratio in which it approximates to a tract, or pamphlet, meant to prove certain points. Thus, if it deals with a momentary stage of religious discussion, to which the criticism of the Old Testament is indispensable, it inevitably becomes a tract, and unfair, like other controversial treatises. Thus, no sooner have Messieurs Kuenen and Welhausen reached a given resting-place in Biblical criticism, and afforded what seems foothold for a romance of Doubt, than M. Havet, or some other innovator, comes with a fresh theory, and, I fear, you need a new novel to do it justice. Romance toils after Biblical critics in vain.—

"All these like a sea shall go by, like a fish shall they pass and be past,
They are Dons, and behold they shall die, and the New be upon them at last."

Moreover, in a novel of such discussion, no author can be *fair*. He bowls over the unresisting Christian as the preacher bowls over the unreplying Atheist, or he never gives the doubter a chance. I might write a novel on the Homeric controversy; according to the principles here set forth, there is no law of the literary game against it. I might take a Separatist Don of Trinity as my hero, and make my fair Girtonian heroine a believer in Homeric Unity. One of them must convert the other. "Nitzsch, Nützhorn, Monro, Mure," ejaculates my believing heroine. "Bergk, Wolf, Lachmann, Fick, Leaf, Jebb," shouts my sceptical hero, and adds the weighty authority of Peppmüller. But naturally, as the author, I make that controversialist win who espouses my side in this secular dispute. The lady would win, of course, and as, after all, I like a happy ending, the pair would be left editing the Cyclic Fragments in a Bower of Bliss on the Cam. But I should have written a tract, I fear, rather than a novel. I do not intend to produce this romance, from a dread that the public mind is not ripe for the enterprise; but I do maintain that there is no literary law against such an essay, and I believe that it would keenly interest Mr. Gladstone.

In short, as to barring any field of mortal interest against the novelist, it seems to me, as it seemed to Molière, a proceeding quite arbitrary. Can you make people read you? That is the practical question. But they will not read you very long, remember, if your discussions are "topical," if being "topical" makes their main interest. About 1840–50 many novels of Protestant, Anglican, and Catholic controversy flourished vastly. They were

MECHANICS INSTITUTION NEW SWINDON.

"topical," and they have faded, as the "novel interest" of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* has faded into that of an historical document, like "The Conduct of the Allies."

But, to persons who prefer their literary sack and bread in the proportion which, personally, I do not prefer, I would suggest a charming theme for an Historical Romance of Doubt. This is the Life and Death of Thomas Aikenhead. Thomas was born when, in scepticism, there were both peril and romance. He died (on the gallows) in 1697. A Scotch student of eighteen, he made a great Biblical discovery. The Pentateuch was post-exilian! With the haste of a discoverer, rather than with minute critical discrimination, he assigned the authorship of the whole Pentateuch (or perhaps of the Hextateuch) to Esdras. However, he was decidedly advanced and interesting. He said that Christianity would not last till 1800. The Edinburgh ministers insisted that he should instantly be hanged; and hanged Thomas Aikenhead was, "abjuring his errors,"—his errors, poor boy! He was only a forerunner of M. Havet.

Now, is there any genuine literary taboo against a novel on the Life and Adventures of Thomas Aikenhead? If Thomas had run away to sea, and gone a-pirating, if he had been concerned in the discovery of a treasure, if he had been mixed up in Sir John Fenwick's conspiracy, every one would admit that Thomas was an appropriate hero of romance. But Theology was to Thomas, as to many souls, what adventure was to Mr. David Balfour of Shaws. It was the great central interest of a brief and singularly misspent existence. Why should this interest be tabooed? The taboo is arbitrary and absurd. To a vast number of honourable persons the date of the Pentateuch is a thing infinitely more important and absorbing than the discovery of a whole island of gold, or the glorious restoration of James VII., matters with which Thomas might have concerned himself. No critic has a right to say that serious people shall not have a novel to their liking.

I see the novel from here. Thomas is the son of one of the lovely yet scattered Remnant, a Cameronian farmer. He is brought up on the sermons of Mr. Peden, on the Bible, the Shorter and Longer Catechisms. He does not care for them; he is a child of nature. He plays truant from church, he conceives a youthful scepticism about Jonah, or Balaam's ass; he is flogged by his father, he is preached at by the minister, he goes to college; he makes, in a moment of inspiration, the dazzling discovery that the Pentateuch is not what a vain people supposes; he talks about his discovery, he is informed on, goes into hiding where his Cameronian father had hidden long ago in peril for a different creed; is detected by that stern and Roman parent, is given up to justice and the

Lord Advocate, is hanged, but first prophesies concerning Jean Astruc, M. Renan, Kuenen, Welhausen, and a golden age in which every one shall be quite sure that the Pentateuch is post-exilian. The reviewers in the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* may condemn this *scenario*, they may taboo it, they may say that romance has no call to deal with religion; but I shall still maintain that my subject is thrilling and legitimate. Perhaps Mr. Louis Stevenson might try his hand at it? The early struggles of Thomas with the Shorter Carritch on Effectual Calling would receive every justice from Mr. Stevenson. The more I look at the idea, the more I like it. It is a double-barrelled kind of plot: it would bring down at once the modern serious inquirer and the mere lover of *Kidnapped*, as with a right-and-left. The young would learn to be early inquirers, and precocious Biblical critics. The old would have some fun for their money. I feel inclined to write *Thomas Aikenhead* myself. And then, if it were popular, as it ought to be, the critics would loom all round, pronouncing a taboo on my Thomas's bright-eyed young researches into the literary *supercheries* of Esdras. If they were popular, "Hippocleides doesn't care," as that artist remarked when unfavourably criticized.

I have succeeded in convincing myself, and, I hope, the reader (if any), that the Didactic Romance, the Novel with a Purpose, is in a perfectly legitimate *genre*. I feel inclined to embrace Mr. Howells, figuratively speaking, and to throw up my bonnet and shout for a more serious and improving class of novel. Arguments, examples, crowd around me. Think of that epoch-making fiction, *Sandford and Merton!* A foolish contempt for Mr. Barlowe prevails in priggish æsthetic circles. I have never shared it. Tommy, Harry, and their instructor charmed my boyhood, charm me still. There is life, "go," and humour in the book, with delightful pictures of society. There is adventure. Do you remember Harry being flogged because he would not say where the hare had gone? Harry was quite right in his dislike of harriers. Do you remember the negro and the bull? Do you remember the fight with Master Masham, and how that amateur proved too much for the rustic and untutored valour of Harry? Then, the tales from the classics were artistically introduced. The didactic element, in Mr. Barlowe, was kept in due subordination, as I do insist it should be, to the romantic interest. A romance should not be *all* Barlowe. Some romances are. The book had, perhaps has still, a vast and deserved popularity. It was a muscular and sinewy romance, and, even if it stood alone, would burst asunder the superstitious taboo of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*.

Were another instance wanted, take *Don Quixote*, or take *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Cervantes, according to popular belief, wanted to

"reform the world" by laughing Spain's chivalry away. He laughed it away. He reformed his world, as far as that went. He wrote a novel with a purpose. So did Mrs. Henry Beecher Stowe, with what success we all remember, or have heard. A young and flippant critic, like Miss Agnes Repplier, may mock at *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, may say that, if it proves anything, it proves the excellencies of negro slavery, which bred such heroes as she no longer finds in Africa's dusky children. But there must be some answer to so unexpected a paradox. Certainly, though a novel with a purpose, *Uncle Tom* was a wonderfully readable novel.

The mere possession of a purpose does not, by itself, make a novel a consummate work of art: so far I do not mind going—I can even conceive such a thing as a dull and dismal novel with a purpose. But, on the other hand, its possession of a purpose does not thrust a novel beyond the pale, does not make it taboo, does not entitle us to say, "It's pretty; but is it art?" These are the taboos which critics invent when they simply happen not to like a book, when, as we said, there is a pre-established discord between their tastes and the author's taste. Let us try to be more honourable and sportsmanlike in criticism. Let us record our *impressions*. "This book bores me." "This book amuses me." Nothing else is genuine.

A. Lang.

HISTORICAL RIMINI.

As we cross the bridge which, with five immense arches of white marble, spans the Ariminus, Antiquity is brought very close. A theatre or a temple only gives the measure of the gap that separates us from its occupants; but a bridge which for nearer nineteen than eighteen hundred years has been in daily use inspires one with a strange sensation of being drawn by this unbroken human chain into a magnetic contact with the first to pass over it. They read, as we read, its inscriptions telling how, begun by Augustus, it was finished by Tiberius; they, too, looked along the low-lying lands where the quails collect, to the buttresses of the Apennines that come to a point in the crown of rocks called formerly Titanus, and now San Marino. The river, the "still Marecchia cold and bright," flows as of old to its rest in the Adriatic; but the Ariminus had a shorter distance to go than the Marecchia, because the sea here, as along all the coast, has receded and is still rapidly receding.

The Œmilian Way ends with the bridge; on the opposite side of the town the Via Flaminia opens with the arch of massive and stately proportions which was raised in gratitude to Augustus for having mended the great high road to Rome. Like the bridge, it is of pure white travertine, mellowed, not stained, by age. It is surmounted by a battlement in the Scaliger style which was probably placed in its present position by well-meaning if not particularly happy restorers after the damage suffered when Rimini was besieged by the Goths. Anyhow, the battlement has aided the preservation of the monument. From before the tenth century bridge and arch have figured on the great seal of the city, which has never lost its pride in them as historical landmarks. But the classical legend most dear to Rimini is of an earlier date; the arch and the bridge did not exist when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon and made his first halt in this, which up to that day was the out-post city of Italy. Although the stone in the Piazza Giulio Cesare has nothing to do with any actual stone on which Cæsar stood to harangue his legions, it has served to impress the fact of his passage on the Riminese child of many generations. The stream that deviates at Savignano in the direction of Cesena, near

which it falls into the Pisciatello, is probably the true Rubicon ; but it has altered its course so much since it formed the boundary between Gaul and Italy that every rivulet in the district answering to Lucan's description, "small in summer, swelled by the melting of the winter snows," has been put forward in turn as a claimant to the name.

Italy, the geographical expression which had been creeping up from somewhere in the old kingdom of Naples, and was destined to creep on till it got to the Quarnero, had comprised Rimini for about a century and a half when Cæsar made his sudden appearance there in the guise of a rebel. The city was taken by the Romans from the Senonian Gauls, who took it from the Etruscans, who had conquered its original Umbrian founders. Plenty of history might be found buried underneath it were there spades to dig it up. During the Empire it enjoyed great prosperity, and public works of all kinds were carried out, including the construction of a port and the paving of the streets. In the fourth century it was the scene of the Council which for a moment made the world Arian, the twenty dissentient (*i.e.*, orthodox) Bishops escaping with a few of their followers to the part of the country still named La Cattolica. In the sixth it was incorporated in the Exarchate : it was then that Romagna was first so called, not from its connection with Rome, but from being a province of the Holy Roman Empire. On the collapse of the Byzantine Government, Pepin, summoned by the Pope, wrenched the Exarchate from its Lombard conquerors and made a present of it to the Church and Republic of Rome. It was an instance of how generous people can be with what does not belong to them. Rimini thus passed under the nominal control of the Holy See ; but it continued to manage its affairs much as it chose, and it was so managing them when, in the thirteenth century, the star of the Malatesti rose.

"Rimini," said Addison, "has nothing modern to boast of." "Charmante petite ville . . . si féconde pour l'art et pour l'histoire," writes its great illustrator, Charles Yriarte, to whom it would seem inexplicable that anyone should have regarded that art and that history as coming to a standstill with the ancient world. It might be worth tracing the reasons why the Italian renaissance is so much more interesting to us than it was to men of culture in the last century. What is stranger than that Addison should have seen nothing to admire in the Tempio Malatestiano is that he should have managed to write about Rimini without mentioning Francesca. In these days its association with Francesca is the only thing that makes it generally known—not, indeed, that Rimini was her birthplace, as Mr. Freeman, by a slip of the pen, called it ; but as the scene of her hapless love it is familiar to

thousands who, perhaps, would not be sure where to look for it on the map.

They are not the least fortunate that know her story in no other form than in the sublime laconicism of the version which rendered it immortal. Who of all dead lovers are so real as Paolo and Francesca, their grace unmarred by the eternity of doom in which they move? For whom do we feel a more genuine pity than for the actors in this "saddest tragedy in these *alti guai?*" Not that the justice of their punishment is permitted to be questioned: were it so, the singularity of standpoint that makes this different from all other stories of guilty love would be lost. "If the King of the universe were our friend," says Francesca, "we would pray Him for thy peace." It is a womanly touch of charming courtesy: one of those touches that make her the most womanly of heroines. But never in the everlasting years will the King of the universe be their friend.

Dante the severe, Dante the tender, nowhere else struck a chord so purely pitiful. In the Ugolino canto there is another note, there is horror; here nothing interferes with the appeal to one sole emotion. Only the greatest poets in their greatest moments have triumphed thus in unmixed pathos, which needs the maximum reserve of strength, as it needs the strongest fingers to draw from the violin its most pathetic tones. The beauty and impressiveness of Dante are enhanced by the extreme simplicity of his classic style—simple sublimity, feeling, imagination, all combined with the most minute exactness of description. Where Milton is grandly vague, Dante is graphically precise; he never describes anything without giving you some object as a guide by which you may see what it is like. Besides all this, the Italian language attained in his hands a majesty and sweetness of mere sound which, as we do not know what ancient Greek sounded like, we must call unique. In the fifth canto of the *Inferno* each of these characteristics comes into play. It is music, it is painting. What melody is there more musical than

"Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona"?

What painter's brush can add to the picture of the lovers borne through the hell-fog:

"Quali colombe dal disio chiamate"?

The consummate artistic treatment of any subject should, as a rule, warn away later interpreters: instead of which, it fatally attracts them. "The young man had better have left Dante alone," Foscolo said of Silvio Pellico: it is likely that he thought the same of Leigh Hunt. Yet Pellico's play and Leigh Hunt's poem are imbued with a spirit so full of respect towards their mighty proto-

type as almost to disarm criticism. The story has been dealt with by a host of painters, from Ingres and Ary Scheffer to Watts, and by as many musicians, among whom one of the most successful is the Brescian composer Bazzini, whose "symphonic poem," *Francesca da Rimini*, is a thoroughly Italian, and in parts a beautiful, work.

The details given by Boccaccio in the *Comento*, if not strictly historical, were written down when there was still a living tradition about the facts to which they relate: they are therefore not to be lightly dismissed. We are told how Madonna Francesca, the young, fair, and proud-spirited daughter of Guido da Polenta, was affianced to Gianciotto, elder son of Messer Malatesta of Rimini, as a pledge of peace between the two families, which had been at enmity. Here Boccaccio is in error: the marriage was devised in consideration of military services rendered to Guido by Gianciotto, who, although misshapen and a hunchback, was a capable soldier. Well-meaning friends persuaded Guido that if Francesca saw her ill-favoured betrothed before the wedding no power on earth could get the self-willed girl to consent to it. So it came to be arranged that the marriage should take place by proxy, and that the proxy should be Gianciotto's brother, who was so handsome that even in legal documents he is termed *Paolo il bello*. The plan was carefully carried out. According to Boccaccio, Francesca believed Paolo to be her husband until the day after her arrival at Rimini. Without putting faith in that particular, we need not refuse to believe that some mistake existed in Francesca's mind—the mistake, possibly, of a second only; but alas! seconds will do the work of centuries when this sad business of love is concerned. The wide sympathy excited by her fate almost compels acceptance of a theory which would go far to explain it. As a young man Dante felt that thrill of sympathy when it vibrated through all Italy: the intense actuality of the *Divina Commedia* proceeds precisely from this, that it is full of the hates, the hopes, the tears of a whole people. Italy wept for Francesca as she never wept for any other erring wife who suffered condign punishment for her fault. In the case of Beatrice da Tenda what awoke compassion was the certainty that the accusation against her was false, that there never was a more perfect wife than Facino Cane's widow had been to Filippo Maria Visconti. Where there was even a moderate probability of guilt, no one disturbed himself when it was announced that the husband had taken the usual course: it caused much less scandal than is caused nowadays by a divorce.

It has been pretended that Paolo left Rimini at the date of the marriage, and did not return till the eve of the tragedy. It is

more likely that he and Francesca lived very near each other for the best part of ten years in the old houses belonging to the Malatesti which were levelled when Sigismondo built his Rôcca. But, whatever was the first fatal impression exchanged between them, they remained without thought of evil for nearly the whole of this long period. Towards the end of it Gianciotto was appointed Podestà of Pesaro. The Podestà, who was always a stranger, could not take his wife to the town where he held office. During Gianciotto's absences, Paolo and Francesca read for their delight the old romances, and the spark of love, struck long ago, burst into a conflagration. A servant warned Gianciotto, who hastened secretly back, and, on finding his fears confirmed, aimed what he meant for a mortal blow at his brother. Fratricide though it was, there is a redeeming manliness in the onslaught on the man—not on the woman—which is so out of the common that here again, I think, Boccaccio must have been correctly informed. Francesca, "whom he loved more than himself," he would have spared: how great the love needful then to dictate such forbearance it is not easy now to understand. But she, aware of Paolo's danger, intercepted the thrust and fell dead; seeing which, Gianciotto struck again with his rapier at Paolo and killed him. He left Rimini instantly and returned to his post. Next morning the lovers were buried with many tears in the same grave.

Such is Boccaccio's narrative, with a few amplifications due to later research. Two or three other trifles have come to light. Francesca had one daughter, Concordia, who was presumably eight or nine years old when her mother died; Paolo was already married and a father when he first became acquainted with Francesca; his wife's name was Orabile (poor lady! nobody has wept any tears for her). Gianciotto remarried after two years of widowhood, and had five children by his second wife. He was still alive in 1300, the date assigned by Dante to his vision; but, as he died not long afterwards, we cannot tell whether he was in truth alive or dead when the terrible "Caina aspetta" was written. Many commentators have imagined that the fifth canto was composed at Ravenna, when the poet was the guest of Francesca's nephew. There is no proof of this. In any case it was reserved to Francesca's kinsman to close Dante's eyes and place the poet's laurel on his brows in death. The act had hardly been performed when the house of Polenta was engulphed in complete ruin, and its members were obliged to fly into exile.

One English writer speaks somewhat wildly of Verucchio as the scene of the tragedy. In Italy Pesaro has been suggested; but the rule referred to—that the Podestà were not accompanied by their wives—puts this out of the question. A more serious plea

in favour of Sant'Archangelo was put forward by a patriotic ecclesiastic, a native of that place, who supported his argument with zeal and learning; but there is not the slightest real doubt that the "coppia d'Arimino" (as Petrarch calls them) died at Rimini. Such was the opinion of Luigi Tonini, librarian of the Gambalunghiana, who devoted all his abilities to the history of his city without having the satisfaction of seeing his principal work published in his lifetime. Few people know how much patient research is going on in Italy, the more praiseworthy because it is to be feared that the recompense it brings is exceedingly small.

Owing to the destruction of the old Malatesta houses by Sigismondo, there is not a trace left of Francesca's abode. The grave of the lovers is unknown even to tradition. Better so: we are spared the bathos of the visiting-cards at the so-called tomb of Juliet at Verona. Were the place of their burial as authentically certified as that of Abélard and Héloïse, what good would it do us —or them? Ignorant of the prose of dust and ashes, in the freedom of the sea and air, our thoughts fly back at Rimini to Paolo and Francesca, as when the December wind sweeps the cold grey Breton shore we dream of another pair

". . . Who lived and loved
A thousand years ago."

Nor does the rule hold good only of those "Ch' amor di nostra vita dipartille:" of martyrs in a nobler sense it may be said that they enjoy almost the glory of translation whose graves are for ever lost, who lie in the deep or in the desert, to whom an ocean or a continent serves as monument.

Gianciotto died before his father Malatesta da Verucchio, the centenarian, Dante's "old mastiff," who was succeeded by his son Malatestino dell' Occhio, the "young mastiff" of the *Commedia*. The centenarian founded the greatness of his family, which in the fifteenth century was to culminate in the person of Sigismondo Pandolfo. Between those two, the most interesting Malatesta is Carlo, who was no less distinguished as a soldier than as the friend of literary men and artists. He was the first to discover the genius of Ghilberti, who would have remained at his court had he not gone to Florence to compete for the commission of making the bronze gates of the Baptistery—the "Gates of Paradise," as they were to be called one day. In Carlo Malatesta's reign Rimini witnessed one of the singular scenes which accompanied the recurrent waves of religious emotion that flooded Italy at the time when she was most given up to carnage and materialism. They were transient in their effect, as simply emotional movements always are (at least, in the West); but the same amount of fervour directed in the cause

of definite religious reform or political revolution would have carried all before it by the mere force of the explosion. Some white pilgrims were marching through the country with the cry of *Pace* and *Misericordia;* on their arrival at Rimini, Carlo and his wife Elisabetta Gonzaga severally headed the processions of nine thousand men and eight thousand women, all dressed in white, which collected in their train. Finally the Prince harangued his subjects, exhorting them to good works; and many were the enemies who made peace, and the possessors of ill-gotten gains who made public restitution.

Carlo wrote a beautiful hand-writing, and founded the library of Rimini; but one thing is remembered against him. Although fond of learning, he was, as has been seen, inclined to fanaticism, and it is said that once, when, as a young man in command of his brother-in-law's troops at Mantua, he caused an ancient statue of Virgil to be thrown into the Mincio because he thought that divine honours were paid to it. It seems that on what they supposed to be the poet's birthday the Mantuans were in the habit of placing the statue on a sort of altar decorated with flowers and tapers. Unluckily, Carlo reached Mantua just in time to witness the observance, which so much scandalized him that he took the shortest way of putting an end to it. On hearing the anecdote, Isabella D'Este wished to raise an expiatory monument to Virgil's memory, and even obtained a design for it from the great Mantegna; but the scheme remained a pious intention.

To a hereditary military capacity the Malatesti joined the instinct of government. Their hold on their more-recently-acquired territory—which at one moment comprised nearly all the marches of Ancona, as well as a large part of Romagna—may have been from the nature of things precarious; but Rimini stuck to them, through good and evil fortune, from the first to leave the mountain castle of Verucchio, till the race showed signs of irremediable effeteness, which was foretokened by the change of their noses from aquiline to a kind of nose that had lost its way and was looking about to find it. No house preserved through a long space of time a more stationary cast of face. A low forehead, eyes that are not large, but can pierce and fix, a nose which, though arched, starts in a nearly straight line with the brow, a short upper lip, and rather prominent mouth and chin; the face short. It was probably this type, already well developed in the centenarian, which won for an earlier ancestor the nickname of Wronghead, accepted by the Malatesti as their patronymic. People who know the type only from the fresco in S. Francis, representing Sigismondo Pandolfo kneeling before his patron Saint King Sigismund of Burgundy, have not failed to trace in it all the qualities which the world

associates with the name of Malatesti: cunning, cruelty, perfidy, lust. Would any one who saw the portrait without knowing for whom it was meant credit the original with so liberal an allowance of deadly sins? Perhaps not. Sigismondo probably thought that, with his pious attitude, his favourite dogs near him, his modest civilian costume (the Malatesti, though all soldiers, never cared to be painted in martial dress), he looked a model of every amiable virtue. Still, it must be owned that it is a physiognomy which attracts you less the more you study it. This picture should be compared with the likeness of Sigismondo's brother, Malatesta Novello, Lord of Cesena, in the medallion by Pisanello. The resemblance is extraordinary; but Malatesta Novello is of an almost Greek beauty. We can well fancy that from him we may form an idea of Paolo il Bello. Malatesta Novello, wise and munificent, is one of the most sympathetic figures of the time. If moral tendencies be hereditary, it is unfortunate that the virtuous Malatesti never left any direct heirs. Carlo had no children, nor Malatesta Novello, nor Galeotto il Santo. Malatesta Novello is said to have respected a vow made by his wife in childhood when she wished to enter a cloister; Galeotto made a similar vow on his own account. Galeotto was a foolish ruler: he expelled the Jews, who were excellent subjects, and brought wealth to the city. Yet Rimini liked him, as she impartially liked all the Malatesti, saints or sinners. He must, too, have had something lovable in him, since his girl-wife, Margherita d'Este, remained faithful to his memory for forty-four years, ordering, when she died, that her body should be laid at the feet of her husband's. The poor youth succumbed in 1432 to the abominable tortures he chose to inflict upon himself, heedless of the lectures they provoked from the Vatican.

He was succeeded by a lad of fifteen, Sigismondo Pandolfo, illegitimate son of the Malatesta known as Pandolfo III. The race would have been again and again in danger of extinction had not natural offspring been recognized as able to inherit. In the same year, this surprising boy, Sigismondo, led his troops to victory at Lungarino; nor was that his first warlike exploit. In battle, from the beginning, he was always to the front, and shared not only the perils but also the privations of his soldiers. Born, one may say, with a sword in his hand, he was as fond of scribbling rhymes as any university student. In his first verses, *Ad Isottam*, there is the freshness of a folk-song: the flowers bend before her as she walks; the sun looks out in the morning, but when he has seen her hides his diminished head. With such ingenuous flattery the ogre, the bogie of the fifteenth century, wooed the woman who was to possess his soul till death. His poetic effusions tell us what without them we should not know: that Isotta, who was motherless,

but had been carefully brought up, did not yield at once or willingly. When she did yield, the excuse she offered is one which sounds strange as applied to Sigismondo Pandolfo: "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

That traveller has an advantage who takes to the Church of S. Francis, or Cathedral of Rimini (as it became by a decree of the first Napoleon), the fewest preconceived ideas, artistic and historical. It will have struck him as vaguely odd that no Riminese calls it a church at all—the very street leading to it bears the only name by which it is known: *Via Tempio Malatestiano*. On entering through the great central door in the beautiful, though unfinished, façade, his first impulse may be to seek the intense light of which his sight is suddenly deprived; and, looking upwards, he sees the low, ugly, naked wooden roof that substitutes the dome which was an essential part in the original plan. Then gradually, as everything becomes clearer, a surprise, an excitement, almost a mystification, join and end in an overpowering sense of pleasure. The dignity of outline saves the mass of intricate and elaborate design from falling into triviality. The eyes are completely satisfied: whether the mind is, will depend on whose mind it is.

When Sigismondo proposed to transform the plain Gothic church, in which several of his ancestors lay buried, into the most sumptuous building of the age, he called to his aid the illustrious humanist, the universal genius, Leo Battista Alberti—Leonardo's precursor in the magician-like power of doing to perfection whatever he put his hand to—who excelled in feats of strength, in riding, in manual dexterity, in music, science, painting—let alone architecture. His character was as remarkable as were his capacities. He appeals to us especially in his passionate love of nature and in his tender love of animals. He had the rare and charming veneration for the old which bespeaks alone a host of good qualities. This incomparable man got on admirably with Sigismondo, and never had the least quarrel with him.

With a bold exercise of imagination, Leo Battista changed San Francesco into the fairy-garden of renaissance art. A strange church it is. Children at their games, after the manner of Luca della Robbia; fantastic choirs of processional singers; recondite allegories wrought in the most costly marbles Italy and Greece could yield; symbolical figures of the arts, sciences, virtues, music, medicine, botany, astronomy, philosophy, prudence, strength, the signs of the zodiac, the planets, Venus rising from the foam, Mars on his car, Saturn, and Mercury. Some of the figures have curious inscriptions, so arranged as to form an ornamental border to the drapery in which they are clothed. These inscriptions were long

a puzzle; but at length it was discovered that they were Latin, written in Greek characters, and among the words deciphered were *Jupiter Arimineus, Apollo Arimineus.*

The list is not only incomplete, but also, like all lists, it is poor even in suggestion, and can give no notion of the vast array of extravagant, yet mostly beautiful, fancies which fill every nook and corner of the building. But it serves to show that we are brought into somewhat unexpected company. When the Vatican desired to clench Sigismondo's excommunication by a charge of heresy, it accused him of having raised a pagan edifice under the pretence of building a church. It is true that the whole is dedicated "To Immortal God and to the City"—a dedication than which it were difficult to find one worthier. It may be argued, however, that this speaks less of Christianity than of the Deism underlying the more serious side of Italian renaissance. The absence of Christian emblems (the few there are now having been introduced later) is so marked as to appear hardly accidental. Sigismondo's little private cult for his pious namesake of Burgundy was, of course, more egoistic than religious—it was of the nature of the discovery of S. Napoleon. The saintly protector finds his way into the Temple by reason of the unsaintly protected. Everything is designed with a view to impressing Sigismondo's own personality on the spectator: every separate section in the scheme of decoration is artfully identified with him. Now it is his motto—wise but cynical—*Tempus loquendi, tempus tacendi;* now the rose and the great African elephants of the Malatesti; now some other more or less easily-recognized allusion to himself or his career. One reminiscence is everywhere: sown, as it were, over the entire interior: the monogram formed of the initials I. and S.

Sigismund and Isolde! What a magnificent idyl might not these names have spelled had all been right instead of all being wrong! He, the great soldier, the princely humanist; she, who, less by outward charms (for she was not beautiful) than by fine sympathy, high patience, and discriminating judgment, alone and enduringly dominated his turbulent spirit. The implacable Pope who wrought Sigismondo's ruin called Isotta "entirely worthy" of the unique devotion which she inspired. No one ever threw a stone at her; in bringing the foulest charges against Sigismondo no one even distantly hinted at her complicity.

The connection began during the lifetime of Ginevra d'Este, and continued through that of Polissena Sforza—the first and second wives of the Lord of Rimini. Both marriages were political. Princes were ever ready to offer up their daughters to political expediency, a sacrifice often more cruel than female infanticide as practised in China. When Polissena Sforza went

to say her prayers, whichever way she turned, she saw the monogram of her husband and her rival; she saw, besides the splendid tomb of the dead Malatesti, two others, prepared for Sigismondo and for Isotta. The latter, by far the more ornate, rests on huge Malatestian elephants, and displays the epigraph: "*D. Isottæ Ariminensi Sacrum.*" The "*D.*" is variously interpreted as "*Divæ*" and "*Dominæ*"—it matters little. In a hundred battles Sigismondo's soldiers bore upon their shields the familiar monogram.

It has to be remembered that society still felt the influence of the Provençal moral code, according to which public homage of the most extravagant kind was habitually rendered to women, who might be anything you pleased except the wives of their poets and champions. The fact that many of these women were of unquestioned virtue caused the evolution out of hopeless passion (real or counterfeit) of a new and idealized theory or love. But the way of thinking which led to this conclusion countenanced after a fashion the notoriety given to such connections as that of Sigismondo and Isotta, which seems to us more astonishing than the connections themselves.

On the death of Polissena Sforza rumours of foul play were circulated, as had happened, though in a less degree, when her predecessor, Ginevra d'Este, died. Each of these wives gave birth to a child that lived but a short time.

If the crimes were committed by Sigismondo, the lack of surviving children, or some suspicion, most likely unfounded, of his wives' constancy, is more likely to have been the cause than any desire to legalize Isotta's position. Five or six years after Polissena's death he had still no intention of marrying Isotta. That the marriage did in the end take place is not thought to be a matter of doubt; but no record of its celebration has yet come to light—only after a certain date she is styled Donna Isotta de' Malatesti instead of Donna Isotta degli Atti.

Whether or not Sigismondo was really guilty of these murders, and of other of the monstrous misdoings attributed to him, cannot be determined with judicial certainty. Contemporary gossip, even when circumstantial, is not proof. Rumour based on what is thought in the abstract to be probable has always had an active existence in Italy. For example, in the first years of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. there was a daily expectation in Rome that he would be poisoned. Had the Pope died suddenly, expectation would have passed into a rooted belief. Rumour charged Sigismondo with abominable acts; but, true or false, the charges would have scarcely gained the endorsement of history had Æneas Sylvius Piccolonomi never worn the Papal tiara. Æneas Sylvius,

as a Sienese, could not forget how, when Sigismondo was employed to defend Siena, there was considerable reason to think that he played fast and loose with her interests. To Pius II. was due the downfall of the great Malatesta, and the post he occupies in the lowest Bolgia of the historical *Inferno* is the lasting legacy of the same triumphant foe. It is useless to observe that a former Pope received Sigismondo literally with open arms *after* the date of the alleged atrocities, and that a later one bestowed on him the Golden Rose—that mark of special favour which has brought such bad luck to the sovereigns who have been honoured with it in our day. Æneas Sylvius, not satisfied with excommunicating him, had him burnt in effigy—no worthless Guy Fawkes presentment, but a beautifully made image, the work of the celebrated Paolo Romano, which it was a world of pities to consign to the flames.

In his extremity the object of these proceedings called the French into Italy, and even meditated calling in the Grand Turk. It may have been the first, but it was very far from being the last, time an Italian Ruler looked to Stamboul for assistance; nor is the Vatican any freer from the reproach than are the principalities and the republics. Nothing could help Sigismondo. As a final resource he decided to turn roving condottiere once more; and, leaving the faithful city to the wise and popular government of Isotta, he offered his sword to Venice. He hoped thus to restore his credit and to do something towards refilling his empty coffers. In the former hope he was not deceived; for, although the campaign which he commanded in the Morea led to no practical results, it amply confirmed his military reputation, and it surrounded him with the halo of a defender of the Faith. But the Faith was the last thing he was thinking about in the Morea. It is said that he looked forward with pleasure to meeting the great Platonist, Gemisthus Pletones, whom he supposed to be living there; but on arriving he found that the philosopher had lately died. What is certain is that he brought home to Rimini Gemisthus's bones, and had them reverently placed in one of the tombs which, by a fine thought, he had prepared in the wall of his temple for the poets and men of letters whom he attracted to his court. He always treated artists and literary men—not with grinding condecension or insolent tolerance, but—as the true kings of the earth.

The Church never ceased to cast longing eyes on Rimini, and it now occurred to Paul II. that fair words might obtain what savage treatment had been powerless to achieve. Professing a tender interest in his new friend, he suggested that he should renounce Rimini in exchange for Foligno and Spoleto, where he would be much quieter and more comfortable than in the exposed city on the coast. When Sigismondo seized the drift of the message, such

a rage overtook him as never, since the wrath of Achilles, possessed a human being. For this one moment, who will withhold him sympathy? Give up his birthright for a mess of pottage? Abandon Rimini, where he had built his Temple and his *Rôcca*, that marvel of scientific fortification, esteemed impregnable? "Tell the Pope" he cried, "that I will bring the answer myself." Frantic with passion, he rushed to Rome intending (so the story goes) to slay the Pontiff with a dagger hidden, or scarcely hidden, under his cloak. The Pope got wind of the scheme, and, contrary to his custom, was attended by a strong force of his guards when he received his visitor. From an assassin Sigismondo became a suppliant. The pent-up emotion burst forth, and tears choked his utterance as he pleaded his cause, imploring on his knees that Rimini should not be taken away from him. The Pope did not misread the submission—at bay the kneeling man would still prove formidable. The appeal was granted without conditions. Sigismondo fell dangerously ill, and although he apparently recovered, the mental crisis he had gone through undermined his strength. Two years later he died at Rimini, aged only fifty years.

To the last he was distressed that it had not been in his power to finish his Temple. He left Rimini to the Regency of Isotta and eventually to her eldest son Sallustio—making no mention in his will of Roberto Malatesta, fruit of an early intrigue with a lady of Pesaro, who was already grown to manhood, and was noted for decision of character and military talent. Roberto Malatesta had not treated his father well; but to pass him over was a piece of imprudence for which those whom Sigismondo cared most for were to pay dearly. Roberto did not show his hand at once; but he kept his end steadily in view till it was reached. He had his brother Sallustio murdered, contriving that the crime should be imputed to a young noble, against whom he excited the vengeance of the populace, whilst he himself wept a pond of crocodile tears. His second half-brother was "removed" on a flimsy charge of treason. Isotta only remained in his way, and he is reported to have caused poison to be administered to her. But what poison could more surely produce the cruel wasting disease of which she died than the anguish at the loss of her children?

Roberto was fond of costly pageants, and hence was called "the Magnificent." The "Veni, vidi, vixi" of Cæsar was applied to him when, in 1480, by a rapid march, and a victory of uncommon brilliancy, he saved Rome from falling into the hands of the Duke of Calabria—described by Comines as "the cruelest, worst, most vicious, and basest man ever seen." The gratitude of the Romans,

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who had made sure of being given over to fire and the sword, was unbounded: a cardinal led the victor's horse, the sacred college walked behind him. The streets still rang with the plaudits that greeted him, when he was taken ill, and in a few hours he expired. Some historians have thought that Sistus IV. wished to get rid of a too powerful ally; but a rival condottiere in the papal service is much more plausibly held accountable for the disappearance of the last great Malatesta.

After a precarious tenure of another half century, the family ceased to rule Rimini, which fell to the portion of the Holy See, of whose dominion the fortified walls raised by Paul V. are a picturesque reminder.

Not Rimini only, but the whole of Romagna, was bit by bit absorbed by the Power which could wait. If long desire makes fulfilment sweet, then this must have been the sweetest of political triumphs. Nevertheless, the acquisition of the most turbulent of Italian populations was a boon of mixed value to the temporal papacy. The Ravennati threatened Leo X. with bestowing themselves voluntarily on the Sultan, and from this single fact may be judged the temper in which the Romagnols accepted their subjection. The partisans of the Church among the inhabitants were at times nearly as embarrassing as its opponents: Romagna has been the scene of White Terrors as well as of Red. The papal legates gradually yielded to the conviction that this province was beyond the power of human governance, and took the consequences with as much Christian resignation as they could muster.

In March, 1815, Joachim Murat issued at Rimini the proclamation which was as good as his own death-warrant. Few remember it now; yet few such documents better deserve to be remembered. Independence from the Alps to the Straits of Scylla, "scontri dal suolo italico ogni dominio straniero." We have often heard this language since; but then it was unaccustomed indeed.

The Vatican always dimly discerned the Nemesis of its temporal ascendency in that Unity of Italy of which Dante and Machiavelli dreamt, but which it was reserved to us to see accomplished. Rimini, with the rest of Romagna, became part of the Italian kingdom by the decree of March, 1860.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

AUTHORS INDIVIDUAL AND CORPORATE.

[A Reply.]

Under this title appeared in last month's *National* a paper, in which certain harmless propositions were advanced upon literature in general with a view to making damaging suggestions, rather than charges, against the Society of Authors. As regards the harmless propositions, we are all agreed upon them: viz., that journalism is most certainly one form of literature; that a great deal of the finest intellect of the day is now engaged in journalism; and that we cannot possibly make a close profession of literature. So far we are agreed. In one point—before going on to the main issues—I differ absolutely from the writer. He says that such is the badness of the modern books that people are ceasing altogether to buy books. This is absolutely contrary to fact. The book trade, as I know from an inquiry among the trade carried out a year ago, is enormous and is daily increasing. I do not say that the books are good or bad; but when the writer of that article declares that people are ceasing to buy books, I do say, from information acquired at first-hand, that people are, on the contrary, buying books more and more.

These things, however, are *obiter dicta*. The real purpose of the writer seems, so far as I understand it, to damage the Society of Authors. Yet our papers are open to all the world; we have hidden nothing; all that we have done is aboveboard for everybody to see. This writer has either written what he has written without reading our papers, or—which one is loth to believe—wilfully misrepresents them.

The Society has many enemies. All those who are concerned in keeping up the old system of secret profits and fraudulent accounts are our natural enemies. So are many of those who are accustomed to write books which cannot have a pecuniary value on account of their subjects, or those who write books which do not command a great circulation, or those who are accustomed to take a miserable dole from their publishers. The last three classes cannot understand that such a thing as literary property exists. It worries them to find that men are uniting for the protection

of a thing in whose existence they do not believe: the Society irritates them. There are, again, a few who are publishers' men—hacks of the old kind—who cannot choose but hate the Society, because its very existence makes their fetters ring of their own accord. To which class the "London Editor" of this article belongs I do not know. It is never profitable to inquire into the anonymous writer. If you unearth him, he will only betake himself to another pseudonym and find an opening in another Review.

The "London Editor" attempts, in the first place, to show that the Society is secretly trying to create a close profession. As you will see immediately, nothing could be more ridiculous than such a pretence. "Is literary work," he asks, seriously, "an industry to which the rules governing the professions, or the methods of protectionist guilds, can be applied without violating natural laws?" and he replies, with great solemnity, and in a line all to itself "It is not." Well, of course, it is not. But what man in his senses ever thought it was? Certainly no member of our Society. Who has ever proposed to submit literature to the State control of which he speaks? No one. Nor, on the other hand, has anyone ever proposed to submit Art or Architecture, say, to that control. But both Art and Architecture have their Academy or Institute,—*i.e.*, their central committee concerned with the interests of those who follow Art or Architecture. And that is what we have founded for the interests of those who follow Letters.

However, according to the "London Editor," we contemplate nothing short of creating a close profession, a "privileged Profession of Literature." Nay, he proves it. He reduces the thing to a certainty. What else are we doing?"

"Apart from dining once a year, exposing the methods of dishonest publishers, and assuring many young men and women that the books they wish published are not worth publishing, the Society does nothing. . . . It is impossible to resist the conjecture that the motive is a desire to create a Profession of Literature, a profession which, like that of the Church and that of the Law, shall have the privilege of excluding incompetent aspirants. A conclusive reason for this conjecture lies in the fact that, after having spent a few years in a crusade against swindling publishers so effectually that publishing is now a trade as honest as any other, the Society has been gradually restricting its energies to a crusade against feeble authors. The labour of love upon which the journal of the Society increasingly congratulates the committee and the members is that of preventing scores of persons from having their works published. In a recent number of the *Author* the Editor mentioned how many thousands of pounds the Society had saved from the danger of being wasted in the production of useless works. Clearly, then, there is already being created a privileged Profession of Literature. Gradually and imperceptibly, but, as the figures alluded to indicate, rapidly, the writers of established reputation

are being freed from the competition of writers who are unknown. The writers for whom a privilege is being created are the members of the Society of Authors. The Society is willing to advise any of its members whether a work of his pen, or of hers, is worth publishing; but the decision is practically settled beforehand, for the constitution of the Society ensures that its members are persons who had already approved themselves competent writers."

There is not one single statement in this extract—it contains the whole gist of the article—that is not a misrepresentation. Every line is charged with the perversity which will not—perhaps cannot—even see the plain truth.

(1.) As for what the Society does, and has done, and hopes to do, I will show immediately. It is, however, set forth, plain for all to read who choose, in the reports, circulars, and the journal of the Society.

(2.) That the Society desires to create a Profession of Letters able to exclude incompetent persons.

As I have already stated, there is no such desire, no such intention. This is an entire fabrication and invention. The thing charged upon us is, to begin with, so impossible that no sane person could for a moment contemplate it. As well charge the Royal Society with endeavouring to make science a close profession, able to exclude incompetence.

(3). The Society has been carrying on "a crusade against swindling publishers." The Society has been arguing, urging, and continually protesting that the business of Literature should be conducted on the same footing, with the same safeguards, and the same openness, as prevail in all other kinds of business. This, you will observe, may include, but it is a very much wider thing than, "a crusade against swindling publishers." If, however, you intend to slander a society, a very good way is to make a part of the work stand for the whole.

(4.) This work is so effectually done that publishing is "now as honest a trade as any." Observe the apparent candour of the admission. The Society, he admits, has done something. But the admission is only made in order to introduce the statement about honesty which, if true, might seem to make the further work of the Society unnecessary. But it is not true; it is very far from true. For instance, while reading this very passage I asked our Secretary how many "cases" he had at that moment in hand. He said there were twelve concerned with publishers, of which at least eight were charges of fraud or "sharp" practice. The Society has done much in the right direction; but to say that it has reduced the business to as much honesty as is found in other affairs is, to those who know the facts, absurd. It is, however,—and I am constrained to believe, purposely—misleading.

(5.) The Society is making "a crusade against feeble authors." The Society is doing nothing of the kind. This is absolutely baseless. There is not a line in any of our reports or papers which warrants such a statement. What, then, is the truth? Three or four years ago it was thought that a good deal might be done with young aspirants—in the way of encouragement, examination of their work, and teaching of certain elementary rules. With this end in view we engaged a few writers of experience and success, interested them in our experiment, and invited them to read MSS., and to give such reports upon them as a judicious coach would give to a pupil's compositions. In some cases the reports, as might be expected, advised the writer that his work was worthless. In other cases the reports have proved, by the writers' subsequent acknowledgments, of the greatest assistance—suggesting and informing. In other words, we have got here the beginning of what may ultimately develop into a School of Literature. One is met with the obvious sneer that genius is not a thing to be taught. No one suggests that genius can be taught. But when there is natural aptitude it is wonderful how many obstacles may be cleared away at the very outset. And without natural aptitude the work of the teacher is in vain. This branch of our work is as yet young; but it is a branch on which we look hopefully, and of which we expect very good results.

(6.) "In a recent number of the *Author* the Editor mentioned how many thousands of pounds had been saved from the danger of being wasted in the production of bad books." I cannot find that passage. I suppose, however, that the writer had in his mind a statement that some thousands of pounds had been kept out of the hands of certain publishers. To dissuade people from going to certain Houses which we know to be dishonest in all their transactions is a very strong weapon in our hands; and the larger the Society grows the stronger and the more efficient will that weapon become. But the use of this weapon must not be perverted into the saving of thousands in stopping the production of bad works. For who, in fact, is the first judge of a book? He is, and must always be, the publisher, when he thinks it so good that there is no risk in producing it. No one else can be the judge of a book. The "London Editor," if he were not so anxious to throw stones, would perceive that no society, however desirous to set up a "privileged profession," could possibly prevent publishers from producing what they please, or writers from offering their work to publishers, in spite of all that this foolish society might say.

What we accomplish in preventing the production of bad books—it is really a great deal; but we do not boast about it—is to warn

writers earnestly, and to keep on warning them—that they should not, on any account, consent to pay for the publication of these works; and that if honourable Houses with one consent refuse to produce a MS., the writer had better accept that verdict.

As an illustration of the way in which charges are manufactured against us, one may quote another charge brought about a year ago. It was that we were doing our best to encourage the production of rubbish and bad books. This, it was stated, was our whole work. And now we are charged, with equal truth, with exactly the opposite!

I have shown, therefore, that in this array of charges against the Society there is not a single one which is not a perversion of the truth. The writer misrepresents the real work of the Society; hides it; depreciates it; makes the part stand for the whole; and advances into the front rank, as if it were the sole purpose for what the Society exists, a branch of very small comparative importance, which he magnifies by misrepresentation.

Again, I find another instance, which, without any opinion, I submit to the readers of *The National Review*.

He says, on p. 488, that the Society "is not likely ever to embrace such a clear majority of our great writers as would make it unquestionably representative of literature. When *one cons the long list of its members* one is disposed to imagine that many of them must have joined it out of deference to the amiable celebrities who founded the Society." Why one should be disposed to imagine that anybody ever joined the Society except because they approved of its objects I do not know. But will any one believe, after this solemn assurance that the writer has been "conning" (*i.e.*, examining carefully) our list of members, *that there is no such list in existence?* It is now four or five years since a list of members was printed. There were then 250 members, and there are now 800 members. The actual list of to-day is contained in a great book locked up at the office, and in the secretary's possession. He is instructed to let no one see it. It is perfectly impossible that the "London Editor" could have seen this list. Yet he assures the world that he has seen it, and he draws certain conclusions from it.

Now, what are the real objects of the Society? They have been advanced in the plainest terms in every report, paper, and circular that we have issued. There is no mystery; there is no ulterior object; there is no secret desire to create anything. Personally I have once or twice expressed a very strong opinion that an Academy of Letters, like the Academy of Art, might exercise a most useful and beneficial effect upon literature. But I have not been able, so far,

to persuade even my own colleagues. The Society has no thought of such a thing.

It is founded, in short, to maintain and defend Literary Property. According to our "London Editor," this means "a crusade against swindling publishers." Not so. Literary property is a vast property, daily growing greater and of more importance. It belongs to the creator and the producer: the writer being the creator, and the publisher being, in most cases, the producer; though an author may, if he choose, produce his work himself. Of all forms of property it is the least protected and the least understood. It increases year by year in an increasing ratio. The extension of education; the increase in the British-speaking races, absolutely unparalleled in the history of the world—in fifty years an increase of from fifty millions to a hundred millions, without counting the English-reading people of India;—the increase of wealth and the raising of the standard of life: all these things together have combined to raise Literary Property to the level of a great staple. Publishing houses are now numbered by the dozen where, fifty years ago, they were numbered by ones and twos. Then, our copyright laws are chaotic; there are a hundred questions concerned with the administration of this property which have never been decided, and new ones are constantly cropping up. As for the chaos of the law, that will be remedied, we hope, by Lord Monkswell's Bill, drafted by the Society, as soon as it becomes law. As regards the unsettled questions, they must be dealt with from time to time, as they arise, by our lawyers, or, if need be, in the courts of law. Remember, that before the foundation of this Society there was no one to advise on these points. The ordinary solicitor knows nothing about literary property. The author was entirely helpless. There remains, lastly, the most important difficulty of all—the relation of the author and publisher. This is now, as it always has been, unsatisfactory to the last degree. Briefly, the creator of the property has been carefully and designedly kept in ignorance of the nature and extent of his property; so carefully has this been done, from generation to generation—as if it was the secret of Greek fire—that unti quite recently the author never thought of asking what his MS. would produce as a minimum and what it might produce; he only asked humbly what such a publisher would give. This is a most wretched condition of literature; while books have become enormously valuable the creators have remained mendicants—suppliants—holding out their hands for doles. Sometimes, to be sure, the author is a sturdy suppliant; he revenges himself with epigrams. But still a suppliant. Now and then there are instances of independence; but these are rare. The attitude of the author

who hopes to live by his work has always been that of the man who holds out his hand and receives—not his just and equitable share, but—what the agent chooses to give him. What he chooses to give! There is the whole situation in five words.

Compare this with the situation of the barrister. Imagine a Q.C. humbly twirling his wig in his hand while the solicitor, who gets hundreds out of the case, doles him out a few guineas! You cannot imagine such a thing. But that is exactly what has been going on with authors; and going on unquestioned; and going on as if it were right and proper; and going on as if the work created by the author actually belonged by right to the publisher!

Then, of course, the man who keeps the bag begins to pose as the patron of literature; he who makes a business and a fortune out of it, desires to be accepted as the patron of literature. And some men, actually men of letters, accept the claim, and speak of the man's noble generosity, his liberality, his princely munificence, without, of course, any chance of inspecting his books, or ascertaining the other side of the question!

In maintaining and defending Literary Property the chief and most important thing is to restore to the author, or to create for him—because he has never yet had it—his independence and, therefore, his dignity. This can only be done by arriving at such a method of publishing as will secure to the agent, as producer, reasonable and equitable pay for his services, and for the author a reasonable and equitable share as creator. This has been done in France, and can be done for this country and the States. Why has it not been attempted long ago? For two reasons. First, that the conditions of the problem had been so carefully concealed that it has taken a long time to discover and reveal them. Next, because before moving seriously in the matter it is necessary to educate public opinion, and especially the opinion of men and women who write. They must be taught—we are teaching them—that there is no risk at all in the productions of writers who have already formed a *clientèle;* that the profits of successful books—to be sure, they are rare—are enormous; that a great many men and women, even under the present difficult conditions, make very creditable incomes. Some time ago it was stated in the *Author* that over fifty persons make incomes of over a thousand pounds by literature, and mainly by fiction. The statement was received with universal derision. All the writers of London letters, literary letters, gossip, and paragraphs, quoted it in order to laugh at it. Now, the fact was stated from actual knowledge, not from guesswork. It is not much of a fact after all. If one were to set down one or two other facts, much more startling, the derision would begin again; because

a belief in the humility and the dependence of authors is so deeply rooted in the general mind that such a statement cannot be believed. What we want, in short, is this: that the author shall be able to take a book to a publisher to be produced on terms which do not require to be discussed. He will not take a dole; he will not accept the pretence that a man of business is a patron of letters; he will acknowledge no other patron than the world, or that part of the world which he addresses.

As the patron of letters, the benefactor, the man of benevolence, it was natural that the publisher should scout the idea that his accounts—*his*, actually *his !*—should be audited. Some of them, to this day, resent indignantly the proposal that they should be audited. In other words, they claim that they alone of all men of business should have their word taken and their bills unchallenged! It followed, also naturally, that this immunity from the ordinary laws of humanity was accompanied by cheating of the vilest kind. In many houses that the world thinks honourable the accounts were *always* falsified. This is not surprising. Every solicitor knows from his own experience that it is a mere axiom to say that men would not continue in honesty unless they were afraid of consequences.

What we have undertaken, to sum up, is the defence of Literary Property. We defend it, first, by showing its existence and its magnitude; then by revealing the various frauds practised by some of those who produce books (this is very interesting reading); then by ascertaining the facts which have been so carefully concealed from writing persons, such as the actual cost of printing, binding, and advertising books of various kinds, the trade prices and the results of books sold by the hundred or by the thousand, the meaning of agreements—*e.g.*, what the publisher means to secure for himself when he joyously and carelessly offers the author a ten-per-cent. royalty (*i.e.*, if the work proves successful) about three times as much for himself as he gives the creator of the book. In addition to this we have ascertained, by examination of their agreements and their rendered accounts, the methods of every publishing house of any importance; we know the tricks of the tricky, and the frauds of the fraudulent, and we do our best to keep authors from falling into their hands.

All these things are data of the problem before us: What should be, equitably, the relation of the publisher to the author? We are training and teaching people to consider the problem. Perhaps the time is not yet quite ripe for its consideration; certainly, it is desirable that it should be considered by as many persons concerned in it as possible.

Suppose it were successfully treated; suppose that the long war

of author and publisher were happily concluded; suppose that the old epigrams were forgotten, the old hatred laid aside; suppose that a recognized system of auditing effectually prevented the frauds of the past—would our work then be completed? No. So long as property exists, there must be an organized defence of property. The maintenance and defence of Literary Property, in the interests of its producers, must always be carried on.

Is there anything more to be added? The "London Editor," carefully "conning" the non-existent and invisible list, says that we are not a representative body. It depends on what is meant by a "representative body." We are now 800 strong; we number most of the poets, nearly all the novelists, most of the leading men of science, and most of the historians, essayists, &c. If this is not representative, what is?

He also says that we seem to be an association of "strenuous amateurs." Are we then—we greybeards in letters, howsoever humble our productions—only strenuous amateurs after all? Alas for vanity!

The writer sneers at our Annual Dinner. Now, the Dinner is not an end or an object: it is not one of the things for which the Society was founded: it is an incident. It is a characteristic of our people that those who follow like pursuits and are banded together for similar interests should dine together. By dining together we show ourselves in our strength: we show the world some of our numbers: we make a feast which is a kind of sacrament—a pledge, a token, a resolution, that we are working together with definite objects—and that we are getting on. We all dine together—artists, engineers, doctors, army men—and all, except ourselves, without gibes or suggestions or the least attempt at ridicule or objection. No one supposes that the Royal Academy exists for its dinner. But because the Society of Authors dines together, that, we are told, is the only end and aim of the Society.

And let no one pretend that there is anything mean or sordid in looking after the practical side of literature. For, as I have stated above, its right conduct measures the independence and the self-respect of Letters. It is good, in some cases, not to be dependent upon Literature. But if one's works are in such demand as to enable a man to live by that work, it will be better for the work. And if they are in demand at all it is best for the man, and best for his work, that he should be free from the suspicions, the miseries, the wretched certainties that accompany the present system. Nay: I have never been able to understand why honourable publishers have not long since come forward and proclaimed themselves as on our side, heartily and wholly.

I have only to add that the Foundation of the Society, the Committee of the Society, the Members of the Society, the Officers and Offices of the Society, the Annual Dinner of the Society, the Journal of the Society, the Syndicate attached to the Society, the Authors' Club, the Branch of the Society which advises and instructs young writers, were all established, got together, exist, and are carried on, with one and only one object: to promote the cohesion of men and women of Letters for the defence of the practical side of their work. Those who view this object with suspicion and jealousy will continue in the future, as they have done in the past, to exhibit these emotions by misrepresentation whenever they get the chance. But, my misrepresenting brother, we grow—think of that!—we grow.

WALTER BESANT.

[A REJOINDER.]

The Editors of *The National Review* have shown me an early print of Mr. Besant's article, and have invited me to state what justification I have for the statements which Mr. Besant impugns. I am much indebted to them for this consideration. It does seem odd that "A London Editor" should have spoken about conning a list which no mortal eyes but those of Mr. Besant and his immediate colleagues have ever beheld. But the error is one of expression merely: no disregard for truth was involved in it. Although the list of the Society's members is now concealed, it is not impossible to con it with the mind's eye. It was published four or five years ago; every year since then we have had a sample of it in the printed lists of those who attended the Annual Dinner; and the sum total of the members has been declared from time to time. Therefore,—especially when we consider that there is constantly published a list of the Council, on which list the names of the most representative members of the Society appear—there is nothing very dreadful in the slip of which Mr. Besant makes so much. If I had spoken of conning the long list with the mind's eye, instead of inadvertently leaving it to be inferred that I had conned it with "the orb of flesh," Mr. Besant's gravest charge against me would have been impossible. Perchance he will the more sympathetically admit this if I point out that, as regards this very list, himself has made a slip similar to my own. He speaks of it as "non-existent and invisible." If it is non-existent, you cannot complain of its invisibility; but you wonder why the secretary is so gravely charged to keep it under lock and key. If one were as

gravely literal in his view of truth as Mr. Besant is, it might be suggested that, inasmuch as it conceals a non-existence, the "great book locked up at the office" is a mystery to be regarded with suspicion. But love of the literal truth is the most abominable of moral virtues, and I do not even to myself make joke of Mr. Besant's metaphysic.

In the article which Mr. Besant criticizes it was expressly stated that I wrote in general sympathy with the Society of Authors. Mr. Besant says that my purpose was to damage the Society. I cannot imagine what right he has to assume that a man who is unable to see eye-to-eye with him cannot possibly be honest. But I am familiar with the natural tendency of good men to lose trust in fellow-creatures, and all sense of humour, when there is a hobby to be vindicated; beyond making which remark I will say nothing about the indignation in Mr. Besant's article, which make one think of "the scathing criticism" in which debating-society young men delight. Indeed, 'twere not easy to say much on that head, even if one were minded so; for 'tis scarce possible to know what Mr. Besant would be at. He speaks, with much appearance of system, about this and that which I have said being "an entire fabrication and invention;" but, in good sooth, I find myself convicted of no serious error on any score. I ventured the remark that to make a crusade against dishonest publishers was the earlier of the two main purposes of the Society. While seeming to deny it angrily, Mr. Besant copiously admits this. I remarked, further, that the Society had latterly been engaged in a crusade against feeble authors. This, also, he denies not, though he says that the Society does something else besides. No member of the Society, he declares, ever thought of treating literary work as "an industry to which the rules governing the professions, or the methods of protectionist guilds," could be applied; and, it seems, he has not been able, so far, to persuade his colleagues to share his "strong opinion" that "an Academy of Letters, like the Academy of Art, might exercise a most useful and beneficial effect upon literature." Yet "both art and architecture have their Academy or Institute," "and that is what we have founded for the interests of those who follow Letters." Comment is needless—as they say who can think of none rich enough to offer.

The outside impression that the character of the Authors' Society lacks lucidity is confirmed, rather than weakened, by what Mr. Besant has written. Authors are as divers in their standings, in their tastes, and in the trend of what influence their works may have, as orators are: *à priori*, then, an Authors' Society is not more intelligible than an Orators' Society. Nor do I find it to be

objectively rationalized by Mr. Besant's impassioned exposition. At one moment Mr. Besant treats "men and women who write" as if they were crafts-folk different from any other kind; at another moment he treats them as if there were no difference at all. The one moment, it seems to me, hath as much confusion as the other; and very great confusion indeed. Authors, it seems, are a peculiar people, because "the ordinary solicitor knows nothing about literary property." Is it so? Did the recent case of the *Times v.* the *St. James's Gazette* show that solicitors cannot get at whatever is to be known about literary property? Not so. The ordinary solicitor carries not the law on all subjects in his head; but he can get at the law on any subject when need arises. Is it, then, that the Society of Authors is really a society for the promotion of litigation? If so, let it be made clear. But to the other darkness: the confusion which comes of considering authors as if they were of the common herd. "The attitude of the author who hopes to live by his work has always been that of the man who holds out his hand and receives—not his just and equitable share, but—what the agent chooses to give him. What he chooses to give! Here is the whole situation. Compare this with the situation of the barrister. Imagine a Q.C. humbly twirling his wig in his hand while the solicitor, who gets hundreds out of the case, doles him out a few guineas! You cannot imagine such a thing." Indeed, you can't. 'Twere imagining a vain thing to imagine this: or, rather, to imagine that the author should be treated by the publisher as the Q.C. is treated by the solicitor—which Mr. Besant holds to be the ideal arrangement. For, whilst the solicitor knows the exact market value of the skill of the Q.C. with whom he bargains, the publisher usually can postulate nothing about the worth of the author's wares. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the author is casual, untried, not such as can be reckoned on in certitude; in the other case, he is a gentleman like Mr. Besant himself, a gentleman who has won his place and is entitled to demand his thousand guineas as merrily as he is who most eloquently soever wore the silk. Again: Engineers dine, as Mr. Besant points out; doctors dine; army men dine: why shouldn't authors dine? Well, one could adduce the good reason that, being folk who (from the very nature of their calling) proclaim themselves gifted beings, "men and women who write" might be modest enough to follow the manner of life of other folks whose function is to dazzle and to please: take a lesson, for example, from the ladies of the ballet, who do not picnic in their professional scantness of attire. In the very nature of the author's function there is that which makes it immodest for authors in the mass to proclaim themselves. Would not a public dinner-party of

poets be positively indecent? But Mr. Besant shall answer his own question. "We make a feast," he says, "which is a kind of sacrament—a pledge, a token, a resolution." Any self-respecting savage who, having been in a drawing-room full of men and women (especially women) who write, hath had cause to shudder (with vicarious shame) at "literary talk," will shudder anew at Mr. Besant's avowal. A sacrament indeed! Heaven preserve us from all such unholy communion!

A London Editor.

POLYNESIAN LABOUR TRAFFIC.

My knowledge of this subject is Parliamentary only; but, in former years having had much to do with the despatch of native labourers from India to tropical and subtropical regions, sometimes to British and sometimes to foreign territories, I have, or ought to have, an insight into questions of this nature. This year, shortly before Whitsuntide, the House of Commons was the scene of a somewhat animated debate on the revival of the Polynesian Labour Traffic in the North-West corner of Australia, under the colony of Queensland. It was then called the Kanaka Labour; but it is doubtful whether Kanaka is the right generic name—Polynesian is the safer term. Several emphatic speeches were made. The general tenour of them was to the effect that this traffic is irremediably wrong. So far the meaning was clear. But I was not sure whether the orators were prepared to follow out their doctrine to its legitimate if not its logical conclusion—namely, to stop the intended revival. This, however, could only be done by the exertion of Imperial authority in supersession of the Colonial authority. The revival of the traffic has been sanctioned by the Queensland Legislature, and the Act has received the assent of the Governor (Sir Henry Norman). The only thing now possible would be for the Crown to disallow the Act. Obviously this would be a very serious step, which the Home Government might well hesitate to take save under the pressure of imperative necessity. Certainly the majority of the House of Commons were not prepared for this.

Nevertheless, the minds of many thoughtful Members of the House were disturbed; and it is probable that the public conscience outside the House has been stirred and awakened. At least two eloquent and pathetic speeches were delivered in the House: by Mr. Samuel Smith (Flintshire) and Mr. Winterbotham (Stroud, Gloucestershire). There was an impressiveness in these utterances which could not fail to have a moral effect both at home and abroad. The sincerity and benevolence of these and other speakers on the same side were manifest. Evidently they had much information at their command. Of course, we all know that in statements of this sort there is room not only for exaggeration but

also for hasty generalization. Mishaps or untoward occurrences here and there may be paraded in a vivid and graphic manner, and may be erroneously taken as typical of a large series of transactions. Again, some if not much of the information was drawn from missionaries. Now, these excellent and devoted men have often done signal service in denouncing oppression and dragging wrong into the light. Still, their very zeal and fervour may lead them to colour their pictures highly, and this, too, quite unconsciously. An able and effective reply was given by the Minister, Baron de Worms, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and he seemed to think that some among the most touching statements that had been made were unsupported by evidence. But, even with due allowance for all these considerations, there must have been at one time something very wrong in this business. The traffic was stopped, and for a long time suspended by the Colonial authorities. A Royal Commission sat in Queensland during 1885, and reported the result of their inquiries to the Governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave, in 1885. They inquired, with the taking of elaborate evidence, into the conduct of six labour-recruiting ships, and regarding every ship they reported in the most explicit terms. Their finding, indeed, is in such terms that I hesitate to quote it *in extenso*. It refers to the taking of the labour recruits on board, and to the nature of the engagements to which they subsequently attached their marks, and concludes that they had no clear understanding that they were coming to Queensland to work on a sugar plantation for three years. Those who wish to satisfy themselves can refer to this printed report, which is among the public records. It suggests the gravest considerations. At all events, the orators in the House of Commons held that they had found justification for their assertion that a bad kind of slavery had at one time sprung up.

In justice to Queensland, we may take some facts from the speech of Baron de Worms in the House of Commons, as already mentioned. The first batch of islanders was brought to Brisbane in 1863. Great abuses in the recruiting system having been subsequently discovered, indignation meetings were held. A remedial Act was passed in 1868. Inquiries into the working of this Act were held in 1869 and in 1876. A further remedial Act was passed in 1880. A new set of regulations was passed in 1884. Notwithstanding all this, the evils which have been already mentioned occurred in the voyages of six labour-recruiting ships in 1884. In 1885 the report of the Royal Commission was issued, as just stated. Thereon an Act was passed that no licenses to introduce Polynesian labour should be issued after the end of 1890. We may gladly infer from this that Queensland tried to act rightly,

and to do its duty in the matter. Still, the orators in our House of Commons may be pardoned for arguing that these efforts must either have failed or fallen short of success. The facts and considerations which I have stated apply to the recruiting only of the islanders in their islands.

There is, of course, the further question as to their condition after arriving in Queensland. It does not seem to be alleged that they were subjected to any maltreatment there; but sad stories were told as to their sorrowful lot. They found themselves detained for years, in a strange land, where they had expected to stay for some months only. The continental climate of Australia did not suit their constitutions, which had grown up under insular conditions and in small islands. They pined away under home-sickness. They are said to have crowded the hospitals; but this would show that at least some care was taken of them in sickness. There is alleged to have been occasionally much mortality among them. Doubtless there must be some truth in all this—though I know not whether the particulars have been officially proven, as the particulars about recruiting have. But to this picture, as to almost all pictures, there is a brighter as well as a darker side. In a paper recently published, Mr. Archibald Forbes describes the Polynesian labourers whom he saw in Queensland during 1883 as cheerful, contented, well-to-do, properly cared for, and successfully industrious. Such seems to be the outcome of his picturesque and interesting account. There is similar information in Mr. Kinnaird Rose's recent pamphlet. On the whole, it appears that the lot of these people was varied: some were happy enough, and some were miserable. We must presume that the Queensland local Regulations must have had some good effect.

Lastly, there is the question as to the due restoration of these islanders to their island-homes, after the termination of their contract service. Here again the account given by our Parliamentary orators is saddening. Either from want of precaution, or from sheer mistake, the islanders have, it is alleged, been too often sent back to the wrong islands. If a man fails to be landed in his own island, he may be set down in a hostile island, and so exposed to destruction. There may be some truth in this, though I know not whether it has been fully proved. But if the error has at all prevailed in the past it can certainly be prevented in the future.

Such being the situation of affairs, it was decided by the Queensland Government in 1891 to renew this labour traffic under altered and improved conditions, or, in the Governor's own words, to allow the employment of Pacific Island labour for a period of ten years from the present time"—that is, the beginning of 1892. The reasons can best be obtained from the report by the Premier, Sir

Samuel Griffith, on February 18, 1892. After recounting the vicissitudes of the sugar industry, he states that "at the last General Election the question of the continued introduction of Polynesian labour was treated as settled in the negative. . . But the altered condition of things not only justifies but demands a reconsideration of the whole position. . . . . There are only two alternatives—to do nothing and let the sugar industry struggle on till the necessary European labour can be introduced and acclimatized, with the possible result that in the meanwhile it may be greatly diminished, if not altogether extinguished; or to take some action to bridge over the interval which must elapse before the change of system can be brought about. This can only be done by making immediate provision for the supply of some labour which is at once available. . . . The only form of labour that is, under existing circumstances, immediately available seems to be Polynesian labour. . . I can see no alternative but to permit, for a time, at any rate, the resumption of Polynesian immigration." In the course of this report he speaks of "the discredit that had been brought upon Queensland by the abuses that for some years prevailed in the South Sea Island trade,"—apparently meaning the labour traffic. But further on he adds that "adequate provisions must of course be made, and they can be made, for preventing abuses in the introduction of the labourers."

The Act which was passed immediately afterwards in Queensland contains numerous provisions, thoughtfully framed, for ensuring the good treatment of the labourers after their arrival in the Colony. Appended to this Act there are Regulations in full detail respecting the recruiting of the islanders. With each recruiting-ship there must be a Government agent. His directions are binding on the master of the ship. He is to be present at the recruiting of the men and women. He is to satisfy himself that the intending recruit understands the nature of his engagement. He is to supervise the engagement of interpreters. But as regards both the Act and the Regulations it is apparently held by the philanthropists in our House of Commons that similar safeguards existed during the former times of the labour traffic, that grave abuses arose notwithstanding, and that the difficulty lies in securing due execution of rules. They seem to fear that abuses will again arise. Now, as regards the treatment of the labourers after their arrival in the Colony, we need have no doubt that this will be good. The Queensland Government will make sure of that. The doubt is whether the recruiting arrangements can be supervised equally well. Admiral Lord Charles Scott, Commander-in-Chief on the Australian Station, thus gives his opinion: "I regret that it is proposed to introduce labour from countries that have no

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formed Government to look after the interests of those who are recruited. . . . Proper supervision of recruiting in the islands appears a very difficult matter. All those concerned, such as the Government agent, the master and mates of the vessel, and the recruiting agent, should be highly honourable and trustworthy men, and above all, the Government agent, who has nominally the entire control. It is a difficult matter to find such men for such a service. It is difficult to find masters and mates of vessels who will not strain a point when, by so doing, their voyage will be shortened or the number of recruits increased. It is still more difficult to find men to accept the position of Government agent who have the necessary qualifications, and who have really good experience in the traffic—experience being one of the most necessary qualifications. I will here make a suggestion, though I am doubtful in my own mind whether it is workable. At any rate, it is a suggestion that, if carried out, would do away with a great deal of the questionable recruiting that has occurred in past years. Establish in certain islands, under responsible agents, depôts for recruits, and let the labour-vessels get their recruits only from these depôts, which might also be made little centres of civilization in the islands. The agent in charge of the depôt would be responsible for every recruit sent to a labour-vessel."

This opinion having been sent to Sir Samuel Griffith, he writes in terms of high approval, but fears that it would not be practicable, because it might involve the taking up by Queensland of ground in the New Hebrides to the infringement of the understanding between France and England regarding the independence of those islands.

Such, then, are the main facts and considerations regarding the subject of Polynesian Labour as gathered from the Parliamentary papers. It remains for me to point to the conclusions derivable therefrom.

The semi-tropical climate of the Northern side of the Australian Continent is the cause of some social and political embarrassment. This was very apparent to those who, like myself, sat on the Parliamentary Committee on the constitution of Western Australia. Nowhere is this difficulty so acutely felt as in the North-East corner of the Continent, which belongs to Queensland. In that comparatively hot region the most suitable industry seems to be that of sugar-planting. Then, for the plantations there is the need of coloured labour. We perceive, indeed, from the printed papers, that Sir Samuel Griffith and his colleagues hope to employ white (that is, European) labour in small plantations, like small holdings, in contradistinction to large estates, in which coloured labour would be employed. But all this, by his own showing, is

quite problematical. European labour cannot now be obtained, and coloured labour must be had; and if Europeans cannot settle as cultivators on these plantations now, they are not likely to do so hereafter. It seems but too probable that a coloured labour population will become settled in this region, and such settlement will involve political difficulties to which the Americans in the Southern States with the negro vote are not strangers; but into these problems we need not enter at present. Some might wonder why Queensland does not seek for recruits (coolies) from British India. But the coolies would, after the importation or immigration, settle in the Colony, and that is deemed objectionable. At present Polynesian labour is preferred, as the islanders come only for a term of years, on the clear understanding that they are sooner or later to return home. As yet their number has been limited, amounting to only a few thousands. But it is probable that if they shall come in really large numbers, some of them will remain and settle down to family life. If some of their predecessors sickened or languished in Queensland, that must have been owing to special causes. As a rule, the North-East corner of Queensland is in much the same latitude as their native islands.

Then if coloured people, families and all, are to be settled, or even temporarily employed, in this region, there is the grave question as to their treatment for good or for evil—which is one of the questions agitating the hearts of philanthropic people both in the Colony and at home, both inside and outside Parliament. Now, once these people are in the Colony, I should be confident that they will be well-treated and cared for, and contentedly prosperous in the future, whatever they may have been in the past—with one proviso only,—namely, that they come there of their own free will, and with their eyes open. The same carefulness would be extended to the return voyages, and the people would doubtless be landed in their proper islands after the completion of their service. The melancholy abuses that have happened—the shocking circumstances that came about occasionally, though rarely, we must hope—have stirred the public conscience in Queensland. Humane sentiments have found a potent utterance in the British Parliament. The echo of this has doubtless reached, and will yet further reach, the Colony itself. The regulations which existed formerly were good enough theoretically. So far it is not easy to improve on them now. But the *crux* is in the administration of them. If that administration has been defective, it can assuredly be improved. When this work began Queensland was young. The Colony grows in efficiency as it grows in age. Capable and trustworthy administrators for Regulations such as these must be more easily obtainable nowadays than they were some years

ago. So far as life in the Colony is concerned, the Polynesian labourers will be well off, provided, as I have said before, that they have immigrated with real willingness. Herein there is no difficulty; the real difficulty lies elsewhere.

It is all very well to take care of the Polynesian recruit when once he has landed in Queensland. But who shall arrange the conditions of his recruiting? who shall secure that he is fairly and properly engaged? It is here that the abuses of former years fixed their root; it is hence that those evils had their source. What were those evils exactly and in brief? The managers of the traffic sent off ships to the Pacific Islands to get recruits somehow or anyhow—*quocunque modo rem*. The masters of the ships were not always humane and considerate. The Government agents did not always do their duty. Consequently, the recruits were wrongly and badly engaged, were misled into *quasi* contracts of which they bitterly repented, and were often maltreated before landing in Queensland. If recruits are brought to the Colony against their will, are miserable exiles—why, of course, they will never succeed there. This is the mildest possible statement of the case, according to the evidence taken and the report made by the Royal Commission. Had these men—shipowners, shipmasters, and Government agents—been under the eye of their countrymen and under the criticism of public opinion in Queensland itself, they might have been checked in misconduct and restrained from transgression. On the whole they would have done their work far better than they actually did it. But, on the other hand, they were removed from any legal restraint, from any moral check. They were out of sight, far away at sea; no eye was on them, save, indeed, the All-seeing Eye, of which they seemed to have recked little; there was no one to protest, no one to forbid the banns of engagements, which, in truth, were no engagements at all! Again, in Queensland, all concerned in the traffic, from the Government agent downwards, are acting under lawful authority—laws and constitution exist: even the humblest has the rights and privileges of "*civis Romanus*." But it is quite otherwise in these Pacific Islands. There neither laws nor constitutions are to be found—nothing save the semi-barbaric tribal authority and the *lex talionis*—which law of nature the islanders seem from the printed papers to have sometimes murderously enforced against their oppressors. There no kind of executive authority can be set up to protect the aborigines against any European who might act wrongfully. The difficulty can well be illustrated by contrast. From British India tens of thousands are periodically conveyed away across the seas to British and foreign colonies. They, of course, are properly engaged; full and true explanation is afforded to them; they thoroughly know what they

are about, they are secure in the mastery over their own careers: they are real volunteers. But they are British subjects; they enjoy British protection; they have British officers to look after them. These safeguards and advantages are not possessed by the Pacific Islanders.

Now, we may be confident that in this respect also there will be great improvement from the Queensland side. In the first place, the Government agents will be men of a far higher stamp than those who used to be employed formerly. They will know that their own Colony will expect them to do their duty. If they do that, the shipowners and shipmasters will behave better in the future than in the past. Trustworthy and competent interpreters will be employed, who will take care that the intending recruits understand what is proposed to them. The recruits themselves will become more wide-awake and intelligent than formerly. Still, Lord Charles Scott, who must be well informed, seems to think that even now it will not be easy to find Government agents who are fully equal to this particular duty; and at the best it must be hard for agents who do not live on the islands to understand the minds and the ways of the islanders.

A partial remedy is at once found in the proposal made by Lord Charles Scott, as already quoted. That would go to a certain extent only. It would set up a local recruiting depôt agency in each island separate from and independent of the Government agent, who is, of course, a Queensland officer. From the way in which Sir Samuel Griffith takes the proposal, he would seem to assume that the depôt agent would belong to Queensland also. But no: the depôt ought to be separate and independent. Again, Sir Samuel Griffith apparently thinks that the plan would come to nothing because it could not be carried out in the New Hebrides. It is true, indeed, that, on account of our relations with France, it could not be introduced into those islands. But there are many recruiting islands besides the New Hebrides group. The plan might be introduced into those recruiting islands, which are numerous enough.

But even this plan would not be quite satisfactory. The only thorough remedy would be to take the recruiting islands under British protection. We should exclude the New Hebrides, and in consequence recruiting might cease there. The relations already existing between the British nation and these recruiting islands would afford ample justification. And these relations are likely to become closer. Such a protectorate could be easily and inexpensively managed. Two or three gunboats would suffice to sustain authority. The Fiji group, where we already have a general control under a central administrator, would furnish an example.

Possibly other Powers might be jealous, and such jealousies might end in barring the project. For many reasons, not only of policy but of humanity, such a result would be regrettable. But if these and such-like objections could be smoothed over, the British protectorate would be of economic advantage in placing the labour traffic on a sound and honourable basis, and would indeed be a blessing to the islanders. Then, and not till then, would the recruits have all the advantage which the Indian labour-recruits (*coolies*) possess, and the recurrence of the evils formerly complained of and deplored would be rendered impossible. The protectorate would, of course, be Imperial, and not Colonial.

It remains to indicate the islands that would fall under this proposal. To do that fully and properly would require more local inquiry than could be made here in England. But the islands appear to belong chiefly, if not entirely, to the series known to geographers as the Louisiade Archipelago. This range extends from the southern extremity of New Guinea across the ocean south-eastwards till the Fiji group, already British, is reached. The fact that British protection is established in Southern New Guinea would facilitate a similar protection over adjacent islands—especially in Moresby Island. Outside the Louisiade group, and lying to the north, would be two or three islands which have heretofore been recruiting-grounds,—especially Normanby Island, and perhaps the islands of Goodenough and Fergusson. And to the west lie the Solomon Islands. The New Hebrides are quite extraneous to these groups. The islands adjacent to New Guinea appear to be inhabited by Papuans, who present a comparatively humble type of nationality. Some of the other islands are probably occupied by the Sawaioris, a greatly superior race, who would well repay the care bestowed by British protection and administration.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

NEWSPAPER COPYRIGHT.*

THE defects of the English Law of Copyright have often been recognized. "The first observation," said the Copyright Commissioners of 1878 in their Draft Report, "which a study of the existing law suggests, is that its form, as distinguished from its substance, seems to us bad. The law is wholly destitute of any sort of arrangement, incomplete, often obscure, and even when it is intelligible upon long study it is in many parts so ill-expressed that anyone who does not give strict study to it cannot expect to understand it. The fourteen Acts of Parliament which deal with the subject were passed at different times between 1735 and 1875. They are drawn in different styles, and some of them are so drawn as to be hardly intelligible. Obscurity of style, however, is only one of the defects of these Acts. Their arrangement is even worse than their style. Of this the Copyright Act of 1842 is a conspicuous instance." Everything that the Copyright Commissioners said about the unsatisfactory state of the law in 1878 applies, and if anything with more force, in 1892. The confusion created by conflicting legal decision and ill-drawn statutes still remains, and the muddle produced by the chaotic and unscientific Act of 1842 has been rendered rather more complete by various decisions of the judges.

No part of the subject is more unsatisfactory and confused than that which relates to Copyright in Newspapers. Until very recent years it was always held to be doubtful whether newspapers had any copyright at all. The Commission of 1878, which included Sir James Stephen, Lord Herschell, Dr. W. Smith, and Mr. Froude, divides the works to which the copyright statutes relate into seven classes, viz :—Books ; Musical Compositions ; Plays ; Lectures ; Engravings, etc. ; Paintings, Drawings, and Photographs ; and Sculpture. Newspapers, it will be seen, are not mentioned as a separate class, and all that the Commissioners could say about them is that some sort of copyright had been recognized in newspapers, but that it was impossible to say what it was.

* We gladly print this able and temperately-worded paper on a subject of great interest. But it must not be inferred that we endorse all its arguments or accept all its conclusions.—Editors *N. R.*

This, however, was fourteen years ago, and since then the position of newspapers in law is understood to have been considerably altered. At the present moment the earnest inquirer into the legal aspect of Newspaper Copyright is met at the threshold of his investigation by the following remarkable axiom :—

A NEWSPAPER IS A BOOK.

So a very learned judge has said ; and if the awe with which the unlearned student confronts this remarkable generalization is somewhat diminished by the fact that another learned judge has said that a newspaper is not a book, it will probably return upon him with redoubled intensity when he recollects that the learned judge who said that a newspaper is not a book said it several years earlier than the learned judge who said that a newspaper is a book, and that, therefore, until some other learned judge again says that a newspaper is not a book, a newspaper is and will remain a book for legal purposes. The fact that outside a court of law no one would ever think of calling a newspaper a book does not diminish the complexity of the subject.

If a newspaper were not a "book" it would not come under the Act of 1842, and indeed it is highly probable that it would not be a subject of copyright at all. No doubt there would be at common law a certain literary property in newspapers, so that the owner of such a publication might protect himself from fraud, or seek reparation for actual damage done to his property by wrongful invasion of it, in the ordinary way: if, that is, he could prove actual damage and loss,—*damnum*, and not merely *injuria*. But this is something different from copyright, which has been more than once held by the judges to be distinctly a creation of statute. The person who seeks a remedy for an alleged infringement or invasion of literary copyright must do so under the Act of 1842, and after complying with the conditions which it prescribes. But, as it happens, this Act (5 and 6 Vict. c. 45) says nothing at all about newspapers. The word is not so much as mentioned. In consequence, for nearly forty years after it was passed, it was held that the Act did not apply to newspapers, or at any rate that it only applied to them incidentally and by a portion of one special clause.*

Hence, while the author of a book had his distinct statutory remedy for any infringement of his copyright, the proprietor of a newspaper had to depend for his right to protection on the general rules of property, which in this particular matter were exceedingly vague and undetermined. It was no doubt a consciousness of the

* Section 18, which settled the relations of the proprietors of encyclopædias, reviews, magazines, periodical works, and serial works towards their contributors,

unsatisfactory state of the law and of the real hardship that might under certain circumstances be done to the proprietors of newspapers which induced that great judge, Sir George Jessel, to revolutionize the whole subject ten years ago by his famous decision in the case of *Walter* v. *Howe*, in which he laid it down that a newspaper is a book, and that, therefore, it comes generally under the provisions of the Act of 1842. In this judgment the Master of the Rolls refused to follow that of his predecessor, Vice-Chancellor Malins, who had decided the same question in an opposite sense. With all respect to the memory of one of the greatest lawyers who ever sat on the English bench, it may be said that the decision in *Walter* v. *Howe* practically created a new Act of Parliament. What the Master of the Rolls did, in fact, was to pass a Newspaper Copyright Act which declared that the provisions of the previous statutes applying to books should in future apply to newspapers also.

Notwithstanding the great authority of Sir George Jessel, and the general acquiescence with which the decision in *Walter* v. *Howe* has been received by lawyers, it is difficult, upon a fair consideration of the Act of 1842, to believe that the late Master of the Rolls correctly interpreted the intentions of the legislature. The very preamble of the Act seems decisive against any such construction:—"Whereas it is expedient to amend the law relating to Copyright and to afford greater encouragement to the production of literary works of lasting benefit to the world, be it enacted . . ." Whether a newspaper is a work of real benefit to the world or the reverse is a matter on which there may be two opinions; but, good or bad, the thing is essentially ephemeral in its nature, and the most ardent supporter of the Press would hardly contend that any newspaper is a "literary work" of a "lasting" kind. Certainly the legislators of 1842 would have been very unlikely to take any such complimentary view of the poor newsmonger and his labours. The fact that the words above quoted are set in the very forefront of the Act seems to show clearly enough that it was intended to apply to works which might be in the strictest sense described as literature, and not to any such publications as daily newspapers. The Act goes on to define various classes of literary works with which it is intended to deal, and this it does with some particularity, declaring (Section 2) that the word "Book" shall be considered to mean and include a Volume, Part or Division of a Volume, Pamphlet, Sheet of Letterpress, Sheet of Music, Map, Chart, or Plan; and that it shall also include Published Dramas, Operas, and Dramatic

and which declares that the proprietors of these works shall be able to obtain such terms of copyright therein "as is given to the authors of books by the Act."

Entertainments. In another part of the Act (Section 18) we have a further definition, and we are told that an Encyclopædia, Review, Magazine, Periodical Work, or Work published in a Series of Books or Parts, shall for certain purposes be considered a Book under the Act. The word "newspaper," as will be seen, is not to be found in any of these defining clauses, or anywhere else in the Act. It is certainly very odd, if the legislature meant the statute to apply to a newspaper, that it did not so much as use the word in the somewhat elaborate definition of the subjects of copyright which are given. Here we have nearly twenty different kinds and classes of publication enumerated—Volumes, Pamphlets, Maps, Encyclopædias, Magazines, and so forth,—and in the long list there is nothing which can be taken, except by an extremely unusual employment of words, to mean a newspaper. If the framers of the Act intended to deal with newspapers, what was to prevent them saying so plainly? Why should they have been at such pains to conceal their meaning by using terms which certainly would not convey it to one person out of a thousand? According to Sir George Jessel and other judges, however, a Newspaper may be described as a Sheet of Letterpress or a Periodical Work. It may be so described certainly, but the description would be very awkward, misleading, and incorrect. The Master of the Rolls thought it obvious that a Newspaper is a Sheet of Letterpress. But, as a matter of fact, it frequently is not; it may be one sheet, or it may be many sheets bound or folded together. No man in his senses conversant with ordinary colloquial English would employ this term for a newspaper; and it is attributing to those who drafted the bill rather more perversity and confusion of mind than is ordinarily present, even at the framing of an Act of Parliament, to suppose that they would go out of their way to use this extraordinary periphrasis, when they might have expressed their meaning with perfect simplicity and precision by using the word "Newspaper" *tout court*.

The more reasonable and more natural explanation is that by a Sheet of Letterpress was meant some kind of publication, such, for example, as a chronological table or a chart of actuarial calculations, or an almanac, which might properly enough be the subject of copyright, though it could not without definition be held to come under the term "book." As regards the "Periodical Work" of Clause 18, the same criticism applies. Can a newspaper, strictly speaking, be called a periodical work? And supposing it can, why should this needlessly obscure phrase be used when there is a simple and unmistakable substantive available? Moreover, the words occur in a clause which relates to such things as Encyclopædias, Magazines, Reviews, and Books published in Parts or

Series, and, taking them with their context, it is clear enough that they are meant to apply to the numerous Libraries of Useful Knowledge, Popular Educators, Histories of England, Cabinet Cyclopædias, and other literary and educational works, issued at fixed intervals, which were then coming into vogue and attracting a good deal of attention. The object of the whole Act being, as it has been said, to afford greater encouragement to the production of literary works of enduring value, it was desired that proper protection should be afforded to such works, even when they came out in periodical or serial form. There is really no sign that any such thing as a periodical work published once or half-a-dozen times a day, and chiefly occupied with the passing news, gossip, and political discussion of the hour, was in the minds of those who passed the Act. The measure, as it stands at present, was more largely the work of Macaulay than of any other man. Macaulay was the last person in the world to call a newspaper a sheet of letterpress, or anything of the kind. If he had supposed that the Act was intended to apply to daily journals, he would have taken good care to make the meaning unmistakably clear by the use of the word which everybody understands.

So much for the terms of the Act itself. Courts of law do not, as a rule, go behind the actual wording of Acts of Parliament; but if we want to ascertain the real intentions of the legislature in framing a particular measure there is no reason why we should not examine the mode in which it was explained and illustrated by those who were responsible for it. A very little investigation on this line will show conclusively enough that newspapers, and the rights and wrongs of newspapers, were not at all in the minds of those who framed the Copyright Act. I have looked through the debates in connection with Talfourd's abortive Copyright Act of 1837, as well as those of 1841 and 1842, which preceded the passing of the existing statute, and I have found nothing whatever to support the construction which has now been accepted. In the whole of the numerous pages of Hansard, in which these debates are contained, I believe there is no allusion direct or indirect to Newspapers or their concerns. The Act of 1842 was supported by Lord Mahon and Lord Brougham, and opposed and amended by Macaulay, in some brilliant and elaborate speeches; and in those celebrated orations the whole argument turns upon the rights of authors to secure permanent and lasting benefit from the results of their literary and intellectual labours. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and the five pounds received for it; Miss Burney's *Cecilia*, and Miss Burney's *Evelina;* Johnson's early poverty and his comparative affluence in old age; the possibility of the suppression of Boswell's famous biography by his heirs and representatives; the

affluence of Sir Walter Scott, and the ill-rewarded toil of Southey; these and similar topics were bandied about from one side of the House to the other by the distinguished men of letters who spoke in the debates. But all this had nothing to do with Newspapers. The main object of the Bill, which is perfectly clear, was to extend the term of copyright, so that authors should have a sufficient lease of the monopoly in the works of their own brains. The various petitions drawn up by literary men were all directed to this question. Tom Hood, for example, pointed out "that cheap bread is as desirable and necessary as cheap books; but it has not yet been thought necessary to ordain that, after a certain number of crops, all corn-fields are to be public property." And so, too, "Thomas Carlyle, Writer of Books," in his famous and oft-quoted petition, "Humbly prays your honourable House to forbid extraneous persons entirely unconcerned in this venture of his, to steal from him his small winnings for a space of sixty years at shortest; after sixty years, unless your honourable House provides otherwise, they may begin to steal." The discussion turns entirely on the various alternate proposals as to the period of copyright—whether it should be sixty years, or twenty-five years, from the death of the author, or forty-two years, or the life-time of the author and seven years afterwards. But, again, what has all this to do with Newspapers? What proprietor of a Newspaper cares a rush about copyright for sixty years or forty-two years? Can anything be more absurd than to suppose that all this elaborate debate so much as glanced at the case of "periodical work" which is dead and buried and forgotten before sixty days or even sixty hours? The only kind of copyright which the owner of a daily newspaper appreciates is that which enables him to protect his property for the passing day, in which it is born and dies.

But, it may be urged, it is, after all, not of very much consequence what Parliament did or did not intend, if the gloss put upon its words by the judges has been in accordance with common sense and public policy. If the Copyright Act did not apply to Newspapers, it ought to have done so; and there is no harm in so straining its terms as to remedy the omission. I venture to think that the omission, whether it was accidental or deliberate, ought to have been supplied by the legislature, and not by the Courts of Law. Let us have a Newspaper Copyright Act, by all means, if it is thought necessary; but let it be a measure deliberately shaped and planned for the purpose it is intended to effect, not an awkward and incomplete adaptation of a statute designed with an entirely distinct object. There is something more than a mere straining of language when you attempt to treat a thing as if it were what it is not. No great harm would be done if it were always recollected

that the false description is merely theoretical, and maintained for convenience of classification; but human nature, legal and lay, being what it is, it is inevitable that the wrong description should lead to a wrong conception. In law a newspaper may be a book; but in fact it is not a book, and in the endeavour to regard it as one great confusion has been produced. All the incidents which the Act annexed to book copyright have had to be applied, so far as it is any way possible to apply them, to the copyright of newspapers. Thus, for instance, the statute—consistently with its main object of duly protecting the rights of authors—presumes that the writer of a book is the owner of the copyright and the person entitled, after the formalities of registration have been complied with, to take proceedings when any infringement or piracy has been committed. In the case of a "periodical work" rather elaborate precautions are taken to secure that the author has really transferred his rights for fair value received to the owner or proprietor of the publication. Sec. 18 of the Act 5 and 6 Vict. c. 45, runs as follows:—

"And be it enacted that when any Publisher or other Person shall . . . be the Proprietor of any Encyclopædia, Review, Magazine, Periodical Work, or Work published in a Series of Books or Parts, or any Book whatsoever, and shall have employed, or shall employ, any Persons to compose the same, or any Volumes, Parts, Essays, Articles, or Portions thereof, for Publication in or as part of the same, and such Work, Volumes, Parts, Essays, Articles, or Portions shall have been or shall hereafter be composed on such employment, on the Terms that the Copyright therein shall belong to such Proprietor, Projector, Publisher, or Conductor, and paid for by such Proprietor, Projector, Publisher, or Conductor, the Copyright in every such Encyclopædia, Review, Magazine, Periodical Work, and Work published in a Series of Books or Parts, and in every Volume, Part, Essay, Article, and Portion so composed and paid for shall be the property of such Proprietor, Projector, Publisher, or Conductor, who shall enjoy the same rights as if he were the actual Author thereof."

This is not lucid, and barely grammatical. But the meaning which has been put upon it, and no doubt correctly, by lawyers, is that if the proprietor of a periodical work, or of a work composed by various hands, wishes to sue for an infringement of the copyright in a particular article he must be able to show that the author has made over his rights to him, and has been paid for his contribution. Apply this to the case of a newspaper and nothing can be more absurd, unnecessary, and inequitable. Who are the "authors" with whom Fleet Street is concerned? They are as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude. A newspaper is made up by contributions which come to it in all ways and from all quarters. Its "authors" are a vast, a varied, a miscellaneous throng. They include all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the eminent statesman or fashionable novelist, who has been asked to contribute a

special column, down to the Indignant Father who writes to say that his son is getting too many school-holidays, and the casual "liner" who fills up an odd corner with a Rash Act or a Romantic Suicide. The editor of an encyclopædia or monthly magazine can comply with the provisions of the Act easily enough if he pleases; it is absolutely impossible for the editor of a newspaper to do so in very many cases. His most valuable contribution—one, perhaps, worth more to him, and standing more in need of protection, than all the rest of his journal—may come to him from some occasional correspondent or contributor with whom he cannot possibly have made the cast-iron arrangements required by Sec. 18. Looking at the nature of a newspaper, the mode in which it is put together, and the number and character of the "authors" by whom it is built up, common sense and fairness demand that the registered proprietor, publisher, or printer—the person who is responsible for its offences and civil injuries, if it commit any—should be presumed to have the copyright of everything in its pages which may be susceptible of copyright. It is not the "author" who goes to prison if what he writes is seditious or obscene; it is not the author who pays damages if the editor allows him to publish a false and defamatory libel. The law assumes that for such purposes you must have one person, well known and easily got at, to represent the paper; you cannot split up his rights and his responsibilities among a multitude so shifting and shadowy as the "authors." The same reasoning should apply to copyright. The registered proprietor should be entitled to sue for infringements, if anyone is to sue at all; and the contributor must be left to protect his rights by such private arrangements as he chooses to make. A copyright which can only be safeguarded by special agreements and assignments applicable to every news paragraph is hardly worth having.

This is one of the difficulties and anomalies created by treating a newspaper as a "book" under the Act of 1842; but it is not by any means the only one or the worst. In dealing with infringements of literary copyright the Courts of Law have acted under a broad general rule, which is not very subtle or very scientific, but which is on the whole convenient and fairly equitable. They have decided that it is the literary expression, not the ideas, in a book which can be most easily and suitably protected; and the test of an infringement of copyright is the piracy of the author's words rather than of his thoughts. This is reasonable enough when applied to literary works; it does substantial justice in many cases, and even when it does not it may be vindicated by the extreme difficulty there would be in adopting any other system. True, the thought may sometimes be to the word as the soul is to the body; but

law-courts have to deal with bodies, not with souls, which are difficult things to put into the witness-box, or to send to gaol. Whether one author has stolen another's ideas or not would be a question which might perhaps be submitted to a tribunal of Coleridges or Sainte-Beuves; but it could hardly be settled by an elderly lawyer sitting in the Chancery Division, or a jury of Middlesex tradesmen. Even for a court of literary experts, it would be hard in many cases to disentangle form from matter, or to say what was left of a work of the imagination, if you separated the thought of the author from the vital and characteristic expression which is the vesture of flesh in which its immortal spirit lives.

> "And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

I have heard good critics say that this is the finest passage in the poetry of any nation and any age. But take away the divine words, put it (if one may suggest the profanation) into modern newspaper prose, and are not the thoughts such as might have occurred to any intelligent nursery governess? So much depends on style, language, expression—which things, indeed, are literature. But an English court of law will not, if it can help it (and there, doubtless, it shows its wisdom), deal with matters so intangible. It prefers to get down to a region where you can apply the two-foot rule of common sense and common observation. Whether one writer has borrowed the words of another is a question easily solved. The plain man has the books before him, and can decide for himself; consequently in most cases of infringement of copyright this is the vital point. The general rule is that it is a piracy to save yourself trouble by slavishly copying or imitating the results of another person's intellectual labour. But in practice the test of such piracy is the use, except in the way of "fair quotation," criticism, or illustration, of the actual words, expressions, and arrangement of subject, of the previous writer. It will be seen that the protection given under the Copyright Act is of a partial and arbitrary kind. Yet it may fairly be said that it adequately protects most authors, or that, at any rate, it goes as far as is consistent with convenience and the public interest. The rule, at any rate, does not err on the side of indulgence to the pirate when it is held that to take a single page from a thick volume, or half a dozen names from a list that includes several hundreds, may be an infringement of copyright.

But, if the authors are satisfied, the journalists are not; and very naturally. The principle which works moderately well in the case of one set of writers will not work at all, or only with much friction and many jerks and jolts, in the case of the others. But since, under the Copyright Act, there is supposed to be no distinction in kind between a newspaper and a book, there has been a tendency to apply the same rigid, mechanical test to the one as to the other. True, the absurdity of laying stress solely on the form, in a publication which has so little literary form, or in which the literary form is of so little importance, has not been entirely overlooked; and for a long time conductors of Newspapers were very shy of bringing mere news-matter to the test, and judges did their best to escape pronouncing a decisive opinion on the point. But a series of decisions has been gradually forcing the Courts to a conclusion which is as ridiculous as it is embarrassing and unreasonable. Working down through directories, road-books, and the like, the Courts reached weekly newspapers some time ago, and more recently* trade gazettes and publications. Before the hard-and-fast rules of the Copyright Act were applied to the ordinary news of the day in an ordinary daily paper, there was a long halt. With regard to what are called "special" articles—that is, articles of a literary character, such as may be supposed to have some permanent character even after the newspaper in which they were published has lived out its little life of twelve or twenty-four hours—the question may be taken to have been settled by the observations of the judge in the leading case of *Walter* v. *Howe*. In this case the plaintiffs had printed in their paper a biography of Lord Beaconsfield, and the defendants had reprinted it. The judge thought this was an undoubted invasion of the plaintiffs' rights, though they could obtain no redress because they had not registered their newspaper as a book under section 19 of the Copyright Act. But no doubt most journalists would agree that an article of this kind might very properly claim precisely the same protection as if it had been contributed to a "periodical work" instead of a daily journal. With mere news items it was different, though lawyers have long understood that it might be difficult to keep them free from the constrained construction which has been put upon the words of the Act, howsoever inconvenient, unsatisfactory, and absurd the result might be. The point can hardly be said to have been fairly considered till a few weeks ago, when the *Times*† sought to obtain

* *Trade Auxiliary Company* v. *Middlesborough Association*, 40 Ch. Div. 425; *Cate* v. *Devon and Exeter Newspaper Company*, 40 Ch. Div. 503.

† In the case of *Walter* v. *Steinkopff* reported in the *Times* Law Reports, June 3, 1892.

an injunction against the publication by the *St. James's Gazette* of three copyright news paragraphs alleged to be taken from its columns. The case, I believe, is practically the first in which the question of an infringement of this precise kind was raised; for the preceding decisions are hardly on all fours with it. The case of *Cate* v. *The Devon and Exeter Newspaper Company*, which was relied upon as a precedent, was concerned with a different set of facts altogether. Here the plaintiff published a private gazette or trade list, issued periodically *to subscribers only*, and containing a list of bills of sale and the like, and the defendants copied from the list all the items which applied to a particular district. This is surely not the same thing as an attempt to restrain the reproduction of paragraphs of news of the day, which in some form or other might be procured by anybody who had a penny to spend on a morning paper.

The action in the more recent case turned upon two distinct points. The defendant newspaper had published a large part of a special descriptive article contributed by Mr. Rudyard Kipling to the *Times*. That this was an infringement of copyright was not denied by the defendants; and their defence, so far as they defended the reproduction of the article at all, was grounded on the alleged custom of "give-and-take" among newspapers, and on the assumption that the plaintiffs by their own *lâches*, acquiescence, and previous practice, might be supposed to have given a tacit consent to the republication of their matter. The proprietors of the *Times* were, however, anxious to obtain a decision as to news-matter as well as special literary articles; and they therefore sought to obtain an injunction to restrain the defendants from selling copies of the *St. James's Gazette* containing the news-paragraphs which were alleged to be infringements of Copyright, as well as the article by Mr. Kipling. Mr. Justice North, before whom the action was tried, granted the injunction so far as regarded Mr. Kipling's article, but refused to make it apply to the news-paragraphs, though he thought the use of them by the defendants might be in the abstract a breach of copyright law. On the strength of this judgment both parties have, not perhaps unnaturally, claimed the victory. For the public, and for all who are connected with the Press, the interest of the case lies neither in the dispute nor in its results, but in certain statements of the law and *obiter dicta* contained in Mr. Justice North's judgment. Owing to the necessary complexity of the subject, it is not always perfectly easy to see the exact bearing of the learned judge's observations; but the effect of his decision has been widely construed to be that there is no copyright in news itself, though there is copyright in the form in which it is expressed. Mr. Justice North's words are as follows:—

MEDICAL INSTITUTE NEW

"It is said there is no copyright in news; but there is, and may be, in the particular form of language or modes of expression by which information is conveyed, and not the less so because the information may be with respect to the events of the day."

In other words, one newspaper may freely borrow from the columns of another for news; but it may not take the words in which the news is conveyed. If this seem rather absurd, it is only the logical result of bringing a publication in which the literary form is quite subsidiary and unessential under the operation of statutes and rules intended to apply to compositions in which the literary form is everything. But to appreciate to its full extent the situation in which Newspaper Copyright appears to be placed, it may be as well to set forth the copyright paragraphs which the *Times* was endeavouring to protect, and in connection with which Mr. Justice North laid down the law in the form just given. These paragraphs were three in number. One of them consisted of nine lines from a *Times* telegram introduced into a news paragraph partly made up from other sources; and I may perhaps assume that this particular case is not of sufficient importance to be worth serious discussion. But let us take the other two paragraphs which were referred to by Mr. Justice North as being "illegally appropriated." The first was a translation sent by the *Times* correspondent at Berlin of a short communication which appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung* with reference to the state of affairs alleged to be then prevailing at Zanzibar. Similar translations or paraphrases of this communication had been sent by Reuter's Agency, and by the Berlin correspondents of the principal daily Newspapers. I give the *Times* "copyright" version, and that sent by the *Standard's* correspondent:—

Times.

The *Vossische Zeitung* to-day prints a communication which it states it has received from a thoroughly trustworthy source in Zanzibar. According to this document, unless immediate steps are taken to institute a complete change of system, a state of utter disorganization will ensue. The natives are said to be extremely dissatisfied both with the Sultan's and the British rule. This feeling some weeks ago gave rise to a Palace conspiracy for the deposition of the Sultan. The conspirators desired to replace him by Prince Seyid Jajed of Muscat. The Sultan, however, got information of this plan and crushed the conspiracy at once. Prince Jajed

Standard's Correspondent.

The *Vossische Zeitung* prints a Zanzibar letter, dated the 15th ultimo, from an informant who, it assures its readers, is "worthy of absolute credit," referring chiefly to England's relations to the Sultan of Zanzibar. According to this German authority, the leading Arabs in Zanzibar are highly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs, and are intriguing with all their might, not only against the Sultan, but also against the English Protectorate. The Arab traders had planned to depose the Sultan by a Palace Revolution, and put Prince Seyid of Muscat in his place. But the plot was betrayed to the Sultan, and he frustrated it, send-

was forbidden to appear at the festival of the Barasa, and on March 6th he left Zanzibar for Muscat. The main cause of the discontent is said to be the attitude of England towards the slave question, and the alleged oppressive taxation. Petitions have already been presented to the British authorities, but without result. The latter appear determined to crush all resistance to their instructions, not only on the part of the Arabs but of the Sultan himself. The idea is gaining ground that the English Government desires to depose the present Sultan, and to extend their protectorate by reviving the union of the Sultanates of Zanzibar and Muscat.—*Our Correspondent.*

ing Prince Seyid to Muscat on the 6th of March. The dissatisfaction of the Arab element with England is, according to this correspondent, due more especially to her attitude on the Slavery and taxation questions. The duty on cloves in particular is acutely felt by them. The *Vossische* Correspondent is also good enough to inform us that the Arabs likewise accuse the English of intending not only to depose the Sultan, but also to annex both Zanzibar and Muscat to the British Empire.

The other case is even more striking. It was a telegram sent through Dalziel's Agency which appeared in one form in the *Times* and in a minutely varied form in other daily papers. Here are two versions, and the reader will have to examine them closely to detect the variations :—

Times.

Birmingham (Alabama), April 12.—A desperate encounter took place yesterday near Falkville, in Morgan county, between four negro train robbers and a posse of officers. When freight train No. 72, on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, reached Wilhite in the early morning four negroes attempted to break open the sealed freight car. The conductor, Mr. Martin, and the brakesman, who were on the platform at the time, went promptly to the protection of the company's property. The negroes, however, drew their pistols and defied arrest. Just then the train pulled out of the station and the staff had to jump on board, the robbers firing at them the while, fortunately without effect. At Falkville a posse of officers and section men started in search of the robbers. They met them a short distance from the town and demanded their surrender. The negroes refused to submit, and again began to fire. There was a sharp fight, one of the robbers was killed, another was cap-

Daily Telegraph and other Newspapers.

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tured, and the two others fled along the railway line. The conductor, boarding an engine, soon reached one of the fugitives and captured him after a desperate encounter. The fourth man, Henry Williams, was canght at Laconte.

had the worst of the encounter; one of them was killed, another was captured, and the two others fled along the railway line. The conductor boarded an engine, and followed in hot pursuit. he soon reached one of the fugitives, and, jumping from the engine, captured him after a desperate encounter. The fourth man, Henry Williams, was caught at Laconte.

It is the essence, surely, of such a right as Copyright that the subject must be something of which the owner has special and exclusive possession. But what was there special and exclusive to any one of the newspapers in the paragraphs I have set out? Absolutely nothing but those slight variations of "literary" form which will occur when two people are endeavouring to express the same statements of fact in plain and concise terms. The source of information in the case of the Berlin telegram was the same: all parties had before them the *communiqué* in the *Vossische Zeitung*, of which all the correspondents had apparently attempted to give a fairly accurate and faithful rendering. What specially belonged to the *Times*? Only the difference between "The leading Arabs in Zanzibar are highly dissatisfied" and "The natives are extremely dissatisfied"; between "The plot was betrayed to the Sultan" and "The Sultan got information of this plan." The actual news, contained in the Berlin despatch and in the Dalziel despatch, was published broad-cast over England in twenty, fifty, or a hundred newspapers that day—by every journal, in fact, that subscribed to Reuter's or Dalziel's Agency. It was at the disposal of anybody with a copper to spend at the railway bookstalls; and it was almost as much a matter of common knowledge and information as the fact that the morning was cold and cloudy and that the thermometer had fallen thirty degrees the preceding night. Anybody who pleased might tell all the world about this train robbery or this alleged Zanzibar conspiracy; and he might tell it in print as well as by word of mouth, if he chose. Only, he must not say it in the words adopted by a particular reporter. He must not say "The Sultan got information of this plan and crushed the conspiracy at once;" because that was the *Times* patent, and to make use of it would be to "illegally appropriate," in the words of Mr. Justice North, "the particular form of language or mode of expression by which information is conveyed"; which thing is forbidden by 5 and 6 Vict. cap. 55, and the decisions of learned judges founded thereon.

I think nobody, whatever view he may take of the rights which a Newspaper ought to have for the protection of its news, will deny that the result at which we have here arrived is extremely unsatisfac-

tory. It certainly does not satisfy either of the extreme parties, nor does it form the basis of a reasonable compromise. The austere vindicator of the sanctity of news, who would have every "pirate" promptly riddled below the water-line and sunk, can like it as little as the bold "free-trader" who thinks that the newsmonger may cast his nets into every sea and land whatever fish he can draw into them. The position taken up by the former is clear enough. Why, he asks, should not the news itself—*qua* news and not *qua* literary form—be protected? I spend my money and my labour, he may say, to procure information; and it is that information, in whatever form embodied, which I want to keep for myself. Therefore, let me have a monopoly of my own news; and let anybody who copies it, whether he takes the form or, what is of much more importance to me, the substance, be restrained or punished. This view, as I take it, is intended to be expressed in the following passage in an article in the *Times*, commenting on the action before Mr. Justice North:—

"News is not a spontaneous product; it does not make itself; it is not found ready made. It is a creation of man's industry, and bears the same relation to facts and events that a manufactured article does to raw material. Facts by themselves are not news. They have to be converted into news by the process of speaking or writing. For instance, suppose a great battle to have been fought in Central Africa on some day in last week—as there may have been, for all we know to the contrary. This is not news, because we have no news of it. Nor will it be news until we have. But now, suppose further that the *Times* has a Correspondent where that battle that took place. He sends news of it to his paper—news which without him and his work would not, as far as this country is concerned, exist. That Correspondent has been sent to that quarter of the globe at great expense, and he has incurred great expense in sending home his news. He is the only man who does send it, and the *Times* has obtained it in the course of its operations as a Newspaper. This news is its property, and its own creation. The events out of which the news is made are a wholly different thing from the news, and the *Times* claims no property in them. But it claims the news as its own. If, then, there is to be any Copyright for Newspapers, what can be more unreasonable than to say that they cannot have it in respect of news?"

If I understand this rightly it means that no person who had not been present at the battle in Central Africa, or who had not obtained independent information from somebody who had been there, would have the right to publish anything about it. The news is the property of its own "creator," or the person who employed him.

This is the position of the extreme advocates of a monopoly right in news. It is asking for the dealer in news a kind of property which, I believe, English law has not recognized, and which certainly goes a long way beyond anything contemplated, not merely in the Copyright Act, but also in our legislation

on patents. To call it copyright of news seems misuse of language; copyright is the exclusive right to multiply copies of your own artistic or literary work, not the right to debar other people from describing certain circumstances or events. It would be as if one could secure by letters patent the sole and exclusive use of a natural principle; or as if one could copyright a particular train of ideas in philosophy or metaphysics and forbid any one else so much as to refer to them. It is much, for example, as if the late Mr. Darwin could have prevented anybody but himself from talking of the Survival of the Fittest, or from explaining, illustrating, and describing the theory of Natural Selection. No doubt if he could have done so, and had wished to avail himself of his rights, everybody who wanted to know something of "Darwinism" would have had to buy *The Origin of Species* or *The Descent of Man*, and the author's profits from the result of his "brain-work" would have been much greater than they were. But it is not in the public interest that the rights of private property should be carried to that extent; and even if it were desirable, it has been felt to be impracticable to give any man a monopoly in anything so intangible as ideas, theories, philosophical discoveries and speculations, or even the subject of a story or the plot of a drama. This applies, but with much more force, to the case of news, and to those subjects of current information and discussion which form the staple of a newspaper. Once an item of news is published to the world it is impossible to lock it up, as it were, among the limited circle of the readers of a particular newspaper, in order that the original "creator" or discoverer may sell it as highly as he pleases. The market of news is an open market. There are no privileged stands in it, no special corner which a dealer may secure for himself. It is free to all; and the largest trade will be done by the man who comes earliest so as to secure the best "pitch," and (too often, I am afraid) by him who bawls the loudest to attract the passer-by.

At any rate, whether we take the one view or the other, it is obvious that the legal theory accords with neither. The copyright-in-news man and his opponent are equally unsatisfied. To protect the words without the substance is a mere silliness when it is considered that the "words" are most often such as I have given in the news paragraphs quoted on a preceding page. There are occasions, as, for example, when some famous special correspondent sends a striking description from a field of battle, in which, even in a Newspaper, literary form gives its whole value to the composition; and, of course, novels, stories, and those literary articles which are happily becoming more common in Newspapers,

stand on a footing of their own. But much of the most commercially valuable part of every newspaper is valuable quite irrespective of its form. It is a mere mockery to all parties to prescribe that the words, which nobody really cares about, shall be sacred, while anybody may make free with the matter, which is all that, as a rule, anybody wants. If it is impossible to protect the fruit, why trouble so much about the worthless rind? Or if you may steal the spoons, why should you be sent to prison for taking the plate-basket as well? The net result, according to nearly all the commentators on the recent action, is that news once published is free to anybody, provided he likes to take the trouble to paraphrase it. And this, as I have said, whether you take the strict or the lax view of property in news, is really nonsensical. A newspaper obtains, at great expense to itself, at the cost, perhaps, of vast labour and risk to its enterprising correspondent, first and exclusive information of some tremendous event—the assassination of an emperor, or an earthquake which has swallowed the population of half a province. The news is published; and it is open to anybody to reproduce it six hours afterwards, provided only that he varies the words and phrases, though these latter might be the baldest, barest terms in which the information can be conveyed. It has been very appositely pointed out that if the *Times* sent a telegram stating briefly that "the Emperor died last night" it would be an infringement of copyright to reproduce those five words, even with acknowledgment of the source; but it would be perfectly safe and lawful to say, "Death has laid its icy hand upon the mighty ruler of a great nation." Surely, if anything needs protection it is the news itself; and since it is acknowledged that the copyright laws do not protect the news, and since, indeed, it seems impossible that it should be protected, it is ridiculous to attempt to safeguard the words in which the news is conveyed, especially when these words are, as in the instance just given, the "irreducible minimum" to which the statement of fact can be brought.

The conclusion to which most people are led, when they consider the whole subject, is that we stand very much in need of a Newspaper Copyright Act which shall distinctly recognize the fact that two and two do not make five, that a quart measure is not a pint pot, and that a Newspaper is not a Book, and cannot with any convenience be treated as if it were. It is understood that some time or other Parliament will act on the recommendations of the Commission of 1878 and revise and codify the general law of Copyright. When that is done it may be as well to separate Newspaper Copyright from Literary Copyright altogether, and to define exactly the rights of a proprietor over the news and other matter which

appears in his columns. In that event the legislature will have to decide whether it does or does not propose to give a complete monopoly of its news to any newspaper. If it does it will be advisable to enact that any infringement of news copyright shall be restrained by injunction, and punished by suitably heavy fines, and a long term of penal servitude, since some severe penalties will certainly be required to prohibit an offence so common, so easy to commit, and so very difficult to bring home to the offender. But if Parliament does not wish to create a monopoly in the news then it should abolish the monopoly in the words also. It might act on the suggestion of the Copyright Commission, which has already been adopted, so far as International Copyright is concerned, in the Convention of Berne, and has been incorporated in the Draft Copyright Bill drawn up by Lord Monkswell, under the auspices, I believe, of the Society of Authors. In their Report the Commissioners of 1878 said :—

"Much doubt appears to exist in consequence of several conflicting legal decisions whether there is any Copyright in Newspapers. We think it right to draw your Majesty's attention to the defect, and to suggest that in any future legislation it may be remedied by defining what parts of a Newspaper may be considered Copyright, and by distinguishing between announcements of fact and communications of a literary character."

That is to say, the Commissioners think that, since it is hopeless to protect news effectually, the attempt should be dropped, and Newspaper Copyright confined to "communications of a literary character." The distinction is carefully laid down in Lord Monkswell Bill, where it is expressly enacted that copyright is not to be given to items of news; and in the Convention of Berne, it is stated :—

"Articles from Newspapers or Periodicals published in any of the countries of the Union may be reproduced in original or in translation in the other countries of the Union, unless the authors or publishers have expressly forbidden it. For Periodicals it is sufficient if the prohibition is made in a general manner at the beginning of each number of the Periodical. *This prohibition cannot in any case apply to articles of political discussion, or to the reproduction of news of the day or current topics.*"

It has been suggested that this provision should be applied so as to give every newspaper editor a sort of optional copyright in some parts of his journal, when he wanted it. It would be assumed that he permitted his contemporaries to copy freely unless he put some such danger signal as "Copyright" or "All Rights Reserved," as is very commonly done in America, at the head of any particular article, or in some place where it could be taken to apply to the whole paper, or rather to so much of it as the Act would allow to be Copyright—that is to say, that part of it which is not news or discussion on current topics of interest.

These, then, might be the leading provisions of any satisfactory Newspaper Copyright Act: the registered proprietors or publishers, not the "authors," to be regarded as the owners of all the copyrights; the fact that the paper is properly registered to give the proprietors a right to sue for infringement of copyright, irrespective of any arrangements made with contributors; no proprietor to be able to take proceedings for infringement of copyright, unless it can be shown that he has warned off trespassers by hoisting the red flag over the whole journal or over any particular literary article in it; subject to such warning any literary article to be capable of being protected in the same way, as if it had been contributed to a monthly magazine or similar periodical; and finally, news not to be the subject of copyright at all. This is not because news matter is less valuable and important than other parts of a newspaper (it is often much more so), but because, owing to its peculiar character, it seems impracticable to recognize an exclusive right in its substance as well as in its form, while to protect the bare literary form and expression alone, as the Courts are disposed to do at present, is futile and in fact ridiculous.

SIDNEY J. LOW.

COMMON SENSE AT LAST.

"Common sense at last!" Such was the comment that greeted a declaration by the Prime Minister at Hastings on the 19th of May. The declaration, which promises to be not only historical, but also era-forming, must be given in Lord Salisbury's own words. "I would impress upon you," the Prime Minister said, "that if you intend in this conflict of commercial treaties to hold your own you must be prepared, if need be, to inflict upon the nations which injure you the penalty which is in your hands, that of refusing them access to your markets."

The enthusiasm with which an opinion so emphatic and so unexpected was received by the thousands assembled in that Sussex pavilion showed that Lord Salisbury had far more accurately gauged the growing direction of public opinion than many of his critics. It is perfectly true that on two or three of the great occasions upon which Lord Salisbury had addressed his countrymen he has held analogous language. The speech delivered at Newcastle on October 12, 1881, stands out conspicuously; as also that at Dumfries on October 21, 1884.

As it has been said that the Hastings speech was purely electoral, it is worth while to quote Lord Salisbury's previous utterances on the subject somewhat fully. They show the matured judgment on the absence of all power of commercial negotiation against foreign tariffs on the part of this country held by the statesman who has had the principal charge of the communications on the subject with other Powers. At Newcastle, eleven years ago, Lord Salisbury said:

"It is undoubtedly the fact—and I do not think any one can traverse the statement—that the apostles of Free Trade thirty-five years ago made a gigantic miscalculation when they said that if the country adopted their principles the rest of the nations of the world would follow their example. The third of a century has passed by, and all the nations by which we are surrounded have not only not become more Free Trade, but on the whole have become more Protectionist. In our own colonies, where, if anywhere, we ought to have some influence, there too the Protectionist feeling is strong, and our own productions are shut out from the markets of our own children. That is a fact which it is idle to ignore. It is childish to imagine that our example now, after so many years, will alone have any effect upon these nations. They have their own

experience, their own philosophers, to guide and teach them. Many of them are, and certainly believe themselves to be, as far advanced in intellectual culture as ourselves. What is there to induce them to defer to our judgment and to follow our example in this respect? If we intend to act upon them we must find other motives, and I think we have a right to ask, without pledging ourselves to any opinion until the facts are known, that there should be a thorough investigation into the question whether we are now pursuing the right course, for the purpose of inducing those other Governments in some degree to lower the terrible wall of tariffs which is shutting out the productions of our industry from the markets of the world. There is no reason that we should pledge ourselves to any particular course until the facts are known. But if you make a suggestion of this kind you are immediately told 'This is reciprocity and retaliation, and behind it lurks the shadow of protection.' Reciprocity and retaliation! But what are commercial treaties if they do not involve the principle of reciprocity? 'If you give us the relaxation of this duty upon cotton goods, we will give you this relaxation of duty upon wine.' What is that but reciprocity? 'If you do not give us this relaxation upon cotton goods we will not give you a relaxation of duty upon wine.' What is that but retaliation? Therefore, I say, ever since you adopted the principle of commercial treaties in 1860, the principle of what they are pleased to term 'Reciprocity and Retaliation' is conceded. There is no doubt that by abandoning duties which are useful to you for revenue purposes you confer a great benefit upon foreign countries. Why should you not ask for a price in exchange for that benefit—why should you not obtain for your own industries a benefit corresponding to that which you are conferring upon them? I do not know until inquiry has been made and opportunities gained of ascertaining whether it presses either upon the food of our people or the raw material of our industry, both of which must be held sacred; I do not know what opportunities we may have of exercising this salutary influence upon foreign Powers. But in spite of any formulas, in spite of any cry of Free Trade, if I saw that by raising a duty upon luxuries, or by threatening to raise it, I could exercise a pressure upon foreign Powers, and induce them to lower their tariffs, I should pitch orthodoxy and formulas to the winds and exercise the pressure."

At Dumfries the language was even more significant.—

"We have now no motive by which we can prevail upon foreign Powers to lower tariffs or to open their markets to our industries. The result of that one-sided policy of Free Trade is unfortunate. It puts us in the position that we do not gain an issue for the industry of our own community and for the exportation of the goods that we produce. We do not gain an issue to those industries, and therefore those industries languish. Therefore employment is becoming scarcer, wages are becoming smaller, and the distress of the population is becoming larger, and the blessings of Free Trade, which ought to have been enormous, have been robbed of half their value owing to the precipitate and improvident manner in which the position of the country as regards other countries was sacrificed. In all this matter of Free Trade there is a habit of brow-beating. They treat this question of Free Trade as if it were some revelation of Heaven, which it would be blasphemy to inquire into. If you suggest that some particular working of it should be examined, if you ask for an inquiry as to the effect of some particular industry, if you say that, owing to some miscalculation, it has not produced what was expected of it, they cry out, 'Oh! you are a mere Protectionist: all your protestations are of unavail, we will not listen to you for a moment.' I protest against dealing in that spirit

with any question which affects the industry and livelihood of vast masses of our countrymen."

The charge must be admitted that during the last six years of power nothing has been done to bring about a change of the present fiscal system. The state of political affairs, however, has been abnormal. Ireland has effectually "blocked the way;" and throughout the Unionist ranks, either in the Legislature or the country, it has been generally agreed that present industrial evils must be endured for a time, to avert the far greater one of a dismemberment of the United Kingdom. A period of profound peace, and the confidence inspired among all classes of the community by the stability of the Government, tended to mitigate tariff inconveniences and even to bring about a spell of good trade. Now, however, there is a complete change. It was just possible for British exporters to get some £30,000,000 of goods into the United States through the old duty. But on October 1, 1890, there came into force the McKinley Tariff, which raised the customs dues on nearly all British imports, especially of the inferior grades, by from 50 to 120 per cent. There appeared at first to be a general revulsion of feeling upon the subject among the American people. A Republican or Protectionist majority in the House of Representatives at Washington was changed into a minority. But the majority has done nothing to intercept a policy which it knows to be now popular with, and advantageous to, the industrial masses, and Mr. McKinley is the foremost statesman in the Republican Party.

The Board of Trade returns give more than ample ground for the view taken by Lord Salisbury. In 1891 there was a loss of £16,000,000 in the exports of British and Irish produce compared with those of 1890, and of this £12,226,000 was in respect of the trade with twelve foreign countries. The reports for the current year accentuate this untoward position of affairs. The first five months of 1892 show that the exports of British produce are in round numbers £9,000,000 behind those of 1891, and more than £12,000,000 behind those for the corresponding period of 1890. The most serious loss is in the metal trade, which exported nearly £4,000,000 less in the past five months than from January to May of last year. In textiles there is a falling-off of £2,155,000, while the balance is made up of other articles.

If there was any adequate ground for the hope that this state of affairs was transitory, due solely to temporary causes, it would not be so serious. Bearing in mind not only the absence of all apparent desire to repeal or to reduce the McKinley Tariff in the United States, and the disastrous effect as regards British trade of the Reciprocity Treaties which ex-Secretary Blaine has concluded

under it, but also that the effect of the new French tariff has not yet been fully felt, owing to the great inrush of goods in January to escape the new duties taking effect on February 1, and that the export returns are swelled by the efforts made to flood Spanish markets before the new tariff comes into operation, on July 1, we cannot think the outlook promising.

Moreover, side by side with this diminished purchase of British goods by foreign countries, there is a constant increase in the purchase by this country of foreign products competing with our own, and a greater preponderance of imports over exports. For the past five months the imports have increased by £4,440,000, of which increase nearly a fourth consists of manufactured goods.

The imports for the twelve months ended on May 31, 1892, amounted to over £440,000,000; the British exports were no less than £201,686,000 behind. This enormous preponderance of imports over exports is chiefly noticeable with respect to the trade with foreign nations. The imports from foreign countries amounted last year to within a few pounds of £336,000,000; the exports of British produce to foreign countries amounted to only £161,000,000, of which over £30,000,000 was in respect of raw material for foreign competition. The best illustration of this enormous difference is, perhaps, the case of France. Our exports to France were valued last year at £16,429,000; the imports from France amounted to £44,777,000, of which £16,000,000, or the total of our exports, raw material and manufactures combined, less £400,000, consisted of French goods which could have been made up in this country, but were admitted absolutely free of toll or duty. Upon the consignments to France from England an entrance fee of 30,000,000 francs was, however, raised; and that, upon a like consignment in the current year, will be increased to 40,000,000 francs, or £1,640,000. This tax fell, and will fall, upon the English exporting houses, which have to recoup themselves in part by a reduction in the wages of their employés, for it is perfectly well known now that competing foreign produce has to find a market at the price of the native product, and that French, American, or other buyers insist on the goods being invoiced to them free of duty. The English trader has, therefore, to come down to the foreign price or lose the custom. Amid these circumstances, and having regard to the lessened purchase by France of English manufactures, and to the increased sale by France to England of French manufactures, it is not surprising that the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris should have had submitted to it the following resolution by some members more patriotic than self-interested:

"This meeting begs respectfully to call the attention of Her Majesty's

Government to the injury that will accrue to British Trade and Industry, and consequently to the British working classes in general, should the Protectionist measures contemplated in other countries meet with no counteracting influence."

This motion, it is true, did not commend itself to the majority, whose migration to France was caused by the natural desire to move their industrial capital inside the tariff wall, and so have access both to the French market and, just as before, to the English market. Its absolute truth was shown by the abject failure of the Trade and Treaties Committee sitting at the Board of Trade to make the slightest impression upon the Paris Government. On the contrary, the more the British representatives protested, the higher went the duties. The maximum tariff was increased by 54 per cent., and the minimum by 30 per cent. Much the same result has attended the Spanish negotiations. And with each country we absolutely hold the master hand, not only as their best customer, but as having it in our power to cripple a large proportion of the population, and thus gain any electoral result we choose, and simultaneously to confer a great benefit upon our own people by diminishing the consumption of foreign alcohol. An extra tax upon the £4,000,000 worth of French wine and brandy, or the £858,000 worth of Spanish wine; a duty on the £7,000,000 worth of French silk manufactures, or the £1,000,000 worth of French boots, shoes, and gloves; or on the £5,000,000 worth of French woollen manufactures brought into this country, would soon bring our neighbours to a reasonable frame of mind.

The absurdity of the present position of affairs is accentuated by the recent efforts to induce the Brazilian Government to enter into a treaty of commerce with this country. On January 31, 1891, a treaty was concluded between the United States and Brazil ensuring, "in due reciprocity," free admission at the latter's ports for many American products, and a 25 per cent. reduction upon the duties levied on others. How was this arrangement brought about, and how has it been effected also by the United States with other British markets, including the British West Indies? The following extract from the despatch of "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine," to the Special Envoy from Brazil, dated November 3, 1890, explains this fully, and contrasts strongly with the utter commercial helplessness of the British Foreign Office.—

"The Congress of the United States of America, at its late session, enacted a new tariff law, in the third section of which provision was made for the admission into the ports of the United States, free of all duty, of the following articles (sugar, &c.): In the law providing for the free admission of the foregoing articles Congress added a section declaring that these remissions of duty were made "with a view to secure reciprocal trade with countries producing those articles, and that whenever the President should become satisfied that reciprocal favours

were not granted to the products of the United States in the countries referred to, it was made his duty to impose the rates of duty set forth. America being desirous of maintaining with Brazil such trade relations as shall be reciprocally equal, I should be glad if you could advise me of the changes which Brazil would be willing to make in her system of tariff duties in response to the changes proposed in the tariff of the United States which are favourable to your country."

The treaty resulted in British residents in Rio de Janeiro interested in the trade between Great Britain and Brazil meeting and resolving, under date February 21, 1891,—

"That British trade will suffer largely by the treaty lately concluded between Brazil and the United States of America, and urge Her Majesty's Government to make efforts to place British trade with Brazil on the same footing as that of the most favoured nation."

Lord Salisbury, on April 26, 1891, uses the only feeble weapon in his armoury, that of warning the Republic that the British investor may become angry and keep his capital away from Brazil. He tells Her Majesty's Minister to represent to the Brazilian Government

"That much dissatisfaction is felt in this country at the course taken by the Brazilian Government; and that the exclusion of Great Britain from such privileges as have been granted to the United States cannot but operate unfavourably to Brazil in the event of her requiring the assistance of British capital."

And what is the answer of the Brazilian Government?—

"The concession to British goods of the advantages granted to those of the United States would make it very difficult for Brazil to satisfy its obligations at home and abroad in which British capitalists are interested."

This, then, is the result. The British investor sends his capital abroad, and duties upon English goods have to be maintained to pay him his interest. He thus does a double injury to his own countrymen: in not laying out his money in wage-giving industry at home, and in compelling foreign countries to impose duties upon British labour to find him the promised return.

Instances that "nobody cares two straws about getting the commercial favour of Great Britain" might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

The greatest sceptic must be convinced of this by the Commercial Blue Book, No. 3 of 1892, just presented to Parliament. The foreigner knows (what the Brazilian Government had the frankness to express) that he can rely on the assistance of the investing capitalist in England to resist by every conceivable means the taking of "business" steps by the nation to exact a *quid pro quo* for the free access allowed to our markets. What direction should these "business" steps take? The obtaining of our free supplies from our own Empire, which is capable of producing every single

article of which we stand in need, and in sufficient quantity within the time necessary to shake ourselves free from treaty obligations.

As Mr. Labouchere truly said at Sheffield on June 9, "the exports from Canada and Australia are really food supply." He might have added India, and thus shown conclusively that, with a greater wheat area than that of the entire world under our own flag, a duty, after the expiration of sufficient notice, would not add one farthing to the cost of the necessaries of life in this country. Indeed, as a recent correspondence in *The Pall Mall Gazette* proves, a fall even of 10s. a quarter in the price of wheat does not cheapen bread the fraction of a farthing. Already six-sevenths of the raw material for the woollen and worsted trades comes from Australia.

How healthy is the Colonial trade compared to Foreign trade is shown by the fact that the imports from British Possessions have risen in the past four years from £83,000,000 to £99,000,000, and the exports of British produce to the Colonies from £75,000,000 to nearly £86,000,000; the latter consisting almost entirely of manufactures, or more than two-thirds the purchase of British goods, excluding raw material and machinery, by the entire world.

Every day these facts are being more and more impressed upon the country; and now that a definite offer has come from the Canadian Legislature to put a lower duty upon British goods than upon foreign goods so soon as an advantage is given in this country to Colonial productions, the time is not far distant when the people will realize that *The Times* spoke truly in saying that "Free Trade was made for man, and not man for Free Trade," and that the advice of Lord Salisbury is sound—"Form your own opinions according to the dictates of common sense." The battle will be severe, and many a halting brother may by his hesitation and timidity give strength to the enemy. But the question must now be faced for the permanent good of the community, whatever the cost to individuals, and even to Party. Twice—at Oxford and at Birmingham—the delegated representatives of those Conservative Associations which represent half at least by heads of the electorate of the United Kingdom, and three-fourths by property, have declared their views on the subject with practical unanimity. They have held back these five years, for the sake of more pressing issues, from forcing upon the executive and the members returned to Parliament by their exertions the immediate fulfilment of their mandate. But this period has now passed, and, whatever the result of the General Election, this matter will have to be taken in hand at an early date. If the Conservatives are afraid to grasp the nettle, then the Labour Party will assuredly take their places. There is no hesitation about the opinion which

Mr. H. H. Champion stated in the June number of *The Nineteenth Century*—an opinion confirmed by the action and the speeches in the London County Council of Mr. John Burns and his colleagues.—

"The advocates of Free Trade have forgotten that in the present system of industry the saying that all goods should be produced in the countries where they cost the least in labour merely means that goods should be produced where they cost the least in 'wages.' It is to this practical result of Free Trade that the working class in every country (not excepting our own) is absolutely opposed. The Empire contains within its boundaries the variations of soil and climate which would enable it to supply all its needs within its own borders. The Colonists must find in their alliance with us some material benefit, and that can only come from a revision of our trade policy."

C. E. Howard Vincent.

THE CANDIDATE FOR WEST DRUM.

On Derby Sunday, as the weather happened to be pleasant, the crush in the Row after Morning Service was very severe. Indeed, the throng was so great that its progress, which at the best was never more than a snail's-pace movement, sometimes ceased altogether. Most of the people, when they spoke at all, spoke, instinctively, in low tones, as if they were ashamed, and hoped that nobody would see them; which, since every one of them was there merely to see and be seen, was curious. Still, there really are women of such confirmed *haut ton* that they have entirely lost the bashful sense of the incongruous which afflicts young people in the Church Parades of their first season. They have long ago forgotten to see anything odd in seeking exercise and fresh air in a mob so dense that it can scarcely move, and even when the crowd is at a dead halt they continue to laugh and chatter as though there were nothing to be ashamed of.

It thus happened that Mr. George Hertford, who was walking alone, and wondering why he was walking at all, suddenly became conscious that his name had been spoken by somebody close behind him. Immediately afterwards, as if answering some remark, a lady, whose voice he instantly recognized, spoke words which made him tingle.

"Yes: it will do him good. Do you know?—I really believe that he has never got over that silly affair of last season—the lackadaisical booby that he is! Yet the girl, they say, was nice, and really attached to him. Poor things."

The lady moved on, with the mass, for a few slow, contemplative paces.

"But," she resumed, "what do young people know about love? Theirs is nothing to the passion of which middle-age is capable." She spoke briskly, yet reflectively, as if musing on some happiness of her own which was not complete.

"Ah!" said her companion, a sprightly old gentleman with subdued gallantry, and a look as of seventy years of sentiment unappeased, "it is indeed so. Dear Lady Chesterton, if only I had the good fortune——"

Lady Chesterton, a pretty little woman in slight mourning,

turned upon the old gentleman a look of quizzical amusement. His languishing sentence was cut short; but he did not seem to mind much. He drew his little person up, expanded his shoulders, and looked relieved. He had been making love all his life, and he found more pleasure in the pastime of proposing to all the women he met than he could imagine possible in the result of being accepted by any one of them.

"Of course," said the Countess, not in answer to his speech, which needed no answer, but merely continuing her soliloquy in the direction which his sighing syllables had given it,—"of course, I was speaking merely from the woman's point of view. A middle-aged woman like me may have an Indian summer of romance; but it is only with young men she can enjoy it."

The little gentleman placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed with an air of deferrent sadness.

"To my mind," the lady continued, "there's nothing more horrible than an old beau—unless, indeed, 'tis an old poet. Poetry does sometimes survive the passing of many winters; but it is a safe rule about men that none of them is satisfactory as a lover or as a poet when the period of youth is passed."

"You are cruel," said her companion, with a dapper smile which belied his sighs.

"Am I, Sir John? Then we'll change the subject. Where were we? Ah! George Hertford. I always liked George, and now I'm quite in love with him. He is decidedly the most deplorable of my nephews. But he is so in a genuinely deplorable, uninteresting, way. Why didn't he run off with the girl?"

Lady Chesterton, with her eyebrows arched into a pretty frown, paused as if for a reply; and Sir John innocently remarked that, as Hertford was a frivolous young man of fashion and a Tory, the girl's father, who was rich, Radical, and religious, was against the match, and had latterly almost refused George admittance to the house.

"As if that were any reason!" Lady Chesterton exclaimed. "What a poor lot men have become! Disappointed in love, they take to moping and the House of Commons. In my young day, if they couldn't arrange elopements, they went to the bad for a time, or at least shot themselves, like gentlemen.—But here's George himself."

In one of the pauses of the crowd, Hertford had skilfully turned; and when the slow march began again Lady Chesterton caught sight of him moving as if from the opposite direction.

"Ah, George!" she said, gaily, "glad to see you. Sir John Westlake and I were just this moment speaking about you. I've been explaining how you're turning over a new leaf at last, and

going to do some good, seeing that you lack the common manliness to employ your time in wickedness. Now, is it all settled? Have you fixed on a constituency?"

"Yes," said Hertford. "At least, the Central Office has."

"And where is it?"

"I haven't quite found out yet. It is called West Drum, and is somewhere in Scotland."

"Ah! of course. A hopeless seat, I suppose?"

"Quite hopeless," Hertford replied. "No seat which it is possible to win could be unprovided with a candidate so near the Election time as this."

"Of course not," said the Countess, reflectively. "West Drum, I fancy, will be a place where the Party is glad to get a candidate of any kind."

"You're not complimentary, aunt," the young man remarked.

"Complimentary, indeed!" the lady exclaimed. "What do you want with compliments? George Hertford, I'm quite ashamed of you. Compliments! Haven't you realized that compliments are notes of the commonplace, and that within the commonplace there is now no happiness for the spirit—not to speak of the soul?"

Hertford confessed that the question had not occurred to him. That, as he had expected, set Lady Chesterton off on a disquisition on the lack of perception by which he had always broken her heart.

"Well, then," she said, with an absent look in her soft round eyes, "let me tell you why you are such a poor, spiritless, unhappy creature."

The nephew was not distinctly conscious of deserving the epithets; but he knew better than to say so. He knew that if he said he wasn't poor, spiritless, and unhappy, his aunt would remark that he ought to be, and go on with her discourse unchecked.

"Look at these young men around you. In outer appearance, they're all exactly like you—shining boots, frock-coats, stays, and devout looks;—yet you're the only wretch among them. I know them all. Not one of them but yourself would speak to me seriously. You've principles, or at least a dolefulness which you take to be principles in solution, and are always out-of-sorts; they have none, and there's not a dull moment in their lives. There's no greater fallacy than the old theory of the religious philosophers that a human being is bound to be miserable when his conduct has ceased to have any sanction outside his own instincts." By way of emphasising her remarks, Lady Chesterton shook a dainty Prayer Book in her nephew's face.

Sir John remarked that he was shocked. Had her ladyship read the article on Society which Lady July had written in an American

magazine? The arguments in that essay had struck him as very true. He agreed with Lady July that English society was going to the dogs.

"Do you really?" said the Countess, scornfully. "And what would you do to prevent it? What would you have?"

Sir John saw the difficulties of the problem; but surely Lady Chesterton would agree with Lady July that society was in a bad way.

"I will agree with nothing of the sort," said Lady Chesterton. "Dear Lady July! I like her very much; but as a social philosopher she has the narrowness of youthful zeal. She thinks all problems are to be solved by moral earnestness."

"Well, ain't some of them to be solved that way?" said Sir John.

"Not one of them. Take this question of society having become a rabble—a vulgar and not too moral rabble—through the admission of the *nouveaux riches*. What's the use of worrying about it? Society was never too moral: so there's nothing new on that point. And it's not by the machinations of any man or woman false to their order that society has been so much enlarged: that has come about through natural causes against which society could not possibly protect itself. Society could not prevent wealth from becoming a power, and there is no reason why it should have prevented it if it had been able to. A man or a woman naturally fit to move in society is not tarnished by being rich; and, as Mr. Hardy says, the world is so aged now that there are very few indeed in whose veins there is no blue blood. I'm an old Whig myself; but we must try not to be silly."

Sir John was sure that Lady Chesterton could not be silly if she tried; but if the preciousness of society was to be lost by its becoming large, and its manners were to degenerate by its becoming rich, would not she go with Lady July so far as to admit that they should try to preserve its principles—its religious principles, if he might say so?

Sir John looked pleased with himself after he had delivered that speech. There was no allusion to religion in Lady July's article; but long experience had taught him that concern about spiritual affairs impressed and softened women, and was often a great aid to flirtation.

Lady Chesterton, however, who was original in all things, was not at all impressed.

"I'm very happy in society as it is," she said. "Whatever is, is right. Religion may be quite true. And I, at least, should be the last to desert it; for it is the basis of all the intellectual and spiritual joys of the age—the thing which gives these their

piquancy, their value. All our dearest delights are delightful simply because they are slightly improper. What, for example, would be the use of my being a Soul if in playing at indulging the Pagan instincts I did not, like all the other Souls, know that Paganism is wicked? If there were no eternal verity making some things good in themselves and some things bad, all joys would loose their savour, and the Souls, in their ethical abandonment, would be as dull as the Wesleyans in their theological tenacity. The abolition of sin—sin as a principle—is the only event which could possibly make life not worth enduring."

Hertford remarked that Lady Chesterton spoke in epigrams, which were often more confusing than parables.

"The most curious thing about epigrams," she rejoined, "is that they are sometimes true. Parables never are, for nobody understands them. But I want to say my say neither in epigrams nor in parables. And what I want to say is that life should resemble neither an epigram nor a parable, but a paradox."

Hertford was aware that his aunt had never the slightest difficulty in performing a charming conversation quite unaided; but he felt there would be no harm in risking the observation that paradox—he had heard the saying before, and it had struck him—was the only perfect form of truth.

To his pleased astonishment, her ladyship agreed with him.

"It is," said Lady Chesterton, "the only frame-work of words in which truth, if there is any within it all, is present unalloyed. Now, what is life, which, I have said, should resemble a paradox? Life, for us at least, is society. There's no snobbishness in saying so. We know no other life, and it would be hypocrisy to pretend that we feel any other. Well, then, society—all of it, Whig and Tory alike—has one constant purpose; only one; and that purpose, which springs out of the universal instinct of self-preservation, is to continue living. We must not be abolished."

"I fear we may, though," said Sir John. "I mean we old stagers. Society cannot go on without money, and if rents continue to go down we'll all be bankrupt. Only this year——"

It was so obvious to Lady Chesterton that Sir John had not been following her very intelligently.

"But, in order not to be abolished, society," she said, not heeding the interruption, "has certain obligations which are not usually realised—obligations which I must impress upon you, George, now that you are taking to statesmanship. It must maintain religion and religious establishments; for otherwise, as I have shown you, there would be no piquancy in its pet wickednesses. And it must be wicked; for, otherwise, it would have no need of religion."

"Must we really be wicked?" said Sir John, apprehensively.

"Young men must—my nephew, for example,"—her ladyship replied sweetly. "You see, young men must attune themselves to the spirit of the age—there is always a spirit of the age, although the phrase does have a commonplace sound—or they're a discord, a worry to themselves and to everybody else. In an age of renaissance they must be renaissant; in an age of decadence, decadent. George here is unhappy because he is so shockingly orthodox in his conduct and ways of thinking. He doesn't see that, although it is the duty of society to be strictly Conservative in politics, it is, at this moment, equally its duty—a fundamental necessity of its life—to be Liberal, even Separatist, in spirit and in mind, and in much of its private conduct. It must be frivolous, cynical, an apparent repudiation of all the virtues which make the masses solemn and severe."

"Otherwise," said Hertford, with a flash of sympathetic inspiration, "the masses would have no shocking example to keep what they believe to be their spiritual and moral superiority self-conscious and lusty."

"Exactly," said the Countess. "But that is only the practical reason why society must be decadent. Whilst it is necessary that we should conserve the national religion and the national character by being a shocking example of the need of them, it is necessary that we should be Radical in spirit in order to be braced up to that public duty."

"A paradox, indeed!" Hertford murmured.

The Countess went on unheeding.

"We cannot be interested in the masses unless we are interested in ourselves, and we cannot be interested in ourselves unless we are thoroughly unconventional. In order to be vitally Conservative, we must be extremely Liberal in our tastes and principles. The Age is greater than any of its creatures; all the creatures must share its spirit, each in his own way. If you have a turn for ethics, like Mr. Mallock, you must write a novel to prove that taking the place of a lady's husband may in some cases be conduct more exaltedly moral than any saintliness which the united efforts of all the Nonconformist imaginations could conceive; if, like Mr. Henley, you are a heathen happening upon occasion to defend the Church, you must say, not that it is the sole fount of truth, but that it brings one up in a gentlemanly religion; you must always deride the commonplace and the obvious. Only in this spirit can you—— But, dear me, here's the Party Manager!"

It was indeed that gentleman, who had entered the park at Prince's Gate and was walking towards them. The Countess greeted him with the vivacious cordiality which makes her a

general favourite, and said that she had just been lecturing her nephew on the true principles of Conservatism.

"But," she said slily, as the Manager passed on, "keep the boy in hand. Don't let him air any new-fangled ideas. Originality is the only thing which is certain to fail in politics."

II.

When the mind is occupied with an unusually engrossing prospect, or reminiscence, the movement and the sounds around one become a rhythmical accompaniment to one's thoughts. Thus, to many a young man on his way home, in the dawn of a summer morning, from a pleasant dance, the clatter of a cab on the muffling pavement of wood insensibly sets itself into the cadence of a flattering melody. Indeed, when life is full and joyous, there are ballads in the breezes, lyrics in the songs of birds, and a lullaby in the roar of streets. When fortune is at issue with us, all this is changed. Then too, sometimes, the sounds of nature and the bustle of civilization are transfigured in our reveries; but their music is a wail, or a mockery. To Hertford, who left for the north on the subsequent night, the wheels of the Flying Scotchman were chanting an ambiguous lay. Sometimes the roll of them was raucous and as irritating as the last music-hall song; and sometimes it was as soothing as a nocturne of Chopin. At times the young man was conscious of a certain dissonance between himself in reality and himself as a candidate for Parliament. As candidate, he was, he knew, a person whom people at large would look up to. He would be regarded as having some superiority to people generally—some ampler knowledge, some greater calling, some special aptitude. His name and his opinions would be in newspapers from day to day; smiling men would crowd around him, seeking the honour of shaking hands with him; he would be a man of the time, and in the eyes of the world a man entitled to consider himself fortunate and to feel exalted. Outside the *rôle* of candidate, or rather inside it, he recognized a very different person. Who was he—disappointed, spiritless, humdrum—that men should give him even a passing thought? What call had he to public life? What interest, indeed, in life at all?

The busy wheels caught up the musings of his self-contempt and echoed them in rhythmic mockery. He indeed, they assured him with a tireless emphasis, while yet they seemed too industriously preoccupied to mind him, was a man with whom the world had no concern. But the proverbial changes of a winter's night are not more various than the moods which lazily arise in the introspection of tedious hours on the railway. Sometimes, in the exercise of its wandering fancy, the traveller's mind found itself recalling the

discourse of Lady Chesterton; and then the wheels changed their tune into one of lighter, and even merry, meaning. Her ladyship's prattle had interested him; her bright perversity had cajoled him into feeling that life, after all, is dull or entertaining exactly in proportion as we will that it should be either. Why shouldn't he pull himself together and be a man again? Was not his melancholy a mere selfish joy on false pretences, "a deep, enduring satisfaction in the depths of discontent"? and if he was capable of happiness disguised as sorrow, must not he still be capable of happiness in its elemental modes? Might not there be truth in Lady Chesterton's suggestion that if he had been really in love he would not have been so ready to accept defeat? Was it possible that he had been disquieting himself in vain? and, if so, should he not either forget his romance or determinedly endeavour to resume it? Why not?

"Why not? why not? why not?" said the active wheels, like a voice shouting cheerily through a dream.

As the wolds of Yorkshire were beginning to loom through the reluctant dawn the traveller fell slowly asleep with the query ringing in his ears and moving his mind; and ever and anon he would start from his light slumber to find that he was not yet enthralling vast audiences with fiery rhetoric, or that his running away with a pretty girl was only Lady Chesterton's banter simmering in his drowsy imagination.

He was aroused at Edinburgh. Already, although it was only six o'clock, the world seemed wide-awake. The sun was shining with a fresh lucidity unfamiliar to London eyes, and Waverley Station was astir with travellers and cabs and porters. The bustle stimulated him. It was in accord with the spirited temper of his last wakeful hour, and, blent with the unfamiliar voices around him, and with an access of realization that he was engaged in a novel enterprise, confirmed his disposition to be of good cheer.

When one has been journeying to Scotland through the night, there is a certain novelty about the people who join the train at Waverley and the stations farther north. They are fresh, and bright, and bustling; and they chatter loudly or read the morning newspapers with a curious wide-awake interest. You and they seem to belong to different races, and it is some time before you realize that the only difference between you is that they have been in their beds and in their baths whilst your own rest and refreshment are still to come. Thus, a man who entered the carriage at Dalmeny, a man of thirty-three or thereby, made Hertford ruminate on the marvel of sleep. It was odd to think that the stranger was overflowing with energy and gaiety of spirits simply because he had been sleeping since the time when the Flying Scotchman had passed Retford. Perhaps, however, that wasn't quite the explana-

tion. The stranger looked as if he had a special measure of energy in mind and body. His nervous lips were constantly quivering with a smile of apparently causeless merriment; and his bright, dark eyes, set deep in a handsome forehead, over which black curls clustered, were of that peculiar kind which literally laugh. Hertford felt that there was something very attractive about the man, who, when he was seated comfortably, civilly offered him a *Scotsman*, remarking that it contained important news about the Dissolution. Hertford accepted the paper.

"Stirring times—stirring times!" said the stranger, lighting a cigarette. "Wonder which way it will go?"

"The General Election?" asked Hertford.

"That was what I alluded to," the stranger answered. "No man can tell, I daresay; but I rather think the Ministry will come badly off."

"Do you really?"

"On the whole, yes. They may win some of the urban seats, especially in Scotland; but I hear the English rural labourers are likely to vote Gladstonian."

"What a pity," said Hertford, to whom it did not occur that such an unserious fellow could possibly be a Gladstonian, "that we haven't had time for a One-Vote-One-Value Act! Perhaps the extra seats which would have been given to London would have come to our side, and done something to balance the expected losses in the shires."

The stranger didn't deny that that would have been no more than fair; but he thought that there was something to be said for Mr. Gladstone's contention that the present anomalous distribution of seats was less unjustifiable than it seemed. "It really is a fact," he said, "that the farther you go from the Capital of the Kingdom the more intense do you find the consideration which men bestow upon political and all other affairs."

"Yes?" said Hertford.

"Undoubtedly," the stranger answered. "The rural Scots, for example, really do expend more mental energy on any question they have to solve than the Scots of Dundee, or of Aberdeen, or of Edinburgh, or of Glasgow, and very much more than any poor creatures of Englishmen (asking your pardon) would apply to any question whatsoever. In fact, rural Scots find intellectual problems in the most casual affairs, and they have a passion for precision in the solutions."

"So I have heard," said Hertford, smiling in sympathy with the stranger's prattling liveliness. He was amused, also, at the stranger's apology for speaking lightly of the Englishmen, for he seemed to be an Englishman himself.

"Oh, yes," said the stranger briskly: "it is a trait of their character which comes out even in their anecdotes. 'Tonal,' said one Highland gillie, meeting another after a hard day on the hill, at the time when the speculations of Mr. Darwin were going about, 'wull you go to the public-house and have a tram?' 'I wull that, Angus,' Donald answered; 'and we wull have four trams, whaat-effer, for I wish to have a theological discussion as to whether a bum bee is a bird or a baste.'"

Hertford laughed heartily at this recital. That encouraged the stranger to go on.

"Still farther away to the north," he said, "a man of this reflective race, who had been assisting at a merry-making, was strenuously stepping up a glen. He had been looking on the wine of the country, and his movements were irregular. 'Going home, Duncan?' an acquaintance asked, by way of friendly salutation. Now, a dull Englishman (again asking your pardon) would not have thought that such a casual remark called for any specific answer; but, as I have said, no question is so trivial that a Scot will treat it lightly. Although he could scarcely speak, Duncan paused a moment to consider. He knew that for every two steps he took up the hill he involuntarily took one step down; and, a gleam of alert intelligence flashing through his fumigated brain, he answered—'Whiles.'"

Again Hertford was much amused.

"So you see," said the stranger, when he had composed himself from the hilarity which his own tale had caused, "it's no joke electioneering north of the Tweed."

Hertford started slightly, wondering whether the stranger knew who he was, and what his mission.

"But," the stranger went on, gaily, "it's best not to be afraid of them. They pretend to despise anybody who wasn't bred and born among them, especially a London barrister; but in reality the London barrister can usually get the better of them—if he has sufficient confidence in himself to be habitually cheeky. If ever you're a candidate, remember this."

"I'll do my best," said Hertford, good-humouredly.

"Do. Never flatter them. Treat them as if you were far above them—especially the hecklers—and don't hesitate to let them know that you think them hopelessly ignorant. Amazing what a number of London barristers Scotland has elected on the strength of those qualifications! But here we are at Sydie—I change here. Good morning!"

The merry fellow was out of the carriage, and nodding his good-looking head in friendly farewell, in a moment; but Hertford was not long alone. He was met at Dungelly, which he reached within

quarter of an hour, by a deputation from the party in that town, and was immediately borne off to the Royal George, the hotel in which the Conservatives of the neighbourhood met on all possible occasions. There the deputation explained that they desired to present their compliments to the candidate. This formality was so bashful in its beginning that the head of the deputation—Mr. Thomas Duncan, bailie, elder of the Kirk, head man on the bowling-green, and zealous Freemason ; a little elderly man, who was everybody's body, without whom no funeral or other public function was complete—suggested that they "would be nane the waur o' a tumbler o' toddy." It was gie early i' the mornin', he admitted, gravely ; but that was nae ordnar occasion, and he jaloused the toon was ower excited aboot the arrival o' Mr. Hariford to think o' wark that day.

The oblique compliment was not without effect. Hertford was genuinely awed at his own importance.

Murmuring a unanimous assent to the Bailie's suggestion, the company seated themselves round a table. Then the bailie produced his snuff-box, took a pinch, solemnly invited the candidate to do likewise, and observed that the pairty in West Drum were enterin' upon an uphill fecht.

The pairty (for every avowed Conservative in the town was present, if we may except the beadle of the parish, who was at best a doubtful voter) shook its head gravely, took a drink, and agreed that it was so.

"But we maun a' stan' shouther the shouther, and dae our best," the chairman added, with earnestness.

"Aye : we maun that," said Tammas Heggie, the coach-builder.

"Church and State," said Elder Kemp, raising a tumbler to his ruminating lips.

"The Constitution," added Mr. Blair, the chemist, who, like the famous parrot, said little, but was a devil to think.

If it had continued in the subdued manner of its beginning, the episode might have been disspiriting ; but as the bottle circulated and the gentlemen of the deputation became familiar with the sound of their own voices, the talk grew lively. Mr. Blair gave the candidate fair warnin' that he'd better say as little aboot the Kirk as possible. He was personally acquent wi' three U.P.'s and ae Free Church deacon wha were strong uphudders o' the Union, but wud be prevented by their consciences frae votin' for ony man wha was openly Erastian. Elder Kemp begged to differ. He didna' gie a daum for the puir critturs mentioned by Maister Blair. If they wud desert the Union because the man wha supported it supported the Kirk tae, the Conservative Pairty cud dae wi'oot them. Bailie Duncan took another pinch of snuff. He was sure

they would 'gree among themsel's. As their chairman, he felt at leeberty tae dae na mair than keep stric' order; but he did hope, whatever else he said or did, Maister Hariford wudna' ca' himsel' a Tory—the folks thereaboot cudna' stan' the word. The candidate modestly asked what the chairman thought the folks would like him to say to them. The deputation, the whole of it speaking at once, was no' very sure. There wud be nae harm in bangin' awa' at the National League; and if it wisna' for the colliers, wha were maistly Roman Catholics, he micht lay on tae the Papists; but———

"That," interposed Hertford, whose spirits were recklessly rising as the humours of the situation multiplied,—"that reminds me of a story which perhaps some of you have heard. One Sunday there was to be a collection in a certain parish kirk. On his way to church the minister met Elder Macnab. 'Keep aff the drink the day,' said the elder, warningly. 'Maister Mitchell the brewer is to be i' the kirk this mornin', and I believe he's thinkin' o' pittin' a pound note i' the plate.' Shortly afterwards, the minister met another elder—Mr. Craw. 'Keep off the vanities o' weemen the day,' Mr. Craw suggested. 'Maist o' the leddies hae been buyin' new hats i' the summer fashion.' 'John,' said the minister when he reached the vestry, and the beadle was helping to enrobe him, 'Elder Macnab says I maun keep aff the drink, and Elder Craw says I maun keep aff the weemen. What am I to preach aboot?' 'Oh,' said the beadle, with alacrity, 'just rub it intae the Jews.'"

The story which Hertford had opportunely recollected—and he had recited it in remarkably good Scotch—was a great success. The gentlemen of the deputation had reached that comfortable stage of carousal when a Scotchman's readiness to take offence at any real or apparent slight to his nationality is changed into a magnanimous certitude that all allusions to his country are meant in compliment to himself. They applauded Hertford vigorously, and declared that they had been sure, from the very first moment they saw him, that he had Scotch blood in his veins. Also, they had become quite confident of victory.

Mr. Heggie, who was generally admitted to be the orator of the town, rose to make a speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I beg to propose the health of Mr. Hariford. There canna be the slightest doobt ——"

Mr. Heggie's oratory was stopped by a loud tap at the door. The chairman cried "Come in!" Then a man in livery entered the room, and handed a note to Hertford, saying that Sir Robert Graham had bidden him be sure to deliver it into Mr. Hertford's own hands.

"Sir Robert Graham!" exclaimed the candidate in much surprise, as if at some important matter suddenly recollected. "Pardon me, gentlemen." Then he opened and read the note, in which he was invited to take luncheon at Sir Robert's house, if it were convenient to him, that very day.

Hertford's astonishment had a sufficient cause. Sir Robert was the stern parent of the very young lady in whom he had been so much interested during the season of 1891, and ever since. He had been aware that the rich and eccentric baronet of whom she was the only child lived in Scotland. He had not associated her with West Drum. In truth, he had scarcely heard of West Drum before his interview with the Party Manager. Like the omnibus driver who, conversing with a Northman on the box-seat, inquired whether Scotland was as large a place as 'Ampstead 'Eath, Hertford had been accustomed to think of Scotland, when he thought of it at all, as an undivided and indivisible unit.

III.

Hertford, upon whom events were crowding with bewildering rapidity, accepted the invitation, and shortly thereafter drove to Cairntaws, Sir Robert's seat, which is the wealthiest estate in Drumshire. His going was a matter of course. He had a cordial dislike for the baronet; but the baronet was not the main consideration. Disappointed love, which often involves wounded vanity, dissembles, and sometimes even fancies itself turned into aversion; but, as Hertford had found in his ruminations of the previous night, it never really dies. It is never incapable of revival. The young man keenly realised this when, with a flush of gratification which suffused him from head to foot, he met Miss Graham, alone, in the morning room at Cairntaws. A year's sullen brooding over his disappointment had blurred her image in his mind's eye, and, although she was in no measure responsible for his sorrow, had inured him to thinking of her as quite a commonplace damsel. Such is the sordid process by which man's selfishness instinctively heals its wounds. In Hertford's case, as in many another, it was all undone in a moment. Elsie—he greeted her, impulsively, by the pet name—was as beautiful and obviously as much in love with him as ever. She met him with undisguised pleasure, and the dull sorrows of a year vanished in the rapturous instant of her welcoming smile.

His life, which had long been listless, had entered upon a period of stirs and surprises. That he was a candidate for Parliament was wonderful; that the constituency in which he was "standing" lay in the county which was the home of the Grahams was still more wonderful; that his broken romance had been pieced together

so' completely was most wonderful of all. But a further surprise was in store. Miss Graham told him, with coquettish merriment, that Mr. Augustus Storey was to join them at luncheon that day, and was, indeed, somewhere about the place at that moment, consulting with her father as to what adaptation of the Radical Programme would best suit the tastes of West Drum.

"Father is resolved," she added, with demure playfulness, "upon his marrying me. He has not consulted me on the subject; but he has announced his wish to Mr. Storey. So Mr. Storey told me."

Although Miss Graham was obviously sure that there was no danger of her father's project being accomplished, a frown passed over Hertford's face.

"But you needn't be afraid," she said, noticing this. "Father might coerce me; but he can't possibly coerce Mr. Storey; and Mr. Storey won't have me."

"Won't have you?" Hertford echoed, in astonishment.

"No," the girl merrily answered. "He is a very plain-spoken man, is Mr. Storey, and he has explicitly rejected me. He told me that, as he was to make Cairntaws his headquarters during the contest, he thought he had better make his intentions known without delay. It would prevent misunderstandings and perhaps heartburnings. He had no objection to me in myself, he was good enough to say; but the thought of having a sincere Liberal for a father-in-law would break his heart."

"Elsie," said Hertford, "I have a plan. We shall be married before a month is over!"

"What is the plan, George?" she asked, disengaging herself from the embrace with which the champion of law and order emphasised the announcement that he had one.

"Well,——"

But as he was about to explain the gong summoned them to luncheon.

When they were all met in the dining-room, Hertford found that Mr. Storey was none other than the light-hearted person with whom he had travelled from Dalmeny in the morning. Each was much surprised at finding who the other was. Both were more pleased to meet again than Sir Robert, who was a caucus-bred politician, thought quite moral. They were perfectly at ease from the moment they met, and, as the austere baronet was shocked to find, lamentably deficient in the partisan asperity without which, it is well known, no man can be a convinced politician. Indeed, when Miss Graham had withdrawn, their conversation became horrible. In the lady's presence it had been flippant enough; and as she was going Sir Robert, thinking to induce in the young men

a more serious state of mind, remarked that it gave him much gratification to notice that at this election, more notably than at any other within his memory, the people were being appealed to on considerations which must stir their moral sense. The Nonconformist Manifesto, for example,——

"An abominable document!" the Liberal candidate exclaimed —not flippantly, but with genuine feeling.

"I'm glad you think so," said the Tory candidate, quietly.

Sir Robert looked from one to the other in astonishment. Did they not think, he asked, that the Manifesto was a most conscientious appeal to the religious and moral sense of the people?

"Conscientious enough, I grant you," said Hertford; "but conscientiousness cannot redeem a wrong. Let us agree that 'the rule of Christ,' as the manifesto says, should be 'over every department of action.' Who are the Nonconformist leaders that they suppose themselves able to say what special political measures the rule of Christ obliges us to support? Are they an inspired priesthood?"

"Ay," said the Liberal candidate scornfully: "that's the rub. But here's another rub. The Manifesto says that the 'Christian who refuses to vote according to his conscience and the law of Christ betrays his Lord.' I hold that to be a sinful proposition."

Sir Robert remarked that, especially in youth, the natural man was constantly at war with goodness.

"He is not!" said Storey, speaking with an earnestness which was in striking contrast with his usual manner. "The natural man may not be a saint; but he is not so bad as he is called. Tell me, Sir Robert: why it is that so many men shudder and shrink when they are addressed in the language of the Nonconformist Manifesto?"

"Because, as I have said, they are naturally corrupt, and hate the truth and the light." The baronet seemed quite satisfied that that was so.

"I think not," said Storey. "Aversions such as that of which we are speaking are not so easily accounted for; and this one—which expressed itself lately in a general sarcasm on 'the Nonconformist conscience'—has perhaps been never very intelligible even to itself. Men of the world entertain the aversion not because they dislike moral and religious principles, but because they dislike talk about them. And they dislike talk about them because they instinctively feel those principles to be deeply diffused throughout the whole people—so widely and so deeply diffused that 'the Nonconformist conscience,' in its arrogant zeal, and in its assumption that there is no conscience outside the pale, is a peculiarly odious form of Pharisaism."

"Right," said Hertford; "but I thought you were going to make another point. I expected you to say that true conscientiousness must always be silent. It is a virtue, a virtue of the mind; and the mind should bend to it as instinctively, as unconsciously, as the body of an athlete moves at the bidding of his strength, which is a physical virtue. In short, there is more than a mere question of taste involved in the average Englishman's aversion from the Nonconformist conscience."

"Exactly," said Storey: "more than a mere question of taste. The aversion is itself a moral and religious scruple. It does not recognize itself as such only because, being a real virtue,—virtue in the fundamental sense of the word: strength: clean, wholesome strength—it is instinctive, unconscious. The average Englishman shrinks from the Nonconformist conscience and its ways because of a perception—a true perception, although he has never even defined it—that the moment spirituality becomes self-conscious it becomes immoral."

"That," said Hertford, "is the point I was seeking to state. There is a condition of religious feeling which is essentially immoral. You remember the wise man's saying: 'We revel and luxuriate in our faith for the—the indecent sensation of it.'"

"And when we do," said Storey, "we are guilty of the very immorality of which those who have Nonconformist consciences regard themselves as peculiarly free. Self-conscious spirituality—the sensations of the Nonconformist conscience, for example—is the wantoning of the soul."

"And the new Puritanism," Hertford added, "is a diseased condition of the soul."

"Which condition has the power," said Storey, "to spread corruption like a plague. Why did so many of us feel disgusted with the County Councillors who recently took certain actions in the interests of what they believed to be morality? Why were we so ready to agree with those who said that a ballet girl, or a lady athlete at the Aquarium, is conscious of potential impropriety only when a Progressive Puritan is inspecting her? Is it that we are all naturally, or by acquired habit, wicked, and that we seek to sear our consciences with flippant, jesting, half-truths? No! It is because, at the back of his thick, honest, cleanly mind, the average Englishman has a perception of the fact that shame and sin are largely the creation of those whose assumed moral superiority is greater than they can hold. If it is not kept in check by wholesome popular scorn, incontinent virtue is capable of debauching a whole nation of the pure in heart."

Thereupon, after a pause, the three men rose—the two younger to go about their electioneering; Sir Robert to shake his head and

sigh in derogation of the unholy talk to which he had been listening. The baronet felt himself bound to be so much outraged in behalf of religion and morality that, in the effort to be intellectually horrified and spiritually cosy, he clean forgot the purpose for which he had invited Hertford to Cairntaws. His suspicion of all fellow-creatures being great in proportion to his self-righteousness, he had instantly concluded, the moment he had heard that Hertford was to contest West Drum, that he was coming to renew his suit; and Sir Robert intended to give the young man to understand that he need not do anything of the sort.

Now, when Mr. Storey joked, with his chance companion in the train, about the way in which a wise candidate would treat a Scotch electorate, he was speaking autobiographically. He himself was a London barrister. To be more particular: He had written a book of essays, which had had such a brilliant success that the Eighty Club, anxious because of the desperate lack of talent in the Liberal Party at the time, had snapped him up before he had thought of forming any political connection. The better to secure his allegiance, the Liberal leaders had invited him to "stand for" West Drum, which, as the retiring member had not been challenged for thirty years, was believed by them to be a "safe seat." Being a happy-go-lucky fellow, accustomed, excepting in his graver moments, to consider life an unending pantomime rehearsal, Mr. Storey was nothing loath. He had no political convictions; but that, he reflected, was a good reason why he should not reject a chance of finding material for fresh essays.

Whether Mr. Storey's mind was too critical to be fervid, or whether the tide of Liberalism was ebbing in West Drum, as in other parts of Scotland, it is hard to say; but certain it is that from that very night, on which Hertford made his first speech, Mr. Storey's chances of success, which had previously amounted to certainty, began to diminish. The Conservative candidate spoke with versatility and vigour; he turned the laugh on the hecklers with such ready wit that the most formidable of them, Sandy Leitch, who had meant to follow him from town to town, and village to village, during the whole contest, gave up after three nights' trial; and ere a fortnight had passed Bailie Duncan was offering to bet new hats on level terms that Maister Hariford would top the poll. Alack! there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. Through the din of battle, which was resounding all over West Drum, one could note that the sough of the country-side had become distinctly favourable to the Conservative candidate—when it was found that the Conservative candidate had disappeared! He failed in an engagement to address an important meeting in a coast town. The chair was to be taken at eight; but when eight came, there was no

candidate. Five minutes passed; ten; fifteen. Then scouts from the committee room sought him at the inn where he had been seen to put up early in the afternoon; but they sought in vain. Nor was there any word of him in the morning. Telegraphic messages flew to every Tory hotel in the division, and to all the agents of the party; but no trace of the candidate could be found.

To learn the opinion of West Drum, you had to let your footsteps stray towards its centre; and to the natives that was to indulge an inclination rather than to prosecute a duty. For the "hub" of West Drum was the Tontine Hôtel, in Dungelly: a "house" (as the teetotal gentlemen called it) which had less breeding than the Royal George opposite, but was possesesed of a finer spirit. It was on the Tontine, therefore, that the opinions of West Drum converged. In the earlier hours contributions to the facts of the case were received impartially. Criticism enters with the later brews. Thus, when Jock Macnab related how, when he was having a daunder at day-break "to reflec' on the sitiation," he saw a man very like Maister Hariford near the auld pit-shaft at Dolgench, there was no sign of the scepticism of the later stage when, Jock's poaching habits being well-known, he was told that "if it really was the gentleman, it was a peety he didna snare 'm."

"What d'you think about it?" one asked a little wizened old man who, so far, had said nothing, but contented himself with sucking his whisky through his front teeth, the protrusion of which, together with his tenacity in argument, led to his being named "The Weasel."

"I think its demned ungentlemanly condik," he replied. "Here I've got something to say to Maister Hariford on the question o' the Truck Act; an' he's bolted. What the devil's the use o' stirring up idees if you'll no' wait and hear them expounded? It's like setting a hen on eggs and routing it out o' the nest afore the hatching."

A young wag thought that perhaps he might hatch his idee in the Radical demonstration to come off that night.

"Man," said The Weasel, "it's easy seein' that with all yer thinking you've never experienced the joys o' incubation. D'ye think there's any fun in thinking? It's the giving it words and watching the transmogrifying effects on the enemies' countenances that fills ye with a kind o'—a kind o' jelicose feeling."

"Jelly coes be ——! Whaur's the candidate?" shouted a fiery-faced farmer who had ridden miles for the collieshangie; and "Whaur's the candidate?" was echoed round the room.

"There's something under it a'," said Sandy, the Dairyman.

"That's a terrible wise remark," snorted the farmer. "It's like Magnus Brown's, the byreman, when my coo deed last week.

'Depend upon't,' says Magnus, 'that coo deed o' something or anither.'"

By-and-bye The Weasel, who had been ferreting the candidate's ungentlemanliness, arrived at the conclusion that at least his disappearance settled the Election.

"Ye canna elect a man that's no' here. It would be like drinking the health o' a man that was deed."

While these speculations, and many others of a similar kind, were going busily on, another surprise was in preparation for West Drum, which, indeed, had never, as the local newspapers unanimously remarked, experienced such an exciting time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. On the morning of the second day after the Conservative candidate's disappearance, the *Drumshire Chronicle* came out with an extraordinary letter from Sir Robert Graham. Sir Robert had not taken any active part in the contest; but all Drumshire knew that since he had worried his wife to death—which achievement had reacted on his conscience so much that, in order to make expiation by becoming better than ever, he had abjured Episcopacy for the United Presbyterian Church, and Toryism for Liberalism, thinking thereby to procure a greater measure of grace—Sir Robert had been a member of the Party of Progress. What, then, was Drumshire's surprise on reading Sir Robert's letter, which was a denunciation of the Liberal candidate, winding up with an announcement that he, Sir Robert, was so much disgusted with the plight into which Liberalism had sunk that he felt bound to dissociate himself from the Party, imperially and locally, and to do all he could to secure the election of Mr. Hertford!

But how, as The Weasel had asked, was Mr. Hertford to be elected when nobody knew where he was? That was West Drum's first thought on reading Sir Robert's letter. The next thought was a very bitter pill to the Dungelly Atheist—an old argumentative weaver from whom everybody shrank, but upon whom (he being a grand hand at the heckling) the Liberal Party, with which he associated himself, could not afford to turn the cold shoulder. "Aye, aye!" he said with a sigh, as he laid the paper down, and contemplatively stirred the fire in his lonely room up Lornie's Close. "An' I believe that mony o' they puir deevils o' U.P.'s and Baptists wull gang wi' him, tae."

Whether the Atheist's foreboding was justified by events will not be known until the evening of the polling day; but there can be no doubt that when Hertford appeared on the scene again, which was on the day of publication of Sir Robert's manifesto, the popular favour for him was not diminished. His opponents, of course, jeered loudly, and there was an outbreak of sarcastic squibs; but his own side were too much relieved to put exacting questions to him.

That night, after addressing a packed meeting with a cogent eloquence such as even the Atheist was fain to admit had never been known in West Drum since Mr. Bradlaugh had visited the constituency, Hertford, while his supporters were pressing round him with congratulations, was gently and jocosely reproached for not having sent to the chairman of the meeting he had disappointed a message saying that he had been called away. Hertford laughingly turned the question aside.

Now, the real reason why he had sent no word when he ran away was that he had not been sure that he would ever set foot in Drumshire again. That all depended on what Sir Robert Graham might say in answer to a certain letter which had been posted so as to arrive at Cairntaws on the morning when the delighted Liberals would be asking, "Whaur's the Tory candidate?" Since he had gone to the constituency, the Tory candidate had been engaged in more than the winning of West Drum. He had been working out the little plan which he had conceived on the morning when he had resumed his acquaintance with Miss Graham; and, although only Sir Robert and his household knew it, she too had quitted Drumshire when the Tory candidate had disappeared. They had crossed the Forth and gone through a little private ceremony before the Sheriff of Midlothian. Then Elsie Graham had written to her father saying that she had become Mrs. Hertford. If he liked, she would be happy to return to Cairntaws instantly, and live there until it was convenient for all concerned to have a wedding pageant before Canon Fleming at St. Michael's, Chester Square. If he did not like, George and she would be quite content to take the Sheriff's word for it that they were duly married; and they would return no more to Drumshire. Still, she did hope that her dear father would prefer the first alternative: it would be *so* nice to be married in church to a rising young Member of Parliament.

With Sir Robert's decision we are already acquainted. What he had been accustomed to consider his invincible integrity was put to a test which it could not stand. The battle within his mind was won by the vanity into which all his virtues were soluble. He was outraged at the completely successful defiance of his authority, which had never before, since he had succeeded to the estate of Cairntaws, been so much as questioned; but he could be avenged only by bringing a scandal upon himself, and the thought that the world would laugh at him was more than he could endure. Therefore the baronet told Elsie that she might come home, and resolved to make the best of a bad job by arranging, if possible, to be father-in-law of a legislator. Hence Sir Robert's sudden disapproval of Liberalism.

When Elsie, in answer to her letter, received the command to come home instantly, Hertford, although he would have been delighted to go off on a honeymoon instead of going back to Drum, was as happy as the girl herself. After all, it was as well, he realized, to act according to regulation. His conscience being satisfied with the thought that he had been quite ready to defy convention if defiance should be necessary, he wrote a hasty letter to his aunt, with whom he had been in constant correspondence since the episode began, and then prepared for the return to West Drum. And on reaching his hotel after the meeting with which the contest had been so auspiciously resumed, he found a letter which put to flight any lingering doubt as to the propriety of his proceedings, and sent him musing happily.—

"Harley Street, W.,
"*June* 27, 1892.

"My Dear George,—

"Just before I met you in the Park three weeks ago I was saying to myself, 'Why didn't that nephew of mine run off with the girl?' And now you've done it! Well, I suppose you'll be bothered with scruples of one kind or another. Perhaps you are thinking that you have wronged her father. Dismiss the scruples. The most heinous of the few cardinal sins that *I* can think of is that which a man and a woman commit when, liking each other, they allow anything or anybody to prevent their union. The two of you, therefore, were not only justified in taking the law into your own hands: you were bound to do as you did. Convention—conscience! What are these? There's much to be said for convention; but there's very little to be said for the conscience which, unless you are much changed for the better since I saw you, will be making you half-regret your escapade. The saying that conscience makes cowards of us all is less true than that cowardice makes consciences of us all. I've little patience with conscience as a rule. Intellect is but instinct run to seed, and conscience is often moral flabbiness giving itself airs. Critics of literature say that no good story has a moral; and we are all pretty well agreed with them. But why has it not occurred to anyone to say that a *life* with a moral is just as bad as a story with a moral? It really is. The eminent Scotchman who, addressing Sunday-school children, told about a boy with no father or mother, and in rags, who, by industry and perseverance and religion, had risen to be rich and powerful, and then said to them, impressively, '*I am that boy!*'—that man was as great an outrage as *David Grieve*. For, as Carlyle said, life is meant to be an action, not a thought—and certainly not a moral. The less we think and the more we act, the better. So now, having won your bride, win West Drum; and then, conscience paying tribute to convention, come to be married decently and in order. I shall be proud of you both.—Believe me to remain, always yours affectionately,

"Julia Chesterton."

"Sheer Paganism, I fear," said Hertford, filling his pipe. "And yet——. As Mr. Ruskin says of the Bible, so may one say of life: it is a great book of which not one word is to be understood but through an act."

W. Earl Hodgson.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

A NEW publication—an index to the reviews of books in the London and the provincial newspapers—would seem, by its existence, to corroborate the saying of Washington Irving which it takes as its motto: "Many a man of passable information reads scarcely anything but reviews; and, before long, a man of erudition will be little better than a mere walking catalogue." They whose business it is to review find themselves in no better plight than the gentlemen of passable information. Even on the eve of a General Election, when publishers are shy, to overtake the good fiction is an impossible task; and we must consider ourselves fortunate if we have happened upon novels which are fair samples of the bulk. Such are *I Saw Three Ships*, *The Sinner's Comedy*, and *A Queen of Curds and Cream;* and that these books should have taken their places upon the shelves of the public without very special comment is as good a testimony as we could wish to the high standard of present-day fiction. None of them points a moral, champions a cause, illumines a creed, or adorns the want of one; and, therefore, they cannot be held representative of the English novel. They are typical, however, of English fiction which is not didactic, and each illustrates a method by which amusement is brought to our doors. We were almost tempted to give the distinctive title "artistic" to those novels which are not "serious"; but from that rather ambiguous classification we are saved by reading the new edition of Mr. Hall Caine's romance, *The Scapegoat.** It is necessary to state the edition, for, at the command of his literary conscience, as he himself tells us, Mr. Hall Caine has considerably altered his story. Whether for better or for worse is for those to judge who have read it as it appeared at first. By those who have read both versions we are assured that the revised one is by far the better. *The Scapegoat*, as it now stands, is a powerful work, which the characters of Naomi and Israel will cause to live; to say that it is inartistic might be consistence with a good theory and would be very bad criticism.

* *The Scapegoat. A Romance.* By Hall Caine. Fifth Edition. William Heinemann.

Of the three novels which we have classed together, *I Saw Three Ships, and Other Winter's Tales*,* is the most brilliant and, by reason of its author's habit of showing his hand, the most entertaining to those who keep an eye upon how the thing is done. "Q." is one of the young men who have recently given the novel a fresh spurt—the one, indeed, from whom many people, well able to judge, expect most. We believe that they extract this promise from *Noughts and Crosses*, which they consider (as does Mr. Quiller Couch himself) the best thing that "Q." has done. To our minds it would be difficult to excel the sea-fight in *The Blue Pavilions;* otherwise in sheer ability the story which gives a title to the present volume marks a great advance on its author's previous work. Having acknowledged the rich amusement they afford, we have said enough of the tales themselves when it is stated that they picture Cornwall folks, and Cornwall folks for the most part swayed by the elemental passions. It is the trick of the telling that chiefly interests one; and "Q.," always suggestive as to artifices, has never been so much so as in this volume.

How the story of adventure has fallen into the hands of the men of style is too complicated a subject to be discussed here. Among literary romancers of to-day "Q." has a distinct place. His good qualities, however, he shares with them all; and his faults, which are exaggerations of good qualties, point to a common danger. It is open to question, for example, whether his ingenuity—that absolutely necessary gift of the novelist—does not in many cases outrun imagination. Again, take "Q." in this volume as a hunter of the vivid word and figure. Nothing could be finer than this:—

"'Woman!' cried the girl, lapping up her timid merriment in a flame of wrath."

Nor is anything to be said against "a jealous bonnet," or against Christmas in Porthlooe being "a delicate day," or against "The apprehension kept my eyes fixed on the bright spot, to the frequent scandal of my legs;" but such phrases indicate a desire for curious felicities which may, insensibly, end in the choice of what is merely archaic. It has always seemed to us that "Q." is less powerful on the emotional than on the intellectual side of him. This may account for one's wonder at finding him so original when often it is not difficult to see whence he has derived his inspiration. If you are at all acquainted with modern fiction, you cannot fail to mark his indebtedness to those who have gone before. The result is that his humour is constantly changing in texture. When (in that splendid story "The Haunted Dragoon") Sergeant Basket

* *I Saw Three Ships, and other Winter's Tales.* By Q. Cassell & Co.

rouses miserly old Noy with "forty souldjers, in the King's name!"—

"'Forty devils!' says old Noy.

"'They're devils to eat,' answered the Sergeant, in the most friendly manner; 'an', begad, ye must feed an' bed 'em this night—or else I'll search your cellars. Ye are a loyal man—eh, farmer? An' your cellars are big, I'm told.'"

Half-way up the stairs stood Madam Noy, "in her night rail—a high-coloured ripe girl, languishing for love, her red lips parted and neck all lily-white against a loosened pile of dark-brown hair."—

"'Sarah,' calls out the old man, following the Sergeant's bold glance, 'go back an' dress yersel' dacently this instant! These here honest souldjers—forty damned honest gormandisin' souldjers—be come in his Majesty's name, forty strong, to protect honest folks' rights in the intervals of eatin' 'em out o' house an' home. Sergeant, ye be very welcome i' the King's name. Cheese an' cider ye shall have, an' I pray the mixture may turn your forty stomachs.'"

Again (to quote from "I Saw Three Ships"):—

"'Stiddy there, stiddy, my hearts of oak,' began Old Zeb, reflectively. 'A still tongue makes a wise head,' and 'twill be time enough to talk o' shal-lals when the wedding-day's fixed. Now I've a better notion. It will not be gainsaid by any of 'ee that I've the power of logic in a high degree—hey?'"

"'Trew, O King!'"

These passages illustrate the difference of quality in the humour of "Q.'s" conversations, which are always brilliant. It does not vary with the character of the speaker. We do not feel its inevitableness, its convincingness; it is always "Q." according to his mood, or according to his inspiration, that is amusing us. The same variety is seen in his descriptions. In seeking an explanation for this we are led to the integral qualities of "Q.'s" work—a nimble fancy and sheer intellectual ability. The one gives us the witty action; the other, the stimulating characterization of these remarkable tales.

*The Sinner's Comedy** is a story by John Oliver Hobbes, who first touched the public pulse in *Some Emotions and a Moral*, one of the volumes in the *Pseudonym Library*, to which we may note the addition of *Russian Tales* and of *A New England Cactus*.† Although its author's name is new in fiction, *The Sinner's Comedy* does not strike one as a youthful work. It wears an air of experience: as if the writer knew too much to be merely cynical, and yet was so modern that he is afraid to be anything else than cynical. It is when you come to write about it that you learn how little of a story there is to tell. The book may be read in an

* *The Sinner's Comedy*. By John Oliver Hobbes. T. Fisher Unwin.

† *Russian Tales*, and *A New England Cactus and Other Tales*. By Frank Pope Humphrey. *The Pseudonym Library*. T. Fisher Unwin.

hour; and in that time some half-a-dozen characters are discovered with remarkable brilliancy. The method of the unfolding may be seen in this explanation of the change which took place in Richard Kilcoursie when he came into his title.

"Then life took at once a wider and a narrower meaning: wider, because his interests covered a larger field, narrower, because his own personality—the figure of Sir Richard Kilcoursie—blocked up the way. Not that his egoism was loud-voiced or swaggering—it was merely constant: if his intellect had possessed an equal stability he would, no doubt, have achieved greatness."

That passage illustrates the manner in which *The Sinner's Comedy* is written from first to last. The dialogue is brilliant with exactly the same brilliancy; although two pages of Mrs. Grimmage's conversation display a turn for broader humour which the author nowhere else indulges. Thus, the story affords an intellectual rather than an emotional incitement. Nevertheless, it ends sentimentally: that is because in every case the story, and not the writer, must have the last word. We have a suspicion that through it all the author of *The Sinner's Comedy* is restraining sentiment. If so, the restraining process has resulted in one of the cleverest of recent books.

After the brilliant fireworks of "Q." and of John Oliver Hobbes, there is a sense of restfulness in Miss Dorothea Gerard's *A Queen of Curds and Cream.** It has the fine leisurely style of *On the Way Through*, which the author published a month or two ago; and, like it, it is at home in describing life in Austria. In keeping with good, old-fashioned methods, Miss Gerard has a story to tell. Count Eldringen lost his heart and won his bet when he obtained a *rendezvous* with Sergeant Badl's daughter Fanny; and so far forgot himself (though somewhat under constraint of a discarded lover's pistol) as to disgrace himself by marrying her. The stain was overlooked as much as possible by his family, and it ceased to trouble him when he was gathered to his wife in the Austrian village of Glockenau; but it remained unqualified upon the daughter, Ulrica, whom he left behind him. That Ulrica, for all that she was granddaughter of the Sergeant, and allied to Barber Badl and to the condition of Frau Strumpf and Frau Pock, should have fallen so far short of the Minart standard (as to cut her ice with her knife, for example) seems a slander upon woman's wit; especially as her father was a fastidious gambler, and as it was her gentle pride and a natural distinction of manner which shaped subsequent events. At any rate, Ulrica, having nothing to expect from the Minarts, and being scornful of the Badls, had need of her stout heart, her obstinacy, and her "talent for tyranny." For

* *A Queen of Curds and Cream.* By Dorothea Gerard. Eden, Remington, & Co.

she was beautiful; and, as she fell among a people who seem to have been exceedingly wanton, the grace which ought to have been her consolation subjected her to insults of different degrees. In her dire necessity she turned for help to her English cousin, Sir Gilbert Nevyll; and when it was offered was too proud to accept it. How she came to accept more than his aid, and why and when she was named a queen of curds and cream, is Miss Gerard's well-written and entertaining story.

Industry, the power of vivid representation and characterization, and a good style are certainly not gifts of the novelist alone. They are displayed in many books of history, biography, and travel published this month, to one or two only of which we have space to refer. First of all comes Mr. Curzon's monumental work on *Persia.** One looks with some awe upon these two handsome volumes. Mr. Curzon has been determined to make his book exhaustive; and it would seem as if, when he came to look upon his work, he said to himself that it was good—and almost too elaborate. At any rate, he has anticipated the taste of the ordinary reader—that working man of literary constituencies—by commending certain chapters for his especial delectation; what these particular portions are we have no difficulty in guessing when we understand the scope of the work. To six months' travel in Persia, in 1889, when he went out to furnish *The Times* with a *resumê* of the political situation in the Shah's dominions, Mr. Curzon has added three years' of labour, which includes an intimate knowledge of the literature of his subject, and a correspondence with authorities resident in Persia. Even more important to the result was the inclination to the East of one whose fancy is haunted by "the ancient of days," and his previous travel in adjacent regions and study of cognate political questions. Thus, Mr. Curzon's book is like the skeleton of a herring; or, if that seems too shabby a comparison, like that long ridge of street, with off-shooting wynds and closes, and intermediate squares and palaces and castles, which Professor Masson so admirably describes in his chapter on "Edinburgh of Queen Mary's Time." The narrative of travel is the backbone, which is ribbed with every variety of comment. Before we start from Ashkabad we must take a survey of Transcaspia. The country and the towns through which we pass on our way to Meshed, the peoples and the rulers, past peoples and past rulers, are all discussed relatively to the incidents of the journey; and when we have reached the holy city we do not pass from it until the history, the strategical position, and the attraction to the Russian of Khorasan, has been fully entered into. At Teheran there is a long halt for introduction to the Shah, his household, his ministers, and for an

* *Persia.* By the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P. Longmans.

understanding of the government, the institutions, and the domestic legislation of his country. And so we proceed to Isfahan, and thence to Shiraz and the Persian Gulf, deriving at every step fresh knowledge from innumerable sources. The author recommends the amateur to keep his feet in the highroad of travel, and to leave to the student researches in the by-paths. It is possible that some may follow the advice. Those to whom the Shah's visits to this country seemed on a plane of entertainment with the more prolonged appearances of Buffalo Bill may find it difficult to realize how a third-rate Oriental power may derive importance from merely geographical position. Whether judged by its indulgence of the desultory sympathies of the amateur, or from a more artistic point of view, the plan of Mr. Curzon's work is admirable. This will be a standard book on the subject, and yet it is readable in every page; and we scarcely know which to admire most—the qualities of the writer which, of late, have been appropriated by the young man in fiction, or the statesmanlike outlook of a politician in times when political acumen is coarsened by domestic legislation.

From Persia we turn westwards and "seek the examples and the arena of statesmanship amid younger peoples and a white-skinned race" under the guidance of Mr. Gilbert Parker. *Round the Compass in Australia* * is not of the magnitude of Mr. Curzon's *Persia;* but the two works have many points in common. There is a record of travel made eminently interesting by its intimate touches; and Mr. Parker's personal acquaintance with the country and its people lends value to his comprehensive summaries of facts and impressions. As is inevitable in a compilation of papers, the book is somewhat lacking in orderliness. Several times in the course of reading it we felt the want of a map and of an index. But it is thorough, and it is fresh. It should be read by those who wish insight into the questions that are agitating Australia and may agitate us through their solutions; and it will be found enlivening by the most casual reader. For in the chapters in which he is able to use a freer brush Mr. Parker exhibits an originality of treatment which he has already displayed in other fields. Another book to be recommended for its entertainment is M. Jusserand"s selections from the unpublished correspondence of de Cominges.† Here we have honey extracted from the carcass, and the province of the Dryasdust entered with pleasure. It is curious that, whilst we always survey the past through a haze of romance, what fascinates us most in the life of the past are those very details which prevent the present from rising above the

* *Round the Compass in Australia.* By Gilbert Parker. Hutchinson & Co.

† *A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles the Second.* By J. J. Jusserand. T. Fisher Unwin.

prosaic. The popularity of Mr. Pepys witnesses to that fact; and in M. Jusserand's volume further light is shed upon years covered by the *Diary*, by the correspondence of the Comte de Cominges during his residence in England as the Sun King's ambassador. The Chapter on "La Célèbre Ambassade" is full of curious reading about the Court and the Capital two hundred years ago.

We have to make a tardy acknowledgment of volumes V. and VI. of Mr. Leland's Translation of the Works of Heine.* The two volumes—the printing and binding of which, by the way, are excellent—contain *Germany*: a mine of suggestive thought, of which Mr. Leland does well to say that no one can be ignorant of it who seeks sound, or even superficial, knowledge of modern literature. Two books †—one on Aristotle, the other on Loyola—introduce *The Great Educators Series*, which aims at describing the systems of the great movers in educational thought from Aristotle to Arnold; and we may mention additions to old series in Mr. Oman's noteworthy *The Bysantine Empire*, in the *Story of the Nations*, and *Thiers* in *The Great French Writers*.

There remains one book which demands a longer notice than we shall be able to give it. Our disappointment in Professor Masson's *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories*‡ is of an agreeable nature. We had looked to it to contain something which it does not contain, and found what was equally good. As Professor Masson tells us, the Muse of History deserts Scotland at the Union of the Crowns, returning intermittently when there is any rebellion on foot, as at the '15 or the '45; and for a century and a half the picture of Scotland is the work of the humbler Muse of individual biography. To the '15 stretches back "Jupiter" Carlyle's autobiography; and it was the first of that series of reminiscences which includes the *Life of Jeffrey*, and the even richer *Memorials of our Times*, of Cockburn, which our author does well to single out for especial mention. We had expected to find *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories* in direct succession to these: forgetful that Edinburgh does not now afford material for such autobiographies. The literary history of Edinburgh, however, is a suitable subject for the Professor of *Belles Lettres* at her University; and he surveys it with a just pride and an excusable enthusiasm. Edinburgh, on its own account, must ever be dear to the Scot; and it has

* *The Works of Heinrich Heine.* Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland. Vols. V. and VI. William Heinemann.

† *Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals.* By Thomas Davidson. *Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits.* By the Rev. Thomas Hughes. *The Great Educators Series.* W. Heinemann.

‡ *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories.* By David Masson. Adam and Charles Black.

inflamed the imagination and won the affection of many who cannot speak of it as their capital. We are sorry to find the complaint about the use of "English" when "British" is meant, entering, as a rather crude note, into Mr. Masson's song. Let us admit that "British" would be more constitutional as well as courteous: it is a small point, even if the explanation is not found in a certain want of euphony in "British," and in a peculiar charm in "English" and in "Scots" as well.

To dwell on such a matter might leave the impression that there is something narrow in this volume; and that would be a wrong impression. The work begins, appropriately, with a description of the Edinburgh of Queen Mary, to whose reign these sketches and memories stretch back. In previous studies in literary criticism we have found Mr. Masson's style distinctly cumbrous and involved. This description of the Northern Capital, on the other hand, is singularly lucid and easy. The Essays which follow cover the three hundred years from Mary's landing to 1865, the year of Aytoun's death, which is approximately fixed as the close of that long period of literary activity which had only one break. The University of Edinburgh had its beginnings in the middle of the sixteenth century. Literature, which was upheld by the series of poets of whom Lindsay was the last, had been ridden over rough-shod by ecclesiastical politics. Still, Drummond remained to bring honour to the Scottish Muse among the English Bards of the great Elizabethan age, and (if we are to hold him the author of the *Polemo-Middinia*) to carry on the traditions of that broad humour in the vernacular which, despite the jeers of a wit about "wut," is the possession of plain Scots folk who lay no claim to be poets. If the last of the Makars was prized by Ben Jonson and kindred spirits, for his verse and for his friendship, Allan Ramsay, who heralded the *renaissance*, had his admirers in the south as well: among the subscribers to the collected edition of the wig-maker's poems were Steele, Savage, and Pope, and Arbuthnot, whose works have recently been edited for the first time by themselves. Chapters on Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw and the Baroness Nairne bring us to the rise of the Whigs; to the hey-day of Burns and of Sir Walter Scott. Carlyle's connection with Edinburgh began early in 1800; and between that and twenty-five years ago Sharpe, Hill Burton, and the ever-delightful John Brown flourished; and they give a text for Professor Masson's reminiscences.

G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTE

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Jacobinism and other Follies.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

Perhaps you will like to publish the paper by Robert Southey which I am enclosing. I found it in a copy of *Madoc*, upon the title page of which the name of Katherine Southey is written. Anticipating a natural doubt that the document may not be genuine, it is the holograph which I send to you. The letter seems to lack a beginning; but it is certainly complete. As you will see, it covers three pages of a sheet of what lawyers call letter paper—they call it so to distinguish it from note paper, which is only half the size;—and it had been folded into being its own envelope, sealed with a wafer, and directed—

"*To*
Mr Coleridge
21. *Buckingham Street*
Strand
"*Single.* *London.*"

It is the word "*Single*," in the corner, which proves to me that, although it has no formal beginning, such as "My dear Coleridge" would have been, the letter is complete. "*Single*" obviously means single sheet, and you have the sheet complete. It does not occur in the *Correspondence* of Southey, and I am not aware of its having been published anywhere else. It is, however, illumined considerably by letters that come before and after its date—which, by the way (see the post mark), is January, 1800. At that time Southey was at Bristol, his native town, and the letter bears traces of the Bristol post mark. Then, of course, *Thalaba* was on hand, and the Anthologies, just as referred to in the MS. letter; and Coleridge was in London. The literary evolution, of this period of his life, is treated in the *Biographia Literaria*.

Gentlemen, I am,
Yours faithfully,

London, June 14, 1892. D. S. M.

"I will transcribe the books of Thalaba & send them up. To trust the single copy to stage coach risque would not be wise—moreover transcribed they must be for correction & for the press.—A History of the Levelling Principles—or Jacobinism—if it be a prettier title—I am able & willing to undertake,—if a publisher chuses to engage me. I have no objection so to colour the dose or flavour it as to disguise its medicinal virtue from sight & taste—my name I would not affix—nor would a wise bookseller require it—the indelible-spotted character of republicanism sticks to it. The history should commence with the agrarian governments—& conclude with the death of the principle in France—where it now lies with little hope of a joyful resurrection. One might make a grave & good chapter in examinyng the principle confuting it only upon the ground of original sin.

"You have not understood my travelling plans. Certainly to settle somewhere—probably at Trieste. but from thence, if I had a companion to make occasional excursions of some length, certainly once thro Hungary to Constantinople.

"I like your Carol much—& the ode—tho the why of the latter is not quite so palpable as it should be. if my memory play me not false, the Austrian did not fall beneath the shaft of Tell—supposing the tale to be true which assuredly it is not. howbeit let that pass—its a good story & fit 'to make a song of.' My correspondents increase. The Anthology is a very favourite scheme of mine & very disinterestedly. It cannot bring me in more than twenty pounds a volume—but it is a sort of focus—a something in which so many of those whom I have some regard for feel an interest that I should be loth to have it drop.

"I have found Jeremy Taylors sermons at an old shop here—they contain incomparably finer passages than any I remember in his Holy Living. the Ductor Dubitantium is not a book of powerful eloquence—it does not admit of it—but the sermons have more poetry than 12 of the great volumes of Anderson 13. Did I tell you that Mackintosh every where praises the old Bishop? I strongly suspect that he talks after you. Mackintosh is here—I have no inclination to see him—by the by you should not abuse him Scot as he is, in common company—people bottle up your sayings & retail them, & God knows there is no occasion for making an enemy.

"How like you Godwins novel? it is at times powerfully written—but it is dilated or diluted. St Leon always acts so like a fool that his conduct is the most unbelievable part of the volume. & Godwin is always exposing himself in a posture which says 'come kick me!' the passage in the first volume about voluptuousness, which recommends a course of brothel studies, is very exceptionable, & Godwin ought to have recollected what allusion his enemies would immediately make. I was quite pain'd and irritated at the mans folly.

"The Baptist Library here—I have got access to, & the privilege of carrying home its books. this is of importance to me. the books relating to Oriental matters are many and good. Do you know that they have missionaries in the East Indies? Ryland showed me a little

God whom they had just sent over—the primitial spoils I suppose—twas an ugly brass epicene-looking God sitting cross-legged upon a peacock. Should not you like to hear a controversy between a Baptist & a Bramin?

"Jany. 1, 1800. I have made some progress in transcribing Thalaba. the notes need not be sent. suffice it that they will be numerous & explanatory of every out-of-the-way word or allusion in the text.

"The Gentlemen of the Literary Fund are about to commence a review I hear—now these Gentlemen write books themselves—& when one Gentleman reviews another Gentlemans poetry—what pretty gentlemanlike criticism we shall have! there is Boscawen who did Horace into English—as probably his bookseller has most reason to remember. & W. T. Fitzgerald who wrote rhymes upon Marie Antoinette—a dying speech and confession poet. & Mister Pye who makes his country ashamed of Naval Dominion, and who also has fallen foul upon Alfred! God have mercy on his soul—Blackmore first and then Henry James Pye—& twenty four books besides!—but these Gentlemen Critics who will be so civil to one another must vary their review by a little severity —and that must fall upon the poor writers who are not Gentlemen.

"Esther is coming to London. I supped there on Monday—they produced Cartwrights Armine & Elvira for me to read aloud. after some half hours superlative praises upon its merit. I read a little on the hand gallop—for an easier pace would have put me to sleep—& when I had done you never witnessed such a dead flatness as ensued. Danvers cried out—& I gave such a conscientious half-scruple of praise —that the next day they laid all the poor poems failure upon my bad reading—I murdered it—which would have been like killing dead small beer.

"Davy is expecting to hear from you. George is on trial at Savarys —Poole has sent me some Laver, & I have a thought for a poem on its origin. God bless you—

yrs Robert Southey.

What the Labour Party may Achieve.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

We, in New Zealand, are in the habit of asserting that our political action of to-day will be imitated in Australia to-morrow and in Great Britain the day after. We can at least point to the appearance of "Labour Members" in the Parliament of New Zealand as the chief cause of the recent "labour triumphs" in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia; and the question of "labour representatives" is perhaps the most important of all the problems which the electors of Great Britain will have to consider at the General Election. This problem has come to the front in the Mother Country because the example

of New Zealand has been copied in Australia. The success of Labour was, in each case, a surprise to all sections of the community; and it amounted to a peaceful political revolution. It would seem, then, to be appropriate to the time to consider: (1) The composition of the Labour Party in New Zealand; (2) Its achievements; and (3) Its aims.

I.—The four Maori members excluded from the calculation, there are seventy seats in the House of Representatives—the Lower House. At the General Election of December, 1890, immediately after the collapse of the great strike, thirty-four candidates obtained the open support of the Trades Unions; of these, twenty-one were elected and thirteen were defeated. The social position of the candidates varied from that of the rich and fashionable man whose education had been finished in England to that of a bootmaker earning his daily wage. The gentlemen, or educated men, number fifteen (there are four Labour Members in this group: Mr. Reeves, a member of the Cabinet; Mr. Perceval, the new Agent General; Mr. Rees, the Chairman of Committees; and Sir George Grey); the true labour class, that of the working mechanics, amounts to only five (two bootmakers, a tailor, a brassfounder, and a carpenter); the remaining fifty (among whom are twelve Labour members) have begun life in every conceivable position except that of the capitalist who can afford education—they have been, or still are, policemen, diggers, storekeepers, lawyers, journalists, shepherds, drovers, mechanics, shopkeepers, merchants, hawkers, blacksmiths, and lamplighters. The term "Labour member" which is applied to four gentlemen, to five mechanics, and to twelve men whose antecedents put them on a par with the majority of the House, obviously refers—not to the social position of a member, but—to the character of the electoral support which has brought him to the front: it designates the nominee of Trades Unionism. Of the twenty-one successful Trades-Unionist nominees, only twelve were new to Parliament. The other nine had found their way to the House before the idea of intervening in political contests had occurred to the directors of trade organizations. Twelve were the children of Trades Unionism; nine, though supported by the Unions, were not created by them; only five were peculiarly representative of the ordinary wage-earner. Thus the significance of the Trades Union successes is much modified.

At the same time, the Government can exist only so long as the Trades Union members are with them: if they lost the support of only half the Labour members, Ministers would have to resign. The result is that our Government (in the words of the Melbourne *Argus*) is "run by Unionist rings." At the recent bye-election for Wellington, the capital of the Colony, Ministers ventured to take up the cause of the candidate who had been one of the defeated Trades Union nominees at the General Election, without having first consulted the local unions. The Prime Minister, Mr. Ballance, had to expiate this undisciplined outburst by a public and humble apology to the Trades and Labour Council, before a great meeting of Wellington electors. He is now being kept well in hand. When the appointments to the Legislative

Council (the Upper House) were in contemplation, the Federated Trades and Labour Council passed a resolution "That the Secretary be instructed to inform the Government that this Council claims the right of the Trade Unions to be consulted in regard to the selection and appointment of Labour representatives to the Legislative Council." Trades Unionism is so confident of its power that it makes no secret of its intention to govern the Colony.

There have not hitherto been any permanent party divisions in New Zealand, nor any political organizations, except the Trades Unions and the Knights of Labour. It is necessary for the safety of Cabinet Ministers that the two sections of their following, the Trades Unionists and the Land-Taxers, should be amalgamated into one party. No expedient for cementing the Union could be more efficacious than the adoption of a general name, nor could any name be more generally popular than the good old name of "Liberal." Trades Unionists were encouraged to come forward at the General Election as members of the "Liberal" Party; and one of the men who received Trade Union nomination, an educated newspaper editor, not new to Parliament, obtained a seat in the Cabinet. It is Mr. Reeves's task to induce Trades Unionists proper (those who are new to Parliament) to sink their Trades Unionism in "Liberalism." So far he has succeeded; and it seems that if, in spite of the strenuous endeavours of ministers to enforce party discipline, defections do arise, they will not come from that section of Government supporters.

The position taken by the Trades Unionists towards the other sections, or parties, in Parliament, is a matter of immense importance. In New South Wales—where, as in New Zealand, the Trades Unionists hold the balance of power—they have cried "A plague o' both your houses," and yet have become split up into two distinct sections of the two great parties. The cause of this collapse is instructive. The collapse has been due to the jealousies which always become accentuated in a party which has no accredited leader, and to that inability of the party to hold together on the fiscal issue which is the cause of a defined party division in New South Wales. If they were united, and well led, they would turn out Free-traders and Protectionists in turn, and so obtain control over Parliament. They are ruining their influence by allowing their forces to separate and become merged in the two party streams.

The attitude to be assumed in Great Britain by the two old parties on the one hand and the Labour party on the other is clearly marked out by Australasian experience. The Liberals and the Conservatives must each endeavour to get Labour candidates to come forward as Liberals or as Conservatives. On the other hand, the Labour candidates should stand aloof from both parties: should get into Parliament by refusing to "accept the ticket" of either side, and thus split the votes, for in such case there would necessarily be three candidates: and then they would be able to compel one of the two parties, in Parliament, to accede to their demands. If after establishing a distinct party in Parliament they still fail, it will be due to the unwillingness of a body of Parlia-

mentary novices to appoint a leader, and then to follow that leader loyally. In New Zealand the party has a leader with a seat in the Cabinet; it seems to be the staunchest section of the Government's supporters; and, as a reward, it rules the Government and the country.

II.—The great achievement of these Trades Unionist Parliamentary novices has been in the twist they have given to our direct taxation.

The property tax, a tax on all property, real or personal, producing income or profitless, was condemned at the General Election. An "ordinary" tax on land values, a graduated tax on land values, and an income tax have been substituted. From the ordinary tax owners of bare land worth not more than £2,500 may make certain deductions not exceeding £500; also, unexhausted improvements to the value of £3,000, and all registered mortgages, may be deducted. The graduated tax falls on estate the bare land of which exceeds £5,000 in value after the value of all unexhausted improvements has been deducted; but mortgages may not be deducted for the purposes of this tax. The rate of the ordinary tax will be determined every year, varying according to the state of the public treasury: this year it will probably be one penny in the pound. The rate of the graduated tax is fixed: estates liable to the tax in respect of from £5,000 to £10,000 worth of bare land are to pay one-eighth of a penny, the rate rising by eighths of a penny until the highest rate, 1¾d., which is payable on an estate of over £200,000 of taxable land value, is reached. A common error of both Australian and British commentators is to forget that farm stock is entirely exempt from taxation.

The income tax is not payable on incomes derived from land, or from the use or the produce of land, or from mortgages on land; except in the case of public companies, all incomes of £300 a year are exempt, while £300 may be deducted from any income above that sum, the tax being payable on the remainder only. Incomes derived from shares in companies also are exempt, the company paying the tax. The rate is not yet fixed; but probably sixpence in the pound will be levied on incomes derived from a business in which capital is employed up to incomes of £1,000 a year, and a shilling on larger incomes, while a lesser rate will be exacted from incomes which are derived from salaries or professions. On his death, it is argued, the merchant leaves his business, with the capital employed in it, as a valuable asset to his son or widow, whereas the income of the clerk dies with him.

The bulk of the farming class will pay a little less than they did under the property tax; clerks and professional men will pay some income tax where they paid nothing before; and the large landed estates will be very severely punished. Take the case of an estate worth, for bare land, £300,000 (with improvements to the value of £50,000), and live-stock worth £50,000, with a mortgage on it of £200,000 at 6 per cent. Under the property tax that estate would pay on £400,000, less the mortgage of £200,000, or a penny on £200,000, which is £833 6s. 8d. In future it will be liable to ordinary land tax on £350,000, less £3,000 for improvements: that is, £347,000, less

£200,000 for the mortgage=£147,000, which amounts, at a penny, to £612 10s. On account of graduated tax it will pay on £300,000 (farm stock and all improvements exempt, but not the mortgage) at 1¾d., or £2,187 10s.; making a total, under the new system, of £2,800, as against the £833 6s. 8d. demanded by the property tax—three and a half times as much. Now, a large estate of this kind will probably not return an income of more than £5 per cent. on its value of £400,000, or £20,000 a year; of this the mortgate of £200,000 at 6 per cent. absorbs £12,000 a year, leaving the owner £8,000 a year, out of which £2,800, or more than one third, goes in land tax. This is equivalent to an income tax of seven shillings in the pound. If the owner has been absent from the colony for three years he pays 20 per cent. more graduated tax. Such an absentee would pay—

£612 10s. ordinary tax.
£2,187 10s. graduated tax.
£437 10s. absentee tax.

£3,237 10s. altogether, which is equivalent to an income tax of eight shillings in the pound.

A company escapes absentee tax; but a land company issuing debentures in Great Britain is hit in another way. Suppose that the estate last spoken of was owned by a company, and that instead of a mortgage of £200,000 the company had issued debentures to that amount at 4½ per cent., the remaining £200,000 being subscribed by shareholders. The company would pay:—

	£	s.	d.
Ordinary tax on £347,000 at 1d. . . .	1,445	16	8
Graduated tax on £300,000 at 1¾d. . .	2,187	10	0
Income tax on interest of the debentures at 1s. in the pound	450	0	0
	4,082	6	8

which, again, is equivalent to an income tax of eight shillings in the pound.

The Act, which puts an income-tax upon the interest a company pays upon its debentures, declares that such company "shall be entitled to deduct in each year from any instalment of interest payable by it upon the amount of such debentures so paid, whether coupons for such interest have been issued with such debentures or not." It is absurd to suppose that any company would be so foolish as to attempt to act upon the suggestion that it should repudiate part of the interest it has contracted to pay to British debenture-holders; it is equally absurd to suppose that the law courts would, if appealed to, allow such a repudiation. Where an Act containing provisions of such a character has passed by a large majority in Parliament, it is not surprising to find that a prominent member of that Parliament, who has since been appointed to the position of Chairman of Committees, should have suggested that the Government should deduct income tax from the interest

payable to holders of New Zealand inscribed stock. Knowing now what our Government is capable of doing, we reflect with pleasure that no countenance was given to Mr. W. L. Rees's proposal, even although it was backed up by Sir George Grey. New Zealanders must always be thankful that the Government had not the pluck to carry out a policy which they pretend to think a public company may properly adopt.

Special provisions are made in the case of banks, loan companies, building societies, and life-insurance companies; but these provisions, while difficult to understand, do not appear to be guided by any ascertainable general principle. Even in New Zealand probably no Act of Parliament has been so obscure, anomalous, and incomprehensible as this one. In reply to inquiries, the Taxation Department have declared that they claim from a loan company (1) a penny in the pound on registered mortgages on land, (2) income tax of one shilling in the pound on debentures, (3) income tax of one shilling in the pound on net profits. This is triplicate taxation. The Prime Minister was called upon by a Government supporter to deny that the Act is properly construed by Government officials. All he could say was, "There is some doubt as to the meaning of the foreign debenture holders' clause." Of course, much doubt was expressed, when the Bill was in Committee, both in Parliament and in the Press; but an uneducated majority pays little heed to criticism which comes from a hostile source; the sounder the criticism, the more convinced are men of little mental capacity that its apparent justice is due to the cleverness of political tricksters. Thus has an Act been passed which is so unintelligible that Government supporters, and the Ministry themselves, have learned to defend it by pointing to its obscurity.

All criticism is harmless, they say, because no human being can understand the Act. The Prime Minister himself does not conceal his ignorance of its meaning. It is a product of the wisdom of the people, and must therefore have virtues, howsoever mysterious, which it would be impertinent to pry into. It is some consolation to know that an amending Act will certainly be introduced next Session, and that no taxes will be collected under the new system until after that Session.

The spirit and intention of the Act are, however, clear enough. It is an attack upon the large estates. "I think those large estates," Mr. Reeves has said in Parliament, "are represented by those who ought to be the very last class which should dare call upon the State for consideration. I think these estates, whether partly or almost entirely unimproved, are a social pest, an industrial obstacle, and a bar to progress. I say the Party we represent do not want large estates, and this graduated tax is a finger of warning held up to remind them that the colony does not want these large estates. This graduated tax is not so large a thing in itself; but it is the assertion of a great principle. Those large estates are not wanted. . . . . I positively stand aghast at our moderation in dealing with this matter now." Mr. John Mackenzie, Minister for Lands, speaking of the estate of one of the

four Members of Parliament who will be touched by the graduated tax, said:—"It is at the present moment past the power of the people of the Colony to get that land for settlement; but it remains with this House —with our Colonists—to have it back again, and then perhaps the estate of the Honourable Member for Wairarapa may be seized upon to settle people upon it." Other times, other manners. When these estates were sold by the Government of the day, the purchasers were looked upon as benefactors of the community, whose ready cash was the mainstay of the public finances. Now they are social pests of so abhorrent a character that they must be considered, with criminals, to form a class who dare not expect any consideration from the State: a class subjected to a sudden and unexpected pounce upon one third (or even more) of their incomes. They are so intolerable that it is quite decent and proper that a Cabinet Minister should openly exult in Parliament over the prospect of "seizing" the estate of a political opponent. At the present time the Governments of Queensland and Western Australia are endeavouring to obtain purchasers for large tracts of land at cheap rates. Why is this land being offered so cheap? Because the life of the purchaser must be an unenviable one. He has to convert a wilderness, or a forest, into a cultivated district; he has to live in solitude and discomfort, out of the reach of friends, or society, or medical attendance; he has to face the hostility of savages, to put up with unwholesome food, to get on as he may without roads or bridges or convenient access to his property. The solitude of such a life has alone been sufficient to produce insanity. If his ability, industry, and self-denial, extending over a period of twenty or thirty years, ultimately bring their reward, the end of it all will probably be that, as in New Zealand, the Legislature will declare him to be a social pest who has done an injury to his fellow-men, and will confiscate from him, in his old age, the fruits of his exertions. Men who volunteer for a forlorn hope, and survive, have hitherto been praised for their efforts. In future they are to be treated as social pariahs, who must not expect the consideration which is meted out to other citizens. When this is once understood—when the vindictive spirit which animates the failures in life towards the successful has been thoroughly realized—Governments may advertize their inaccessible lands for sale; but even the most enterprising man will prefer to remain in a town, lending his money, in ease and comfort, at high rates of interest.

Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. It is argued, in behalf of the Government policy of bursting up the large estates, that these estates have become valuable owing to Government expenditure on public works. But the small estates have benefited from loan expenditure much more than the large ones. If a graduated tax were levied on all the lands of the colony in proportion to the benefit they had received from public expenditure, nearly the whole of the tax would come from the small estates. One would suppose, from the vicious severity of the attack on the large estates, that the bulk of the lands

of the colony were held in large areas for speculative purposes, and that the demand for land for settlement far exceeds the supply.

The facts are all on the other side. There is no country in the world where the proportion of freeholders to the adult male population is so great as it is in New Zealand; in this colony, the land is divided among more owners than land is anywhere else. Then it would be very foolish to hold a large area of land for speculative purposes. It is a losing game to wait for the unearned increment. Suppose that instead of putting £10,000 into an inaccessible forest one of the pioneers who are now being publicly whipped had lent that sum on mortgage. He would have an average interest of 10 per cent. over a period of thirty years, and at the end of that time his £10,000 would have increased to £80,000. A speculator must be very wild who imagines that he can make certain of a larger rise in value of land than an increase eightfold in thirty years. With regard to the supposed difficulty in getting land: The Government alone has 3,000,000 acres of fair or good land to dispose of, besides which there is always a very large amount of land on offer for sale by private owners. The Maories, too, hold about 8,000,000 acres which are not yet settled upon. These considerations, however, have little weight with a body of men who show by their speeches that they are actuated primarily by hatred of success, and not at all by concern for the public welfare.

III.—Before we turn to consider the aims of the Labour party, the exceptional position of labour in New Zealand should be noted. The eight-hours principle is universally recognized here, though not by Act of Parliament. Unskilled labour of the humblest kind earns 5s. to 6s. in the eight hours; a commoner rate is 8s.—a shilling an hour. Skilled labour gets much more, of course. A good shearer will earn £1 a day, and even more. Mutton costs 2½d. to 3d. a pound retail; beef, 4d.; bread, 3d. the quartern loaf. The climate is healthy and sunny; few days' work are lost by sickness, and a very little money suffices for fuel. House rent and clothes are on much the same scale as in great Britain. The aggregate result is that poverty as understood in the mother country is unknown here. If a healthy man is poverty-stricken the fault is—not with the labour market but—with the man. Politically labour is equally favoured. Every male adult has a vote, and no man has two votes. Parliaments are triennial. Education is free. The direct taxes do not touch labour. Most members of Parliament are sprung from different sections of the labour class, and Labour has long been the unquestioned master of Parliament. There is much ground for the assertion that labour is, in New Zealand, both materially and politically, in a better position than it is in any other country in the world.

Where labour is so splendidly placed, and many outlets for capital are closed by the high rate of wages, the Labour party have set themselves to invoke State interference in favour of the poorer against the richer class. They have found that a strike of Labour against Capital is serious for the winners and disastrous for the losers. For

the moment, depressed by the failure of their great strike, and still suffering from its effects, they can appreciate the mutual dependence of Labour and Capital in matters of trade. But experience has not yet taught them that political action which staggers Capital must have much the same effect that a trade dispute has.

Their ideals are State-Socialism and Communism. To achieve their aims they are struggling to capture the State machinery, to increase its power, and to use it against Capital. The large employers of labour are to be either bought out by the State or taxed out of existence. The land is to be nationalized. Coal mines are to be State property. The fleet of the Union Steam-ship Company of New Zealand is to be taken over by the State. The Railway Commissioners are not to be reappointed when their five years of office have expired; but the management of the railways is then to be once more under State control. The people are educated, free, by the State; in future, when they are educated, the State is to provide employment. The Government have established "labour bureaus," whose function is to obtain, or to create, work for the unemployed; they have recognized it as their duty to provide relief works, if others fail. Of course, such a policy defeats its aim. It attracts casuals from the other colonies, and thus increases the congestion of the labour market. But the principle is accepted. Capital is to be taxed in order that loafers without limit may be employed by the State on unnecessary relief works. The next step is inevitable. Labour is already demanding a return to the glorious old era of big loans and large public-works expenditure. And how long the demand can be resisted it would be rash to predict.

Trades-Unionism, being Protectionist in spirit, is opposed to all modes of free competition. Free trade is detested by Trades Unionists. Free labour is its natural enemy. The State is to abolish private competition by controlling all the avenues of trade and production.

From State-Socialism to Communism the grade is easy. State-Socialism attacks the right of an individual to the free use of his capacities. Communism is levelled at the right of an individual to the ownership of that which is the result of the free use of his capacities—property. The direction which has been given to the labour bureaus is a move towards State-Socialism; the graduated tax is a move towards Communism. According to Mr. Ballance, the graduated tax is but "the thin end of the wedge." In the words of Mr. Lewis, it is "not so large a thing in itself," but "the assertion of a great principle." It was long ago observed by De Tocqueville that in a democracy equality is preferred to liberty. That preference is the "great principle" which underlies the confiscatory legislation directed against the large landed estates. The punitive taxation about to be imposed is justified by the transparently absurd plea that large landed estates form the only kind of property which has risen in value by unearned increment. This is the outer excuse; the inner cause is the desire of those who have not for the wealth of those who have—a desire much stronger than any hankering after liberty. Universal suffrage was at one time considered

a charter for liberty. But a vote is now esteemed of little advantage to a man unless, by its use, he can lift himself into a position of material equality with other men. The poor, therefore, will always vote against the rich; they will always prefer tyranny and prosperity to liberty and poverty. The result of the recent bye-election for Wellington was described by the successful labour candidate as a triumph of "workers" over "black coats and stove-pipe hats." We are all workers in New Zealand—there is no idle class here. But the election was indeed a mere class fight—a struggle between the poorer and the less poor. What matter to the victors that they were restricting their own freedom by invoking legislative interference with the two modes of liberty—liberty of action and liberty of ownership? Their interests lay in higher wages and less work. They voted for the plausible demagogues who promised these things.

In other lands we see a similar trend of public feeling. Some of the Australian colonies have begun to follow the example of New Zealand in discarding liberty and assailing property. The mother country, meanwhile, watches the experiments of her venturesome children with an interest which is an indication of the attractiveness of the new departure. Perhaps we are justified in declaring that we shall not have long to wait for the sincerest form of flattery.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

NORWOOD YOUNG.

Wellington,
New Zealand,
April 10, 1892.

An Intolerable Priesthood.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

Parnellites or Priests—which are to get the upper hand in Ireland? The contests that are occurring at the Irish elections are in most of the constituencies between the secular or Fenian wing and the clerical or Gladstonian wing of the once united Nationalist Party. Were Englishmen made thoroughly acquainted with the venomous attacks which each of the so-called Nationalist factions has made upon the other, and with the accusations of betrayal and falsehood in which both sides are continually indulging, the English electors would be convinced that the establishment of a Parliament in Ireland would neither promote the peace of that country nor add to her prosperity. A Parliament in Ireland would only provide another arena in which to carry on the disgraceful disorders which have completely proved the unfitness of the men who pose as Irish patriots to have anything whatsoever to do with the government of any civilized nation. The mean,

vulgar, indecent, squabbling among the Nationalist members of Parliament has made Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites alike notorious. During Mr. Parnell's lifetime the unruly elements of which his party had been composed were kept in some check by his strong hand—that is to say, so far as not being permitted to turn their weapons openly against each other. Mr. Parnell, no doubt, was obliged to allow his followers, to a certain extent, a free hand in the carrying out of some of their various illegal and immoral schemes of resistance to the law of the land. It was not politic that he, in furtherance of his own designs, should have openly condemned, howsoever much he may have disapproved, their conduct. It was necessary to keep up, in the face of the country, an appearance of unanimity. And what a terribly difficult, heart-breaking task Mr. Parnell must have had! Still, he was able to restrain his followers from a too indecent exposure of the spitefulness of their characters. The removal of the constraint which Mr. Parnell exercised has enabled the men whom he had kept under his thumb to break loose; they have been daily exposing themselves to ridicule and contempt. The struggle in Ireland is now principally between the Roman Catholic priests and the Parnellites. Archbishop Walsh and the Roman Catholic priests have taken one section of the Nationalists under their protection, and, to win the people's support, have established throughout Ireland an ecclesiastical tyranny which, if not checked, will prove a source of extreme danger to the peace of the realm. Englishmen do not appear to realize the extent to which clerical interference is carried on in Ireland. Persons who will not blindly follow, in political matters, the lead of the Roman Catholic bishops and priests have been denounced from the altars. "What matter if they be denounced?" it may be remarked. "Cannot the people snap their fingers at the priests?" Ah! it is difficult for Englishmen to comprehend the dread which the ignorant Irish peasants have of offending their parish priest, to whom they have been taught to ascribe almost supernatural powers. The priests have openly ordered the people how they should vote, claiming that right on the ground that they—these men whom the British Parliament has enfranchised—are incapable of understanding what they are about. When officiating at Mass, on May 29, in the chapel at Dunboyne, in the County Meath, the Rev. B. Brady had the audacity to claim the obedience of the members of his flock when recording their votes at the next election. A report of the proceeding states that—

"In conclusion he (the Rev. B. Brady) appealed to the illiterate voters to go with the priests, as they were incapable of deciding for themselves how they should vote, and if they erred they did so at least in decent company. He furthermore told such of his parishioners as were not of his views not to present themselves at the meeting which would be held, not in the chapel yard, as originally announced, but in the sacristy."* By such means his reverence could with facility discover who were those among his flock that were prepared to resist his authority.

* *Irish Daily Independent* June 1, 1892.

Here are examples of how Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland interfere with their flocks in the free exercise of those privileges to which they are entitled by the law of the land. In an address from the pulpit in Cookstown chapel, on April 5, 1891, Dr. Logue, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Amargh and Primate of All Ireland, after claiming for the bishops and priests of his Church that they "had God's grace" and were "given a special light to direct the people," declared that "the doctrines of the present day are calculated to wean the people from the priests' advice, to separate the priests from the people—to let the people use their own judgment."* In fact, his lordship complained that the people would become too enlightened and too independent of the priests.

Dr. Nulty, the Roman Catholic bishop of Meath, denounced the Waterford electors for having rejected Michael Davitt (the clerical candidate), their representative, declaring that "they (the electors) are no longer guided by patriotism and religion." His lordship further said that the electors, "to their own eternal disgrace, and dishonour, shamefully rejected the parliamentary services of a man who would adorn and do honour to the most influential and intelligent constituency in the three kingdoms."† Thus persons are to be eternally disgraced and dishonoured for refusing to return to Parliament the nominees of the priests.

The Parnellite section of the Irish Nationalists has experienced the bad effects of clerical intimidation, and is prepared to rebel. The Rotunda Ward Branch of the League placed on record, by resolution in Dublin, the necessity of controlling the authority which the priests have been in the habit of usurping during elections. It was resolved—

"That in view of the action taken by the Roman Catholic clergy in reference to the Poor-law elections throughout the country, as recorded in the public press, we desire to state it is our firm conviction that it will be necessary in future to adopt some other system of voting, so that the people of Ireland may be in some measure protected in the free exercise of their rights in such matters."‡

Notwithstanding the Ballot, protection from the undue influence of the Roman Catholic priests is as necessary at Parliamentary as at Poor-law elections. The priests invade the polling booths, and the electors, more especially the illiterates, are not free agents. An election amid those circumstances does not fairly test the wishes of the electors. It should be remembered that the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland are now Mr. Gladstone's active allies. Were the English leader of the Separatist Party to succeed in his schemes, those clerical gentlemen would have throughout nearly the whole of Ireland the power of returning members to the Irish Parliament. In fact, the representation of three provinces would be in the hands of the Roman Catholic Archbishops Walsh and Croke.

Now, here is a matter worth notice. At an Anti-Parnellite meeting at Kilrush, in the county Clare, the Rev. Dr. White stated "that he

* *National Press*, April 7, 1891. †*Weekly National Press*, January 30, 1892.
‡ *United Ireland*, April 9, 1892.

had been speaking during the week to the Archbishop of Cashel (Dr. Croke), who had told him that he had entered into communication with all the Catholic bishops of the world, and that when the proper time came they would be prepared to oppose Parnell's pretensions, and also to provide funds for the sustainment of the Irish cause."*

It surely was something beyond an anxiety for the establishment of an Irish Parliament that induced foreign Roman Catholic bishops to promise Archbishop Croke support for the Irish cause. His Grace may have represented to his episcopal correspondents that by assisting in the establishment of an Irish Parliament they were, at the same time, promoting Roman Catholic ascendency in the country. Mr. W. T. Stead should take heed lest his Nonconformist conscience may lead him astray and he become a tool in the hands of Archbishop Walsh. The Papist clergy are doing all they can to influence the electors. The Dublin *Evening Herald* (Parnellite journal), of June 11, called attention to the formation of an election committee in the county Cork to promote the return of the clerical candidate, Mr. Flynn. "A resolution (states the report) was proposed by a Mr. J. T. Kinnealy, seconded by a Mr. J. Scully, P.L.G., that an election committee be formed in Newmarket under the control and guidance of our beloved C.C. the Rev. T. O'Donoghue." Now, by what means do these reverend gentlemen in Ireland exercise their control in electioneering matters? On May 31 a Local Government inquiry was opened at Castlebar, co. Mayo, into a matter of clerical intimidation during an election of poor-law guardians. A Mr. Quinn was the candidate opposed by the priests, who supported a Mr. McCormack, a McCarthyite. One of the witnesses (Thomas McHale) deposed that he heard the Rev. Father O'Flaherty when addressing the people say that "the light of Heaven might never shine on them, and they might never prosper on this earth, if they voted for Quinn."†

Michael O'Connor, another witness, said he "had intended to vote for Quinn if the priest had not interfered with him: he did not like to go against the priest."‡

Peter Acton "voted for McCormack, and he would not have voted for him if the priest had left him alone."§ Thus do the Roman Catholic clergy abuse the authority they have obtained over the members of their flocks. Here is what Mr. J. J. Dalton, one of the Parnellite members of Parliament, said about clerical dictation in Ireland, when addressing a meeting at Cork, on November 7, 1891:—

"If they were going to have elections decided upon what Father this, or the Bishop of that, taught, the sooner the franchise was taken from Ireland the better. If the Parliamentary representation of the country was to depend upon the opinion of the priests and bishops for the time being, all he could say was that the best thing to settle the whole matter was to hand over Parliamentary representation to them altogether. Let the bishops meet in Dublin or Cashel, or anywhere, and let them select

* *Weekly National Press*, June 20, 1891.
† *Irish Times*, June 3, 1892. ‡ *Ibid.* § *Ibid.*

eighty or eighty-six curates, on public 'form.' What he meant by public form was the amount of intimidation of electors which, if exercised by men in private life, would incur for them a penalty of six months' imprisonment."*

No such objection to the priests' interference in politics is heard from the members of the Anti-Parnellite faction. At a meeting held in Dublin on July 5, 1891, Mr. John Deasey, M.P., said that "he knew from personal experience that where they had not the active support of the priests in the local districts they had very little chance of continuing the agitation with any degree of success."†

Many pages could be filled with accounts of instances in which the Romish clergy in Ireland have interfered with the free rights of the electors to vote as they please. The consequence of this clerical and tyrannical dictation is that the persons returned to Parliament do not in reality represent the Irish people. That is a fact which English constituencies when appealed to to vote for Home Rule candidates, on the plea that the Irish people demand Home Rule, should take into consideration. The voice of the Irish people has not yet been heard. The electors are like phonographs, and merely repeat what they have been told by their priests. As long as the majority of the Irish people is under the debasing thraldom of the clerical party in Ireland—a party composed of men bitterly hostile to Great Britain—so long will there be disturbance and unrest in that country. There cannot be lasting prosperity in Ireland. until the Romish priesthood ceases to meddle in political matters and confines itself to performing the religious duties that fall within its province.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

AN IRISH JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Dublin, June, 1892.

"With All Hands!"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

On the east coast of England there is a race of men whose lives of toil and constant danger, of suffering and privation, no less than their many deeds of courage, entitle them to a foremost place on the roll of heroes; but their lowly condition, and the consequent absence of any chronicler, doom them to obscurity. Hard-working, kindly, gallant fellows are the North Sea fishermen, fearlessly taking their lives in their hands as they sail away for the autumn herring-fishing, on that treacherous ocean which is at once their friend and their enemy, the provider of their livelihood and the cause, too often, of their death.

* *Weekly National Press*, November 14, 1891. † *National Press*, July 30, 1891.

Look at the harbour, with the herring fleet setting out this bright October morning. All is hurry and confusion on the quays. The men are getting the stores on board, seeing to the nets, setting the sails. Finally, as each smack is ready, she disengages herself from the crowd of boats, and slowly makes her way to the harbour-mouth, between the piers, outside which the sea rises and falls in long heavy swells, and runs in sparkling wavelets to the beach. Such little waves, chasing each other in merry play! Who would ever dream of the awful scenes they have witnessed, of the drowning shrieks they have listened to, all unmoved; who would think that those peaceful ripples have torn strong men from their last hold upon life, whirled them hither and thither on the waste of waters, and then, sometimes, wearied of their plaything, have scornfully tossed the lifeless body on the shore, where the gulls sweep screaming past, curious to see what that strange form lying so motionless on the beach may be?

To-day, calm and blue and clear, the sea is holding out golden hopes to her stalwart sons, promising them a prosperous fishing, and a safe return; and so the loading of the smacks goes on, and the tug works hard at towing them out of harbour, and the gulls are rocking on the blue water, and the cheery voices of the men ring out across the quays, while the forest of mast, which was so thick this morning, melts gradually away.

From the pier-head you can watch the boats pass out to sea; their crews, for the most part, dressed in dark blue jerseys, and high sea-boots, which some of them may not take off till they get home again, for the work is hard and continuous, by day and night, while berths and hammocks are almost unknown on board a fishing smack. The little tug, towing three boats, struggles past, and, having got them out of harbour, rushes back for another batch, leaving them rolling rather helplessly in the heavy swell; but soon the light breeze fills their sails, and in a few moments they are fairly under way. Slowly creeping along by the pier comes one, rowed with great oars, two men standing to each; the rhythmic sound floats over the quiet water; a child on the pier shouts, "There's Daddy!" and one of the men, shading his eyes with his hand, looks up and calls farewell. The little dog, who is one of the crew, also looks up with a pleased yelp of recognition and fast-wagging tail. The boat has glided by; already another has taken its place, and the farewell of father and child is cut short in that calm, merciless way in which circumstances overrule our actions. He would have liked another look at the little 'un; but, please God, 'twon't be long afore he's back again, and so the brave fellow goes on with his work, and lays the nets in their neat methodical rows, ready for use when the *Rose Mary* shall have arrived at the fishing ground.

"Ah, she've done a thing or two to be proud on," says an old man standing near, and watching the scene with keenest interest: an old fisherman, it is evident by his jersey and sou'wester, and the gold rings which decorate his ears. We venture to seek more information respecting the *Rose Mary's* deeds of prowess, and our old friend asks nothing better than to enlighten us.

"Well, 'twere last season. You'll mind what awful gales there was then, and the *Rose Mary*, she were in the thick of one, and 'twas all she could do to live in it, the sea ran that high, when what should they see but another smack a'most knocked to pieces. They could see as her crew was still aboard: so the skipper, he lay-to as well as he could, and blessed if he didn't take the boat and go off with only one other man to the wreck, leaving the rest of his crew to work the *Rose Mary*, d'ye see? Them two, in that cockle-shell, brought nine men off in two journeys. It were the bravest thing I ever heard tell on," said the old fellow, rolling off down the pier with a friendly "Good-day!" to us.

The sunshine strikes on the red and brown and white sails; the old town looks peacefully on at the spectacle it has witnessed every autumn for so many years; and the sea welcomes the boats with smile and dimple, reflecting with marvellous fidelity every line and sail, every rope and spar; and soon the last smack has floated out of harbour, the last farewell has been shouted. The herring fleet sails quietly away into the soft haze upon the horizon, growing ever fainter and fainter, till in the sloping rays of the sinking sun it disappears into a glorified golden sea. It is such a sea as most of us have sailed; but our voyage is seldom long. Sooner or later storm and darkness overtake us: and then, with our heavy freight of unrealized dreams, shattered hopes and broken spirits, we slowly and painfully return, and, with tears and bitter sorrow, relegate our bruised and battered ship to that sad shore where "the adventurous argosies, that sailed in search of undiscovered worlds, reduced to undistinguishable wrecks, remain."

Out at sea the mist thickens and deepens round the *Rose Mary*. The sun has withdrawn himself sullenly from sight, till all that can now be seen of him is a dim yellow disc. From time to time some of the other smacks pass slowly by, looming large and ghostly through the fog; then gradually they are merged in the growing dimness and from time to time the fog-horn is heard over the still water. The breeze is falling; and the thick white curtain draws closer, hiding in its chill depths all sign of life around them. They are in a world of their own, a narrow, stifling world, from which all other living creatures seem shut out. Big drops fall slowly and heavily from the rigging, stand in great beads on the rough jerseys, and hang from the beards of the men peering anxiously around striving to penetrate the fog. Thicker and closer the mist draws down in ominous silence. The nets have long ago been hauled in, for work is impossible; and the smack "lays to," while the crew wait for clear weather. Such of them as are off-duty seize the opportunity to go below to the stifling cabin, and "turn in" for an hour or two. The dim light of a lantern flickers over the sleeping forms. Up on deck, strewn with the scales of the last take of fish, three or four of the men are watching with all their eyes and ears, sounding the fog-horn at brief intervals. No answer comes out of the dimness; in some way or other they have become separated from the rest of the fleet. So they wait, separated by those impassable white walls from the land of living men, wrapped in the only winding-sheet they are ever to know.

But now the wind is rising; the mist, in fantastic clouds, is lifting. The sun shines brightly for a moment just as he sinks, caressing the vessel with a parting benediction, turning to blood-red the edges of that black storm-cloud yonder, and even the sullen sea returns for an instant the glory of his smile. The sinister meaning of her leaden-coloured waters soon becomes apparent. The waves, now tipped with foam, begin to play around the boat. With a hollow moaning sound, the wind rises from his slumber, and hastens across the heaving water, driving before him the heavy rain-clouds and the drifting spray. Sea and sky are full of hurry and resistless motion, and are flying from a rising tempest. The clouds rush madly across the sky; the waves are driven tempestuously before the wind; and faster than all staggers along the *Rose Mary*, straining, panting, flying from the horrible fate which threatens her. Calm and collected, the fishermen are fighting for life and home, for wife and child. Straining their eyes through the gathering gloom, they look in vain for those harbour lights which mean safety and succour; and at the heart of each there is a terrible dread that never again will they see the old grey town, never again bring their boat into harbour between the piers, where the children wait to see the smacks come in.

"'Tis no good, lads, I doubt," the skipper shouts above the roaring wind. "Her steering-gear's damaged, and we can't keep her head straight."

"God have mercy on us!" cries another, as a sea sweeps clean across the deck, nearly washing them from their hold. Still, with true English doggedness, they struggle bravely on against overpowering odds, and a gallant effort is made to save some of the crew in the small boat attached to the *Rose Mary*.

"Put the boy in first," is the general cry; "give him a chance."

"Now, lads," orders the skipper, "you with wives and families next. I stop here."

Another tremendous sea strikes the quivering ship; and when they can look round again the boat is gone, and with it the last faint chance of life. When the night comes down, the *Rose Mary* lies at the mercy of the cruel sea, who, with her relentless and resistless hands, tears the men from the spars and wreckage to which they cling, and, rising in overwhelming majesty, deafens them with her roaring waters, stuns them with her mighty blows, and drags them into her seething billows. They are her sons, her children, whom she has nursed and reared and seen grow to manhood; to her they owe their stalwart limbs and healthy faces; she has provided for them ever since, as little rosy children, their greatest pleasure was to row in father's boat, across the quiet harbour: and she now reclaims them from the land, and, when her anger is spent, lays them peacefully away.

There the brave seamen rest, and the sea sings them her slow soft lullabies, deep down in those calm depths where no storm comes to trouble them, ever watching and keeping them, till the day shall come when, at an Almighty command, she shall give up her jealously guarded dead.

I venture to ask whether an association might not be formed to help the wives and families so often left destitute? There is, it is true, the "Shipwrecked Fisherman's and Mariner's Royal Benevolent Society"; but would not a Society on the plan of the "Soldiers and Sailors' Families' Association" (which relieves all widows and families of soldiers and sailors of the Royal Navy), be of incalcuable use in mitigating the distress so terribly felt along our coast after each severe autumn gale? When we consider how many men are lost during the fishing season—men of whom most are married, or have parents dependent on them, we shall form some idea of the poverty and suffering experienced by old people, women, and children in our fishing-towns.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

G. Blake.

January 14, 1892.

Modern Life and Sedatives.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

It is not only doctors and those connected with the sale of drugs who know the immense amount of sedatives consumed by the public at the present day. Every man with a large acquaintance numbers among his immediate friends some who take them in one form or another. There are few who do not know ill-advised and enthusiastic persons who are always insisting on giving everyone a dose of the last new specific against headache, or sleeplessness, or some of the various nervous disorders common to our advanced civilization. These drugs are many and various, and are sold under different conditions. Some of the most potent under the protection of the patent-medicine stamp can be bought when the stamp is unbroken, though the law forbids any smaller quantity than a bottle being sold without a prescription. This is true of one preparation of morphine at least. But many are sold over the counter as ordinary articles of commerce. Among these are all the bromides and many other drugs which, on the one hand, diminish pain, produce sleep, and decrease irritability; and, on the other, lessen the vigour of the organism, alter the quality of the blood for the worse, and tend to shorten life generally.

There is only one opinion among members of the medical profession as to the desirability of preventing the public having such free access to powerful drugs. But it is well to recognize that people do not as a rule take any of them merely for the sake of taking them: the desire of sedatives is a symptom of some disorder. The whole question is one of vital importance. For modern life is so rapid, town life is so unnatural, the absence of pure light has such a depressing influence upon

all the vital functions, that there is an amount of mental gloom among vast numbers, in all classes of society, which has given rise to a great increase in the death-rate from nervous diseases. And it is these nervous diseases which drive people into dram-drinking and drug-taking. The following tabular statement of the death rates from various causes during periods of five years, from 1861 to 1891, points strongly to this conclusion.—

Annual Death-Rates from various Causes in a Million Persons.

Disease.	1861-65.	1866-70.	1871-75.	1876-80.	1881-85.	1886-90.
Intemperance .	41·6	35·4	37·6	42·2	48·0	50·0
Cancer . .	367·8	403·8	445·6	495·2	544·6	599·7
Phthisis . .	2526·6	2447·8	2218·0	2040·0	1820·6	1616·7
Old age . .	1352·8	1275·8	1206·8	1072·2	1008·6	974·0
Nervous system.	1546·0	1605·2	1716·0	1803·6	1797·6	1785·3

Although the tables do not cover a long enough period to establish a true disease wave in all cases, we notice, that on the whole drinking has increased; that cancer, which is a disease probably depending for its hold on the human organism almost entirely on depressed vital conditions, is very rapidly increasing; and that nervous disorders are much more numerous in the latter decades. It is curious to note that in 1876–80 they are at their maximum. Owing to the abnormal and long-continued depression in the commerce of the country, these years were a time of exceptional strain on many classes of society. It is within the bounds of possibility that we might judge the state of trade by the sale of sedatives. Old age, too, in these tables, steadily decreases as a cause of death. That phthisis also decreases is probably due to the fact that it is better understood than formerly—to say nothing of the general truth that diseases all tend to reach a maximum and then decline. For they have their day, like theories and governments.

However, the deaths here classified as occurring from nervous lesions represent only a fraction of the amount of suffering due to states of nerves which are functional rather than organic. Yet scarcely a year passes without our finding a new group of symptoms which is soon dignified with a special name. Thus, under the head of *locomotor ataxy*, we have a group of symptoms, differing curiously from each other. But it is not in these curiosities of the clinical lecture that we must seek the great trouble of the times. That is in the little worries, the small pains, the general mental disturbance of whole classes. There is a lack of ease, a want of peace, an impossibility of rest that effectually prevents the easy working of the body which we know as health. A stomach full of undigested food will change the mental perspective of a man's life. A fit of worry may and will prevent the food digesting. Thus, we may call on a friend one day and he will tell us gloomily that

he must curtail his expenses, sell his horses, give up his shooting, and take a smaller house; when we meet him twenty-four hours afterwards, we find his house is not a cubic foot too large, his expenses are easily met, his shooting is essential to his health, he could on no account part with his horses. The difference is due—not to any fresh elements or altered circumstances, but—to three hours' stuffing having been digested, and the extra bottle of unnecessary wine eliminated. That is all very well for the time; but the real danger lies in the man getting again and again into the state when he feels that he must indulge, that he must drink. When gloom becomes chronic, organic disease is on the way to being established. This is why there is so much truth in Sidney Smith's remark that "when a man is melancholy he wants magnesia, and the apothecary is often more useful than Seneca." But most useful of all is to avoid the cause of melancholy, which is itself often the proximate cause of stomach and other troubles. This is an extract from a letter written by Dr. Arnold in 1835.—

"I am a little disturbed by what you tell me of your health, and can easily understand that it makes you look less cheerfully upon all things. Besides, all great changes in life are solemn things when we think of them, and have naturally their grave side as well as their merely happy one. This is in itself only wholesome; but the grave side may be unduly darkened if we who look on it are ourselves out of tune!"

The only way to go to work, the only real possibility of cure, is for sufferers to turn what energy they have into healthy channels, such as sport or exercise or physical occupation. But instead of that they veil themselves with alcohol, opium, and other sedatives; and behind this veil they do undoubtedly obtain calm and rest, though at an enormous sacrifice of possible health and life and happiness.

For it is well to note that among the drugs of the amateur domestic pharmacopœia alcohol stands first; and that outside of the home the public-house is nothing but a drug shop to the vast majority who use it.

Among those who become slaves to alcohol and opium we find those whose place is at the apex of the intellectual triangle and those who are at its base. To find examples of absolute abdication of all will-power in resisting the domination of these drugs, we have to look at these two classes. Dr. Wilks and others have probably given the key to this apparent contradiction. "It is because alcohol has always been taken as a sedative and not as a stimulant; and it is amongst those whose cerebral activity is phenomenal, whose thoughts are often poured out with such startling originality and profusion, that we find them indulging in alcoholic excess. They want to put a brake on the mental wheel." When we look at the lowest classes, those at the base of the triangle, what do we find? We have a group of human beings whose lives are spent in environments well-nigh stifling to the development of happiness, with the result that they drift into a state of miserable ill-health and inevitable depression which drives them to seek comparative oblivion in the effect of alcohol or other sedatives. In this fact we may find the remedy for those forms of intemperance which, after all, are nothing

but one of the habits of drug taking. In one instance we find mental, and in the other physical, misery; to cure the disease we must take away the cause—conditions.

If we once establish the habit, we are in the secondary stage, and retreat and cure become more difficult. With those who have either peculiar physical idiosyncrasies or hereditary tendencies to submit to one or another form of drug domination, it is frequently useless to attempt a cure unless it is rendered physically impossible for the patient to procure his favourite poison. In this light of varying idiosyncrasies it is curious to consider the fashions in drugs. At one time we have opium, then chloral, chloroform, sulphonol, anti-pyrin, &c.; and the wave runs through the whole of a great neurotic class the majority of which are strong enough, or stable enough, or not diseased enough, to entirely submit to be ruled by their last fashionable draught or powder. But as each wave passes over some are left drowned in it. Out of a hundred taking morphine a certain percentage stick to it till it kills them; out of a hundred eating dry quinine, as I am informed is often the custom in malarial districts of America, we shall find some who end by carrying it in their waistcoat pocket until their nerves are utterly destroyed, just as a woman I know now eats camphor in quantities which are rapidly producing a characteristic state of health.

If we find so much to fret and worry the nervous system of the stronger half of humanity, how much more does this airless, sunless, modern life shatter the sensitive and more vulnerable nerves of women and children, and how much more intense must be the craving for some drug or drink which will lull and veil this over-sensitiveness! If we think of the children of the middle and upper classes, how often we find a precocity and intellectual forcing which must damage, and does seriously damage, their young and easily disturbed organisms! I have actually heard a young child say wearily to its mother, "Do give me a dose of bromide." It should have been eager about barley-sugar or ready for a piece of cake. A very great deal of this sensitiveness of the nervous system in the young is due to restraint and too much brain work. Instead of allowing the young, soft, and impressionable brain of a boy or a girl to gain knowledge by the natural and irresistible use of the five senses, the special correspondents of the body, we force on their mental stomachs a mental diet which is as uninviting and as hard to assimilate as a great many of the new concentrated articles of food. If we look on the subject in this way, need we wonder that children have lost so much natural, healthy, and noisy activity? Until a child is seven years old at least, its eyes, ears, and hands, left to themselves, will teach all it should know.

However, when we consider the state which civilization, and especially town life, has now reached, it is hardly too much to say that to catch nervous disorders in their early stages with the child of the higher modern types we must begin when the infant is born. It is at least certain that there would be little nerve disease if none was inherited and if none of its seeds were sown in early childhood.

From considerations such as these we might easily make the deduction that the amount of drugs consumed as sedatives and nerve-foods in private life is enormous. The verification found in absolute facts is always under our eyes. Anyone who will take the trouble to read the advertisements in medical and other journals will be impressed with their variety, even if we exclude all save those which act, or are supposed to act, on the nerves. But, notwithstanding the assurances of the advertisers and the common belief of the public, there is not a single drug or chemical compound capable of producing sleep which is not a source of danger to life and health—if it is used without the sanction and authority of the medical profession. Even when a medical man gives a prescription, he has, to some extent, to rely upon the honour of his patient. For example, a woman to whom chloroform was originally given for some passing trouble gradually became a slave to it. She would send her servant to a dozen different chemists for twelve separate pennyworths of the drug, and with it she used to sprinkle a blanket beneath which she buried her head. This practice was carried on for years; but in the end she took too much. Again, a man had prescribed for him a draught containing a medium dose of chloral. The prescription was handed over the counter to a chemist and rightly dispensed; but gradually it was necessary for him to increase the dose; and the possessor of the prescription would go to as many as half a dozen chemists one after the other, getting his prescription made up afresh at each. By this means he procured enough of the drug in spite of the laws against the sale of dangerous medicines. Perhaps it might be made illegal to re-dispense any prescription containing a distinctly dangerous drug without the renewed authority of a doctor.

Yet the law can never entirely prevent anyone from getting a drug if he is really bent on having it. It is far more essential to point out to people, before they begin drugging themselves, what the results will be, and to tell them how they can better help themselves. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that many women might have refrained from using morphine if they had known in time that it so contracts the pupil of the eye as to render it distinctly less lustrous and beautiful. It might in many cases influence a man to leave off drugs in the early stages of the custom if we point out to him that he will inevitably begin to go down-hill as soon as it gets command over him, and that everything he does easily or comparatively easily now will by-and-by be increasingly difficult.

In all times and in all civilizations desire, temptation, and opportunity will be elements and influences in men's lives. We cannot get away from them, and must acknowledge them in our age, which is increasingly eager and anxious for pleasure, or, if not for pleasure, for the nepenthe which takes its place. But we can show people what this desire of unnatural ease usually leads to, and, in showing them that we can lead them to see the immense gain in hope, health, and happiness which follows in the train of air, exercise, and simple food. If we can thus build up a race which is once more natural, we shall banish the

gloom and depression which drive those whose nerves are broken into the secret and baneful habit of taking opiates and sedatives. It needs a long spoon to sup with the devil, and those who think they can trust themselves with these drugs too often find they trusted a rotten reed. And when the habit is established their mental and physical faculties crumble; their moral uprightness and courage fail, until at last they come to their physician with a lie on their lips and attempt to hide their vice with shameless and transparent falsehoods. But even if they could deceive a man who knows their tricks into believing them for a single moment, their trouble would be vain; for what none can long hide is the inevitable degradation of the organism which goes on when weak humanity goes for help to drugs which act like destructive parasites.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

TOM. ROBINSON, M.D.

London, May 16, 1892.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. ALLEN & Co., Limited, 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

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G.W.R. MECHANICS INSTITUTION, NEW SWINDON.

THE

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TO

THE LOYALISTS OF IRELAND.

Sons of the strong stern race that forced the ford
Through Boyne's dun water when the triple might
Of Stuart, Pope, and Bourbon strove to smite
From out their grasp the liberating sword,
And held at bay the savage-swarming horde
From Foyle's bare bank and Derry's naked height,
Fear not lest your hereditary right
Of brotherhood with Britain be ignored.
It is not to be borne, nor thought, that we
Should now abandon you who saved us then,
Or watch, with hands inert, flagitious men
Rob you of Freedom whose sires kept us free.
Stand you but firm, we will enforce again
One Realm, one Rule, unsevered by the sea.

Alfred Austin.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

I.—A Bird's-eye View.

There never was a General Election in which the returns excited more, and the speeches less, interest. During the first week papers were almost torn out of the newsboys' hands; the artists of our illustrated journals have given us the animated scene in the halls of our various clubs; and on the top of the omnibus and in the railway carriage the countenance of the British male was hidden behind a broadside. But it was the latest poll, and not the last speech, that he wanted to read. Not that people did not go to meetings, and listen to the speeches. Except in the metropolis, where the ruffianism of larrikins and corner-boys made it almost impossible for the Unionists to argue their case, the meetings were never more crowded or more orderly; and in some places the polls were never larger. But hardly anybody read the reported speeches of the leaders: partly because the reading public were aware that there was nothing new to be said on Home Rule, and partly because (with all due deference be it said) the speeches of the great men on both sides were not up to the mark. Sir William Harcourt, whose flashes of merriment were wont to irradiate political controversy, was absorbed in the London water question; though why he chose to study that intricate and somewhat stale subject in the middle of a General Election can only be conjectured. Lord Randolph Churchill, another shining light in '85 and '86, confined himself to penning the most brilliant and spirited address of the election, and delivering one rather languid, and obviously laboured, speech in a Paddington music-hall. Mr. John Morley was too prudent, or too fastidious, or too angry, to go electioneering; and he spoke seldom and shortly. Mr. Balfour made one magnificent speech in Midlothian; but, as a rule, his speeches were too dialectical, and wanted that grand and savage sweep which should characterize election oratory. As for Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian harangues, as declamation they were feeble, and as history they were untrue. The palm of campaign rhetoric must unquestionably be awarded to Mr. Chamberlain, who made more speeches than anybody else, and who was always vigorous

and lucid, if occasionally, and inevitably, lacking in freshness and depth. But, for one reason or another, it has been the dullest election on record: not an epigram survives, and I have heard only one election story, which may be public property by this time. The Gladstonian candidate placarded the town with "Vote for Jones and the flowing tide." The Unionist placards replied with "Vote for Smith and dam the flowing tide."

The wind began to blow from the ballot-boxes on Monday, the 4th of July, and at the first puff down tumbled the small boroughs and cathedral cities like rotten apples. The ground was strewn with Boston, Durham, Hereford, Lincoln, Whitehaven, Yarmouth, and Stafford; and although Mr. Butcher's brilliant victory at York, and the recovery of Rochester, did something to revive our spirits, the feeling was unanimous, and loudly expressed, at the Tory Clubs, that the time had come for the disfranchisement of the small boroughs. "Cathedral cities are proverbially immoral," observed Taper, sententiously. "All boroughs with less than ten thousand electors are anachronisms," added Tadpole, oracularly. Four dockyard seats followed this bad example, at which no one was surprised—"it is their nature to"—and then came Lancashire and London, and men clenched their teeth, and felt that the death-struggle was begun.

London and Lancashire were regarded as the pivots on which the election would turn, as indeed they proved to be, for London and Lancashire have between them given Mr. Gladstone twenty seats, or forty votes in a division. But both parties were disappointed with London and Lancashire; the Gladstonians having expected to sweep, and the Tories to hold, them.

In London we lost thirteen seats, and captured Mr. Lawson's seat in West St. Pancras, thus restoring the balance of Parties in the metropolis to the identical proportion of 1885, when there were twenty-five Radicals to thirty-six Conservatives. Of course, the fifty-one Unionist seats, which we secured in the scramble of 1886, were more than our share of Metropolitan representation. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the thirteen constituencies we have lost have been converted to Home Rule, or that on Irish or Imperial politics the opinions of the London electors have reverted to the faith of 1885. I doubt whether the Clapham breakfast-party, or even that remarkable manifesto, published by some London Nonconformist ministers, in which the headship of Jesus Christ was somehow made to depend on the control of the Metropolitan Police by the County Council, turned a single election in London. The twenty-five Metropolitan Radicals of 1892 are not the men that were returned in 1885; they are very different men, and their election has a very different significance. Putting

aside North Kensington, where the seat was given away by domestic broils, and North Camberwell, where, I fear, the same must be said, and North Lambeth, where a most unfortunate misunderstanding about the retirement of Sir Charles Fraser cost us the seat, it will be found that the other ten seats we lost were in the East End, or in South-East London, in the Tower Hamlets, and in Newington and Walworth, in Finsbury and Bermondsey. The chief facts about the London elections are the return of Mr. John Burns for Battersea, of Mr. Keir Hardie for West Ham, and of Mr. Saunders for Walworth, the defeat of Mr. Ritchie by Mr. Benn, the doubling of Mr. Pickersgill's majority, and the increase of Professor Stuart's majority from 245 to 1,296. The first two gentlemen are Socialists of the anarchic type: that is, they think everything should, if necessary, be overturned, to raise the wages of those who labour with their hands. The last four are County Councillors of the aggressive or, as I believe they call it, progressive, type; that is, they are in favour of delivering the capital of the Empire, bound hand and foot, to the fatherly care of the pinchbeck Robespierres who meet in Spring Gardens.* The votes cast for Mr. James Stuart in Shoreditch have mounted from 2,324 in 1886 to 3,410 in 1892—let any one interested in London politics ponder that fact, which means much! For Mr. Stuart, like his sea-green, incorruptible, prototype, is not an orator, nor has any of those arts and graces by which born leaders stir enthusiasm, and hale men's souls out of their bodies. But he has preached the gospel of the County Council with the zeal of a true apostle, and he has verily his reward. What turned the scale against Mr. Lawson in St. Pancras was probably his opposition last Session to Mr. Haldane's Bill for empowering County Councils to take anybody's land, and the fact that he is suspected of not being sound on all the points of the London programme. It is not Home Rule for Ireland, but Home Rule for London, not provincial Parliaments, but ground-rents, no theory of a Federal Constitution, but a plain plan of plunder, that has given Mr. Gladstone twenty-four votes on a division. Mr. Gladstone may fancy he has won them himself; but we need be under no such illusion. Mr. John Burns and the County Council have joined forces, and have seized those twelve seats, not for Mr. Gladstone, but for themselves, as Mr. Gladstone will very soon find out. It is to be hoped that the leaders of the Conservative Party will at last realize the danger, and open their

* Mr. Sydney Buxton's majority in Poplar was also a feature of the London elections. Mr. Buxton is neither an anarchic Socialist nor an aggressive County Councillor; and his majority was a well-deserved tribute to the unwearied industry with which he has worked for his constituents, and to his genuine sympathy with all those that are desolate and oppressed.

eyes to the fact that there is a London question, which requires as much study and careful handling as the Irish question, and which, unless I am much mistaken, will give them as much trouble in the future. It has to be said that Her Majesty's Ministers (the outgoing ones, of course) have themselves to blame for a good deal of the loss which we have suffered in London. Hitherto their plan has been to deny the existence of a London question, and to ignore, even to thwart, their Metropolitan supporters. The Government took away our Coal and Wine Dues, which brought in half a million a year, in spite of a signed protest from forty-two out of forty-nine Conservative Metropolitan members; and they have thus forced the taxation of ground-rents to the front. They thrust the enormously important question of London government into half a dozen clauses of a Local Government Bill for England and Wales, so long and so complicated that the sections relating to the Metropolis were hurried through literally *sub silentio*, without a speech from a single Metropolitan member. We are only just beginning to pay the penalty of that reckless, that mad, experiment, without a precedent, I should think, in our legislation; and, fitly enough, the first person to pay was the author of the Bill. A fellow-feeling is said to make us kind; but I cannot honestly feel sorry that my friend Mr. Ritchie—as Pope says,

> " . . . . I condescend
> Sometimes to call a Minister my friend—"

—has been beaten in St. George's-in-the-East. He will get another and safer seat, and it is well that the consequences of his own action should be brought home to him. But, speaking just before the General Election at some club or hotel in London, Mr. Balfour waived aside the London programme with the remark that London was an imperial city, and ought to take an imperial, not a London, view of things. Mr. Balfour has naturally not had much time to study any question but Ireland. But will not Mr. Goschen take up London, when relieved of office? He is a London member; and no mind is better equipped than his to expose the crude Socialism of the Fabians, and to grapple with the complicated problems of taxation which London presents.

I have dwelt thus long on London because we have suffered more severely in London than elsewhere, and because I am persuaded that the danger in London is real, and the need of attention great. With such narrow majorities as those in Stepney, Mile End, Greenwich, and Peckham, we stand to lose more seats in the Metropolis.

There are fifty-nine seats in Lancashire—thirty-six borough and twenty-three county divisions. Before the election we held

forty-two; now we hold thirty-five, having lost five county and three borough constituencies, and won Barrow. In no part of England was the battle hotter than in Lancashire; for there Parties are very evenly balanced, and the masses delight in the serious discussion of pure politics. In Manchester the struggle was particularly bitter, and was disfigured, in one or two instances, by personalities and some brutality. That Mr. Balfour should beat Professor Munro by only three hundred odd votes is nothing to brag of; and Sir James Fergusson got in by the skin of his teeth. In Salford, on the other hand, the contest, though equally keen, was perfectly courteous, and there was no hitting below the belt on either side. I was much impressed by the perfect order of meetings, crammed to suffocation, and open to both sides; and it seemed to me that the Lancashire operatives were more conscious of responsibility, and more anxious to do their duty as citizens by giving their votes rightly, than many of the so-called educated classes. And yet, well-informed as are the Lancashire electors, and attentive as they were to the arguments, I cannot believe that the transfer of eight seats indicates the inclination of Lancashire towards Home Rule. We lost both the Oldham seats, North Salford, and the North Lonsdale, Darwen, Accrington, Middleton, and Ince divisions of the county. Oldham was a great blow, and it is impossible to imagine that the case against Home Rule could have been more forcibly put than by two such clever and experienced politicians as Mr. Maclean and Mr. Elliott Lees. But Mr. Maclean is a strong personality, and a masculine and independent member is bound to offend somebody; *urit enim fulgore suo.* I believe it is an open secret that Mr. Maclean's speech on behalf of the employers, in the debate on Sir Henry James's Factory and Workshop Bill, put himself and Mr. Elliott Lees at the wrong end of the poll. For the loss of North Salford I am myself responsible. I can only say that the electors gave me a perfectly fair hearing, and that I never hope, or wish, to address more intelligent and appreciative audiences. My opponent, however, had taken the precaution of placing more voters on the register than the Tories, so that my speeches were cheered, and he was elected. But the victory was a personal, rather than a logical, one. In the county divisions of Lancashire the miners and the eight-hours question were a disturbing influence. In Accrington, Middleton, and Ince, the miners certainly control the election; and, although Mr. Hermon-Hodge and Mr. Fielden accepted the eight-hours day for miners, it is probable that Mr. Woods, who defeated Colonel Blundell, and the miners' organization, decreed the slaughter of the Unionist candidates. Why we lost the North Lonsdale division I do not know; but I believe Lord

Cranborne was beaten by the English Catholic vote. It is striking that our position in Lancashire is almost exactly the same as it is in London: we hold thirty-six out of sixty-one London seats, and thirty-five out of fifty-nine Lancashire seats. But our preponderance in the Lancashire boroughs is still very remarkable. There are eighteen Unionists to nine Gladstonian borough members —a majority of two to one.

Next to London and Lancashire, the most interesting spot on the electoral map is Birmingham and its environment. To the unbroken phalanx of seven Unionist members for Birmingham have been added Walsall and Wednesbury, hitherto regarded as hopelessly Radical; and these, together with West Bromwich, Aston Manor, and Dudley, make twelve as the contingent sent by the capital of the Midlands to support Lord Salisbury. This imposing result may be admitted to be almost entirely due to the genius and energy of Mr. Chamberlain, and, no doubt, to the liberal expenditure of money on organization. Mr. Chamberlain has not sat at the feet of Mr. Schnadhorst for nothing.

In the agricultural counties we have held our own better than was anticipated. We expected to be driven clean out of East Anglia; whereas we have only lost seven seats in Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and in Wiltshire we have lost only one seat on balance, though that, no doubt, is a loss to be weighed, rather than counted, in the person of Mr. Walter Long, one of the ablest, most industrious, and best-liked members of the Government.

In Scotland we have lost ten seats and gained five, leaving Greenock out; so that we are five worse north of the Tweed. The burly figures of Colonel Malcolm and Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing will be missed in the lobbies; but in Mr. Cuninghame Graham's place we have a Tory, and (O rare!) another Tory for Perth. But the reduction of Mr. Gladstone's majority by nearly four thousand votes was the score of the Scotch elections.

The Unionists have won five seats in Ireland, and lost none. Of the Irish elections it has only to be said that the seats in Dublin city and county were a splendid win, and that Lord Frederick Hamilton's majority in North Tyrone was a very small one.

Having thus completed a bird's-eye view of the Election (and it is not the purpose of this paper to enter upon elaborate calculations based upon election statistics—a futile amusement), let us glance at the new men who have been wafted into Parliament on the crest of the wave. There probably never was a General Election, after a six years' Parliament, that brought fewer men with an outside reputation into the House of Commons. There have been elected some two hundred and six members who did not sit in the last Parliament. Of these, nine, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr.

Hibbert, Mr. W. S. Caine, Mr. T. W. Mellor, Mr. George Russell Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., Mr. W. H. Grenfell, Sir John Pender, Mr. C. B. M'Laren, are restored to a sphere, in which they have either held office, or had several years' experience; and nine sat in the short Parliament of '85 for six months, Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, Sir George Sitwell, Mr. Rigby, Q.C., Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones, Mr. Ingram, Mr. Everett, Mr. Joseph Arch, Lord Frederick Hamilton, and Sir Alfred Hickman. There remain about a hundred and eighty-nine absolutely new members, of whom not more than eight (putting aside the barristers) can be said to enjoy anything like a reputation, namely, Mr. Arnold Forster, Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, Mr. John Burns, General Sir George Chesney, Mr. Archibald Grove, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. H. Paul, and Mr. Michael Davitt. It will be seen that the reputation of five, Mr. A. Forster, Mr. T. G. Bowles, General Chesney, Mr. Grove, and Mr. Paul, is connected with books and journalism; while the fame of three, Mr. Burns, Mr. Hardie, and Mr. Davitt, is derived from political agitation.

There has been a pretty brisk rush of lawyers into the House. In addition to the hundred and thirty-seven barristers and solicitors previously members of Parliament, fifteen practising barristers and one solicitor have just been returned, bringing the strength of the profession up to over a hundred and fifty. Of the new sixteen Parliamentary lawyers, eleven are Queen's Counsel, ten are Gladstonians, and six are Unionists, showing the steady set of the Bar toward the Gladstonian side in politics, which is curious, as that Party is already over-wigged. For the last ten or twelve years the Tory Party has been seriously under-wigged, and has had no Chancery lawyer since Mr. Macnaghten was elevated to the Bench. The strange thing is that six years of office should not have redressed the balance. However, now that Mr. Byrne, Q.C., and Mr. Bucknill, Q.C., are returned, the Tory Party can be in no serious straits for first-rate lawyers.

Of those who have fallen,

> "In that sore battle, when so many died
> Without reprieve, adjudged to death
> For want of well pronouncing shibboleth,"

it would not become the writer of this article to speak. But our lords have been peculiarly unlucky—Lord Lorne, Lord Cranborne, Lord Weymouth, Lord Chelsea, Lord Emlyn, and Lord Henry Bentinck, have all been beaten.

It is perhaps unkind to refer to pre-election prophecies; yet I cannot help repeating here the comfortable words with which the anonymous author of "The Appeal to the Country," in the last number of *The National Review*, reassured his public. "But our

readers need not be afraid"—so he closed his article—"Mr. Gladstone may be politically insane; but the English People are not." The question now is, Are they not? Dating popular representation from 1832, we may say that no Government has ever gone to the People with a stronger case than that of Lord Salisbury's Administration. The Prime Minister's Foreign Policy was admitted to be sound and successful. Mr. Goschen's Finance was not seriously attacked; for, although Gladstonian candidates repeated, without understanding, the "beetle-headed lies" (to borrow one of Mr. Swinburne's phrases) that crawled into existence out of the columns of the *Economist*, there was no getting over the fact that large remissions of local and imperial taxation had been made, while the National Debt had been reduced by some ten millions more in the last six than in the preceding five years. As for our domestic policy, the Radicals were estopped from a denial of its excellence by the fact that they claimed credit for having supported our chief measures. The only branch of government as to which a difference of opinion could be pretended was, of course, Mr. Balfour's Irish policy; and the irrefragable proofs of Ireland's tranquillity and prosperity were very effective at public meetings, and silenced the most hostile heckler. The Unionist candidate had it all his own way on the platform; and the only difficulty he experienced was that described by Mr. Samuel Slick when he said, pathetically, "It jerks me horribly to kick at nothing."

And yet, despite of a prepollence of fact and argument, unprecedented, unanswerable, and, one would have thought, irresistible, notwithstanding a record of legislative achievement which could not be challenged, or concealed, the People have slowly and deliberately declared, after having heard the case argued by both sides, "We have had enough of this Government: we will turn it off, and take a new one." Is not this enough to make the friends of Popular Representation wring their hands? What is the use of going to the jury with a strong case, if the verdict is to be direct against the weight of evidence? Of course, if the polling returns meant this, that we, the electors, quite admit that the present Government has ruled us wisely, peacefully, and successfully, and we perfectly remember that Mr. Gladstone spent our taxes in wars, and made Ireland a pandemonium; but, nevertheless, we firmly believe that Home Rule is the one thing needful for the good of the Empire—if that was the explanation of the verdict, one might respect the clearness of purpose without being able to agree with the reasoning. But no one, except Mr. Gladstone, pretends that that is the meaning of the verdict, for it would require Mr. Gladstone's unlimited powers of self-deception to maintain that the average elector in the Tower Hamlets, or the agricultural labourer in

Wiltshire, voted against Mr. Ritchie, or Mr. Long, because he believed Home Rule to be the one thing needful. Nor is the result to be explained by the swing-of-the-pendulum theory. It is currently asserted that since 1868 no Party has ever been returned to power after a long spell of office. But that is not the truth. After five years of undeniable failure, both in Ireland and abroad, there was a General Election in 1885, and although the dissolution happened to be Lord Salisbury's, the appeal to the country was made on Mr. Gladstone's administration, with the result that, although the Irish vote in Great Britain was given solid against "the unrivalled Coercionist of Ireland" (as Mr. T. P. O'Connor called Mr. Gladstone), the Liberals were returned in a majority. On whatever else the General Election which took place six months afterwards turned, it certainly did not turn on administration, for there was no time for government, good or bad. The result was largely due to abstentions, and to the incorrigible dislike of the Briton, of whatever Party, to being "rushed" at anything. The only conclusion to be drawn from this brief retrospect is that administration has no effect upon the votes cast at a General Election. It can hardly be supposed that electors actually prefer an eightpenny to a sixpenny income-tax; that they take a bloody-minded delight in slaughtering Egyptians; that they enjoy being drubbed by the Boers; or that they gloat with cynical raptures over boycotting, moonlighting, and the plan of campaign. To suppose this were to draw a libel on human nature. On the other hand, it is equally difficult to imagine the average working-man saying to the canvasser, "I don't care a rap for your County Councils: the magistrates were quite goood enough for me. As for free schools, I want to pay the pence for my children; and I tell you I am anxious to pay as high a duty on my tea and tobacco as the Government like to ask." Of course, the working-man does not hold that language; indeed, he says very little to anybody. He listens to the canvasser's or the candidate's prattle about Local Government, Free Schools, and Cheap Tea and Tobacco, with a calm feeling that he has got no more than his rights, and an inward determination to vote for whichever side promises him most of the same kind of things in the future. South Africa and the Behring Sea interest him not; sonorous platitudes about peace and prestige fall on unheeding ears; finance deals in millions which he cannot grasp; bread and wages come home to his bosom, and whoever promises him most of these gets his vote. This is human nature; not the manufactured article of the large towns, which is spun, and dyed, and passed through a hundred cunning processes; but the raw material of the rural districts, and of the East End of London, which sucks in so much of the casual and unskilled

labour of the country. This is the stuff of which Radical majorities are made; and why should the student be surprised, or the statesman disappointed? Hope, as has been said, is the only medicine of the poor; and the drabs and servant-girls who give their money to the fortune-teller only half believe what he says—they pay him for telling them something pleasant. Who of us is above this very human weakness? Do not we, the classes, go on paying our doctors for the same reason? Perhaps the only person to be blamed is Cagliostro, who practises on his dupes; and not he either, for, like his neighbours, the Radical politician must live.

The only question which this aspect of democracy suggests is whether it is worth while passing more than the necessary measures of routine? As performances count for nothing, and promises for everything, why should Tory leaders drag their followers into the lobby in support of Radical measures? One can imagine a high-and-dry Tory muttering to himself, "I have voted for Irish Land Purchase, Free Schools, County Councils, Allotments, and Small Holdings; and the price is not in my hand! I have disestablished the country gentleman, and handed London over to the Socialists, with the result that I have lost my seat, and the Party is out of power!" Of course, the answer is that if it had not been for the splendid record of Lord Salisbury's Government we should have been beaten by a hundred and fifty. And this, no doubt, is true. For example, we should certainly have been swept out of the rural constituencies if it had not been for the legislation of Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Chaplin. It is also true, as Mr. Chamberlain has pointed out, that in England and Wales there is a majority of over seventy adverse to Home Rule, in Great Britain a majority of over thirty against it, and in the United Kingdom a majority of only forty in its favour. But this argument smacks of Separatism, and comes with ill grace from Unionist lips. It is our business to get such a majority in Great Britain as will checkmate the majority in Ireland. At any rate, this answer is but an indifferent one, and cannot remove the disquietude which the elections of 1885 and 1892 raise in the minds of those who watch, with not unfriendly eyes, the trial of representative government.

I do not think the new Parliament will be so short-lived as most people appear to believe—in the first place, because everybody is going about saying "It can't last a year"; and, secondly, because I do not quite see who is going to dissolve it. Mr. Gladstone will not be allowed to repeat the outrage of 1886, for the Gladstonians have nothing to gain by another appeal to the country: if they could not get a majority in Great Britain without

a Bill, they are not likely to get one with a Bill. Have the Irish anything to gain by a Dissolution? They may try and bluff Mr. Gladstone; but they will know perfectly well that another General Election without Mr. Gladstone in the field (and he can never take the field again) would put an end to all their hopes, for Home Rule is already dead. Besides, elections cost money, even in Ireland, and just now the Irish Parliamentary Parties find it very difficult to get money. The Parnellites, of whom there are ten, might combine with the Labour Members, of whom there may be ten, and, with a Ministerial majority of only forty, the trick is done. But what have the Labour Members to gain by a Dissolution? They cannot hope to increase their numbers just yet, and with them too the money must be a difficulty. The fiery patriots who talk so valorously outside the House of Commons cool rapidly in that well-ventilated chamber: they find their seats very comfortable, and are in no hurry to try the chances of the ballot-box. Even the Tories, who have everything to gain by a Dissolution, will like to stretch their legs in Opposition for a bit; and if they are wise, and well led, they will keep the Radicals in office for a year or two, until the Radical Party is thoroughly discredited and broken up. If Mr. Gladstone cannot carry his Home Rule scheme next Session he may resign, or retire, without dissolving. But these things are οὐκ ἐφ' ἡμῖν:—they lie upon the knees of the gods. What is unfortunately but too certain is that we are in for a struggle between the two Houses of Parliament, which must strain the framework of the Constitution to its utmost capacity. It is well indeed for the Empire that the House of Lords will be guided through this crisis by the united wisdom and courage of Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

II.—THE REAL RADICAL PROGRAMME.

At the close of the last Parliament the Unionist majority was 66. By the General Election two English Party seats have been transferred from Liberal Unionists to Conservatives. The Gladstonians won 57 Conservative and 23 Liberal Unionist seats; the Conservatives have captured 3 Nationalist and 16 Gladstonian seats; and the Liberal Unionists 2 Nationalist and 5 Gladstonian seats. This gives a net gain of 54 seats to the Home Rule Party, and converts the former Unionist majority of 66 into a minority of 42. The actual composition of Parties in the new Parliament (assuming that the representation of the Orkney and Shetland constituency is to remain unchanged) will be as

follows:—On one side will be 271 Gladstonians, 4 Independent Labour Members, 72 Anti-Parnellites, and 9 Parnellites. On the other side there will be 268 Conservatives and 46 Liberal Unionists. In Great Britain as a whole there will be 291 Unionists against 276 Home Rulers. From Ireland will come 71 Anti-Parnellites, 9 Parnellites, 19 Conservatives, and 4 Liberal Unionists. In England by itself 268 Unionist Members will face 197 Home Rulers, and will place Mr. Gladstone in a minority of 71. And it is to some of the characteristics and results of the elections in England alone that I wish to draw attention in this article. I divide the English constituencies roughly into the metropolitan boroughs, the provincial boroughs, and the counties. In all there are 465 seats. London has 62 seats; the provincial boroughs have 164; and the counties, 234. To these must be added the 5 University seats. In London the Unionists lost 12 seats, and won 1—West St. Pancras. They lost Bermondsey, Bow and Bromley, North Camberwell, West Islington, North Kensington, North Lambeth, Limehouse, St. George's-in-the-East, North and South West Ham, Walworth, and West Newington. This result gives 35 seats to the Conservatives, 2 to the Liberal Unionists, 23 to the Gladstonians, and 2 to Labour Members. After the General Election of 1886 there were 47 Conservatives, 2 Liberal Unionists, and 13 Gladstonians; and after that of 1885, 37 Conservatives and 25 Liberals. Thus, virtually, the actual strength of opposing parties is the same now as after the 1885 election.

This is interesting, because that strength on both sides is composed of different elements, and springs from distinct causes. The strict Conservatives were in high spirits in 1885. The last Gladstonian Government had supplied them with an inexhaustible supply of material for hostile and intelligible criticism. The Radical working-classes, on the other hand, were indifferent and sulky. They had received no palpable benefits from the Radical Government, and the Radical leaders had no new boons to offer to them. Trade had been bad and employment slack. Among them, and still more among the then great body of neutral working-men the talk of Conservative candidates in favour of Fair Trade fell upon very eager ears. I am inclined to think that in 1886, so far as the working-classes are concerned, the general drift of thought was not very different. I suspect that if it had changed at all it had ebbed somewhat from Conservatism. But since then the whole drift of the opinion of the London working-class has been modified by two sets of events. The Dock strike, and similar movements, and the labour policy of the Progressive Party in the County Council, have given them new aspirations, and definite legislative proposals to vote for. Any observer of the last County

Council elections, and of the Parliamentary elections in London, must have been struck by the fervour and bitterness of the working-men. They do believe that by these semi-Socialistic schemes their own material condition may be appreciably improved. They, for the moment, are indignant with the politicians and the forces that are opposing the realization of these ideas. But Home Rule for Ireland occupies no real place in their hearts; and, so far as I could gather, but a very small place in the speeches of the candidates who were seeking their votes. My Radical opponent in Chelsea, who had been elected by it to the County Council last March, issued tardily, but ingeniously, an address of thanks to the electors at the beginning of the Parliamentary contest. In it he said, "You are probably aware that I may be called upon to again ask the suffrages of Chelsea at an early date, on the occasion of the General Election. I will propose to conduct that contest upon practically the same Programme as I advocated in my County Council candidature." And, I am bound to say, so far as he was concerned, he carried out this proposal. Home Rule for Ireland was silently ignored. "Home Rule for London" was preached as salvation, and with it were recommended the pet restrictions of the New Unionism. As I have said, this Programme excites, without question, the enthusiastic support of the bulk of the working-men. How is it, then, that, while we have lost positively and negatively by their changed attitude since 1885, on the whole we have done equally well in London? The answer seems to me to be clear. Because, coincidently with this shifting of opinion among that class, there has been a converse move to the Unionist side among all the classes which are not directly wage-earning. The question of the Union, and perhaps the spread, of these Socialistic notions, have drawn to our side great masses of quiet voters in every other class. That this is so is confirmed by a glance at the London constituencies which are now held by the two Parties. With one or two exceptions this is true—that where the working-class preponderates over every other class, there sits a Home Ruler. On the other hand, in every constituency, howsoever mixed in its composition, in which other classes outnumber the wage-earning class, there sits a Unionist. And that an intelligent hatred of Home Rule is a principal influence in this new rally of the middle-class, and of the clerk class, to our side, cannot, I think, be gainsaid. It is most satisfactory to contrast the present state of the Parliamentary representation of London with its representation on the County Council. There sit 82 Progressives, and only 36 Moderates; while, as has been stated, in the House of Commons 37 Unionists face 25 Home Rulers.

In the provincial boroughs the Gladstonians gained 21 seats:

2 at Oldham, Portsmouth, and Devonport, and one at Boston, East Bradford, North Bristol, Durham, Grimsby, Hereford, Lincoln, Monmouth, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Reading, North Salford, Stafford, Stockport, Whitehaven, and Yarmouth. On the other hand, the Conservatives won 10 seats: at Barrow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, West Nottingham, Rochester, Scarborough, Stockton-on-Tees, Walsall, Wednesbury, West Wolverhampton, and York. After allowing for the causes which lead to the defeat of Ministerial candidates in Dockyard towns, and for the operation of purely local, or personal, impulses, which control the representation of such towns as Reading and Stafford, where parties are very equally matched, I can see no ground for alarm in the small shifting of strength from the Ins to the Outs in these boroughs, and certainly no proof that there has been any general revulsion in them from the Unionist cause. Then, among the larger of these boroughs, where small local causes can hardly have the same effect, our gains at Barrow, Stockton, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, and York, are at least as significant as our losses at Bradford, Bristol, Salford, Oldham, and Stockport. As the result, these provincial boroughs now return 83 Conservatives and 12 Liberal Unionists against 69 Home Rulers. And Unionists may rightly pride themselves on the continued fidelity of Liverpool, on the overwhelming unanimity of Birmingham, on the conspicuous growth of our voting strength in Leeds, on the staunchness of Sheffield, and on the victory in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

We come next to the English counties. At the close of the last Parliament they were represented by 131 Conservatives, 28 Liberal Unionists, and 75 Gladstonians. Now they return 114 Conservatives, 17 Liberal Unionists, and 102 Gladstonians. The Liberal Unionists have won the Lichfield Division of Staffordshire. The Conservatives have won North Dorset, the Hexham Division of Northumberland, and the Wilton Division of Wiltshire. On the other hand, the Liberals Unionists have lost the Biggleswade Division of Bedfordshire, the Chesterfield Division of Derbyshire, the Barnstaple and Tavistock Divisions of Devonshire, South-East Durham, Mid-Norfolk, the Cricklade Division of Wilts, and the Coln, Doncaster, and Skipton Divisions of Yorkshire. And the Conservatives have lost the Chesterton Division of Cambridgeshire, the Egremont Division of Cumberland, the Houghton-le-Spring of Durham, the Maldon of Essex, the Stroud of Gloucestershire, the Accrington, Darwen, Ince, Middleton, and West Lonsdale Divisions of Lancashire, the Loughborough Division of Leicestershire, the Gainsborough and Louth Divisions of Lincolnshire, North-West and East Norfolk, South Northamptonshire, the Woodstock Division of Oxford, North Somerset and the Frome Division, the

Woodbridge Division of Suffolk, the Devizes of Wilts, and the Buckrose Division of Yorkshire. It is obvious that in attempting to account for these losses a complete distinction must be drawn between mining and manufacturing constituencies, and those which are purely agricultural. In the mining Divisions, of which Houghton-le-Spring and Ince may be taken as typical examples, it is notorious that Home Rule had no more to do with the result of the elections than rival theories as to the personality of Shakespeare. The one dominant question with the miners was that of the Eight-Hours Bill. On that alone they voted, and their vote was given in supreme indifference to be real issue before the country.

In the case of the agricultural constituencies the causes at work are not so simple. But with equal truth it may be asserted of them that no Gladstonian gain was due to Home Rule, and no conversion on the part of the labourers to its wisdom. These rural victories were won—not because of, but—despite of Home Rule. They are discouraging, no doubt, because of their consequences, because of the methods which proved successful in winning them, and because of the vague discontent, and social unrest, to the existence of which, in the poorest country districts, they testify. On the other hand, there is much in the returns from the English counties which is encouraging to Unionists, and also, as, I think, to those who wish to believe that our territorial system works well, and conduces to the general well-being. It is patent that in all those counties where there is a just intermixture of classes, where there are most resident gentry, where varied employment is most plentiful, and wages are highest, the majorities against Radicalism are overwhelming, and steadily growing, and the efforts of agrarian demagogues have signally failed. But beyond this it is the fact that, with singularly few exceptions, both in the poorer country districts, and those in which the Radicals have now won victories, the polls show a general increase in the Unionist strength since 1885. This is so nearly universally the case that it is unnecessary to prove its truth by particular instances. Another satisfactory symptom is that even in districts, or villages, where Radicalism is preponderant, and even bitter, it is not so violent as it was in 1885. It is not so convinced that every Conservative is an enemy, if not of the human race, at all events of the labouring class. And it is with 1885, and with the conditions under which that election was fought, that we must compare the results of this election.

The elections of 1886, in most of the agricultural constituencies, were fought under conditions so different both from those of 1885 and from those of this year as to make comparisons between their

results and of the other two years misleading. In 1885 the Unauthorized Programme of Birmingham appealed directly to some of the keenest desires of the labourers. Then the Radical propagandist of the village knew how to appeal to their ancient fear of the "small loaf," and to the sardonic delight of giving a secret vote against their masters, the tenant-farmers. In 1886 the Gladstonian candidates were at a loss for an attractive programme. After having come into office on Mr. Jesse Collings's Amendment, their leader had gratuitously taken up another question, and absolutely discarded the agrarian Radical policy. They had no new hopes to raise: they had no new promises to make. Home Rule fell upon deaf ears. The summer was fine; labour was abundant. Was it wonderful that amid those circumstances the labourers should, in almost every constituency, have largely abstained from voting? On the other hand, in many constituencies sitting Liberal candidates presented themselves for re-election, as Unionists, who only a few months before had been posing as the special friends of the labourers. They still called themselves Liberals. They protested that they had changed not one of their opinions. They assured their old constituents that they were merely following the guidance of such undoubted Liberals as Mr. Bright, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain, in their consistent opposition to the new Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone. With the loyal support of the Conservative voters, it was natural that these Liberal Unionists should have easily secured their return to the House of Commons. And, in the case of Conservative candidates, it was obvious that this new issue brought an access of strength. It was impossible to deny that Home Rule was the one issue involved. There had not been time to confuse the issue, or invent bye-issues. Even the local demagogue was puzzled and out of heart. Even the local ranter was staggered by the loss of venerated names, and by the new heroes he was suddenly called upon to work for. Was it wonderful that under these conditions, so abnormal and so transient, the Gladstonian polls were largely reduced, and that the Unionists—Liberal and Conservative—won the agricultural constituencies? The Spalding election revived the hopes of the rural demagogues, and subsequent bye-elections, in which the Unionists sustained reverses in agricultural constituencies, marked them out as the most fruitful field for Gladstonian effort. And, certainly, no effort has been spared. A new rural programme has been invented. Home Rule has been discreetly put in the background. Every device has been exhausted to inflame the latest discontent of the poorest labourers, to stimulate sectarian dislike of the Church, to persuade men, puzzled at the inequalities of social conditions, that a "new heaven and a new earth" will spring up under a Gladstonian Government.

Probably, however, it is not the actual programme, and not the explicit promises of Radical candidates made at public meetings, which have affected votes, so much as the calumnious gossip of village politicians. Every Unionist candidate for a rural constituency has some story to tell of some personal or political lie which has circulated from village to village, and has sapped the effect of the best Unionist meetings, and the most sedulous Primrose propaganda. Sometimes these lies are published, as in the Louth Division of Lincolnshire, where the defeated Unionist candidate, Mr. Raymond Heath, states that, in a leaflet circulated by the Radicals, he was alleged to have said that skim-milk was good enough for the labourer. In the Cirencester Division of Gloucestershire, where Colonel Chester-Master, after a gallant fight, nearly defeated the renegade Unionist, Mr. Winterbotham, it was industriously asserted that a Unionist was "one who tries to drive the poor into the Union." Colonel Master was frequently told by labourers that the present Government had done so well that "they should not make no change"; and when he said that this was despite the opposition of Mr. Winterbotham, the imperturbable answer would come, "You be a liar." In my experience of his meetings, the charge that appeared to be most damaging to him was that years ago he had voted for flogging in the Army.

My contention, then, is that Unionists, while frankly admitting the difficulties they have to face in these constitutencies, and the reverses they have in some instances received, should be encouraged by the indubitable, if slow, growth of their views since the last Reform Bill, and the concurrent mitigation in the asperity of Radical hostility to them.

Wherever Radicalism has made advances, it has done so—not because of, or even in the name of, Home Rule, but—because of the attractiveness to the poorer voters of new British Radical ideas. Wherever Unionism has grown in strength, it has done so avowedly in the name of Unionism, and on the force of Unionist arguments against Home Rule. The districts in which Radicalism is strongest are the most backward in education. The districts in which Unionism is most determined are the most thriving in England, in which classes are mingled, and in which population is increasing. Even in those constituencies in which Radical victories have been won the Unionist strength of to-day is, with few exceptions, greater than the Conservative strength of 1885.

C. A. Whitmore.

RIVAROL.

Who was Rivarol? "The Frenchman *par excellence*," says Voltaire, unselfishly, "whose wit is like fireworks displayed on water." "A translator who was a creator," says the re-translator of Genesis and the re-creator of creation, Buffon. "The Tacitus of the Revolution," says its Livy, Edmund Burke. "An Encyclopædia," says the Duc de Brancas. "The *Enfant-perdu* of literature," says Marie-Joseph Chénier. "A mere dealer in satires," says the splenetic and vitriolic Chamfort. "A writer for the fastidious (*les délicats*), more devoted to pleasure than ambition," says Joubert, that most fastidious of intellectual epicures. "An adventurer and parvenu," cry out in chorus the poetasters and criticasters scorched by the ridicule of *Le Petit Almanach des Grands Hommes*. "A dandy," says Barbey d'Aurévilly. "A stylist, a virtuoso of the word," says Sainte Beuve. "The finest talker of the eighteenth century," says Arsène Houssaye. "An implacable foe of mediocrity," says his latest and most enthusiastic biographer, M. de Lescure; "causeur sans maître, et sans rival, his originality seems to reach the point of genius." "A causeur, a causeur, a causeur," re-echoes every one who mentions Rivarol.

Rivarol was all that was thus said of him, and more. A metaphysician and moralist of subtlety, a pamphleteer as incisive as Paul Louis Courier *Vigneron*, a political writer as far-sighted as Burke, a philologist "avant la lettre," with a fine ear and a rare instinct for the *nuances* of language—with a vivider and more impromptu wit than Sheridan, and the grace, urbanity, personal distinction, and piquant irony of Brummell—Rivarol was the *bon mot* incarnate. Yet this man, whose personality was striking enough to leave a lasting mark upon the stirring times he lived through, in which he was at once dramatist and actor, has been almost passed over by Carlyle in his melodrama on the French Revolution, and quite ignored by Thiers in his tragedy on the same theme.

As to the ancestors and antecedents of Rivarol, opinions were for a very long time fluctuating and unflattering. To M. de Lescure undoubtedly falls the honour of having dispersed the clouds gathered around his idol's genealogy. Rivarol's stock, like

Mirabeau's, is traceable to an ancient Italian family, which in the year 1050, receiving from the Emperor Conrad II. the fief of Rivarolo, adopted the name as its own. Antoine Roch Rivarol, who was born in 1685, at Vinsali, in the Diocese of Novara, took part in the war of the Spanish succession ; and on his return from the Peninsula stopped at Nîmes, where he married Jeanne Bonnet, a girl of bourgeois parentage. His marriage, in 1720, had for result not only a family of four children, but the loss to Rivarol of his paternal heritage, forfeited by the mésalliance and by his settlement in a foreign land. His eldest son, Jean-Baptiste, who was born in 1727 and died October 27, 1807, followed his example in choosing a girl with neither pedigree nor fortune, Catherine Avon, who died in 1815. During their twenty years of married life, they had sixteen children. One of them, Claude-François, afterwards made a certain mark as a general. Another was Antoine, the subject of this paper.

Antoine Rivarol was born on the 26th of June, 1753, at Bagnols, in Languedoc. On his certificate of birth his father is described as silk-manufacturer, innkeeper, pensioner of the State, and schoolmaster. This multiplicity of humble occupations subsequently afforded to his son's enemies subjects for easy satire, and many were the gibes levelled at the son of the innkeeper by those who smarted from his sallies. As son of an innkeeper Rivarol may be said to be in good literary company, for both Rabelais and Voiture, as well as his own contemporary Brissot, could hail their fathers as "mine host." Rivarol's enemies soon found that their shafts failed to wound. He blunted their points by his impenetrable good humour, and no amount of sneers at the family poverty could alter the fact of an ancient lineage, nor dull an unsurpassable wit. It was no doubt the early indications Rivarol gave of his subsequent extraordinary brilliancy that induced his father (whose favourite he was) not only himself to give him the first rudiments of education, but to send him to the college kept by the Joséphistes at Bagnols. There he remained till the age of eighteen, when he entered the seminary of the Sulpiciens at Bourg St. Andéol. His extraordinary cleverness and precocity caught the attention of the Bishop of Uzès, who would have been only too glad to secure so rare a singing-bird for the ecclesiastical aviary. Rivarol evidently allowed himself to be tempted up to a certain point by the seductions of a church career. When he finally left the seminary of Sainte-Garde at Avignon, he took with him the title of *Abbé ;* and he wore *le petit collet* on his return home. The wings of an eagle, however, are not meant for a dweller in a cage. Provincial life was not possible for a man of Rivarol's acquirements ; and in the autumn of 1774 he arrived in Paris, determined,

although unknown and unaided, to carve his way into society by the aid of his trenchant tongue. "The world," he said to himself (as Houssaye tells us), "is a vast arena inhabited by wolves and lambs; I intend to be a wolf, and to be feared, which will make my fortune. At each scratch of my claws people will do obeisance to me; for each bite I shall receive a bun." This audacious plan, which would have failed with most men, succeeded with Rivarol, and this in spite of initial mistakes. He established himself at the Hotel d'Espagne, in the Rue de Richelieu, under the name and title of the Comte de Rivarol; but soon after his arrival in Paris, he met some college friends who had known him simply as the son of an innkeeper, and, afraid that his newly-adopted title might sound strange in the ears of the acquaintances of his boyhood, he committed the strange mistake of changing this name to that of De Parcieux, claiming thereby relationship with the Academician of that name through his grandmother, whom he asserted to be related to the De Parcieux family. This act of pusillanimity was curious; but, as Chamfort said of him with regard to this episode, "Tout Achille a son talon." His error was made glaring in a short time. A nephew of the savant's insisted on Rivarol's proving his title to the name he had assumed, which, *mirabile dictu*, his honey'd tongue failed to do. Dame Fortune, however, was not going to disinherit a favourite child for so small a peccadillo; and Rivarol, on reverting once more to his family patronymic, was let off the greater part of the ridicule he had so well deserved with Grimm's sarcastic remark, "Il s'est vengé fort noblement en prenant le nom du Chevalier de Rivarol, lequel, dit-on, ne lui appartient pas mieux, mais dont il faut esperer qui'il vondra bien se contenter tant qu'on ne l'obligera pas à en chercher un autre."

Rivarol was not the man to be discouraged by a first slip. He applied himself to make famous in Parisian society the name he had so nearly rendered hopelessly ridiculous. His trenchant parodies on the verse of the day soon became the rage. The first was the letter in rhyme which he wrote on the Abbé Delille's (or, as he sarcastically named him, "the Abbé Virgile's") *Poème des Jardins*, and which recalls Canning's travesty in the *Anti-Jacobin* on Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. This was followed by the parody of the *Songe d'Athalie*, which was aimed at Madame de Genlis and the naturalist Buffon. That satire, however, in nowise marred or altered the enthusiastic admiration which Buffon expressed for this young Don Quixote of literature. Rivarol accepted the homage with his usual characteristic *insouciance;* but he did not let it extinguish his epigram on Buffon's son, "the worst chapter in his father's Natural History." These and various other squibs, rockets, and verbal pyrotechnics, as well as a series of bombs shot

from the political journal *Le Mercure*, comprise Rivarol's literary efforts between the years 1778 and 1783. If his reputation for brilliancy had depended solely on what he wrote up to that time, it is more than doubtful whether his name would have been cherished as it is by his countrymen as that of one of the most remarkable men of his day. There would, perhaps, be scarce sufficient material to light for posterity his flickering fame. All his life Rivarol was weighed down by the inherent dislike to actual work which so often accompanies the gift of brilliant wit. As his best historian and most enthusiastic admirer, M. de Lescure, says of him apologetically, "Comme tous les improvisateurs, il aimait mieux parler qu'ecrire;" but, although the success which his wit brought him in the Parisian *salons* was enough to have satisfied most vain men (and Rivarol was vainer, in some ways, than most of his sex), it was not sufficient to satisfy so many-sided a character as his. In 1783 the Berlin Academy offered as a subject for competitive composition, "The Universality of the French Language." Rivarol entered the lists, and published a *Discours* which not only gained for him the honour of membership of the Academy of Berlin, some flattering letters from the Great Frederick, and a pension from Louis XVI., but revealed him at one stroke to be a philologist of genius and a critic of literary style such as the world had seldom seen. The art of criticism was at its best and newest at that time, and Rivarol's pamphlet was received with an enthusiasm which spurred him for a time to forget in his *Souverain Esprit* his *Souveraine Paresse;* and the *Discours* was almost immediately followed by a prose translation of Dante's *Inferno*, the first one in the French language, of which Buffon said, "traduire ainsi c'est créer;" and Voltaire, who had defied Rivarol to acquit himself of his self-imposed task with credit, testified his approval of the young author by inviting him to Ferney.

Judged by his own words, however, his remarkable success did not make Rivarol happy. Writing to a friend in January 1785, he said: "As to the life I lead, it is a drama so tedious that I always maintain that Mercier must be the author of it. Formerly I made up in one hour for eight days of folly; now I need eight whole days of wisdom to make up for one hour's folly." Not even eight days or eight years of wisdom would have served to wipe out the chief act of folly which obscured Rivarol's life, and was perhaps the one cause of his not having left greater monuments of his genius behind him. The story of his reckless marriage, as described by Houssaye, is too typical of Rivarol's character and his capacity of running to extremes, to be omitted here. None of his chroniclers gives the exact date of his marriage. Houssaye places it as early as 1781; but it is probable that Lescure is correct

in speaking of it as having been in 1783 or early in 1784. According to Houssaye, the fatal meeting was in the *salon* of the Duchesse de Coigny, where Rivarol used to astonish with his wit the "grands seigneurs" and "grandes dames" of the day, and to indulge in those passages of arms with "beaux-esprits" and philosophers which were to him as the breath of his nostrils, and procured him such a host of enemies. He was not of a nature to make friends. As he wrote to his brother: "Les grands talents sont plus rivaux qu' amis; ils croissent et brillent separés de peur de se faire ombrage. Les moutons s'attroupent et les lions s'isolent." Still, although he had but few friends, he was sure of a following wherever he appeared, and his entry into the *salon* of the Duchesse was made with all the calm security of a favourite actor conscious of power to enthral his audience. Soon after his arrival, someone executed an air of "Philidor" on the harpsichord. While he was listening to the music, Rivarol's attention was attracted to a fair, pale face, that he had already remarked elsewhere without knowing her name or nationality. What specially fascinated him on this particular evening, none can tell; but when the music was over, and he attempted to enter into conversation with the fair stranger, the most brilliant wit in Europe found Love's diffidence full upon him, and that his usually ready tongue was for once as hopelessly silent as that of a love-sick school-boy. There was nothing for it but to fall back on the general circle which was clamouring for his presence. His irritation found expression in epigrams even more caustic than usual. The Abbé de Balivière, having expressed the opinion that if there were an academy of "beaux-parleurs" Monsieur de Rivarol would be its President, received for an answer, accompanied by a low bow, "Monsieur l'Abbé de Balivière resembles those persons who are always on the point of sneezing: he is always on the point of being witty." The guileless Abbé, thinking he was being flattered, bowed delightedly, and seized the opportunity to ask Rivarol to write an epigraph on his new book on Morals. "Would not an epitaph be more appropriate?" asked Rivarol. The fair stranger then entered the lists to cover the retreat of the mortified cleric. "Surely," she said, "M. de Rivarol must be a member of the Academy 'les beaux esprits se rencontrent.'" "Ah, madame," retorted Rivarol, "I know that it is certainly an immense advantage to have done nothing, but it is one that should not be abused." The conversation presently became general; Grimm, Rulhière, the Abbé de Rastignac, all giving and commenting upon the gossip of the day, and the latest news from Versailles. While it was going on, Madame de Coigny called Rivarol to her quietly, and laughingly warned him that he had made a conquest of "la charmante

milady," who had just asked her for the address of the brilliant wit. "Beware!" she added, smilingly. "Englishwomen have strange caprices; remember Crébillon." "I shall be careful," answered Rivarol, thoughtfully, as he turned back to the group and plunged once more into the stream of conversation. "The latest bit of news of all," he said aloud, presently, and letting his eyes rest on the pretty Englishwoman, "is a romantic little incident which recently took place in one of the three or four fashionable *salons* we are acquainted with. There were amiable people present in plenty, and amongst them a handsome 'coureur d'aventures,' who was particularly admired by the ladies for his wit. But on this evening in question they unanimously voted him dull. What had happened? He had fallen in love with the sea-blue eyes of a beautiful stranger; but, when he tried to engage her in conversation, he discovered that the god of Love is dumb as well as blind. The next day he was pacing up and down his study, still thinking of the sea-blue eyes, when a knock came at the door. The servant was out, and he opened the door himself. Whom did he find outside? The owner of the sea-blue eyes. The lady was English and romantic; my hero pleased her; she was a widow, and she come to offer him her hand, her heart, and her revenue. 'On what condition?' said the lover. 'That of marriage,' replied the lady, 'and one other—that if we have the misfortune to bore each other we shall separate the first moment we are aware of it!' The lover accepted the bargain with rapture, and in a few days they were married. Now, ladies and gentleman, deign to give your opinion on such a match. Will they be happy?"

The hint was not lost upon the lady, though it is doubtful whether Rivarol had any other intention than simply that of exciting general curiosity and interest by inventing a quaint little romance for the amusement of the circle around him. Next morning a ring was heard at his door, and, thinking that he recognized the step of his sister, whom he was expecting, he oponed the door himself. What was his surprise to see "la belle Anglaise" of the previous evening! The element of adventure was always attractive to Rivarol, and when embodied in the form of a pretty woman it was irresistible. "So it was not a fairy tale?" he said, as he bowed, and, offering his hand to his visitor, led her into his sitting-room. "No, Monsieur," she replied. "Then it was a heavenly inspiration," answered Rivarol, already losing his head in the depths of the sea-blue eyes that had so attracted him. The lady informed him that she was the widow of a Welsh baronet, who had left her a small competence. Rivarol forgot his usual cynicism, believed the tale she told him, and, carried away by the love of adventure which was ingrained in his nature,

married the adventuress three weeks later. He was not long in discovering that nearly everything she had told him was untrue. She was a Scotchwoman of the name of Flint; the Welsh baronet was a myth; the "modest competence" was more mythical still; added to which, the temper which she brought instead of fortune was not of the kind which gilds with its sunshine the garret of poverty; and though Rivarol as a bachelor was welcome everywhere, "paying his footing with his brilliant wit," Rivarol as a married man, with a jealous and ill-tempered wife ever beside him, was looked upon as another and a different being. The difference soon made itself felt. Madame de Rivarol, finding both fortune and position less than her fancy had painted them, gave more and more scope to her ill-temper; and Rivarol summed up the position by saying, "I am neither Jupiter nor Socrates, yet my house is inhabited by both Juno and Xantippe." It was about this time, too, that he wrote to his friend, M. de Lauraguais, "I dared to speak ill of Love, and he has sent me Hymen in revenge."

It was hardly to be expected that so spoilt a child of Fortune would long put up with domesticity in such disguise, and Rivarol airily decided that even matrimony was an evil that could be mitigated, if not corrected, by separation. He returned once more to his brilliant bachelor existence, without further troubling his head about his spouse; and, no doubt tired of the pretentious pedantry which seems, according to all his biographers, to have been her chief characteristic after her beauty and her bad temper, he transferred his affections to a certain Manette, who deserves a niche in history if only for having inspired him to write certain dainty lines, whose intrinsic charm is a sufficient excuse for quoting them almost in full.—

"O Manette, pour qui tout livre est lettre close,
Et qui de tous les miens ne lirez pas deux mots;
Qui, loin de distinguer les vers d'avec la prose,
Ne vous informez pas si les biens ou les maux
Ont l'encre et le papier pour cause;
S'il est d'autres lauriers ou bien d'autres pavots
Que ceux qu'un jardinier arrose;
Et qui ne connaissez de plumes qu'aux oiseaux;
Vous qui m' offrez souvent l'aide de vos ciseaux
Dans les difficultés que l'étude m'oppose,
Ou quelques bouts de fil pour coudre mes propos,
Ah! conservez-moi bien tous ces jolis zéros
Dont votre tête se compose.
Si jamais quelqu'un vous instruit,
Tout mon bonheur sera détruit,
Sans que vous y gagniez grand, chose
Ayez toujours pour moi du goût comme un bon fruit,
Et de l'esprit comme une rose."

Rivarol returned to society with his tongue sharpened by domestic encounters, and few were those who escaped his pungent sallies. One day his eye was attracted by a roll of manuscript sticking out of the pocket of an acquaintance and brother scrivener. "Ah! Monsieur de Florian," he exclaimed, with a mocking smile, "how you would be robbed if people did not know you!" Some one praising Rivarol's brother to him one day, he answered, "In any other family my brother would be the man of wit and the rake; he is the fool and the upright man in ours." Grimm, in his correspondence, attributes this remark to Mirabeau, that universal thief of other men's ideas, words, and works, of whom Rivarol justly spoke as "a great sponge always swollen with the ideas of others," adding that if Mirabeau's "big books contain a few well-turned phrases they belong to Chamfort, to Cerutti, or to me." That Rivarol was in no wise too severe on that wind-bag of a demagogue in this respect was proved when among Mirabeau's papers was found one of his best-known speeches on the "Influence of Academies" in the actual handwriting of Chamfort. After a fraud of that kind, the theft of a bon-mot of Rivarol's is a small matter. Speaking to Chênedollé on another occasion, Rivarol again summed up Mirabeau in one of those scathing phrases which were characteristic of him. "Mirabeau," he said, "is capable of anything for money, even of a good action." At the beginning of 1789 the Duc d'Orleans conceived the idea that a man of Rivarol's wit and literary powers would be useful. He therefore sent the Duc de Biron to him, with the request that he would undertake the publication of a pamphlet on what were known as "The Dilapidations of the Court." Rivarol disdainfully ran his eye over the pages presented to him; and then, returning it to the ambassador, he said, "Monsieur le Duc, send your lacquey with this to Mirabeau, add a few hundred louis, and your commission will be executed." It might have been expected that a man of such keen wit, such cutting irony, whose brains were his sole fortune, would in the troublous times of the Revolution have cast in his lot with the triumphant democracy; but Rivarol was essentially a "contentious unit." As long as he could, he avoided throwing his die with either party. He was sent for on two occasions by the King, who sought his advice; but he confined himself to repeating in different terms what he said to Malesherbes when he came to tell him that the King desired to hear his opinion. "His Majesty," said Rivarol, "has probably heard only too many counsels and too many opinions. I have but one to give him. If he desires to reign, it is time he governed like a king; otherwise there will no longer be any king at all. It is better, when one is condemned to reign over a great nation, to

commit an apparent injustice rather than to allow the sceptre of authority to be broken in one's hands; for weakness is a worse fault in kings than a tyranny that preserves law and order, and the virtues of a monarch are not those of a private citizen; a king who is an honest man, and nothing more, is a failure as a king." It may be said that poor Louis XVI. himself proved that these maxims were true.

Whether it was a generous enthusiasm which made Rivarol decide for what he himself knew was the side that was doomed to defeat and disaster, or an outcome of his literary quarrels and dislikes (for all his rivals—Necker, Mirabeau, La Fayette, Condorcét, Joseph Chénier, Chamfort, La Harpe, Brissot, and Cerutti—had gone over to the democracy), or a desire to wipe out the last of the jeers at his aristocratic pretensions by proving that the latter were more than skin deep, no one can tell; probably all three considerations had part in the choice he made. Not that the *grands seigneurs* accepted their champion as belonging to their sacred caste. One day Rivarol, speaking of the Revolution, exclaimed, "We have lost our rights!" The Duc de Créquy repeated with a slightly scornful intonation, "*We* have?" "Well," said Rivarol, "what do you find singular in that phrase?" "Only your plural," retorted the Duke quietly. Rivarol had the good taste and intelligence not to be offended by such remarks made by those whose battle he was fighting. He was not the man to turn on the society that had petted him, given him his start in life, and applauded his epigrams to the echo; and both with tongue and pen he preached and wrote in defence of the dying institutions of Divine Right and aristocratic supremacy. Still, Rivarol was too admirably endowed with the critical faculty not to see the faults of the party he was upholding. Nothing could be more admirably impartial in many ways than the famous *Journal Politique National*, an account of the first six months of the French Revolution, which so delighted Burke (himself no mean judge of what should be "literary style") that I may venture to quote his words thereon from a letter addressed to Rivarol's brother in June, 1791: "I have seen, though too late to profit by them, your brother's admirable annals, which may rank with those of Tacitus. If there is, indeed, a strong coincidence in our way of thinking, I ought to be very proud of that circumstance. If I had seen his performance before I had written on the same subject, I should rather have chosen to enrich my pamphlet with quotations from thence, than have ventured to express the thoughts in which we agreed in worse words of my own." Impartial criticism is not a popular quality; and it is probable that when Rivarol wrote, "Les nobles sont des monnaies plus ou moins anciennes, dont le temps a fait des

médailles; ils sont inévitables dans la Monarchie, mais ils ne sont pas nécessaires pour fonder un sénat," he offended his own party as much as he offended the democracy when he wrote, "There is no enlightened period for the populace . . . the populace is always, and in every country, the same; ever cannibalistic, ever anthropophagous; and when it revenges itself on its rulers, it punishes crimes not always proved, by crimes about which there is no doubt." Or, again, when he summed up the whole situation, past, present, and to come, in two lines, written in 1789: "The vices of the Court began the Revolution; the vices of the people will finish it."

This man, who was never so happy as when engaged in illustrating his own dictum, "L'imprimerie est l'artillerie de la pensée," by no means confined himself to political pamphlets and discussions. Soon after the return to society which followed his matrimonial eclipse, he published *Le Petit Almanach des Grands Hommes pour l'année 1788*, in which he pilloried all the numberless scribblers, great and small, whose presence and literary pretensions were one of the characteristics of the time in the *salons* of Paris. This work (which, with one of those humorous touches so entirely his own, he dedicated "To the Unknown Gods!"), although it is in prose, may be compared in some ways to Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;* but Rivarol had a lighter touch in satire and a surer hand. Personal feeling is not to be found in this book that set all Paris laughing with delight; the author was animated, apparently, solely by one of the lasting passions of his life, an implacable hatred of the pretentious mediocrity which was then threatening to submerge true literature. As his biographer, M. de Lescure, says, "Jamais mission de critique ou plutôt de police littéraire ne fut accompli avec plus d'esprit et de succès"; but if the writer of this almanack of latter-day sinners managed by dint of dainty satire and stinging ridicule to cure many "of an ambition which is only justified by talent," the more important of his literary rivals and colleagues, whose names with strict impartiality had followed in the alphabetical list, not only never for gave him (for literary vanity is the most unforgiving form of the vice of vanity), but revenged themselves for his delicate irony by attacks that were simply brutal, and proved how well-aimed were Rivarol's shafts. These attacks in no wise disturbed Rivarol's serenity, or made him hold his hand. In the year subsequent to the publication of the *Almanach* he published two "Letters" to M. Necker, one "On the Importance of Religious Opinions," and the other on "La Morale," in both of which, as Sainte Beuve says, "he attacks Necker on his deistic opinions." These were followed by the *Journal Politique National*, of which I have already spoken,

by the *Galérie des Etats Généraux et des Dames françaises* (in which he collaborated), by a second *Petit Almanach des Grands Hommes de la Révolution*, which was entirely his own, and finally by his collaboration in the famous (or infamous, according to the point of view) *Actes des Apôtres*. Feelings were running high on both sides when the latter periodical came into existence, and Rivarol, carried away by the tide, poured out in its pages all his long-concentrated bitterness and disappointments, public and private, and launched his epigrams, more scathing than ever, to the right and left, with even less than his ordinary caution. This was his last appearance as a pamphleteer. At the request of the King, who was justly offended at the lengths to which the *Actes des Apôtres* went, he gave up satirical journalism, and undertook to transmit to the King (who, as a last resource, was seeking once more outside help and counsels), through the agency of M. de La Porte, *intendant de la liste civile*, his private opinions on public affairs. Rivarol's former advice had been disregarded by the weak but well-meaning sovereign; his later counsels, whether good or bad, came too late to be of any use; and all Rivarol got for his pains and his devotion to a losing cause was to be marked out more completely as an object of hatred and vengeance by his enemies, both political and literary.

In June, 1792, Rivarol, as Lescure says, "having nothing more to do in France except to perish therein," wisely bethought him that if he yet wished to fulfil his literary ambitions it must be elsewhere than in his native country. He saw clearly that, as he said himself, "Un grand peuple remué ne peut faire que des exécutions," and in the upheaving of society those who were likely to have the ordering of the executions were those whom he had scorched with his irony and riddled with his epigrams.

Later, he summed up the situation by saying: "If the Revolution had taken place under Louis XIV. Cotin would have had Boileau guillotined, and Pradon would have executed Racine. By emigrating, I escaped some of the Jacobins of my *Almanach des Grands Hommes*." He had been living for a good many months at the country estate of Manicamp with his old friend the Comte de Lauraguais (to whom Manicamp belonged), for he had been warned of the increasing enmity of the Orleans faction against him; and it was from visiting him there that the Baron de Théis was enabled to give us the admirable pen-portrait chronicled by Houssaye. "Rivarol was tall and handsome," says M. de Théis, "with noble and courteous manners, fine features, an eagle eye, a delicate, smiling mouth, and, to crown all, magnificent brown hair—c'etait l'homme le mieux coiffé de son temps." Not even this attraction, prized as it was in those days, would

have saved that well-dressed head from the guillotine to which so many others were sacrificed; and Rivarol, realizing his danger, prudently put the frontier between him and his enemies. That he was justified in mistrusting his *ci-devant* acquaintances and associates was proved not only by the executions of his friend and faitful worshipper Champcenetz (whom he called his *clair de lune*), of Suleau, one of the editors of the *Actes des Apôtres*, and of Du Rosoy, but also by a decree of the Convention in December, 1793, after the discovery of the papers in the famous iron cabinet, condemning him to death. Manette accompanied him into exile, and their first resting-place was Brussels, where Rivarol did his best to help and further the affairs of the emigrants, though his clear head would not allow of his sharing their hopes as to the success of a counter-revolution. From Brussels, Rivarol went to London, where, although he was warmly welcomed by Pitt and Burke, few traces of his stay are to be found. Like Mirabeau and André Chénier, who had preceded him by a few years, he found nothing to please him in the English metropolis. He was received in most of the great houses; but he did not create the excitement and enthusiasm he was accustomed to in France; and to a man of his nature and training an appreciative audience was an absolute necessity. It was not long, therefore, before he left London and Manette, who remained behind him, and of whom no further trace is to be found in his history. He betook himself to Hamburg, where his sister, the Baronne d'Angel, had accompanied General Dumouriez into an exile, as Lescure euphemistically puts it, "less irreproachable than her brother's." At Hamburg Rivarol found the mental atmosphere he required. The little northern town had become the rallying point of all that was most brilliant among the emigrants of France. His supremacy was immediately acknowledged. It was at this period that occurred that conversation so phonographically described by Chênedollé, which gives us some faint idea of the extraordinary gift of eloquence of this man whom Chênedollé calls "le dieu de la conversation à cette fin d'un siècle où la conversation est le suprême plaisir et la suprême gloire."

Rivarol's time at Hamburg was not solely occupied in improvising epigrams to an admiring audience. The celebrated publisher Fauche, whose chief house of business was at Hamburg, was not likely to let so brilliant and famous a writer as Rivarol escape him. He induced Rivarol, shortly after his arrival, to embark upon a colossal work, *Le Nouveau Dictionnaire de la Langue Française*, a work, encyclopædic in its aims, which, unfortunately, never got beyond its preface or *Discours préliminaire* published in 1797, whereof Sainte Beuve says that certain pages,

wherein Rivarol depicts the Revolution and the Terror, are worthy of the pen of Joseph de Maistre. It was no easy task that author and publisher had set themselves. Rivarol all his life hated the actual toil of writing. He would talk for hours; but to write for one hour was a martyrdom he underwent as seldom as possible; and Fauche, at last desperate at the slow rate of progress (which perhaps seemed doubly slow to the publisher, who was paying Rivarol one thousand francs a month), got him away from the delights of Ham, where he spent most of his time in being entertained and in entertaining, and, having lodged him in his own house, locked him up therein, placing sentinels at the door with strict orders to refuse admittance to all those devout listeners by whom Rivarol loved to be surrounded. Under these conditions, Rivarol had to work; but, to judge by the following letter, which he then wrote to a friend, it was almost against the grain that he did so. "My laziness," he writes, "does her best to vaunt her ancient privileges; but I treat her merely like an old acquaintance: I work *as much as I can*, but never as much as I could wish. A tarantula called Fauche, as eager for a page of copy as a hound is after his quarry, is perpetually on my track. My friend, every man must trace his furrow of anguish in this world to have rights in the future one. I have, I think, traced mine sufficiently deeply."

Whether owing to the immense amount of research and labour entailed by the preliminaries to the dictionary, or to the conditions under which he worked, Rivarol became weary of Hamburg, where the Directory, furious at the epigrams and articles he continued to publish from time to time in the *Spectateur du Nord*, did their best to make him uneasy as to what they might attempt against him. Once more (but this time was the last), he started on his travels, and towards the end of 1800 arrived in Berlin, where he was received by the King of Prussia (according to Houssaye) with greater honour than if he had been a Condé or a Montmorency. This was to some extent justified by his membership of the Berlin Academy and by his title of envoy of Louis XVIII., who was then at Mittau. In Berlin, Rivarol found all that atmosphere of enthusiastic admiration and attention which was the breath of his nostrils, and it excited his brilliant meridional intellect to greater achievements than ever. The time of quiet and profound study that he had passed at Hamburg had developed his intellectual powers without in any way dulling their brilliancy, and throughout the winter of 1800–1 he was the cynosure of all eyes, the lion of all the most exclusive salons in Berlin. Nor was love wanting to crown him with its additional glory. In those lenient and easy-going days a *grande dame*, Princess Dolgorouka, did not think it

necessary to conceal the preference she felt for the dazzling wit and writer. Everything seemed to be at his feet, when on the 5th of April, 1801, he was attacked by inflammation of the lungs and a complication of fevers, which carried him off in six days, on the 11th of the month. The Princess and some of his most intimate friends were with him when he died.

Thus ended the career of one of the most brilliant figures of a stirring time, a man of extraordinary powers and versatility, "the prodigal son of French genius," who, though, like a prodigal, he may have been said to have squandered his best qualities in riotous conversation, yet did more than most of his contemporaries in opening up for his countrymen new spheres and channels of thought. I will conclude this brief memoir by giving a few extracts from his writings and from the records of his conversation.—

"Genius, in politics, consists not in creating, but in preserving; not in changing, but in fixing; it consists in supplementing truth with maxims; for it is not the most righteous law, but the most stable, which is the best."

"The people gives its favour, never its confidence."

"Woe to those who stir up the dregs of a nation!"

"The being who only feels does not yet think; but he who thinks always feels."

"Time is the shore of the spirit: everything passes before him; but we think it is he who is passing before us."

"Imagination is the friend of the future."

"The brain is only a part of man; the heart is everything."

"Men are born naked and yet live clothed, just as they are born independent and yet submit to laws. Clothes hinder somewhat the movements of the body, but they protect it from outward accidents; laws curb passions, but they preserve honour, life, and fortune."

"The body politic is like a tree: as it grows it has as much need of heaven as of earth."

"Reason is composed of truths which should be spoken and truths which should be acted."

"Man conquers Space by commerce, and Time by credit."

"In the army discipline should weigh like a shield, not like a yoke."

"The most civilized nations are as near barbarity as the most polished steel is to rust. Nations, like metals, are only polished on the surface."

"To bring about a revolution it is more necessary to have a mass of stupidity on the one hand than a certain amount of enlightenment on the other."

"One should combat opinion with its own weapons: powder and shot are useless against ideas."

"Incredulity is a terrible luxury."

"Vices are often more a question of habit than of passion."

"Pride is always more ready for suicide than for repentance."

"If Love and War have their fury they also have their periods of calm; but Hate has her patience."

"Contempt should be the most mysterious of our feelings."

"The envy which talks and scolds is always ill-advised: it is the envy that is silent that should be feared."

"Gold, like the sun that melts wax and hardens mud, develops lofty souls, but narrows bad hearts."

"Man passes his life reasoning about the past, grumbling at the present, and trembling at the future."

"Languages are the true medals of history."

"Grammar being the art of raising the difficulties in a language, it is clear the lever should not be heavier than the burden."

"Ideas are the beggars of expression."

"More than one writer is persuaded that he has made his readers think, when he has only made them sweat."

"Those who borrow the antiquated phraseology of ancient writers so as to appear quaint are like old men who, unable to speak like men, stutter like children."

"In all the world there was no man who in appearance more resembled his reputation than Mirabeau: he was hideous."

"The cat does not caress us; he caresses himself against us."

On a certain book:—

"It obviates the necessity of a parody."

"I am willing," said Rivarol to a lady, "to grow old loving you; but I decline to die without telling you that I do."

Those who wish to know his worth, and to realize how great and deep was the intellect this man possessed behind all his brilliancy of tongue and power of epigram, must seek him in the few works he left behind. There is not a line of which one cannot say what he himself said of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois:* "I never open it without finding therein new ideas or lofty lessons in style."

GERTRUDE E. CAMPBELL.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF THE POOR LAW.

Our present Poor Law is said to be inequitable and unpopular. An opinion is abroad that this can be remedied by the introduction of greater discrimination. Various suggestions as to how this opinion might be made effectual have been advanced.

1.—As is proposed by Professor Marshall in Nos. 5 and 6 of the *Economic Journal*, by an enlargement of the discriminating powers of guardians.

2.—As is proposed by Mr. Bartley in two Bills introduced by him last Session, by taking away from guardians the power of discrimination, which in his opinion they have abused, and by conferring on a certain class of paupers—the imperfectly or unsuccessfully thrifty—a right to demand their relief in the form of out-relief.

3.—By giving subsidy from the public funds to persons who receive an allowance not sufficient for their support from a Friendly Society, or by giving subsidy to the Friendly Societies direct (*a*) for the encouragement of the solvent and adequate societies, (*b*) for the assistance of the insolvent and inadequate societies.

These proposals are inconsistent; but their purpose is the same. On the other hand, many of those who have had most practical experience say that the Poor Law is best administered when guardians decline to use the powers of discrimination which they at present possess, that outdoor relief should be abolished, and that the law should operate automatically and equally by offering to all identical terms of relief—that is to say, maintenance within the walls of a Poor Law institution.

I do not propose to enter on a general discussion of Poor Law administration. I will confine myself to one point, and set forth the reasons which have made these experts distrust and condemn this power of discrimination. Many of these persons, notably the late Mr. Bland-Garland, whose name is well known in connection with the strict administration of Bradfield Union, began their Poor Law work with a pre-possession in favour of outdoor relief and the discrimination which it is supposed to involve. Nowhere are first impressions more liable to error than in Poor Law administration. That fact is worth remembering when it is proposed

to cast our present system into the crucible of the practical politician who is now for the first time since 1834 beginning to interest himself in the question.

Let us first consider Mr. Marshall's position. He asks why, if charitable agencies are able to discriminate, should not the Poor Law discriminate? A passage in Mr. Marshall's own paper supplies the answer. It is, he alleges, the opinion of the working class "that so long as the country holds any of the money which a man has contributed as an insurance for himself and others against need, he ought not to be forced to apply for the 'charity' of private persons." This is an opinion, moreover, Mr. Marshall says, "not likely to be shaken." It may be remarked, in passing, that, rightly understood, the poor rate is a levy on behalf of existing destitution, and in no sense an insurance for the future; and I question very much if such a crude opinion would ever be maintained by any member of a Friendly Society. But Mr. Marshall is correct in saying that applicants to the Poor Law claim relief as a right. This is precisely the condition of affairs with which the Poor Law Commissioners came face to face, and it is a condition which is as present to-day as it was then. On the one side guardians had discretionary powers practically unlimited. On the other side was a clamourous multitude seeking to enforce a right. Then, as now, there was a natural desire on the part of all men to satisfy their wants in the easiest way, and a natural tendency for arbitrary authority to abuse its power. The result is well known. Guardians discriminated to the best of their ability and judgment. They yielded to the pressure of men seeking what they thought their right. What was given to A must be given to B, whose right was the same. The pressure kept increasing, and the country was brought to the verge of ruin. The Poor Law Commissioners saw that this state of things must continue until the discretion of guardians was limited. The limitation which they proposed has ever since been a fundamental axiom in Poor Law administration. Guardians, they said, must limit themselves to the relief of destitution as distinct from poverty. It is impossible, they argued, to define the degree of poverty entitled to relief. Every such limitation involved an injustice to those excluded. Further they observed that, human nature being what it is, guardians could not be trusted.

The remedy of the Poor Law Commissioners has been justified by long experience. The right of relief must be limited to destitution. It became then, and it is now, the duty of guardians to take unerring means for distinguishing destitution from poverty. This can only be achieved, the Poor Law Commissioners say, by

offering to an applicant whose income it is impossible to ascertain with certainty a maintenance which is perfectly adequate, but which he will not exchange for his own mode of living unless he is absolutely obliged to do so. These conditions, the Commissioners say, can only be fulfilled by an offer of maintenance in a well-regulated workhouse.

This duty has never been carried out. Guardians have preferred to discriminate, and have with few exceptions refused to use the automatic method of discrimination recommended by the Commission. Their discrimination with regard to destitution has proved to be just as liable to error and partiality, and just as constant an incentive to pauperism, as their discrimination with regard to poverty. The result is that the law is still inequitable and still unpopular, even as it was before 1834. It is this necessity for adjudication upon a right that differentiates tke administration of the Poor Law from that of voluntary charity.

No one, as Mr. Marshall implicitly admits, asserts a right to charitable relief, and those who give give or withhold as they think fit. On both parts in the transaction there is a check. When A, a private person, gives relief to B, a poor man, no injustice is done to C, who probably has never applied and is quite unknown to A. Even if B and C both apply to A, no one can complain of the injustice of A if he selects B in preference to C as the object of his bounty.

The case is not so clear when we consider voluntary charities which are public. There is, unfortunately, a section of the poor who, from the very publicity of these institutions, have been taught to think that they have a right to relief, just as there is and was a section which makes a similar claim on the Poor Law. The Charity Organization Society has urged that these charities should be administered with discrimination. Discrimination involves inquiry and strict rules of decision. This is not popular. It is resented by the poor. It is resented, also, by the average benevolent person, who objects to rules and prefers to decide on "the merits of each case"—in other words, on the partial opinion of the members of committee who happen to be present. It is precisely for these reasons, but mainly because of the expectation which their existence creates in the minds of the poor, that Miss Octavia Hill condemns large well-advertised public schemes of relief. Private charity can be administered with reasonable discrimination, because of the moderation with which the poor put forward their applications for assistance. Public relief, whether from voluntary or from compulsory sources, tends to create an importunate class, and, boards of administration being merely human, discrimination that is not of an automatic nature becomes

more and more difficult. When the fund to be distributed is thought to be the common property of all the poor, like the funds of the Poor Law, true discrimination becomes impossible, and when attempted is resented by the poor as an injustice.

Complaint is made that there is no uniformity in the administration of the law. In one Union out-relief is given lavishly; n another it is not given at all; and even in the same Union different relief committees of the same Board will act on totally different principles, both as to the amount to be given and as to the persons to be selected. Now, what is it that Mr. Marshall proposes that these Boards should do? Let Mr. Marshall speak for himself. "It should be generally recognized as a condition of out-relief that the applicant should have subscribed to a Friendly Society a sum standing in some reasonable relation to his wages, or have made some provision in some other way for his future: (after due notice, special attention would be paid to the question whether he had saved during the years in which his earnings were high and his family expenses not yet large)." This is precisely the sort of discrimination which the most lavish guardian of the most lavish Union in the kingdom flatters himself that he is exercising. The general result of all this discrimination is a lavish and pauperizing system which is not popular with anyone, because when relief is lavish it is invariably inadequate, and, as discrimination of a kind exists everywhere, the excluded are numerous and dissatisfied.

Mr. Marshall's case rests on the possibility of getting an ideal inquiry made by an ideal board. Let us consider a possible case. A is an old man of sixty-five who applies for an out-relief pension. The inquiry on Mr. Marshall's lines extends over forty-five years of his life, and pre-supposes a knowledge not only of A's affairs, but also of A's neigbours. A is expected to put away a *reasonable* sum, and judgment on this point can only be taken when it is known what persons in similar circumstances have done. A judge and jury with all the legal apparatus in the land could not make a just and undisputed award in such a case. Guardians lightly undertake the task and, according to Mr. (now Sir Henry) Longley, rattle through a list of such cases at a rate varying from a maximum speed of four minutes to eleven cases to a minimum speed of three minutes to each case.*

* Longley's Report in the Third Annual Report of the Local Government Board 1873–74, p. 152. Thinking that the reader might consider this ancient history, I obtained from a friend, a member of a Metropolitan Board, an estimate of the rate at which applications for relief are considered at his Board. He informs me that on an average a list of 200 cases is despatched in less than two hours. On a recent occasion 177 were disposed of in an hour and eleven

Can it be wondered that the administration of the Poor Law is thought to be inequitable? The feeling that Mr. Marshall's ideal inquiry and ideal board is impossible has produced a growing opinion among thoughtful and conscientious administrators in favour of the only possible form of uniformity—namely, relief within well-regulated Poor Law establishments, mitigated as far as possible by such further classification as may be found practicable and by the co-operation of charitable agencies outside. As far as I know, there is no single reputable authority on Poor Law administration who dissents from this view. I name only a few—Professor Fawcett, Mr. Fowle, Dr. Aschrott, Dr. Billing (the present Bishop of Bedford), the Local Government Board inspectors, and Miss Octavia Hill.

There is no injustice in relieving all destitution in a workhouse. If the destitution is real the relief also is real. Nor is there any injustice (except to the ratepayer and to the recipient if, as is probable, the assistance given is inadequate) in relieving all destitution by out-relief. But to put the most miserable and helpless class of the community at the mercy of the smug respectability of an ordinary board of guardians is iniquitous. No body of men, howsoever exalted, are fit to sit in assize and on the vaguest and most intangible evidence send A to what some deem the penal relief of the workhouse and B to the comparative comfort of an out-relief pension.

Mr. Marshall professes to be in favour of a method of administration which, compared with the average at the present time, would be a strict administration; but he underestimates the difficulty of carrying this out. It is easy to be guided by an absolute rule; but, as the Poor Law Commissioners long ago pointed out, the attempt to deal exceptionally in one instance invariably lets in a flood of similar or analogous cases, and in the end the exception becomes the rule. The observance of rules that are not absolute depends very often on the presence of one particular guardian. If he happens to be absent, the rule is set aside on behalf of the *protégé* of some member of the Board; and this constitutes a precedent for further laxity. Again,—and, as Mr. Marshall is arguing the case from the point of view of the poor man, this is very important,—no regulation as to outdoor relief which does not amount to prohibition can ever appear equitable to the poor. The complaint of those whose united voice makes the Poor Law unpopular almost invariably takes this form—"Oh! Mr. Jones, in this union (or the next union), has out relief: why

minutes. The scale of out-relief in this Union, it is worth noting, is about one shilling per head per week: considerably under 2d. per day—obviously a method of relief either unnecessary or inadequate.

should you refuse it to me?" The most extraordinary thing about the non-out-relief policy which has been followed for about twenty years in three of the poorest unions in London has been the ease and absence of friction with which the reform has been carried out. Previously to the reform, when Guardians had (so to speak) a variety of prizes to distribute, the business of the Poor Law in Whitechapel was carried out amid riots and intimidation. At the present time there is probably less friction in the administration of the Law in Whitechapel than in any other union in London. The Guardians and the officials are relieved from the impossible task of judging without evidence on the lives and characters of their fellow-men, and have devoted themselves, with considerable success, to an improvement in the internal arrangement of the workhouse. Plans of giving employment that is not so distasteful as oakum-picking and stone-breaking have been adopted. Many excellent arrangements have been made with regard to the schools. Generally the business of administration is brought within such reasonable limits that consideration can be bestowed on every detail. This is work which a conscientious man may well be willing to undertake: it is difficult to conjecture the character and motives of those who sit with complacency at the hurried relief-assize so graphically described in Sir H. Longley's report.

The situation is easily summed up. Lax discrimination is unpopular, because the relief given is always inadequate. Strict discrimination, such as is advocated by Mr. Marshall, is intensely unpopular with the poor. The rules which support it are, *ex hypothesi*, framed to allow exceptional cases to pass, and are therefore apt to crumble away altogether, more especially as few Boards of Guardians have the strength of mind to be always and in detail doing the right but unpopular thing. There remains only absolute prohibition. That the law so administered is popular, I do not affirm; but I am convinced that it is less unpopular than in "discriminating" unions, where each application to Guardians is a lottery. The expectation of Poor Law relief no longer influences hourly and daily the imagination and conduct of the poorest class, and the result is advantageous to them, both materially and morally. It may, as Mr. Marshall says, be useless to talk of an abolition of out-relief. If so, it is idle to look for any rapid diminution of pauperism. It also becomes the duty of those who hold the view here expressed to point out that proposals to vary still more the scale of rewards and punishments at the disposal of Guardians will only increase our difficulties. As the rewards increase in attractiveness, so will increase the expectation and the importunity of the claimants, and so much greater will be the dissatisfaction of the rejected, of their friends, and of their supporters.

It is this very ideal discrimination, reduced (as it must always be in practice) to something very much the reverse of ideal, which is the principal cause of the present unpopularity of the law.

Proposals of a different nature for subsidising the thrift of the poor have been put forward. The advocates of these schemes seem to recognize the injustice of leaving the merits of the poor to be determined by the various processes which Guardians call discrimination. The poor who are to be treated on the most favourable terms are to be selected automatically. So far this seems a concession to equity and common sense. The provision, however, does not remove the difficulty of selection. Mr. Bartley, as managing director of the National Penny Bank, knows that the Friendly Society is by no means the only institution in which thrift is practised by the poor. His proposal, therefore, is that the Guardians shall be obliged to recognize all modes of thrift, and, in fact, give outdoor relief to all subscribers to any thrift association. Thrift is very difficult of definition. I read recently, with much sympathy, the opinion of some political economist that the man who kept up his strength with plenty of beef and ale was in the highest degree thrifty. Thus, it is difficult, when we come to attempt definition, to see how anyone could be excluded from the all-embracing benevolence of Mr. Bartley's suggestion. Those who know less of the matter than Mr. Bartley knows proposes to confine their subsidies to Friendly Societies. Members of Building Societies have asked why they should be excluded. Mr. Bartley evidently feels that depositors at a savings bank should share in any largess that is going; and when it comes to practical legislation the claim even of beef and ale will find its champion. Even if the right of the Friendly Society to subsidy is established as pre-eminent, the difficulty is not over. If the grant is to turn on the question of solvency, the difficulty about defining *solvency* in relation to a Friendly Society will have to be settled. The fact that Societies have no arrangement for paying away surplus in the way of bonus has made it seem desirable to keep the premiums very low, and to treat the existence of a nominal and prospective deficit lightly. Let us grant, however, that selection can be made, and consider the matter more in detail.

Mr. Marshal admits that lavish out-relief tends to reduce wages. If men, that is to say, learn to rely for the necessaries of life on funds other than their own wages and savings, their dependence on the fund acquired most easily tends to increase, and the influences which aid them in the arduous task of raising wages are weakened. Throughout a great part of the working class provision for sickness and old age is rightly considered a necessity,

and this fact is an important contributory cause in determining the amount of their wages. If, as is now proposed, provision in whole, or in part, for some of these risks is to be paid out of the rates and thrust upon men who are cheerfully and successfully working their way to independence, a very serious blow is struck at the wage system of the country. This is exactly the view of the question taken by the leaders of Friendly Societies in their opposition to State Pensions.

The *Foresters' Miscellany*, a recognised organ of Friendly Society opinion, remarks that "to talk about an augmentation per head to the contributions received by Friendly Societies as likely to encourage thrift is a strange doctrine. It is an admission at once that the income of the workers of Britain is insufficient, and that it is necessary to pauperize them. If the income of the workers of Britain is insufficient to enable them to provide against old age, then it is time that some steps were taken to secure them an income sufficient for the purpose." *

To accept an allowance from the rates on the plea that wages do not admit of provision being made for old age and other risks is, in the opinion of the Friendly Society leaders, to perpetuate this unfortunate state of things and to reduce the rate of wages.

Hitherto, therefore, such schemes have met with no support from the Friendly Society leaders, who, in such matters, are the trusted advisers of the working class. Nor has it been on such general grounds only that these schemes have been distasteful to the Friendly Societies. The late Mr. Radley, a well-known and respected High Chief Ranger of the Foresters, in a letter to the *Daily Graphic*,† objects entirely to this capitation-grant proposal. Solvent societies do not want assistance; and why, he asks, should they be encouraged by taxes, part of which must come out of the pockets of those who belong to insolvent societies? "I think," he concludes, "these proposals are unpractical, and will certainly be unpopular as soon as their scope is understood." It would, I believe, be impossible to find, in genuine Friendly Society literature, a single expression of opinion in favour of accepting State subsidies, and volumes of extracts in an opposite sense could be produced. The demand for such measures, if demand there be, does not proceed from the societies.

It is possible, on the other hand, that Mr. Bartley's scheme may at first sight receive some support in Friendly Society circles; but a fuller consideration will show that the legislation proposed would have a most disastrous effect on Friendly Society progress.

* Quoted in *Unity*, January, 1891.

† January 20th, 1891.

That judicious authority, Sir F. Eden, pointed out early in the century that an extension of Friendly Societies could not be hoped for while Poor Law Relief has "no bounds assigned to it but what depend on the caprice, humanity, or discrimination of overseers and justices of the peace." The advance of the Friendly Society movement dates from the reform of the Poor Law in 1834. Two difficulties have been encountered. One, the competition of the Poor Law (that club to which no subscriptions have to be paid) has been mitigated by the reform of 1834. A second obstacle to progress still, in part, remains: I mean the existence everywhere of inadequate societies, which rely on the Poor Law to supplement their inadequate benefits. Mr. Bartley proposes to recognize and endow these societies by putting their members in exactly the same, or, rather, in a better, position than the members of solvent and sufficient societies. Is it possible to conceive a more retrograde step?

There can be no doubt that a lax system of relief to the imperfectly thrifty prolongs the life of these inferior clubs whose existence is so inimical to the extension of sound and well managed societies. Brixworth, in Northamptonshire, is a strictly administered non-out-relief union. It has frequently been stated that there one result of this policy has been that the rotten public-house club has disappeared, and that the ground has been covered by serious insurance associations, like the Foresters and Oddfellows. This point has been referred to at some length in the 4th Report of the Friendly Societies Commission, 1874.* The favourable terms of Poor Law relief given to the imperfectly thrifty are, in the opinion of the Commission, the cause of the popularity of sharing-out clubs. These clubs, as is well known, are framed in such a manner that aged and infirm members are liable to be turned out at the end of the year, and the rates become the superannuation pay of this form of club.

The proposal to pay subsidy, not to the member, but to the society, seems equally open to objection. If the society is solvent, the gratuity is not needed; if it is insolvent and inadequate, to endow and perpetuate it is contrary to sound public policy.

Both political parties put the question of Poor Law reform in the fore-front of their programme. Both seem to agree that something must be done. Both profess a desire not to interfere with the Friendly Society. Unless our argument is entirely wrong, not a step can be taken in the direction of discriminating in favour of the imperfectly thrifty without making a very serious attack on the best class of societies, and without arresting the very desirable

* Chapter VI.

process of ending or mending which is going on among the inferior societies.

In short, this does not seem to be a matter in which compromise is possible. The absolute independence of the working class is the only object worth striving for. Their most honest advisers will urge them to decline an offer for assistance from the rates, which has always been a source of disaster. The societies are now rescuing themselves from the fatal influence of the Poor Law, and it is no time to turn back irresolute and to accept a new dependency disguised under some other name.

T. Mackay.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

WHILE Shelley was at Chamounix, in July, 1816, there lived, unknown to him, in the modest hamlet of Les Pélerins, hard by the Glaciers des Bossons, a man scarcely past middle age, whose name was destined to be mentioned with respect and admiration by mountain-climbers from every quarter of the civilized world. Shelley's contemptuous opinion of the Chamounix Savoyards would certainly have been modified could he have heard from the lips of Jacques Balmat the thrilling account of his first ascent of Mont Blanc. Thirty years had passed since that memorable 8th of August when, at the age of twenty-four years, the intrepid mountaineer proved to the world that the redoubtable *Taupinière Blanche** was accessible. Jacques Balmat was born at Les Pélerins in 1762. His father, though in humble circumstances, was one of the most prosperous among the small cultivators of land in that neighbourhood. He gave his son an education of the simplest kind. In boyhood Jacques Balmat was employed as a labourer on his father's land; but the monotony and drudgery of toil became daily more and more distasteful to his adventurous nature. Whenever he could escape from his work he would scale the Montagne de la Côte in search of crystals, for which there has always been a ready sale. Gifted by nature with a vivid imagination, and possessed of more than ordinary courage, young Balmat soon became popular among those visitors who, without attempting anything great in the way of climbing, occasionally ventured upon the glaciers. At eighteen years of age he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the famous naturalist De Saussure, whom he accompanied on several Alpine excursions. From that time Balmat forsook the farm altogether, and devoted himself to a calling for which he was in every respect so well qualified. A restless ambition to distinguish himself by some remarkable exploit awoke in his mind the desire to ascend Mont Blanc, a feat for whose accomplishment De Saussure had offered a sum of money, and which was at that time deemed beyond the power of human endurance. De Saussure's bribe had induced other guides to make the attempt; but, after they had attained to a certain height,

* So named by the peasants of Chamounix.

the fear of passing a night among the glaciers (to say nothing of the difficulty they experienced in breathing and the loss of strength even among the strongest) induced them to regard the project as hopeless. Jacques Balmat turned the matter over and over in his mind, and, without taking any one into his confidence, made several attempts in vain. At last he was forced to admit that no man unaided could accomplish this supreme task. Amid these circumstances, he consulted his friend Marie Couttet, a youth of his own age, destined in after years to play a heroic part in the dangerous career of guide. Couttet instantly fell in with Balmat's plan, and agreed to make the attempt by the Tacul glacier. Crossing the rocky arrête and glaciers which separate it from the Corridor, they decided to scale the Rochers Rouges. The ascent was steep almost beyond endurance, and the long détours so fatigued them that on reaching the foot of the arrête they saw the impossibility of climbing its almost perpendicular face. Slowly and unwillingly they retraced their steps to Chamounix, not without a sense of humiliation. Undeterred by this failure, Balmat made two more attempts: one by the glacier of Miage, and one by the Montagne de la Côte, reaching to the Petit Plateau, where his further progress was barred by a huge crevasse.

Meanwhile, other guides, stimulated by the hope of gaining De Saussure's prize, were on the march attempting by different routes to reach the summit. Among others, Jean-Michel Cachat, commonly called "the Giant," Pierre Balmat, Francois Paccard, Marie Couttet, and Joseph Carrier, had formed themselves into a band, and were concerting ways and means at the moment when Jacques Balmat, unconscious of rivalry, was planning an attempt single-handed. Pierre Balmat and Marie Couttet, both of whom had accompanied Monsieur De Saussure on his abortive attempt by the Aiguille du Gouté, were told off to try again in that direction, while Jean-Michel Cachat, Francois Paccard, and Joseph Carrier were to proceed by the Montagne de la Côte. They agreed to leave Chamounix simultaneously, and to meet, if possible, on the summit of the Dôme of Gouté. Soon after Balmat had reached his cabane at Les Pélerins on his return from the Petit Plateau, he heard of the departure of these men. Without waiting to enjoy the repose he had so well earned, he put a small stock of provisions into his sack, and started after his rivals, whom he eventually overtook on the Glacier des Bossons, not far below the Grands Mulets. His arrival was not welcome, and he was coldly received. The party had no wish to encounter so formidable a competitor. After some hesitation, it was agreed that they should all start together. Having crossed the Glacier de Tacconaz, they reached the Grands Mulets, and at three in the morning were on the Dôme du Gouté.

Thence the party mounted to the Bosse du Dromadaire ; but, owing to the slipperiness of the surface, they found it difficult to get a foothold, and the guides showed signs of wavering—all except Balmat, who, on taking the lead, astonished his companions by getting astride upon the arête in question. This act of daring met with much remonstrance, and no one followed his example. In vain they implored him to desist. He would listen to no one, and persevered on his course for a distance of about a quarter of a league. In mentioning this matter afterwards, he refers to the ice line upon which he was riding as "un veritable chemin de danseur de corde." Balmat says that he would certainly have reached his goal if his passage had not been riven by crevasses which he could not circumvent. At length, unable to proceed farther, he turned about, and ultimately regained the spot from which he had started. Poor Balmat! there was no one to welcome him ; for his companions had returned to Chamounix, leaving only his sack behind them. In mentioning this matter many years later to Alexandre Dumas père, Balmat did not blame these men for leaving him to his fate. His words are characteristic of that brave spirit which can always make allowance for human weakness: "A la vue d'une si grande témérité, ne pouvant m'en détourner, ils me laissérent et rébroussérent chemin contre Chamounix, supposant que, étant leste, je les retraperais."

Finding himself alone in a desert of snow and ice, his mind wavered between a strong desire to rejoin his companions and the ambition to make the ascent of Mont Blanc unaided. He says that—not only was he piqued by the desertion of his companions, but—he had a strong feeling that his next attempt would prove successful. At last he decided to go on ; and, shouldering his sack, entered the Grand Plateau, and paused at the Glacier de la Brenva. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon of July 9. Courmayeur and the fertile Val d'Aosta slept peacefully below, while a gentle haze veiled the summit of Mont Blanc.

The spot chosen by Balmat for the night was not inviting. Let the reader imagine an enormous inclined plane, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, swept from end to end by frequent avalanches of ice ; the whole plateau surrounded by towering mountains of ice and snow, except on the northern side, where it is exposed to the bitter north winds. There is not on the entire surface of this terrible desert a single rock, or a single stone, upon which a man can sit, or behind which he can take shelter. All around him a measureless expanse of shifting snow, swept into columns by the fury of the winds, where, even on the hottest summer's day, a thermometer standing in the sun marks zero (centigrade). It was in this desert, on the brink of a huge crevasse,

without any covering,—in fact, with nothing but a coarse sack,—that Balmat, abandoned by his companions, and left to his own reflections, bravely resolved to await the dawn.

When one imagines his situation at nightfall in these vast solitudes, with nothing but his own brave heart to support him in the face of unknown danger, well knowing that in case of accident no human aid could reach him, one may form some notion of the patient heroism of this extraordinary man. He tells us that, owing to a feeling of nausea, he could neither eat nor drink.

"Je posai donc mon sac sur la neige, je tirais mon mouchoir en rideau sur mon visage, et je me preparai de mon mieux à passer une nuit pareille à l'autre. Cependant, comme j'étais a 12,000 pieds, il fallait s'attendre à un froid bien plus vif. Une petite neige fine et aiguë ma glacait; je sentais une pesanteur et une envie de dormir irrésistibles; des (pensées) tristes ma venaient dans l'esprit, comme celles de la mort; je savais très-bien que ces pensées tristes et cette envie de dormir étaient un mauvais signe, et que, si j'avais le malheur de fermer les yeux, je pourrais bien ne plus les rouvrir."

From his couch on the snow he could see, ten thousand feet below him, the glimmering lights of Chamounix, and the houses where his comrades who had deserted him were seated at their firesides, or perhaps snoring in their beds.

"Je me disais: Peut-être n'y en a-t-il pas un parmi eux qui pense à moi, ou, s'il y en a un qui pense à Balmat, il dit, en tisonnant ses braises ou en tirant sa couverture sur ses oreilles: A l'heure qu'il est, cet imbécile de Balmat s'amuse à battre la semelle. Bon courage, Balmat!"

"It was not courage that failed me," Balmat continues in his interesting narrative,—"but strength. Man is not made of iron, and I was thoroughly exhausted." During the short intervals of silence that intervened between the thunder of falling avalanches and the cracking of the glacial fields, Balmat distinctly heard the barking of a dog, from the village of Courmayeur, which slept in security a league and a half below him. Those sounds brought him solace; it was the only sign of life that cheered his solitude. At midnight the sounds ceased, and an awful silence succeeded. It was as the hush of a cemetery in the dead of night. At about two o'clock in the morning Balmat perceived a streak of light over the eastern horizon; and gradually the dawn broke. Mont Blanc wore his nightcap—a sign that his majesty is in a bad humour, and a warning to climbers.

"Je connaissais son caractère; aussi, je me tins pour averti. Lorqu'il fume sa pipe, comme on dit dans la vallée, il ne faut pas chercher à lui éteindre."

"At last," continues Balmat, "the sun arose, and I was frozen. But by beating my arms across my chest, and stamping violently on the snow, I gradually became unnumbed and able to proceed on my journey." He had noticed while descending to the Grand Plateau that a steep incline led direct to the summit of the Rochers Rouges. He decided to make the attempt in that direction; but, finding the incline greater than he had expected, and the snow too hard to walk upon, he was on the point of abandoning the enterprise when he found that it was possible to dig out steps with the point of his alpenstock. In this manner he proceeded upwards; but progress was slow, and the fatigue he experienced considerable. At last he attained his reward, and planted his foot upon the Rochers Rouges.

"Oh! me dis-je, d'ici sur la cime, plus rien qui nous empêche; tout uni comme une glace."

But he was in no condition to proceed further: he was cold and hungry and tired. The day was creeping onwards, and many hours of work were still to be done. He decided to retrace his steps, and, with a certainty of success for his next attempt, gradually regained his home. Balmat told Alexandre Dumas that on reaching home he was nearly blind. He crept into the granary to avoid the flies, and slept without intermission for twenty-four hours.

For three weeks following this perilous adventure the weather was in every respect unfavourable. But Balmat never for one moment abandoned his intention. The only persons whom he took into his confidence were his wife and the celebrated Dr. Paccard, who, besides being a clever physician, was a naturalist of repute. Paccard had often been acquainted with De Saussure, and both had often gazed upon the round white summit of Mont Blanc in hopes of being able some day to make scientific observations from that high vantage; but the thing seemed so utterly impossible, and every attempt apparently so hopeless, that neither of them had much faith in the dream.

Paccard, without the slightest hesitation, consented to second the intrepid Balmat in his next attempt; and it was agreed that with the first fine weather they would start in company. Thus, on August 7, 1786, Balmat went to Dr. Paccard's house and asked him whether he were still of the same mind.

"The time is arrived for us to start on our journey," he said, and the doctor rose to accompany him.

But, while turning the key in the lock, Paccard showed signs of hesitation, which Balmat rightly interpreted as a mark of indecision.

"I think it would be wise to take a couple of guides with us," said Paccard, after a pause.

"No. I will make the ascent alone with you," replied Balmat; "or you shall make the attempt with others. I am determined to be the first man up there, and not the second."

These firm words settled the matter definitely. Paccard withdrew the key from the lock, and said boldly, "Well, I place myself in your hands, and under the protection of the Most High."

Before starting they went into a small shop to purchase some syrup with which to dilute the brandy in their flasks. As the woman there seemed to suspect something, they agreed to take her into confidence, and, under a promise of secrecy, told her to look in the direction of the Dôme du Gouté at nine o'clock on the following morning. They started at five o'clock in the evening—by different routes to avoid suspicion—one by the left bank of the Arve, and the other by the right. They eventually met in the village at the foot of the Montagne de la Côte. Balmat, with characteristic unselfishness, had brought a blanket which he destined for the doctor's use, as he well knew that without it the latter would have spent a miserable night on the ice-bound summit of the Côte. For himself he had brought a sack, on which he slept soundly until 1.30 A.M.

At two o'clock the gates of dawn stood ajar. When these gallant fellows awoke there was not a cloud to be seen, and their hearts beat exultingly. A quarter of an hour later they stood upon the glacier of Taconnaz. The first steps on this frozen sea, amid yawning gulfs of ice, caused Paccard some uneasiness; but as they proceeded he gradually gained confidence, and trudged along without pausing at the Grands Mulets. Balmat says:—"Ce montrais au Docteur la place on j'avais passé la première nuit; il fit une grimace tres-significative, garda le silence dix minutes, puis, s'arrêtant tout a coup:—Crois-tu, Balmat, que nous arriverons aujourd'hui au-dessus du Mont Blanc? Je vis bien de quoi il retournait, mais je le rasourais en riant, sans lui rien promettre."

Two hours later they were on the Grand Plateau. Since the dawn the wind had freshened; and the summit of Mont Blanc was crowned by the "diadem of snow," which at a distance looks like vapour. For a long time they plodded onwards in silence; and, having scaled an almost perpendicular incline, eventually reached the rocks of the Petits-Mulets. At this point a sudden gust of wind carried off the doctor's hat, which drifted away at a terrific pace towards Courmayeur. "Il parait," says Balmat, "que le vent avais pris goût à la plaisanterie, car, à peine avais-je fermé la bouche, qu'il nous arriva une bouffée si violente que nous fûmes obligés de nous coucher à plat ventre pour ne pas aller rejoindre le chapeau. Nous ne pûmes nous relever de dix minutes; le vent

fouettait la montagne et passait en sifflant sur nos têtes, emportant des tourbillons gros comme des maisons."

Paccard now showed signs of wavering in his purpose, and seemed to regret having undertaken a task so formidable; but Balmat reminded him of the woman in the valley below who must at that moment have been watching them through a telescope. The words roused Paccard's spirit a little; but nothing would induce him to stand upright. He followed Balmat like a dog, on all fours. Progress amid such circumstances was slow; but at length they reached a point from which the village of Chamounix could be seen. Balmat, through his glass, distinctly saw the good woman standing in the principal square at the head of about fifty persons, many of whom had telescopes. A sense of shame caused Paccard to rise to his feet, and they were recognized—"lui à sa grande redingote et moi à mon costume habituel"—says Balmat. The people in the village made signs to them by waving their hats, and Balmat did the same; but Paccard, who had lost his, could not follow his example. Beyond rising to his feet, Paccard was helpless, and neither words nor signs of encouragement could induce him to proceed farther. Having exhausted every mode of entreaty in vain, Balmat resolved to proceed alone, and, advising his companion to keep moving, so as to avoid being frozen to death, continued the ascent. Having taken about thirty paces, Balmat looked round, and saw the poor doctor sitting in the snow with his back to the wind. From that time the ascent was not difficult; but with every step upward the effort to breathe became more and more trying. Every ten paces brought Balmat to a standstill for want of breath.

Having folded his pocket handkerchief, he drew it over his mouth, and thus facilitated respiration; but the cold had become intense, and an hour's hard toil with bowed head reduced him to the last stage of exhaustion. At length he reached a point on the ascent which caused him to raise his head: it seemed to lead nowhere. It could lead nowhere: there was nothing above him but the dark blue vault of heaven. Unconsciously he had bowed his head in the presence of the monarch of mountains. He had attained the summit of Mont Blanc! Trembling with excitement, Balmat looked around, fearing to behold some pitiless aiguille beckoning him upward. But no: "j'étais au terme de tant de recherches exploratives et infructueuses; j'étais arrivé la ou personne n'était venu encore, pas même l'aigle ou le chamois, seul, sans autre secours que celui de ma force et de ma volonté. Tout ce qui m'entourait semblait m'appartenir."

At four o'clock in the afternoon Balmat gazed in triumph upon that marvellous panorama and was almost beside himself with joy. He glanced at the village of Chamounix and waved his hat.

Through his telescope he distinctly saw a large concourse of people returning his signals. The whole population of Chamounix had turned out to see his triumph, and he felt a pride which only a successful climber can know. The first moments of exultation over, Balmat began to think of his companion crouched in the snow, paralyzed by fear, and in a pitiable condition. He descended towards him as fast as possible, and called Paccard by name. There was no reply. Impelled by fear for his comrade's safety, Balmat quickened his pace, and in a quarter of an hour came in sight of Paccard, huddled up and motionless. On reaching the spot he found the poor fellow with head bowed between his knees, and his face as white as the snow around him. Balmat tapped him gently on the shoulder, and Paccard raised his head mechanically. All interest in the ascent had vanished. In vain did Balmat acquaint him with the success he had achieved. His only answer was, "Let me sleep—for God's sake, let me sleep." But Balmat was not disposed to be so easily moved to compassion when only one final effort was needed to ensure the triumph of a lifetime. By main force, he lifted Paccard from the ground and led him a few paces forward. To the doctor it seemed a matter of indifference whether he moved forwards or backwards. He was too apathetic too cold, too weary, to think of anything. Balmat led him in this condition onwards, and, as they proceeded, the blood began to circulate.

"Alors il me demanda si je n'aurais point, par hasard, dans ma poche, des gants en poil de lièvre, que je m'étais fait exprès pour mon excursion, sans séparation entre les doigts. Dans la situation où je me trouvais moi-même, je les eusse refusès tous les deux à mon frère : je lui en donnai un."

At six o'clock they reached the summit. Although the sun shone brightly, the sky was of the darkest blue and they saw some stars. Below them lay immense fields of ice and snow, rocks, aiguilles, peaks, and a panorama of matchless beauty. Balmat tried to make his companion share his ecstasy; but the doctor could see no beauty in anything—every sense was numbed, and he was only half-conscious.

Balmat thus describes his own condition of mind :—"Quant à moi, je ne souffrais plus; je n'etais plus fatigué : à peine si je sentais cette difficulté de respirer qui, une heure auparavant, avait faillé me faire renoncer à mon entreprise; nous restâmes ainsi sur cette cime trente-trois minutes."

It being now close upon seven o'clock, there was little more than two hours of daylight before them. Balmat waved his hat by way of signal to his friends in the valley, and led his helpless companion downwards. There was no marked route, he tells us. The wind

being very cold, the snow was as hard as ice. They had nothing to guide them but the small holes which the iron points of their sticks had bored into the hard surface. For about an hour Paccard stumbled onwards, more dead than alive, now led, now carried in the arms of Balmat. Night began to fall, and darkness overtook them while they were rounding the huge crevasse at the foot of the Grand Plateau.

"A chaque instant Paccard s'arrêtait, déclarant qu'il n'irait pas plus loin, et a chaque instant je le forcait de reprendre sa marche, non par la persuasion, qu'il n'entendait plus, mais par la force."

At eleven o'clock Balmat and his helpless companion, with feelings that can be easily imagined, at last planted their feet in safety on rocky ground. Paccard could not use his hands, which were as blanched as those of a dead man. Balmat had only one of his hands frost-bitten.

"Je lui dis que nous avions trois mains de gelées à nous deux ; cela paraissait lui être fort égal," says Balmat. "Il me demandait qu'a se coucher et à dormir." By rubbing their hands with snow they made the blood begin to move ; but their agony was intense. Balmat wrapped his companion in a blanket as before, and laid him under the shelter of a rock. Then, placing themselves as near as possible in order to keep warm, they slept until the morning. Paccard awoke first, and aroused his companion. "It is strange," said he : "I hear the birds singing, and yet it is not day." The fact is that he was temporarily blind. Balmat told him to hold the end of his sack and walk immediately behind him ; and it was in that manner that, some hours later, they reached the village. "Comme je craignais que ma femme ne fût inquiète," says Balmat. "Je quittai le docteur, qui regagna sa maisonen tâtonnant avec son bâton, et je revins chez moi. C'est alors que je me vis. Je n'étais pas reconnaissable, j'avais les yeux rouges, la figure noire et les lèvres bleues. Chaque fois que je bâillais on que je riais, le sang me jaillissait des lèvres ; enfin je ne voyais plus qu'a l'ombre." Four days later, being sufficiently presentable, Balmat started for Geneva to report his success to Monsieur de Saussure.

Balmat's career as a guide was stirring and adventurous ; but, as his achievements have been merged with those of De Saussure and others who have left copious records, we will not here enlarge upon them. It is only fair to state (for there is no official entry to that effect) that, previously to acting as guide to the great naturalist, Balmat made an ascent in the subsequent year. It was this second triumph which finally decided Monsieur de Saussure to make his now historic ascent on August 3, 1787.

For a space of forty-seven years Balmat's name disappears from the records of Chamounix. He pursued his gallant calling

modestly, and never lost the respect of his compatriots; but he does not seem to have attracted any special attention. Taking his regular turn of duty with others, he may possibly have accompanied some of the tourists who ascended Mont Blanc between 1787 and 1834; but there is no record of the fact. In those forty-seven years only eighteen persons, of whom twelve were Englishmen made the ascent.

Balmat, though essentially ambitious, was not vain-glorious. We have seen how ambitious he was to be the first to ascend Mont Blanc; he was now ambitious to become the wealthiest man in Chamounix. Weary of climbing for hire, and discontented with the modest competence which his land afforded him, he dreamt of amassing wealth by commercial speculations. He soon discovered his inaptitude for business, and abandoned trade. Having heard that a rich vein of gold lay buried in the rocks which tower over the Sixt Valley, he determined to discover it. In his seventy-second year* this wonderful man started alone in quest of fortune; and, after traversing a terrible wall of rock which overhangs a precipice, he found himself unable to proceed a step farther without assistance. He was not the man to be deterred by a sense of danger, and a few days later confided his wishes to a noted chamois hunter, who agreed to accompany him. They started unseen, their absence unnoticed; and after ascending the Brévent, and descending thence to the valley of the Diosaz, they mounted the Col d'Antherne. The exact route taken by Balmat and his companion can never be known; but after many hours of hard climbing they reached the place, on the summit of a wall of rock, which Balmat had attained on his previous journey. At the sight of this narrow shelf of rock, overhanging a precipice, where nothing but a chamois could keep its feet, the hunter stopped, and implored Balmat not to advance. Words were useless. Balmat proceeded alone. He was seen to climb a precipitous rock, when suddenly his foot slipped, and with headlong speed the brave Balmat fell into a horrible abyss four hundred feet below. His companion was powerless to render him the smallest assistance. He had not even a rope, and he was in such a state of absolute despair that for a time he lost his senses. The most wonderful part of the whole business is that the chamois hunter returned to his home without mentioning one word of the catastrophe to any one. He seems to have been afraid of the law holding him responsible for Balmat's death; and, as he believed that no one knew any of the circumstances which would connect his name with Balmat's disappearance, he held his tongue. It came out that some peasants, working in the valley of Sixt, had actually seen

* In September, 1834.

Balmat fall, and told the hunter of it. By a bribe—in fact, by the promise of a share in whatever might be found in those rocks—their silence was secured, and Balmat's death remained a mystery for nineteen years. Then some of the details leaked out, and a party of guides—the most expert that could be found—started in search of Balmat's body. They obtained some slight information from the chamois hunter—then an old man—and, under the direction of one of Balmat's sons, mounted the fatal rock and gazed into the abyss.

"Ce fut avec un sentiment de vive douleur," says one of these brave fellows, "que nos guides contemplèrent l'effroyable abîme où Balmat avait trouvé une fin si funeste. La prudence la plus vulgaire conseillait de ne pas le sonder autrement que des yeux: car, outre sa profondeur, il s'y engouffre à chaque instant des avalanches de pierres et de glace." It was instantly seen that any attempt to rescue the body of this Napoleon of guides would be worse than useless, for the danger of searching in that gulf was beyond all doubt. The party returned that evening to Sixt, and on their arrival at Chamounix next day imparted their experiences to the other guides.

Jacques Balmat's grave, situated four hundred feet below a nameless peak, is a rock-fanged abyss, dark and fathomless; and the deepest recesses of that awful gulf are invaded every few minutes by avalanches of solid ice. It is a tomb worthy of a Snow King—a tomb worthy of the prince of guides—a tomb the like of which he may perhaps have often dreamed of as his own.

Richard Edgcumbe.

VOLTAIRE AND ENGLAND.

The intellectual activities that make up the culture of an age seem to be isolated and disconnected; but, in reality, influenced by obscure laws of heredity, the mental qualities of one generation merge into those of the next, and carry on the continuity of evolution. Michael Angelo would never have conceived his "Night and Morning" had not the Greek captives chanted the songs of Euripides in the stone quarries of Syracuse. Shakespeare would never have written *Hamlet* had not the prows of the Norsemen's galleys cleft the waters of the northern sea. The chain of correspondence sways to and fro with every wind of emotion and opinion; but the links remain welded together.

This was borne home to me as I sat, one dreamy autumn morning, in the thyme-scented garden at Racedown, and meditated by the mutilated remains of Eastbury, almost within sound of the bells of the little church where I had heard the worthy preacher use the name of Voltaire in order to point out to his congregation the wild and fantastic horrors of the Atheist's death-bed. Every fold of these mist-veiled downs, every village, every farm-house, is enveloped in a subtle, magnetic web of reminiscence and tradition; but no two spots in either Wiltshire or Dorsetshire are more replete with memories than the unpretentious house where Wordsworth (as his sister Dorothy tells us) spent some of the happiest years of his life, and took the initial step in his "dedicated life" as teacher and poet, or the solitary wing of the once stately mansion of Eastbury that had the honour of harbouring the famous French philosopher and most of the cultured company by whom the intellectual life of the beginning of the Eighteenth Century in England was illumined.

Hidden away among a maze of hedges wreathed in clematis and honeysuckle, Wordsworth's Dorsetshire home,—with the austere simplicity of its white concrete exterior, unadorned save by the trails of scarlet Virginia creeper that lie against it, with its deep-recessed, low-ceilinged sitting-room, the small study, over the porch, almost sordid in its lowliness, and the garden-path bordered by mignonette on one side, and purple-headed leeks on the other, where the quaintly-dressed figure in "brown fustian

jacket" and striped pantaloons walked up and down "booing" his verses to the perfumed freshness of the morning, and the darkening gloom of twilight—typifies the reserve and isolation of the poet's life.

"Is Racedown a farm-house?" I asked a woman at a cottage a little way off, trying to facilitate my search.

"It's a better house than a farm-house. A doctor lived there onct—a Doctor Pink he war."

"Do you know if that is where Wordsworth, the poet, lived?"

"Can't zaay—never yeard the name!"—the intonation denoting, as Charles Lamb said, that there was not a word's-worth of remembrance in it.

In this modest house, overlooking a landscape as beautiful as any to be found in England, with its sloping uplands, mystical shadowy sea, and gold-capped hills, he conned his lesson to mankind, as Voltaire conned his, among the powdered and periwigged artificiality of Doddington's circle at Eastbury. There could be no greater contrast to the humble austerity of Racedown than what still remains of the wonderful pile that Sir John Vanbrugh—"he who" (as a wag has it in his epitaph) "cumbered the earth with many loads ere he cumbered it himself"—built for Bubb Doddington, the Maccenas of the reign of George I. Fit illustration of the vanity of human ambition, Doddington bequeathed the house to his cousin Penruddock Wyndham; from him it descended to the Grenvilles; in 1763, owing to some legal dispute, the property was mortgaged; the house, with the exception of one wing, was taken down piecemeal, and the materials were disposed of to pay the debt. Ultimately this wing, and the park surrounding it, were purchased by Josiah Wedgwood, of Etruria, and by his son were sold again to Mr. Farquharson, in whose family it now is. Wordsworth, when he lived at Racedown, and Coleridge, when he lived at Nether Stowey, over the distant ridge of hills, must often have visited Eastbury; for we know how close the bond was between them and Josiah Wedgwood.

Outside the quaint, iron-spiked railings, and screen of elm- and beech-trees, that divide the park from the road, straggling down the valley, along a slender thread of stream, lie the villages of Eastbury and Gunville. Some of the tumble-down, red-tiled cottages nestle close to the ball-topped pilasters that guard the entrance to the avenue as they guarded it a hundred and sixty years ago, when Voltaire noticed that the peasant in England "had not his feet bruised in wooden shoes, ate white bread, was decently clad, was not terrified to increase the number of his stock, or to roof his dwelling with tiles, lest his tax should be

immediately raised," and observed, also, "large numbers of farmers, with five or six hundred pounds a year, who did not think it beneath them to cultivate the earth on which they lived in active freedom, instead of hanging on the skirts of the aristocracy in large towns."

Chubb (the Rationalist), Swift, Thompson (author of *The Seasons;* there because he had dedicated "Summer" to Bubb Doddington), Bolingbroke (who had already known and entertained the young Arouet at his place "La Source," in France), the Walpoles (Horatio, and Sir Robert, father of the famous Horace of Strawberry Hill), Young (the poet), and Beckford (of Fonthill)—all resorted at various times to those "pure Dorsetian Downs," to saunter beneath the Grecian arcades, along the sloping terraces and shady walks of Eastbury, discussing Sir Isaac's last discovery, Mr. Pitt's speech, quoting an epigram of Pope's, or passages from the *Cato* of Mr. Addison. The æsthetes of the time considered *Cato* finer than any Greek or English tragedy. Indeed, Voltaire, reared in the classic traditions of Corneille and Racine, frankly declared Shakespeare ignorant of every dramatic rule, and completely wanting in good taste. "The action of some of his plays," he says, "lasts a series of years: the hero, baptized in the first act, dies of old age in the fifth."

Years after Voltaire's visit to England, a theatrical manager avowed an intention to erect a scaffold upon the stage. He then delivered a characteristic sentiment — "We must fight the English, not imitate their barbarous theatrical taste. Let us study their philosophy; let us trample under our feet, as they do, infamous prejudices; let us drive out the Jesuits and wolves; let us no longer stupidly oppose innoculation and the laws of gravitation; let us learn from them how to till the soil, and how to gather in the fruits of the earth: but let us beware of copying their monstrous drama." Shakespeare's genius, however, took possession of Voltaire, in spite of himself. After attending a performance of *Julius Cæsar*, he initiated the idea that love—mere, sensuous love—was a ridiculous passion, as leading motive in a drama: patriotism, filial or parental affection, and devotion to liberty of thought and action, were, he asserted, sentiments more potent to influence an audience than the mere sentiment of a man for a woman. Animated by this idea, he wrote *The Tragedy of Brutus*, and published it under Bolingbroke's auspices.

Among Bubb Doddington's brilliant guests, he first met Congreve, then a very old man. His criticism of that writer gives us an insight into the social ideas of the time, and shows the hardy independence of young Voltaire's temper. "Congreve had one fault — that of not sufficiently esteeming his trade as author, to which he owed his fame and riches. He spoke

to me of his works as trifles beneath him, and told me, at our first conversation, only to look upon him as a simple gentleman. I replied, 'Had you had the misfortune to be only a gentleman like another, I never would have cared to know you.' I was shocked, I must confess, at a vanity so ill placed."

The most noteworthy figure among these wits, politicians, and poets, was that of Bubb Doddington himself (as he has been described by Cumberland), at the head of the table in the gorgeous white and gold dining-room at Eastbury, his profusion of brocades, waistcoat, and lace ruffles, set off by an enormous tye-perriwig.

It was said that when he made his first speech in the House of Peers as Lord Melcombe, all the flashes of wit, all the splendid phrases, all the well-turned periods of his rhetoric, lost their effect, because the orator had laid aside his magisterial tye and assumed a simple pig-tail. This nephew of a Weymouth apothecary shone conspicuous as one of the basest and most venal politicians of a base and venal age. "With submission to my Lord Rochester," Chesterfield remarks, "God made Doddington the dishonest coxcomb he is: mere human means could never have brought it about. Churchill's ghostly visions include

> "—— Melcombe's feathered head,
> Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
> Savoured in talk, in dress, in phiz,
> More of another world than this,
> To a dwarf muse, a giant page,
> The last grand fop of the last age."

We have a glimpse of the corpulent form, sleeping in a bed garnished with feather hangings like Mrs. Montagu's, observing a royal magnificence in the style of his establishment and in his stately mode of receiving visitors. Having forfeited the confidence of Walpole, by espousing the party of the Prince of Wales, he was dismissed from the Treasury. From that time till his death, his history, according to the amazing confessions made in the diary left for publication to Penruddock Wyndham, was nothing but a series of infidelities to friend and foe. We see him, as the "Bubo" of Pope, "gaining in weight as he lost in consequence,"—spending his life in devising shifts for great men's scrapes, and by his own showing not above any adroit baseness. In 1726, however, when Voltaire knew him, he had not developed into an intriguing and servile politician. He was the brilliant host, acute and voluble, full of irony and humour, keeping his guests continually stimulated with startling and original observations.

> "While with their Doddington entranced they sit,
> Charmed with his flowing Burgundy and wit."

Dinner was then the great function of the day. It began early,

and often ended indecorously late, according to our present ideas. Voltaire was inordinately fond of good feeding. "I have a charming house and beautiful gardens; I am free, independent," he says in one of his letters years after from Ferney; "but I do not digest. My philosophy is often troubled by the results of my greed." It is odd that a man so disciplined in his habits of work, so rigorous in the arrangement of his day, so free from all other carnal passions, should have been so seduced by the pleasures of the table as to sow the seeds of the gout and ill-health from which he suffered continuously in later life. When out of temper with Berlin and the Prussians, he was wont to assert querulously that their climate and food had cost him all his teeth. "I brought twenty here, and shall return with only six." He had the good taste, however, to express his obligation to Frederick for inducing him to give up those divine suppers. "'There,' I said to myself, 'is a King, born greedy, who sits at table without eating, even in the midst of the most amusing company, whereas I would give myself indigestion like a fool!" "Greed" (as he is pleased to call it) was part of his restless, troublesome, energetic life. He required fresh stimulants for fresh exertion. A dozen cups of coffee and as many of chocolate formed his sole nutriment from 5 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Dinner was then a necessary variety and relaxation. "A man's thoughts come hot from his brain as he feeds" was one of his dictæ. These Doddington banquets, celebrated in the memoirs of that time, at which every subject under heaven was discussed, must have been a mental treat of the highest order to the alert intelligence of the author of *Candide*. The age was full of speculation—some of it arid enough, but some of it pregnant with an energy destined to project itself into our own philosophy. Style, quickness of thought, and repartee were studied as fine arts; and many were the quips and cranks that passed—some of them too personal to be justified by their wit. One day at table Voltaire, we are told, ridiculed Milton's allegory "Sin and Death"; upon which Young exclaimed—

> "You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
> At once we think thee Milton's death and sin."

Years after, in dedicating his sea-piece to Voltaire, Young thus alluded to the incident—

> "'Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?
> What stranger strayed from yonder isle?'
> No stranger, sir, though born in foreign climes;
> On Dorset Downs, where Milton's page
> With Sin and Death provoked thy rage,
> Thy rage provoked, who soothed with gentle rhymes;

Who kindly couched thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong;
Who half-inclined thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song.
But such debates long since are flown,
Forever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes ere our brows were gray;
How shortly shall we both forget,
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine, for Prussia's golden key."

When these debates long since had flown, Voltaire wrote pathetically to a friend—"My destiny has been to figure as I know not what public character, with three or four laurel crowns as head-gear, and thirty crowns of thorns." The face which we generally see in portraits is the face crowned with thorns, and worn with the disappointments and the sorrows of life. But the Voltaire of Eastbury, the Voltaire whom we imagine holding converse with these courtly English gentlemen, is the original of a charming portrait painted when he was thirty-two, five feet three tall (as he tells us himself), and but a foot in circumference, graceful, easy, cynical, impudent: a person for women to fall in love with, and men to fear. His English was as yet halting. "He only knew enough to curse a postillion and make love to a chambermaid; but most of his associates talked his own language.

Voiture declared that Voltaire was not Voltaire until he went to England. Villemain maintained that there is not one of his writings that does not bear the impress of English influences. He now for the first time became "scientist" and philosopher. From the vantage-ground of English freedom he recognised (to use his own words) "that his country was the slave of prejudices, the people slaves of nobles, the nobles slaves of courtiers, courtiers the slaves of the king's mistresses, the king and his mistress slaves of the Jesuits"; whereas here he found that poets and philosophers, instead of being thrown into prison for paltry causes, were the props of the State and the advisers of Ministers; and (what must have been more astonishing than all to a Frenchman exiled for speaking his mind to a drunken bully) he heard public events and public personages handled and discussed with perfect freedom and frankness. He attended the Deist meetings held in London, and listened to Chubb's discourses, and Bolingbroke's light and well-bred infidelity. He read Locke, Herbert, and Shaftesbury, hard-headed freethinkers, who treated the miracles as childish legends and declared "that Jesus Christ and the Apostles trusted to the prophecies of the Old Testament for their credentials."

There is not one of the arguments and theories of the French philosophers and Encyclopædists that cannot be found in the English school of Rationalism of the beginning of the century. It was Voltaire who imported the theories. He expressed them in his inimitable manner, and incorporated them in the debates of philosophic thought for ever.

The anomaly that English thought presented, in its entire freedom on one side and its fanatical orthodoxy on the other, was a continual puzzle to him. Newton's exposition of prophecy amazed, baffled, and saddened him. "What a poor species the human race," he exclaimed, "if the great Newton believed he had found in the Apocalyse a summary of the present history of Europe!" Elsewhere he adds the famous sentence: "Apparently Newton wished, by his commentary on the Apocalypse, to console the human race for his superiority of mind!"

Tender conservation of old institutions and conventions he could not comprehend. In his opinion it was not sufficient to sweep up the dead leaves beneath the decaying tree of mediæval superstition. It was best to cut it down root-and-branch, and destroy it in the fire of derision and contempt. In this he showed the want of humanism that so unfavourably distinguished him from Wordsworth and Goethe, and has given rise to so many adverse criticisms on his thought and work.

He visited Parliament, and in the pages of the *Henriade* he tells us that "within the walls of Westminster three powers may be seen joined together by invisible bands, divided in interests, reunited by law: all three, sacred members of that invincible body, dangerous to itself, terrible to its enemies, happy when the people instructed in its duties, respecting, as it ought, the sovereign power! still happier when a king, gentle, just, and politic, respects public liberty as he ought." What conclusion would the Sieur Voltaire come to if he visited the sacred precincts now?

He was taken by his City friends to inspect the "Stock Exchange." There he was edified by the sight of the Jews, the Mahommetans, and the Christians treating one another as if they were of the same religion. "Bankrupts are the only people looked upon as infidels: the Presbyterian trusts the Anabaptist, and a member of the Church of England accepts the word of a Quaker. On leaving this Commercial Assembly, some go to the synagogue, some to drink; this man undergoes the rite of baptism in a great tub, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; that man circumcises his son, and has unintelligible Hebrew words muttered over him; others go to church, to await the inspiration of God with their hats on. All are content. If there were in England but one religion, its tyranny would be overwhelming; if

there were but two, they would cut one another's throats; as there are thirty, they live in peace and amity." "It is expedient," he writes to a friend about this time, "to give every form to our soul: it is a flame that God has entrusted to us: we are bound to feed it with what we esteem most precious: we should introduce into our existence all imaginable modes of thought, and open every door to knowledge and sensation. So long as the material does not go in pell-mell there is plenty of room for everything."

If we may judge by the "Letters"—*Lettres Philosophiques*, as they were entitled,—knowledge seems to have gone in pell-mell at first. They are in Voltaire's best style: light, sarcastic, rippling with laughter and intelligence; perversely superficial and trifling, however, and full of fantastic and capricious prejudice. It is difficult while reading them to discover any adequate reason for their public confiscation in France "as dangerous alike to religion and the order of civil society," or for the statement that for half a century after their appearance they formed the principal educational medium of the youth of France. The cause is further to seek than in the "Letters" themselves. Voltaire had roused the acrimony of both ecclesiastics and aristocrats long before their publication. But we must go back and give an account of the reasons that had made him an exile and a wanderer, and by so doing show how important an influence his visit to England was in his own intellectual development and the intellectual development of the century.

No softening or moralising influences were brought to bear upon his youth. His mother died when he was quite a child; and his father, as he grew older, was wont to say that "he had two fools of sons, one in verse and the other in prose." At the age of twenty he was accused of writing some incendiary verses, "What I have seen"—"*Les j'ai vu*"—describing the vices of the Jesuits and the tyranny of the nobles. The authorship was never brought home to him; but in those days proof of guilt was not always requisite. He was incarcerated in the Bastille. There he spent a year studying Greek and Latin, and preparing the conception of what he designed to be the great epic of France, the *Henriade*. The Regent Orleans expressed a wish to see the tumultuous poet. Kept waiting in the audience-chamber at the Palais Royale rather longer than he thought fitting, Voltaire audibly expressed a hope that the Regent in a higher sphere was more considerate than his Vice-regents on earth. On hearing this sally, Orleans laughed, and offered the insolent young scoffer brought before him a pension. "I am most grateful to your Royal Highness," was the easy acknowledgment of the condescension. "Undertake my nourishment by all means; but I implore you in future not to undertake my lodging."

His next exploit was the insult offered to the Chevalier de Rohan. Various accounts have been given of the affair; but the main facts are identical in all, At the Opera in Paris one evening in 1726 Voltaire was conversing with an acquaintance in the lobby between the acts—perhaps laying down the law, as was his wont—when the "Chevalier," younger member of the great house of Rohan, a dissolute man about town, broke into the conversation in an overbearing manner, saying, "Who is the young man who talks so loud?" "My lord," was the prompt reply, "he is one who does not carry about a great name, but wins respect for the name he bears." As usual, the rustle of a woman's gown is heard between the combatants. They met next evening in the "chauffoir" of the beautiful actress Adrienne le Couvreur. The two again came to issue; Rohan raised his cane; Voltaire placed his hand upon his sword; the actress fainted; and there was general confusion and excitement. On the Monday following the poet was dining with the Duc de Sully, when a servant came and informed him that some one wished to speak to him below. Upon reaching the street he saw two hackney coaches opposite the door. A couple of men asked him to stand upon the step of the nearest carriage, as there was some one inside who wished to speak to him. He had hardly made a step forward before he was seized and a shower of blows fell upon his shoulders. A voice from the other coach was heard crying out, "Don't hit him on the head! Something good may come out of that." The voice was that of the Chevalier de Rohan. The insult fell like drops of cold water on red-hot steel. The poet set himself to practise with the small-sword. His rank, however, was not considered sufficiently high to admit of his fighting a member of the de Rohan family. On the morning of April 18, 1726, he awoke "to find his lodging again undertaken by the Government." "Literature," as was said at the time, "had outlived in France the wheel and the faggot, to submit to the cudgel and the Bastille." The lieutenant of police remarked, in his report of the arrest, "that the family of the prisoner, without exception, approved of the wisdom of an order which kept the young man from committing some new folly, and the worthy persons of whom that family was composed of sharing in the disgrace of some new escapade." All were pleased—his disreputable money-lending uncle, his respectable Jansenist of a brother, in whose side the sceptic Voltaire had long been a thorn, and the relations of the Chevalier de Rohan. Adrienne le Couvreur was, perhaps, the only person who felt regret for the young poet. He repaid the debt of pity by a noble outburst in her defence some years afterwards.

What wonder if the priest-cramped, lacquey-beaten Frenchman

turned with longing towards the land of the stout and free people who permitted liberty of thought and speech? He set himself, during his imprisonment, diligently to study English, and used every influence to induce the Government to send him across the Channel. One morning he found this wish was gratified. A day or two afterwards he reached Calais in charge of two officials, who saw him safely on board a small sailing-vessel. In his pocket he carried a letter from Horatio Walpole to Bubb Doddington :—

"Mr. Voltaire, a French poet, who has wrote several pieces with great success here, being gone for England in order to print by subscription an excellent poem, called 'Henry IV.,' which, on account of some bold strokes in it against persecution and the priests, cannot be printed here; M. de Norville, Mæcenas, or, I may truly say, the Doddington here, for the encouragement of wit and learning, has earnestly recommended it to me to use my credit and interest for promoting this subscription among my friends; on which account, as well as for the sake of merit, I thought I could apply myself nowhere more properly than to you; and I hope this will answer the particular view and interest which I have in it myself, which is to renew a correspondence so agreeable to me; who am, with the greatest truth and affection, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, H. Walpole."

On the 29th of May, 1726, he landed at Greenwich. "It was a most beautiful day," he informs us: "the sky without a cloud, a soft breeze from the west tempered the sun's heat, and disposed all hearts to joy. It chanced also to be the day of the great Greenwich Fair, which was then a festival to Londoners, who came in crowds to witness games, races, and regattas. The river was covered with two rows of merchant ships for the space of six miles, their sails spread to do honour to the King and Queen, who appeared in a gilded barge, preceded by boats with bands of music, and followed by hundreds of wherries, each rowed by two men in breeches and doublet, with large silver plates on their shoulders." The air of happiness and enjoyment on every face particularly struck the author of the bitter verses "*Les j'ai vu.*" He had seen in his own country the labourers, male and female, "scattered over the fields, bending like galley-slaves to their work, crushed down under the merciless tyranny of cruel task-masters, haggard, gaunt, barely human things." Here he saw men alert, prosperous, well-fed, happy. Nothing was beneath the notice of the Encyclopædist who, when asked to write on Punctuation, said, "'Tis not a very brilliant task. Perhaps the article will be useful to amateurs. It is the privilege of the cultured to have preferences, but no exclusions. I will do the word 'Comma' if you like."

He took a keen interest in the foot-races, and the horse-races, and was entertained by what he saw. "Near one of the posts of the large circle," he tells us, "was a man on horseback holding in his

hand a silver pitcher, and at the end of the smaller course were two poles, with a large hat at the top of one and a chemise floating like a flag from the other. Between the two poles stood a man holding a purse. The pitcher, he learned, was the prize for the horse-race, and the purse the prize for the foot-race; but what of the hat and chemise? He was astonished to learn that the girls were to run a race, and that the winner was to receive, besides the purse, the chemise, 'as a mark of honour'; while the man who came in first was to have the hat." He fell in with some English merchants, who were kindly, courteous, and hospitable. One of these, a certain Everard Falkener, silk and cloth merchant, we read of frequently in the Letters. The young Frenchman was a guest at his luxurious home at Wandsworth, within the radius of London and Pope's villa at Richmond. Among Voltaire's later papers we come across pleasant glimpses of this citizen—a classical scholar, collector of ancient coins and medals, and possessor of an extensive library. In a few lines written to the philosopher at Ferney he gives a sketch of himself. "I am here just as you left me: not merrier, nor sadder, nor richer, nor poorer, enjoying perfect health, having everything that renders life agreeable; without love, without avarice, without ambition, and without envy. As long as all that lasts I shall call myself a happy man." In the simple circle at Wandsworth the exile sought rest and relaxation from the artificial, cynical, worldly set he met at Bubb Doddington's. Here he studied Newton and Locke's philosophy, and here he wrote most of his reflections on England.

This kindly soul, that day at Greenwich Fair, had a horse brought for him to ride—a mitigated pleasure, we should imagine, to a young Frenchman who had spent part of his youth in a Jesuit College and the rest on an attorney's stool and in the Bastille. He then sent for refreshments, and took care to get Voltaire a place from which he could see the races, the river, and London in the distance. Near him on the stand was a Danish courier, who had arrived only that morning and was to leave again that evening. "He was overcome with joy and wonder," Voltaire tells us. "He and I compared England to ancient Greece; and then, when we heard there was a combat of gladiators going on in the vicinity, we imagined we were in ancient Rome. We believed this nation was always gay, that the women were all beautiful, the sky always clear. He went away happy in his Utopian dreams. I remained to be undeceived."

At Newmarket, whither he went a few days later, the disillusionment began. "I was told that there I would see the true Olympic games. I saw, indeed, a concourse of noblemen, the King, the royal family, and a prodigious number of the swiftest horses in Europe,

flying around the course ridden by little postilions in silk jackets; but I saw, also, jockeys of quality betting against one another. I could not help thinking that, in spite of their solemnity and dignity, they exhibited more swindling than magnificence."

Particularly sensitive to climacteric influences, the mercurial poet soon discovered that, although England was the abode of liberty, it never was the abode of spring. "Your climate," he writes, "has no *naturam vivam*. My miserable machine will oblige me to leave a land where one can think, and go to those where one can perspire." He found, also, that the English people partook somewhat of the gloom of their atmosphere. The same evening that he had been to Greenwich fair he was in London—probably at the house of Lord Bolingbroke—and met some ladies of fashion. Imagining that they might have been among the ladies galloping round the racecourse, he spoke to them of the "ravishing spectacle" he had witnessed that morning. He was surprised to observe that instead of showing vivacity, they were constrained and reserved, sipped their tea, made a great noise with their fans, talked scandal, played cards, or read the newspaper. At length one of them, less uncivil than the rest, informed the puzzled foreigner that people of fashion never attended miscellaneous gatherings like the one that had given him so much delight; that the pretty girls he had seen, dressed so smartly, were only servants and country folk; that the good-looking young men were nothing but apprentices on hired horses. Those statements irritated and astonished him. Next day he went to the city to find the merchants who had been so civil to him "at the Olympic games" in a coffee-house, dirty, ill-lighted, and shabbily furnished. Most of the business men, who had been so kind and good-humoured, were there; but not one of them recognised him. When he addressed them, they either said nothing or curtly answered "Yes" or "No." He thought he must have offended them, and wondered if, in a moment of forgetfulness, he had praised the fabrics of Lyons, said that French cooks were better than English, intimated that Paris was a more agreeable city than London, or that time passed more agreeably at Versailles than at St. James's. No: his conscience absolved him of any sin of the kind. At length he ventured to say, "Gentlemen, would you please tell me why you are all so melancholy?" One of them groaned, "Why—don't you see? The wind is in the east." At this moment a young man came in. "Molly cut her throat this morning," he announced. "She was found dead, with a razor beside her." The assembly received this announcement with the most perfect indifference. Voltaire asked the reason of the suicide. The only reply he received was "that the wind was in the east." He abruptly left the coffee-house, and

sought his fashionable acquaintance. They, too, were all sad: they could talk about nothing but the east wind. To his horror he found that the climate was having its effect upon himself. He could no longer laugh. He eventually tells us how he ascertained "that in the months of November and March the people hang themselves by dozens, for in those months the wind was east. An east wind cut off the head of Charles I., and dethroned James II. If you have a favour to ask the Court, never ask it unless the wind is west or south."

There is more wit, freshness, and originality in one page of Voltaire's account of his stay in England than in the whole of *John Bull et son Ile*, or of Taine's letters, and hardly more exaggeration. He tells us how one day he was in a boat on the Thames. One of the rowers, seeing he was a Frenchman, began to boast of the liberty of his country, and maintained that he would rather be a Thames boatman than a French Archbishop. Voltaire relates that next day he saw the same man at the window of a prison. "What do you think now of a French Archbishopric?" he cried. "Ah, sir," replied the man, "the abominable Government! They have forced me away from my wife and children, to serve in a king's ship, and to put me in prison and chained my feet for fear I should run away before the ship sails!" "I sighed when I heard the man's words—to think that nowhere on earth was there true liberty."

"I did not go to Rome to receive the benediction of the Pope, but the benediction of Michael Angelo," Voltaire declared once to his very orthodox friend Madame du Deffand. He had not come to England to receive the stamp of fashion from lordlings and fine gentlemen. He had come to bend the knee before the genius of Newton, Locke, Tillotson, Milton, "and many great men both dead and alive whose fame will not be confined to the bounds of this island." His admiration for Newton was unbounded. The world owes the preservation of the celebrated apple story to him. He heard it from Mrs. Conduit, Sir Isaac's niece. In his letter on Newton's philosophy there is an enthusiastic tribute to his genius. "A polite and learned company debated, not long ago, who was the greatest man—Cæsar, Alexander, Tamerlane, Cromwell. Someone answered that the discoverer of the law of gravitation excelled them all. The gentleman's assertion was a just one. They who learn to decipher the secrets of the universe, not they who deface it, are the really great men." In extreme old age, his eye kindled and his countenance lighted up when he spoke of having once lived in a land where a professor of mathematics was buried in a temple, with the ashes of kings, and where the highest esteemed it an honour to assist in bearing thither his body, and

subscribing afterwards to erect a marble statue to perpetuate his memory.

The poet whose name we have linked with Voltaire's paid his tribute half a century later to

> "The marble index of a mind for ever,
> Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."

Newton, Voltaire, Wordsworth, each sounded a dominant note at various epochs in the intellectual life of the eighteenth century: a note rising into fullest diapason of harmony in Goethe, who seemed to combine and carry on to a higher development the ethics of their science, philosophy, and poetry.

Direct antithesis as the author of *Candide* and the author of the *Excursion* seem to be, the subtle laws of intellectual heredity bind them one to the other. As surely as Voltaire and the Encyclopædists were the evolutionary result of Pascal and Descartes, so surely were Wordsworth and the fellow-thinkers of the Lake school the result of Bolingbroke, Locke, and Voltaire. Under perriwig, powder, and ruffles, Voltaire at Eastbury was evolving a system of sociology that bore a strong analogy to that which was formed by the young poet "handling the spade with much dexterity" in a fustian jacket at Racedown. Wordsworth himself would have repudiated the idea. With the prejudiced perversity of mind that was so essentially a part of his genius, he alluded to *Candide* as the "dull product of a scoffer's pen," showing by the criticism how incapable he was of judging Voltaire. Irreverent, destructive, the great Frenchman might be; "dull" he certainly was not. On another occasion Wordsworth dismisses him and all his works with the epithet "impure"; but as he puts Goethe in the same category, and we find him reading Ariosto aloud to his sister, translating cantos of his poem, and declaring that in Italian literature he was "unduly depressed in favour of Dante," we accept the epithet with necessary modifications. In the *Excursion*, Wordsworth places himself with the "Preacher" in juxtaposition to Voltaire the "Solitary," who sees nothing but a "rude machinery of human toils" in the universe—which interpretation looks as if the "Pastor" had confused Holbach's "System of Nature" with Voltaire's *Candide*. To rebut this statement is the purpose of the long-winded poetry—or, rather "versified prose," that follows, ending thus:—

> "We live by admiration, hope, and love.
> And even as these are well and wisely fused,
> The dignity of being we ascend."

The Solitary replies cynically:—

> "Love, admiration, fear, hope,
> Are mad fancy's favourite vassals."

The argument ends with a pæan to the harmony of the universe, to the inner soul of Nature, to the eternal fitness of things; to which the Solitary is supposed to listen confuted.

If Voltaire was the "Eye of the Illumination" of the eighteenth century, Wordsworth was its conscience and its heart. The one was a pessimist, and the other an optimist. Pessimism overshadowed all philosophical thought at the beginning of the century. Can we wonder that Frenchmen looked out at the prospect around them with despairing depression?

"It is sad indeed to pass a portion of one's life destroying enchanted castles. It would be better to establish truths than dissect falsehoods. But where are the truths?" asks Voltaire. Where, indeed, were the truths in that age, when everything was accepted (even Louis XV.) if supported by traditional authority?

"Humanity had lost its title-deeds."

Bureaucracy and ecclesiastical tyranny had reached their apogee; free development of thought and action had been rendered impossible by the conventional restrictions imposed by an ambitious and self-seeking minority. Men were not allowed to speak what they felt, and had recourse to artificial modes of expression, engendering artificial modes of belief. The monarch became invested with divine attributes, and the Deity, to serve ecclesiastical ends, with qualities of vengeance and cruelty which seem to us (bound in the shackles though we still are) monstrous and incredible. An intellect like Voltaire's was driven into the extremes of negation. "Religion was the outcome of the first knave that met the first fool." The Apostles were "douze faquins." "Immortality was no more necessary to a man than to a flea." Wordsworth subjected to the influences brought to bear on young Arouet's adolescence would most probably have become a Jansenist, and written religious sonnets at Port Royale. Subjected to English influences at the end of the century, he became a Churchman and Poet-Laureate. He was born eight years after Voltaire's death. The awful chasm of the French Revolution yawned between them—a chasm produced by the volcanic agencies at work the decade before. When the storm had rolled away men raised their heads and counted up their losses and their gains. How much were they advanced by the destruction of old institutions?—only to find that the goddess of Reason (or rather the washerwoman of the Faubourg, Saint Antoine) "had decayed teeth!" All beliefs, all illusions, had vanished. They had no foundation except Holbach's frank atheism and brutalizing materialism on which to base their ethics. Voltaire wrote an impassioned refutation of the "System of Nature." "Voltaire est bigot, il est Deiste," was the accusation, typical of

the time, that was hurled at the philosopher of Ferney. He had sown the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind. In his disillusionment he turned to the delights of nature. "I was born to be a fawn, a creature of the woods. I am not made to live in a town; I am in Hell when I am in the accursed city of Paris. To Rousseau, acknowledging the gift of the second Discourse, he writes: "I have received your book depreciating the human race. Never was such cleverness used to prove all men fools. One longs, in reading it, to walk on all fours; but, as I have not indulged in the habit for more than sixty years, I feel unhappily the impossibility of resuming it. Nor can I cross the ocean in search of the savages of Canada, because the state of my health render European doctors a sad necessity: so I content myself with being a peaceable savage in the solitude which I have chosen in the neighbourhood of your birth-place. I hear that your health is bad: come and set it up again in your native air, enjoy freedom, drink with me the milk of our cows, and browse our grass."

His delight in the beauties of Geneva was as great as Wordsworth's in the beauties of Rydal Mount. "Here," he writes, "I see from my bed this glorious lake, which bathes a hundred gardens at the foot of my terrace. To the right and to the left it forms a stream of a dozen leagues, and a clear sea in front of my windows, watering the fields of Savoy, crowned with the Alps in the distance. I do not boast of having found perfect happiness in this haven. It has not its dwelling in woods; least of all is it among kings, or even among wise men. It is not indeed our portion in this fleeting life: we must renounce it; but sometimes at least we may embrace its shadow."

Young Beckford, son of the Beckford of Fonthill, many years after the joyous prime of Eastbury had passed away, gives us a glimpse of Voltaire in this last retreat, where he strangely endeavoured to reconcile the warring elements of his intellectual and political life. A Jesuit, Le Pêre Adam, of whom Voltaire remarked that "quoiqu'il fut Le Pêre Adam, il n'est pas le premier des Hommes," officiated in the little chapel; but Voltaire sometimes preached to the people himself, and, we are told the most orthodox sermons. In the year 1770 the post of Temporal Father of the Order of Capucines for the district of Gex became vacant. Voltaire applied for and obtained it. "One becomes a bigot in one's old age" he said, laughing, when taxed with the inconsistency of the proceeding. The same attempt is often made in periods of transition such as the Renaissance in Italy, the eighteenth century in France, to reconcile the different modes of philosophic thought. Pico della Mirandola preaching paganism all his life, and lying down to his last rest in his Dominican habit,

Rousseau's conversion to Catholicism, is but the same endeavour to reconcile warring elements. Compromise came too late to Voltaire: so many years of his life were necessarily devoted to fighting "the Infamous" in the open places of the world that he had no time to sign a truce with what was not infamous in the system he endeavoured to overthrow. The reconciliations between the old and the new were destined in each case to be worked out by others than those who began the movement. The tendency of Pico della Mirandola's teaching was carried on to its result by Michael Angelo. Voltaire and Rousseau culminated in the Lake school in England, and in the Weimarian circle of poet philosophers in Germany.

Wordsworth handling the spade at Racedown, and Coleridge with his acre and a half of land at Nether Stowey, from which he hoped to raise corn, and feed a pig, were putting into practice the intellectual inheritance bequeathed them by Voltaire. "Cultivez votre jardin:" return to "nature's lore."

The end of the eighteenth century was a period of renaissance, even as the end of the nineteenth is supposed to be a period of decay. Men yearned to base their philosophy on deeper principles —to return to simpler and truer sources for inspiration and consolation. All traditional assumptions and beliefs had been swept away by the Revolutionists, leaving nothing but arid scepticism and unsatisfactory theories. What had they to make up to them for the poetry of their religion and their church? Then it was that the divine element, no longer to be found in the imaginations of men, revealed itself in the manifestations of nature. A light such as Dante saw after he had been through the sufferings of Hell broke over the distant horizon. The moral idea was born. The Deism that found a religion in the flowers of the field, the thunder of the surf, and the breathing of the summer winds, was gradually attuned to the wants of the human heart. The universality of natural law in the moral order was evolved, and obedience to it inculcated—no longer the obedience of the galley-slave, through fear of punishment, but obedience because disobedience meant the upsetting of the equilibrium, the evenly-balanced relations in which the upright soul loves to dwell. This religion first found its voice, gentle and persistent, in Wordsworth, and became triumphant and complete in Goethe. "Im ganzen guten, wahren, resolut zu leben," was the dominant note—though beneath is heard the refrain. "Entsagen, entsagen must Du." Thus were united the serenity of Hellenic culture and the self-denial of Christianity. Thus he brought the sensuous love of life of the ancient Greek into conformity with our modern systems, and endowed it with the fulness of experience of the latter-day philosophy. In a way, he

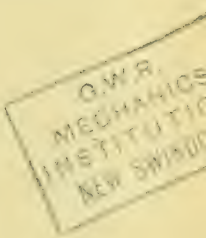
robbed it of its perfect proportions and simple beauty by so doing; but he enhanced its power, its liberality, its complexity. Holbach's "System of Nature" came upon the young student at Strasburg with a sense of horror. "It was so gray, so Cimmerian, so corpse-like, that we could hardly endure its presence. It struck us as the very quintessence of musty age, savourless, repugnant." But after reading *Candide* he stretched out the generous hand of recognition to Voltaire, called him the "Universal source of light," "the greatest name in the literature of recent times." The philosopher of Ferney and his fellow labourers swept the plane of thought clear for the passage of the stars. And when his task was done he retired to his lake and his mountains, leaving those who came after him to justify his work and life. "I will believe in a God if you do not ask me to define him" was his protest. But every great thinker, perhaps even unconsciously to himself, has his own definition. Voltaires' was liberty, knowledge, and the beauties of nature. Towards the end a humanism awoke, which had not been his at the beginning. He showed a deeper sense of reverence for those things that interested the hearts of the men and women that had gone before.

Sitting on the grassy slope at Racedown, overlooking the sea, with its panorama of upland and valley, the house sleeping in patriarchal simplicity under immemorial elms behind us, we count up the work done for mankind by the poet that dwelt there. Looking out over the Downs, round Eastbury, where so many creeds and obsolete superstitions lie buried, and where the young destroyer of "The Infamous" girt up his loins for the fight he was destined to fight all his days, we try to estimate the emancipation he effected for human thought, and cannot help feeling, with a sense of regret, that, considering the noble justice Voltaire showed to England and her institutions, he should have received such scant justice from England in return. The mocking laugh and the irreverent jest are remembered; but the incessant and noble toil in the cause of others is forgotten. "His people," he was wont to say, "were the people of the earth." His country was humanity. His family was Corneille's niece, Lally's son, the children of Calas and Sirven, all who were persecuted and robbed. A life devoted to the redemption of the oppressed, and the enlargement of the intellectual horizon of the human race, must not be regarded from the stand-point of parochialism. Such a life is almost forced into a combative, unconventional, at times, destructive attitude; but so long as we can extract an essence of compassionate helpfulness, or endeavour to see things in their true light, and not through any distorting medium, and an intellectual craving for knowledge and progress, at the expense of ease and self-

indulgence, that life, defaced though it may be by unworthy actions, falling in many ways short of a great ideal, has not fallen short of a claim to our sympathy and admiration.

The reply said to have been made by Voltaire with regard to Haller,—a reply that Sydney Smith considered the neatest and wittiest on record—might be aptly applied to the author of *Candide*. "I am astonished," someone said to him, "that you should speak so well of Haller, for he is outrageous in his abuse of you." "Well! well!" said Voltaire, "I believe the truth is we have both formed erroneous opinions of each other."

N. H. Kennard.


G.W.R.
MECHANICS
INSTITUTE
NEW SWINDON

BEGINNINGS OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.*

The singular adventures of the English actors who visited the United States in the eighteenth century are among the most interesting recorded in the history of the drama. Their misfortunes certainly afford a curious contrast to the prosperity of the members of their profession who tour in North America at the present day. The old prejudices against the theatre in that country have almost entirely disappeared.

In the early part of the year 1770, Mr. William Hallam, manager of the well-known London Theatre, Goodman's Fields, failed. Ruined, but discharged from debt, on account of the admiration his honourable conduct excited among his creditors, Hallam, with only a very meagre theatrical wardrobe, and £100 given to him by a friend, determined to leave England for America. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hallam, his brother and sister-in-law, consented to go with him; and he was able to form a fairly complete company, which included Mr. and Mrs. Rigby, Mr. & Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Palmer, Mr. Singleton, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Winnell, Mr. Adecock, and Mr. Malony. Several of those players, notably Mr. Hallam, Mr. Lewis Hallam and his wife, and Mr. Singleton, had been well considered by London audiences. Hallam called his troupe, oddly rather, the "American Company," and the members were partners in the venture. The number of shares was eighteen, and the adult performers were twelve, including the manager. The rest of the shares were given to the children of the troupe. Early in May, 1751, the *Charming Sally*, under Captain Lee, after six weeks' voyage, landed these comedians safely in York Town, Virginia. Hallam's chief reason for disembarking at that port was that it was the headquarters of the Episcopalian Church at that time remarkably tolerant in theatrical matters. The company had rehearsed a good deal on board the *Charming Sally*, and were well

* For most of the curious facts contained in this article I am indebted to the late Mr. James Hackett, the celebrated actor, whose Falstaff was one of the finest performances of that part known to the annals of the stage. Mr. Hackett had been for many years collecting notes, play-bills, etc., with the intention of writing a *History of the American Stage;* but was prevented from so doing by his unexpected death. I had the privilege of making excerpts from his extensive collection.

able to give immediate performances. They proceeded, after a few days' rest, to Williamsburgh, the then capital of Virginia, and, upon application made to Governor Dinwiddie, began the erection of the first theatre ever built in North America. This theatre was a very rude structure; but it could accommodate from three to four hundred persons. It was built of wood, and roughly put together. The situation was central; nevertheless, the manager "often shot pigeons from the doors for his dinner." There were only two scenes; and the orchestra consisted of a harpsichord, played upon by one "Mr. Pelham, a learned teacher of the instrument." Mr. Pelham taught the Governor's daughters, who possessed the only other harpsichord in the city. The rest of his pupils learnt upon his own, "in the hope of one day being able to get like instruments from Europe or New York for themselves."

September 5, 1752, is memorable in the annals of American theatrical history as the day which witnessed the first regular performance of a drama by professional actors in the Northern part of the New World. Theatres, it should be remembered, already abounded in Mexico and in South America—indeed, Mexico had long since produced a very great dramatist, Alarcon. The piece selected was *The Merchant of Venice*, to be followed by Garrick's farce of *Lethe*. Thus, Shakespeare was the pioneer dramatist of the Western World, and Garrick had the honour of attending on his master. The caste stood thus:—Bassanio, Mr. Rigby; Antonio, Mr. Clarkson; Gratiano, Mr. Singleton; Salanio and Duke, Mr. Herbert; Salarino and Gobbo, Mr. Winnell; Launcelot and Tubal, Mr. Hallam; Shylock, Mr. Malone; servant to Portia, Master Lewis Hallam (his first appearance on any stage); Nerissa, Miss Palmer; Jessica, Miss Hallam; and Portia, Mrs. Hallam. The caste of *Lethe* was filled by the same players. The event was rendered additionally interesting by "the first appearance on any stage" of Master Lewis Hallam, afterwards one of the most popular actors on the American stage.

The first prologue ever written in America was pronounced on this occasion. It was composed by Mr. Singleton and spoken by Mr. Rigby. It is by no means a bad production, and opens thus:—

> "To this New World, from famed Britannia's shore,
> Through boist'rous seas, where foaming billows roar,
> The Muse, who Britons charmed for many an age,
> Now sends her servants forth to tread your stage."

In the same year, 1752, a theatre was opened at Annapolis, Md., and here was given the first Shakespearean tragedy ever performed in America, *Richard III.* Mr. Wignell was Richard, and Mr. Herbert Richmond.

The Annapolis Theatre was a large house, capable of seating six

hundred persons. It had a gallery and side boxes, and was lighted with candles. The audience, however, were in the habit of bringing their own candles; otherwise the fair occupants of the boxes would have sat in total darkness.

The third American theatre was erected in 1753, in Nassau Street, New York, on the site of the old Dutch church, until quite lately the General Post Office. This house was under the management of Mr. Hallam, and his "own" company performed.

The first play produced in New York was Sir Richard Steele's *The Conscious Lovers*, followed by a ballad farce of *Damon and Phillida*. Among the names of the actors, I note those of Mr. Bell, Mr. Miller, and Mrs. Beverly. These either came directly from England, or were native artists, trained by the Hallams. They certainly did not land by *The Charming Sally*. The prices of admission were as follows (I quote them from a play-bill of the period):—"Prices: Box, 8 shillings; pit, 6 shillings; gallery, 3 shillings." The performances began at six o'clock. The days of representation were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and continued so for half a century. The Nassau Street theatre closed on March 18, 1754, with *The Beggars' Opera* and *The Devil to Pay*. On that date the following announcement appeared on the bills:—"Mr. Hallam, comedian, intending to start for Philadelphia, begs the favour of those that have any demands upon him to bring in their accounts and receive their money."

Mr. Hallam, after paying his debts, started for Philadelphia, and at the invitation of a number of young men and persons of liberal views, and to the horror of the worthy Quakers, opened a play-house in the capital of Pennsylvania, and in April, 1754, produced Rowe's tragedy of the *Fair Penitent* and Garrick's farce of *Miss in Her Teens*. The prices of admission were as follows:—Boxes, 6 shillings; pit, 4 shillings; gallery, 2 shillings and sixpence. The house was crowded to overflow. In the course of the evening there was a tumult occasioned by the discovery in the pit of one of the persons who had petitioned the Government against theatres. The gentleman was hustled out amid much confusion.

Mr. Hallam's next venture was to take his troupe to Jamaica, West Indies. Here he met with pecuniary success; but he was carried off by the yellow fever, leaving a widow, who, on her return to New York, married David Douglass, an American by birth and an acquaintance of the Hallams. During the absence of the troupe in the tropics, Mr. Douglass began building a theatre on Cruger's Wharf, in the lower part of New York, without asking permission from the authorities. When the actors returned and wanted to play, they were sternly prohibited. In Gaine's *Mercury* of November 6, Douglass made a public appeal against this sentence. His

audacity caused much discussion, and it was not until some time afterwards that he was allowed to proceed with his career. *Jane Shore* was the opening play under his management. Mrs. Douglass appeared as the heroine.

In 1759 David Douglass opened the second theatre in Philadelphia. It was situated at the south-west corner of Vernon and South Streets. Its leading actresses were Mrs. Douglass, Miss Cheer, and Miss Morris.

The next theatre was built at Newport, R.L. The troupe under Douglass visited Williamsburgh, Annapolis, Philadelphia, and New York, and "barn-stalked" in smaller places, where the court-houses were big enough to be turned into temporary theatres. Perth Amboy, the then capital of New Jersey and the residence of the Governor, judges, and treasurer, and, moreover, a garrison city, patronized the players liberally, but did not build a theatre for their accommodation. The court-house was very large, and was very admirably arranged to suit dramatic representations.

In 1760 Douglass built another theatre in Philadelphia, and in 1761 a second one in New York, in Beckman Street. The Cruger Wharf Theatre was destroyed, and the new place of entertainment opened with the familiar *Fair Penitent* and *Lethe*.

A very curious fact concerning Douglass's troupe of itinerant comedians is that they never left a city without obtaining a certificate of good conduct from the authorities, and a letter of recommendation to the state whither they were bound. They seem to have had a world of trouble with the slave-dealers of Newport and other places. The reason probably was that Douglass and some of the English actors expressed themselves too freely concerning slavery as "an abominable institution."

Some curious items are obtained from a letter published by Douglass in answer to an enemy, who had asserted in the journals that "the company cost the city of New York £6,000." "The house holds 450 dols.," says Douglass. "The average receipts are 300 dols., which, for the sixteen nights allowed, gives 4,800 dols. The current expenses for the sixteen nights amount to £250, or 6,257 dols. The cost of the theatre is 1,600 dols.; the scenery and wardrobe cost 1,000 dols. In all, expenses, 3,150 dols.; balance for ourselves, 1,550 dols. for travelling expenses, board, etc." The tickets for the play were sold at the Bible and Crown, the printing office of Gaine's *Mercury*. In 1783 the Crown disappeared; but the Bible remained as a sign of this old printing firm, which was situated in Hanover Square.

Othello was first performed by Mr. Douglass at the Beckman Street Theatre in 1761, for a charitable purpose. The performance brought 332 dols. Othello was dressed as a brigadier-general,

wore powder and a pigtail, and had his face blacked. Among the charges in the bill of expenses on this occasion I find "£5 5s. 6d. for twenty-six pounds of spermaceti candles at 3s. 6d. per pound, and fourteen pounds of tallow idem at 1s. per pound"; also "2s. 6d. for wine in the second act."

Notwithstanding a notice on the bills "that gentlemen and others are not allowed behind the scenes," "gentlemen and others" did go there, as is lamented in a public notice of December 31, 1761:—"Complaints having been several times made that a number of gentlemen crowd the stage and very much interrupt the performance, so that it is impossible the actors, when thus obstructed, should do that justice to their parts they otherwise would, it will be taken as a particular favour if no gentleman will be offended if he be absolutely refused admittance at the stage door."

The first benefit ever given to an actress in America was that of Mrs. Douglass in New York, on the evening of February 21, 1762. The bill contained this curious paragraph:—"For the benefit of Mrs. Douglass, the tragical history of King Richard III.; containing the distress and death of King Henry VI. in the Tower; the usurpation of the Crown by Richmond; the inhuman murder of the young King Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York; the fall of the Duke of Buckingham; the landing of the Earl of Richmond (Henry VII.) at Milford; and the battle of Bosworth Field. Queen Elizabeth by Mrs. Douglass. Tickets to be had of Mrs. Douglass at her lodgings near the theatre, the ceremony of waiting on ladies and gentlemen at their houses with bills having been abolished for some time by this company, the frequent solicitations on these occasions having been found rather an inconvenience to the persons so waited on than a compliment."

With what a curious picture this fragment of an old play-bill inspires the imagination! As we read it we can easily conjure up the queer old Dutch town with its canals and wharves, its red houses, and its deep green trees, its beaux in knee-breeches and wigs, and its belles in hoops, powder, and patches, with their host of slave servants and attendants, resenting "as an inconvenience" the frequent calls of the poor player entreating patronage for a benefit.

From 1762 to 1767 we have no documents concerning dramatic matters in New York. The Douglass Troupe was going its rounds of the provinces, and even, I believe, occasionally visiting the West Indies.

During the trouble which followed the Stamp Duty, a riot which occasioned the destruction of the Beckman Street Theatre, and during the Civil War, all the play-houses were closed. Once, however, the Philadelphia was opened for a night for the production by amateurs of *The Prince of Parthia*, a tragedy by Thomas Godfrey,

of that city, a son of the inventor of the quadrant. This is the first American drama on record. It is said to have been an admirable imitation of the works of the then popular Rowe.

In 1767 the theatre in John Street, New York, was opened. According to contemporary documents, it was built of wood, an unsightly object, painted red, and looking for all the world like the old Globe Theatre, London,

The play selected for the opening night was Farquhar's *The Beaux Stratagem*, and the inevitable *Lethe* followed. On this occasion John Henry made his *début* in America. He was a noted actor and a friend of Sheridan, father of the author of *School for Scandal*. Among the Douglass Troupe was Miss Storer, the best singer America had as yet produced. She was a fairly good actress.

All the play-bills at this time concluded with the words "Vivant Rex et Regina."

On December 14, 1767, nine Cherokee chiefs attended the theatre to witness the performance of *Richard III*. The next day the *Mercury* informed the public that "the Cherokee chiefs and warriors, being desirous of making some return for the civilities they had received, have offered to entertain the public with a war-dance at the theatre, between the tragedy and the farce. The public is humbly requested not to forget proper decorum, and to remember that the persons who have condescended to contribute to their entertainment are men of rank and consequence in their own country." One is constantly struck by the fine manners of everybody concerned, "the neatness of their phraseology, and the perfection of their grammatical knowledge."

In the self-same month of December, the papers announced that Mrs. Morris, the actress, and her maid were drowned while endeavouring to cross the ferry at Kill Vankeel. There was, it appears, a cow on the ferry-boat, which kicked and flounced so that the vessel was upset; and poor Mrs. Morris (described as a fine actress), her maid, and the cow were all lost together.

A play-bill, dated New York, January 19, 1768, has the following:—"Ladies and gentlemen will please send their servants to keep their places at four o'clock." It was the habit in those days to send blacks of all ages to the play-house to keep seats until their masters and mistresses put in an appearance, when the slaves were marshalled up into the gallery to await their "honours" at the close of the performance.

On March 28, 1767, there was a Masonic benefit; and the *New York Journal* informs us that "a noted gentleman of high standing will enact *Othello*, assisted by other gentlemen as the Doge and Senators of Venice, to assist the performers of the theatre, who are in embarrassment."

On July 3, 1769, occurred the first dramatic entertainment ever produced in Albany, which was given in the hospital of the city; the play was *Venice Preserved.*

In the *Maryland Gazette*, 1772, I find the first mention of scenery on the stage in the States, a fact which leads me to believe that hitherto there has been no attempt made at pictorial illusion. The advertisements of the American Company's performances at the Annapolis Theatre closes with the announcement: "With a set of scenes painted by Mr. Richards, of London." There is no account given of the scenery; but it was in all probability a chamber-and-garden set, to illustrate the comedy of *False Delicacy.* At this theatre, and on the occasion of the introduction of the new scenery by Richards of London, Mrs. Catherine Maria Harman appeared. She was the grand-daughter of Colley Cibber.

In August, 1774, Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* was first produced in America, at the New York Theatre. In the same month the first theatre in Charlestown was built. It was opened in September, and the season lasted fifty-four nights.

In October, 1774, the first Congress passed a resolution discountenancing "English play-actors as not fit instruments to second the cause of American liberty." Moreover, it declared that it would do its best to put down "every species of extravagance and dissipation, such as gaming, cock-fighting, play-acting, exhibitions of shows," etc. A curious medley—play-acting and cock-fighting!

During the War of Independence the British soldiers in Boston acted many plays for their diversion: among others the *Maid of the Oaks*, and a farce called *The Blockade of Boston.* The profits of these entertainments were for the benefit of the soldiers and their families. *The Blockade of Boston* must, however, if we may judge from its tone, have been written before hostilities opened. Driven from Boston, the British warriors took possession of the city and theatre of New York, and gave many entertainments therein. Among other plays, they produced the *Rule a Wife* of Beaumont and Fletcher, *Lieut. Pennefeather*, and *A Very Pretty Fellow was Estifania.* The bills were headed "Theatre Royal," and the performances were for the benefit of orphans and widows. Notwithstanding the animosity of the New Yorkers for the English, they seem to have patronized the military theatre—probably because "they had nothing else to do." When peace was restored, the American Company returned to its old quarters in New York and Philadelphia.

The first play produced in America after the War of Independence, and under the shadow of the star-spangled banner at the New York Theatre, on October 24, 1785, was *The Countess of Salisbury.*

On January 16, 1786, Mr. Hallam, jun., appeared as Hamlet. This was the initial performance of this great tragedy in the New World. Hallam's Hamlet is said to have been a superb creation. In all probability he had the best traditions given to him by his father.

In April, 1786, the first American play ever acted on a regular stage by professional comedians was produced. It was by Mr. Royal Tyler, and entitled *The Contrast*. Shortly afterwards a really amusing play, *The Mercenary Match*, by Mr. Burnaby Bidwell, was played by the students of Yale College.

The Contrast is an imitation of Wycherley and Congreve's comedies, and abounds in wit and bad language. The amount of coarseness and swearing our elegant-mannered ancestors endured at the theatre is really astounding. I have a few pages of *The Contrast* before me as I write. In one speech I count ten "damns" and three or four coarse allusions. This play marks the beginning of American dramatic literature, and, although an imitation, is worthy of praise. *The Father*, the first American play ever printed, was produced in 1789. It is a quick-written imitation of Rowe.

In 1790 Mr. Henry played Othello in New York, and wore by way of costume "the uniform of a British general officer, his face black, and hair woolly." He was six feet in height and very handsome, albeit "he suffered from the gout and limped." Miss Morris was the Desdemona on this memorable occasion, and wore "a pink-hooped skirt and quilted petticoat, and powder in her hair." Hallam and Henry "inaugurated" a theatre in John's Street, New York, on October 10, 1791. The opening play was *Hotspur*. Mr. Henry, by the way, was the first actor who ever used a carriage in America.

On September 6, 1792, Mr. Hodgkinson, one of the most popular actors of his time, landed in New York. His real name was Meadows. He was a fine actor. His wife was his equal as a player. She was, moreover, an admirable woman, and the only actress who had obtained social recognition in the United States.

The actors of bygone times delighted in peculiarities of dress and manners. Long after powder had gone out of fashion, many of them kept their heads white and their pigtails well greased.

Mrs. Melmoth appeared about this time. She was a great tragic actress, and was very popular in her day as the "Grecian Daughter." She kept fast to hoops and powder, and wore high-heeled shoes. This lady is famous as having sung the "Marseillaise" before the French officers of the First Republic belonging to the ships of war in the harbour. The theatre was decorated with flags, and the allies were received with prodigious enthusiasm. Mrs. Melmoth began the hymn; but a French sailor took the

words from her, and delivered the remainder with great intensity of action and enthusiasm. The audience was frantic with delight. "Vivent les Français!" resounded on all sides, and the band, to increase the excitement, played "Ca Ira," whilst the handsome Mrs. Melnoth assumed a commanding attitude, with the French flag in her hand.

In 1794 Mr. Hallam abdicated as manager of the leading theatres, and Mr. Hodginson reigned supreme. The year 1796 saw Lady Oldmixon make her American *début*. She was a character. In London she was well known as a *soubrette*, and played at the Haymarket. Russell painted her portrait, and she was considered a great beauty. Her maiden name was George; but on her marriage with the famous Sir John Oldmixon, who was called "the Bath Beau," she changed it to Mrs. Oldmixon, deeming the title of Lady incongruous. Sir John Oldmixon was a ruined beau, and emigrated with his wife. They were a well-conducted and industrious pair. She acted; he kept a market-garden near Philadelphia, and died well off. It is said that he separated from his wife; but I have been assured that this is an error, and that the couple lived together happily until 1816, when Sir John died. His wife followed him to the grave two years later. Lady Oldmixon is the first lady of title who ever appeared on the stage.

Leave to open a regular theatre in Boston was granted on June 5, 1792. A house of public entertainment, called "The New Exhibition Room," had already been established. The four sides formed three sides of a regular square, and the stage was the fourth. "The scenery by an Italian was fine." But regular plays were sternly prohibited in Boston. M. and Madame Placide were the stars of the exhibition, and the manager was Mr. Harper. The entertainment was what we should call "variety," and included tight-rope dancing, songs, hornpipes, &c. *Douglas* was the first tragedy ever performed in Boston. As the theatre was termed an "exhibition room," and as regular plays were against the law of Massachusetts, a compromise was made, and the tragedy was called "A Moral Lecture, in Five Parts." *The School for Scandal*, the next production, also was called "A Moral Lecture;" but the authorities interfered and arrested the actors and actresses, and actually sent them to gaol. A riot ensued, and in 1793 a regular theatre, called the "Federal," was opened. The first piece was *Jane Shore*.

In 1796 another American tragedy—*The Mysterious Monk*—was produced. It was by the author of *The Father*, and it is said to be a good example of the bombastic school of the period.

In 1798 New York had three theatres—The Park or New, the

finest in the city, and then only just built and opened; the old John Street; and the Summer Theatre in Greenwich Street, at which appeared Mrs. Whitlock, the beautiful and little-known sister of the great Mrs. Siddons. She established herself in New York, and was very popular and much respected. She died in 1830.

I have now arrived at the close of the eighteenth century. By this time most of the large and rising cities in the States had each a theatre, and the number of the members of the profession was very considerable. There were already several well-organized troupes visiting the various states.

RICHARD DAVEY.

ALONG HADRIAN'S BRITISH WALL.

THERE are perhaps few more interesting pedestrian excursions in England than that which has for its object the tracing throughout its length of that mighty monument of Roman enterprise and genius known variously as Hadrian's, Severus', and the Picts' Wall, which runs between Newcastle-on-Tyne and Bowness on the Solway Firth.

The distance is seventy-eight miles, and the holiday explorer, not actuated by too conscientious, Dryasdust motives, may perform the journey comfortably in five days ; his halting-places at nights being Chollerford, Greenhead, Lanercost, Carlisle, and Bowness.

It is best to progress from east to west, for the interest increases as we advance, and the first stage of twenty-one miles, from Newcastle to Chollerford, somewhat prepares the explorer's legs for the rough climbing work which follows.

The remains of the Wall itself and its accompanying earthworks are so scanty between Wallsend, where the fortification really begins, and Newcastle, and the pleasure of ferreting them out is so much counterbalanced by the uncanniness of the surroundings, that we may as well start from Newcastle, and, following Westgate Street, proceed until, a mile away, Benwell Hall is reached.

Here was the third station *per lineam valli*, Condercum. Of the station itself the ramparts alone are discernible ; but on the lawn of the house is a very interesting relic in the shape of a *sacellum* or chapel, the only one along the line of the wall, whereof two altars, dedicated to Anocritus, remain exactly as they were discovered, surrounded by a tolerably perfect bit of wall, semicircular at one end, and provided with two entrances.

Regaining the high road, which runs on the top of the Roman Wall, we proceed until we reach Denton Hall. Although in no way associated with the subject of our tramp, the picturesque, gabled, ivy-mantled house is interesting as having been the residence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who there entertained Johnson, Reynolds, and Garrick ; a pleasant arboured walk in the grounds still is called after Johnson.

Leaving Denton, we first get distinct traces of two faithful companions who will be with us, on and off, almost to the end of our journey—the Northern Ditch and the Southern Vallum. At Heddon-on-the-Wall we come upon a fragment of the Wall about six courses of stones high, in which is a circular chamber entered diagonally by a door-way, a structure we do not meet elsewhere.

Beyond Heddon we reach Ruchester, the site of the station of Vindobala, of which, however, the only remains are a few indistinct earthworks and a large cistern cut out of the limestone rock.

At Harlow-on-the-Hill, ten miles from Newcastle, the Wall follows the course of the road straight over the hill crest; but we turn into the fields on our left hand to inspect the rings of the still formidable earthworks which surrounded the station of Hunnum. We are fairly in the country here, and the view from the top of the hill at Stanley Plantation is remarkable not only for its natural beauty but for the perfect panorama of the Wall line (with Ditch and Vallum on either side) which is spread before us.

Close by is Halton Tower, one of the best-preserved of the old "Peles," or border fortresses: a sturdy embattled pile, with a picturesque seventeenth-century residence attached, surrounded by a pleasant garden of old-fashioned flowers. The tower is built of Roman stones, and in it is preserved a relic of the old stirring days, in the shape of a sword over five feet in length, belonging to the old Northumbrian family of Carnaby.

A mile beyond Halton Tower, the old Watling Street cuts across the line of the Wall, at a spot still called Port Gate, coming up from Corbridge and proceeding in a north-westerly direction almost in a bee-line through the heart of famous Redesdale, and across a wild, picturesque fell country into Scotland.

At Stagshaw Bank, a mile south of Port Gate, is held a famous horse, cattle, and hiring fair, which although somewhat shorn of its ancient significance, still attracts buyers and hirers from all parts of the north, and should be, if possible, attended by the southron who wishes to see types and manners utterly distinct from any he will find in his own country.

Two miles farther, on our right hand, is Saint Oswald's, the site of the battle of Heavensfield, at which, in 635, the Northumbrian King Oswald disastrously defeated Cadwallon's Welshmen. Where the standard of the Christian king stood is now Cocklaw Tower, a roofless ruin, still giving a very fair idea of an old Border domestic fortress; or, according to local tradition, at the village of Halyton, or Holy Hill.

On our left is the estate of Bruntons, where is a very perfect

fragment of the wall, seven feet high, with nine courses of facing stones, and enclosing a very good specimen of the turrets which lined the Wall between the Mile Castles at the distance of three hundred and fifty yards from each other.

From here we get into Chollerford, where is an excellent inn pleasantly situated on the banks of the beautiful North Tyne river. At Chollerford, lovers of our old ballad poetry may remember, the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat, and Hobbie Noble, the Englishman, cut down the tree for the ladder with which they intended to scale Newcastle walls and rescue Jock o' the Side, although why they should have burdened themselves with a ladder for over twenty miles the ballad does not tell us. At Chollerford the really interesting portion of the journey begins.

Passing down a tree-shaded lane, we enter, on the left hand, the grounds of Chesters, lately the residence of Mr. Clayton, the venerable antiquary, who shared with Dr. Collingwood Bruce the position of *doyen* of the Wall, and gladly gave permission to examine what we consider the most curious and interesting relics along the whole course of the wall, if not of Roman Britain.

Here was situated the station of Cilurnum.

Up to the present we have seen the Romans simply as superb military engineers; but at Cilurnum we meet them as citizens and architects. Recent explorations have brought to light the fact that on the banks of this beautiful river of North Tyne the Romans erected what must have been, comparatively, a fine town. Three of its original gateways are still extant, that on the eastern side apparently requiring only the super-position of a few of the huge blocks of masonry lying about to be presented to our view much as it was nineteen hundred years ago. We see the double portals, the pivot-holes still visible in the stones, and the wheel-ruts on the flags, the guard-chambers to right and left, and the causeway leading to the forum, of which the outline is clearly traceable.

Within the area of the forum is a strongly vaulted subterranean chamber of massive stones, which antiquaries surmise to have been a treasury, and dotted around it are evidences of buildings which, if fully excavated, would no doubt give us a distinct notion of the plan of the town. During the active excavations of the last few years a most interesting edifice has been brought to light, consisting of a broad flagged court, approached by entrances from three sides, the fourth being occupied by seven arched niches. As in the adjoining buildings are multitudinous remains of hypocausts, it is believed that here were the principal baths of the station.

We may note, as an exceedingly interesting and curious fact, the

growth in abundance here, and nowhere else along the Wall, of the little purple flower known as *Erinus Hispanicus*. As it has been proved by the evidence of altars and inscribed stones that Cilurnum was garrisoned by a cohort of Asturians, it may be supposed that they had transplanted the seeds of their native flower here.

We are tempted to linger in the calm and sunshine amongst these grey relics of a long-dead civilization; but the *bonne bouche* of Cilurnum yet remains to be seen. We descend to the river side, across meadows dotted with the remains of ancient buildings, and are ferried across to the spot where the bridge of Cilurnum crossed the river to the line of the wall.

Since Cilurnum was a Roman city, the river has changed its course; and, although two of the piers of the bridge are still visible in mid-stream at low water, the immediate object of our attention lies some thirty yards inland.

The remains consist of a massive abutment, presenting a river face twenty-two feet in length, with two beautifully bevelled parapets running inland from the face, measuring respectively eighty and fifty feet in length. The abutment surface extends to the foot of the Wall, which here has a *castellum*, evidently to guard the bridge. Upon this abutment surface are scattered blocks of masonry of all shapes and sizes, the largest being five feet long. One circular shaft is nine feet one inch long; and close to it lies a curious barrel-shaped stone, with holes in it something like the centre-piece of a wheel.

Mr. Sheriton Holmes, one of the numerous Northumbrians who take a keen interest in the antiquities of their county, has ingeniously explained the use of the shaft (with a fellow which has been shattered) and of the barrel-shaped stone, as having together formed part of the apparatus by which the bridge was raised or lowered. The length of the bridge is estimated to have been 136 feet; its breadth was about ten feet, widening at the piers to sixteen feet. Much iron was used in its construction, particularly in the shape of cramps to bind the abutment stones together.

From the bridge we follow the high road as far as Walwick, when the Wall appears on our right hand, and the road runs on the South Vallum. At Limestone Bank we climb over the stone fence, to inspect a fresh proof of the invincible determination of our Roman conquerors, in the shape of the Fosse, which is here cut through the solid rock. It forms a sort of ravine along the bed of which we walk, around and above us being strewed huge blocks of basalt lying exactly as they were thrown up by the Roman engineers. By what means they were thrown up we cannot guess; but from the fact that one of the blocks is believed to weigh

about thirteen tons it is clear that the highest principles of mechanics must have been brought to bear on them.

Straight as an arrow flight we follow it on the left-hand side of the road, which here seems on the top of the wall, until we reach Carrowburgh, the site of the station of Procolitia.

Here we are in the midst of a scene of absolute silence and solitude. The little-used, grass-grown road runs on our right; beyond it stretch the undulating masses of brown and purple fells, dotted with sheep. Before us, on the right, rise the jagged hills, up and down which we shall have many a rough scramble in our conscientious pursuit of the course of the Wall; while on our left is the square outline of the old Roman station presenting the appearance of a mere heap of over-grown rubbish. Little excavation has been carried out here; but the gateways, with their guard-rooms, have been laid bare. From the western gateway we descend to a pool of dirty, stagnant water, dignified by the name of Coventina's Well. Here, it is said, stood a temple, and from the "well" were taken some years ago many Roman coins, together with altars, sculptured stones, vases, and other relics, which, Dr. Bruce surmises, may have been cast therein temporarily for safety during the panic of one of the frequent sudden attacks to which the garrisons of these lone fortresses were subjected.

From Carrowburgh we quit the road, which we shall not touch again for some miles, and follow the course of the Wall. At the Sewingshields farm-house, constructed of Roman stones, we are in the midst of a country famous not only in stirring Border story, but in the fiction of fairy-land, for here Queen Mab held her court, and the belief in weird legends and tales associated with the doings of supernatural beings has by no means yet been entirely blotted out by the prosaic influences of the age.

The Roman wall, still sturdy and strong, although long centuries have taken many feet from its height, and in most places it has been denuded of its facing stones, leads us up and down over a series of ridges of basaltic rocks, the steep precipices on the northern side of which are protection in themselves from all attack from that quarter. Much rough-and-tumble work amongst boulders and fragments and beds of nettles may be avoided by getting on to the Wall itself, which, being five or six feet thick, affords a tolerable promenade.

Just before ascending to Housesteads, we pause at the declivity above Busy Gap, and follow with our eyes the course of this wonderful old Wall ahead of us as far as the height of Steel Rig, beneath which are the dark waters of Broomlee Lough, and away beyond, up the jagged peaks known as the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall,

wild moorland stretching to right and left, bathed in sunshine or dark with cloud shadows, and patched with sombre masses which mark where the original morass has survived the improving operations of recent years.

At Busy Gap there are remains of a double gate, with its usual guard-houses, and from here we turn down to our right, tempted to a swim by a vision of cool waters. But nowhere can we get out of our depth: indeed, for most of the time we are compelled to float, in order to avoid the mud. Refreshed by the dip, we ascend the rugged, bush-grown face of the precipice straight up to the northern gateway of ancient Borcovicus, generally known as Housesteads, passing on our way a stone trough, close to which is a foundation of Roman tiles, which, when discovered, were covered with coal ashes and bits of iron; the place is therefore called "The Forge."

Until Cilurnum was disinterred, Borcovicus was regarded as the great centre of interest along the Wall; and even now, although cart loads of relics have been taken from it, we cannot repress a feeling almost of awe at the remains of grandeur by which we are surrounded. The area of the station is about five acres; but from the presence of numerous lines of buildings outside the walls, it is evident that there nestled around the station proper a town of considerable extent.

Walls and gateways are still in excellent preservation. The former average ten feet in height, and seven feet in thickness; the latter retain all their main features, and their pavement is deeply worn into ruts by chariot wheels.

The area within the walls is crossed and recrossed in all directions by regular lines of massive masonry, amidst which are strewed fragments of columns, sculptured capitals and ornamented friezes, which even now speak of the ancient importance of the place.

The scene is very impressive; the more so because these wonderful remains stand in the midst of a solitude. The silence is broken at intervals only by the plaintive cry of the peewit, or the tinkle of a sheep bell, or the rush of the wind through the pine plantation on the western side of the station.

Through the heart of this plantation we push our way, keeping close to the old wall, which is here literally smothered in luxuriant undergrowth. We reach a mile castle in excellent preservation, and have before us as fine a stretch of the Wall as there is anywhere, ten feet in height and quite seven feet in thickness, with facing stones of excellent masonry on the north side quite perfect. We ascend Cuddy's Crag; and then a steep descent brings us to the Hot Bank farmhouse, where we gladly rest to enjoy the

purest of milk and the whitest of bread. Remuneration for such refreshment is here, as elsewhere in the hospitable North Countree, not to be dreamed of; but visitors are requested to sign their names in a book.

After our rest we leave the Wall and turn southwards to visit Chesterholm, the ancient Vindolana, one of the camps south of the Wall by which the garrison of the latter kept touch with their bases of supply.

The road thither is very beautiful, for we suddenly quit the wild moorland, and descend to scenes of the most romantic seclusion, burns running between thickly wooded banks, copses, dells, and pastures, until we reach Chesterholm. Here the ramparts alone of the station are visible; but the chief object of interest is the Roman mile-stone, the only one in Britain still standing *in situ*, six feet high and six feet in circumference.

Here runs the ancient Stangate Way between Cilurnum and Magna, six miles ahead of us. A little beyond, we reach a picturesque old house, once used as a retreat by the monks of Hexham, situated over a burn, and full of relics from the station close by, in the shape of altars and inscribed stones built into the walls, many of which bear the boar emblem of the Twentieth or Valerian Victrix Legion, to which belonged the men whose skeletons were found in the barracks at Pompeii.

Returning to the Wall, we proceed along it until we reach its highest point at Whinshields Fell, twelve hundred feet above the sea-level, passing by some grand cliff scenery, and performing a few stiffish feats of ascent and descent, notably the descent of the Cats' Stairs, a very rough bit, only to be performed in a sitting posture.

From Whinshields Fell the prospect is magnificent, extending as far west as the Solway, to the north as far as the Cheviots, and to the south over innumerable wooded hills as far as Crossfell and Tindale, while far below our standpoint on the basalt cliffs are the so-called Northumberland Lakes.

The Wall here is in good preservation, particularly at Steel Rig. Below Whinshields is the Cawfields Mile Castle, the most perfect along the Wall, containing an area of three hundred and fifty yards, being twenty yards long and nineteen broad, with walls five feet high and seven feet thick.

Some more rather rough climbing brings us to Œsica or Great Chesters, of which the most interesting "feature" is the aqueduct, which brought water to the station from the Cawburn, more than two miles away.

The ascent of the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall begins here; and, as may be imagined after the rough work already done, even the

pedestrian who is pretty "fit" is not sorry when he arrives after the last descent, at Walltown.

Here we rest at the farm, drink of the King's Well—where, tradition says, Paulinus baptized King Egbert—note the growth of "chive" (*allium schœnofrasum*), an onion introduced by the Romans, which has flourished ever since, and reascend to the Wall. Continuing our march along it, we arrive at a turret lately excavated, wherefrom a good many relics were taken; pass the site of the Station Magna, which has not yet been explored; and descend by the quarries past the gloomy mass of Thirlwall Castle into Greenhead, and are not sorry after our stiff day's work to find excellent accommodation and food at the Station Hotel.

From the inn at Greenhead the next morning we follow the railway line, cross it at a few hundred yards distance, and guided only by the indentation of the Fosse in the fields, and by bits of the Vallum here and there, arrive at Thirlwall Gap, a farm-house, said to take its name from being the place where the northern barbarians first made a "thirl" or hole in the Wall, although really deriving its name from association with the family of Thirlwall, who held the castle in the fourteenth century.

From here to the Poltross Burn, the boundary line between Northumberland and Cumberland, the Fosse is very deep and broad.

At the burn recent excavations have brought to light the abutment of a bridge and the foundation of the Wall. We are now approaching Gilsland, a fashionable summer resort, and a name which at once calls up memories of Burns, and more particularly of Walter Scott, who here made love to Miss Carpenter, and laid some of the best-known scenes of *Guy Mannering*, such as those in which Meg Merrilies and Dandy Dinmont figure.

We follow the Wall through the parsonage garden by the courtesy of the rector, who, apparently like all North Country gentlemen, is a zealous antiquary, and has unearthed it to the depth of eight courses of stones; and pass over fields and down flower-decked slopes to the brink of the restless, tumbling, brown-tinted Irthing river.

Whether in Roman times the river was crossed here by a bridge or a ford is uncertain; but, at any rate, we see the sturdy old Wall opposite to us, high up on the very edge of a steep sandstone cliff, and we have to reach it. So we strip off boots and stockings, and not without some risk of a good ducking—for the river runs swiftly here, and deep holes abound in its bed—wade across, and scramble up the bank.

Half-way up the ascent lies an altar, just as it had been unearthed after its burial of nineteen centuries a few days before

our visit, in perfect preservation, and clearly setting forth its dedication by Julius Marcellinus, of the first or Œlian Cohort of Dacians, to Jove the best and greatest; and as we stand there under the blue sky, with the music of the river far beneath us ringing in our ears, we cannot refrain from a little sentimental wondering about Marcellinus and his stirring life in the lone Cumbrian hill fortress above us. We climbed and are soon at Amboglanna or Birdoswald, the largest station on the Wall. It had six gateways; but of these only one, the northernmost on the eastern side, is in very good preservation, and even of this, one of the double portals has been filled up.

Within the area of the camp are heaps of rubbish, which mark the lines of buildings and streets; but very little has been excavated except a few chambers—remarkable neglect, considering its convenient position and proximity to modern life.

The farm-house which occupies the north side is a good specimen of the domestic fortress, as built when domestic security was within view but was not quite attained, having very thick walls and a lofty basement. Some interesting relics of Roman and Mosstimes trooping are kept here.

From Birdoswald we followed the road, the Wall, on our left hand, being in good condition at places, although in general it had suffered much from the excusable propensity of unknowing farmers for making use of its stones in the building of their houses, byres, and walls. The view from the top of the cliff overlooking the Irthing is one of the most beautiful in the North; it is also one of the most extensive, for far away over the expanse of woodland and fields may be seen the Cumberland mountains, with Skiddaw and the range of Helvellyn.

At about a mile from Birdoswald we turn to the left through a luxuriant plantation, wherein the foliage is so thick as almost to shut out the light of the most brilliant summer day; and following tortuous paths which trend downwards towards the river, catching through breaks in the greenery exquisite peeps of scenery and of the wooded ravine at the bottom of which foam the brown waters of the Irthing over boulders piled in fantastic confusion, we reach the old Roman quarry known as Coome Crags.

Here on the face of the rock are inscriptions which have not yet been satisfactorily interpreted, although the names Severus Augustus, Rufus, and Faustinus are discernible, side by side with the sign-manual of some nineteenth century snob.

From this sequestered, romantic spot we plunge downwards, through a sea of wild-flowers and graceful ferns, to the rocky bank of the river; and, secure from all chance of interruption, strip and jump straight into ten feet of cold, dark water. The sun

acts effectually as a bath towel, and we follow a pleasant path through the meadows which brings us to the walls of old Lanercost Priory.

At the Bridge Inn we are lucky enough to secure the only bed room, failing which we should have been obliged to tramp to Brampton, three miles farther.

Neither Lanercost Priory nor the adjacent castle of Naworth, with its stirring memories of the days of Belted Will, comes within the province of a Wall exploration; but for the benefit of those who are not pressed for time we most unhesitatingly recommend a stay at this excellent although primitive little hostelry, for at least two days, which may be fully occupied in exploring the interesting old priory, in visiting stately Naworth, and in revelling amidst charming scenery.

The next morning we follow a field path up-hill to the hamlet of Banks, which is built upon the line of the Wall, and ascend to Hare Hill, passing on our way a solitary, majestic fragment of the Wall ten feet high.

From Hare Hill a fine view, extending over a vast tract of country, induces a halt. The path hence is entirely over fields, the Wall itself appearing in much mutilated masses amidst the hedges, past Sandysikes farm-house, crossing the picturesque King Water and the Cambeck, and arriving at the private demesne of Castlesteads, which is supposed to mark the site of the station Petriana.

Here, as is the general rule, we are allowed courteously to roam wheresoever we will, inspecting the very interesting collection of relics dug up from the station, which are kept in a summer-house, and trying to realise that a military station once stood where are now lawns, shrubberies, and flower beds.

From Castlesteads we pass several farms, our guide being the North Ditch, which is here deep and distinct, and at one spot planted with trees, turning off once to visit the ancient church and vicarage of Irthington, in the structure of both of which Roman stones have been largely used.

From here the road runs on the top of the wall itself, as such village names as Wallby, Old Wall, and Wallhead testify; and, except occasionally in the fields, we shall get no more traces even of our old companions the Vallum and the Fosse until we are past Carlisle.

A rather tedious tramp along an ancient lane, worn so deep as to offer no view but of lofty hedges, brings us out on to the main Newcastle and Carlisle road just above the old Border Pele of Drawdykes Castle. It is a fine specimen of its kind, built of stones from the Wall, with walls four and five feet thick, and contains some interesting relics.

It is unnecessary to say that the three grotesque heads which grin from the parapet are not Roman.

From here we follow the main road, passing through Stanwix, where was a Wall station, and entering Merrie Carlisle at the junction with the famous old coach road to Gretna Green and Scotland.

The next morning we leave this most disappointing of cities, through a series of slums which savour rather of London's East-End than of a town hallowed by the romance of so many centuries, and follow the course of the Eden to Grinsdale, where is one of the smallest churches, we should imagine, in England, and from the burial-ground of which a fair view is obtained.

A pretty country road leads hence to Kirk-Andrews, where are vicarage and churchyard but no church; and so on to Burgh-on-the-Sands.

Here is a most interesting church, the tower of which, from its strong martial construction and its separation from the body of the church, seems to have once been a Border Pele. The south-west door is curious, and a quaint jug dug up near it seems to be Roman.

Burgh itself was perhaps a Roman station; but beyond being a good type of the primitive Cumbrian village it calls for no particular attention.

From Burgh we follow lanes to Dykesfield, and the fresh sea-air blowing in our faces tells us that we are approaching the end of our journey. From Dykesfield we walk along the edge of the great Burgh March, almost on the line of the Roman wall, which, however, is not discernible until we reach Drumburgh.

The scene, although solitary and silent, is not without its charms, for the sun lights up the Scottish villages on the opposite side of the Solway, and the distant Scottish mountains stand out boldly against the clear blue sky. This is historic ground too, for yonder solitary pillar reminds us that here was encamped that mighty English army in the midst of which died, in the year 1307, King Edward the First, the "Hammer of the Scots," and in the old days of Border warfare was a favourite crossing point for the armies of pillagers around whom history, and legend, and ballad have woven such a romance, and who have been spoken of as "the Northern Horse, famous as the finest light cavalry in the known world."

At Drumburgh, which is built on an eminence, is an old Border fortress belonging to the Dacre family, built of Roman stones from the Wall which ran close by. From Drumburgh we follow the line of the shore to Port Carlisle, eagerly, but unsuccessfully, looking for a trace of the Wall *in situ*, although every house in the neighbourhood is built of its stones.

Port Carlisle, which was established for the purpose signified by its name, has never realized expectations, and has never been other than we see it now—a doleful little fishing village, with a good deal of ambitious quay, where ships never discharge cargo, although no doubt in the old days of smuggling scenes such as those narrated in *Red Gauntlet* were frequent enough amidst its white-washed houses.

From Port Carlisle to Bowness the course of the Wall is traceable with tolerable clearness. Only in one place can we actually detect its stones; but we learn that goodly lengths of it existed until within the last twenty years.

Bowness, the end of the Wall, and consequently of our journey, is, perhaps, a shade more lively and prosperous-looking than Port Carlisle, but is quiet enough to satisfy the most exacting of recluses. We accompany a venerable native to the brink of the Solway, and gaze respectfully at a few large stones in the water, which, he declares, mark where Hadrian's Wall entered the sea; but the only relics of the important station which must have been here are a few inscribed stones built into the walls of houses.

H. F. Abell.

THE ROW'TILLY GIRL.

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be."

I.

This day, ransacking among my old deed-boxes, it all came back to me—that story of Kate Coulter—as some in cities have told me that their countryside will rise with the opening of a book upon a faded hedge-leaf. For myself, not being a townsman, except in so far as I belong to Riverton, which some upsetting bodies in it would fain call a town, I could never know that feeling. When I studied the law in Edinburgh I lodged down in Pilrig way, which was as good as living in the country; although from my high-up windows, looking over to the hills of Fife (which I did just as often as I could), I felt the masts in the Firth coming between me and them like to make me play the traitor, so able were they to quicken even my peaceful inclination to a longing for the wide worlds they sailed to. But I went back to Riverton early,—it was at the August Market before Robert Learmont was given out as dead,--and, maybe, in its little compass have seen as many of the tangled and the crooked things of life, as the most venturesome; and since then I have not wakened ten mornings together upon any sight but the uplands towards the coast and, against them, the tree-tops, now bare, now cosy: except, indeed, in my honeymoon which we spent in London, putting up at the "Tavistock," on the recommendation of Mr. Tosh (although I must say he never recommended the marriage), and rubbing our eyes of a morning, to a terrible Babel of sound in Covent Garden Market worse than the cawing of the rooks at my own back-door here.

Tosh and Shirra, Writers, has been upon the office door for thirty years and more, although Mr. Tosh was carried off with a blood-poisoning a quarter of a century ago, and left neither son nor heir to share with me in the business, but just his name that has out-lived his memory. In the days I am writing of I was only Mr. Tosh's clerk; but, being his sister's son, I knew his affairs, and other peoples', as well as he did himself. That is saying a great deal,

for Michael Tosh was a big man in these days—indeed, the biggest man in the place unless you share Mr. Henry Anderson's opinion of himself—holding the confidences of all the gentry for miles around, and down even to St. Brise and the villages on the coast, forby being consulted by lesser folks of all degree, as you could have seen for yourself if you had had my place in the waiting-room on a term day. In one way it's the same now; but it is more a matter of exchange and less an honourable confidence between lawyer and client than it was when those titles and bonds were drawn, which, yellow and faded, I found to-day in the Learmont deed-box.

John Learmont was a sprig of a very slender branch of a family once mighty in the east end of the county. There was an ancestor whom a righteous man in the Scots Kirk called the "Frenchiest, Italianest, jolly gentleman," meaning that as a reproach, and John Learmont, I have heard, was not slow to take after him in some of his ways. He sailed to India and took a woman of the country, a proceeding which had nothing uncommon about it except that he married her. And Mimi—that was how he called her, and how she signed her name neatly enough to these papers—Mimi bore him a child, a boy, that grew up with no more colour than any Scotch laird would be proud of in his son. In course of time the father died, and the widow and her boy Robert turned to Learmont's county of Fife, and settled at Hawfield.

Even for a dark woman, Mrs. Learmont had no beauty. She was small and squat, and without comeliness of feature. But she had spirit; and that, I fancy, was why Learmont had come to fancy her and ultimately to marry her. Being highly educated among her own people, and nimble in her wits as well, she had drunk in the glorious traditions of England till they fired her blood like wine. She was prouder of them than ever she would have been if she had shared them with her husband instead of craving some little title to them through him. In that pride she nurtured the lad, sensitive enough, herself, to any look or word of colour thrown at her; and a very she-devil if it were cast up against her boy. He little deserved having it cast up to him, being, as I have said, bronzed only as a white face ought to be by laughing in the eyes of the sun. With this he had a lithe Indian build, that set him in the fore-front of his fellows for feats of limb, in the days when he chased the young horses, with the shepherds' sons, in the grass-parks round Hawfield, and later at his school in England and when he joined his regiment. His mother watched this, and stroked and fingered the proud nature with which he had clothed himself, feeling its texture constantly and trying its wear, and scarce able to bear her heart beating with the consciousness of what she thought was her husband's race in her boy. I do not speak

from knowledge of him, but only gather what threads have come to me to a pattern. It may well be that he was a battle-ground of races. At any rate, there was a look from beneath the black eyebrows that at times was frank and winning, and at others full of a cunning at which the country louts wondered and felt creepy; at all times telling of the pride swelling the delicate nostril that had not a trace of his mother's race, drawing the curves of the mouth taut as a bow high-strung, and letting his head play freely on his shoulders like a strong man that feels his foot-hold on the rock. All this we might have noticed when he came home in the summer and again at Christmas, and sometimes between; and it was the very devil to any woman that he looked on, if she looked on him again.

Now, from Riverton to Hawfield the road runs through Denbrae and sharply to the right, westwards, until, a mile farther on, you come to the first stone pillars at the end of the Hawfield Avenue. Presently the road doubles back on John Coulter's farm; but the nearest way thither from Denbrae village is on the north side, where issues a cart-track that, winding round plantations and through acres of fern and whin, creeps to the upland farm of Row'tilly. The proper name of the farm, indeed, is *Rowantilly*, and one does not need to ask why if, on a summer day, he climb the steep path to it. The woods are fringed with rowan-trees; and it is seldom that a townsman or a stranger arrives at the steading with hat or belt unadorned with the clusters of red berries. Theirs, however, is the only colour in the landscape. The woods are gaunt. The outlines of the little hills are not majestic, or even tender. The farm-house is a plain, two-storied building, coom-ceiled. The wooden porch faces the hill, and in front of it there is a green park girded on every side (save that on which the burn rushes when there is a spate on the hills) by a garden of vegetables and fruit-bushes. The stackyard at the back of the house wanders among byres and stables and corn-lofts. The very fields around are unkindly, and the rock crops quickly to their surface. All this you will find as I have written it down, if you will take the trouble to cover the three miles out from Riverton to Row'tilly; and it was the same thirty years ago, when Mrs. Learmont lived at Hawfield, and John Coulter farmed her twenty acres along with his two hundred acres in Row'tilly.

That year Robert Learmont remained at Hawfield late into the autumn. He was there at the Row'tilly harvesting. Harvest was always late, the land being high and silly; and it was especially late that season, as Nell Coulter had occasion to remember, for her marriage with Dave Sturrock, the Denbrae baker, could not come off until the last sheaf was stacked. One day, when there was a

sweltering heat for that time of year, and just about the dinner hour, Robert Learmont came across the field among the stooks. Now, a field that is cutting is sacred to the shearers, and whoso trespasses must pay the penalty of "bengie": that is, he (or she, for that part of it), may be seized by heel and crop, and bumped upon the stubble until he, or she, is tender, unless there is a compounding with money for an exercise few have a mind to. Accordingly, when the word went round the field of Robert's presence in it, they converged on him, and would have seized him, I dare say, for he was not one to send a coin on a fist's errand. But at the moment his eye fell on Kate Coulter, who had come running, with her arms full of the shearers' bread, when she saw the workpeople crowding to one spot. For all that her eyes were young and inquisitive, she had the figure of a woman, as was more plainly seen now that she had come to a stop, with her bosom heaving on her long breaths; her dark eyes shining under lashes blacker than Robert's own, and all the ripeness of her lips and throat showing in the sunlight.

He took a crown-piece from his pocket, passed through the brown arms still arched to throw him, and pressed the coin between her fingers as, well apart, they clasped her burden. With that he looked through the warm haze of her face into her eyes, and held them for a second, without saying a word, so far as they could see. I suppose she did not hate him, even then, nor had cause to. But it has always seemed to me that a woman's self-protection is a cruel business at the best. The ammunition of her defence differs from that of men as dynamite differs from gunpowder: his leaving no more than the dirt of battle at the most; hers often shattering herself. She dropped her load; he could see a squall of anger sweep across her face; and even as he thought it wonderful—that change in her—the silver-piece stung him, flung full on his cheek with all the force of the country-girl's wrath. Stooping to hide the shot of pain in his eyes, he picked up the crown, to have pocketed it with a compliment, no doubt; but Kate, when he looked for her, was striding across the field to Row'tilly. He spun the coin high in the air—an action like a sneer;—and with his face burning round the inflamed spot, as it seemed to the workers, he turned on his heel to Denbrae.

Among the farm servants it was the talk of days how the "maister's dochter" had served young Learmont; and many, when they passed him on the road, were curious enough to hold to the right and look for the red spot still visible on his left cheek. By the time the tale was old on their lips, Robert had held Kate in his arms and she had kissed that scar. How, when, where they met, no one ever told me, and I believe no one ever knew.

But there was no lack of occasion, with the harvest carried on under the moon, and Kate going to and fro between the farm-house and the field, and Robert with such a way with women, as every one knew. He was back again in spring; and in the summer—a flying visit (to see Kate, he said) before he set out for the front; and Kate—the proud, reticent girl whom Tam Sturrock worshipped from afar—yielded to him with the wonderful yielding of women.

II.

I well remember that Sunday morning when Michael Tosh passed the window—it was my father's window then—and caused us to rise all together, knowing that something very important must account for such a precise man going out of his order. Mr. Tosh shook hands with my father first, as his way was ever. There were some folks who said that my mother, being Mr. Tosh's sister, might have looked higher than plain Mr. Shirra in the Excise. Mr. Tosh never showed that that was in his mind, although I believe it was there. Being a proud man with a shrewd eye, he knew that that kind of pride looked best when it was saddled and ridden.

That morning he said to me, passing over these civilities with something of perfunctoriness:

"Put on your shoes, David. I'll want ye this forenoon. It's an errand o' necessity if not o' mercy," he said, turning to my father, who was very particular in the ways of keeping the Sabbath, "an' the kirk maun hang in the head o't, this day."

When we got out on the road:

"There's news come with the coach this morning that Robert Learmont's killed at the Redan," he said. "The guard's blowing it about like a blast on his tooter, an' we maun break it up at Hawfield before it gets there on coarse tongues."

It was easy to see that it was against the grain in him, this errand, and that my company was just for company's sake. It's a sore business dealing out Fortune's blows, even if you know your stroke will be lighter than most. Old Michael knew what the blow would be to the woman the roots of whose life were dug into that body that maybe by this time was long shuffled underground. But he was not a man to shirk his duty.

We reached Denbrae when the bells were ringing in, and saw the folks popping into the kirk, for all the world like rabbits into their burrows. We had passed into the Hawfield road when the Hawfield dog-cart came rattling along it, and Mathie Oliver, the coachman, looking in a terrible way.

"Good-morning, Matthew," said Mr. Tosh, holding up his hand

no higher than his waist-belt, as if that was high enough to stop a coachman. But Mathie's words tossed up the old man's gentleness as you've seen wind toss the fallen leaves.

"Heist ye, Mister Tosh," said he. "I'm awa' for the Doctor. There's news come o' young Robert's death in the Crimee, and the auld lady is taking on something awfu'."

I could see disgust at the turn of affairs creeping up to Mr. Tosh's eyes like a sickness.

"Who—who was it carried the news to Hawfield?" he asked.

"Mister Hendry Anderson cam running out an hour syne, and tell't 's——"

"Oh, yes! Matthew Oliver," replied Mr. Tosh, very precisely, turning on his heel. "Oh, yes! Hairy Anderson was always such a par*ti*cular demned ass!"

With that he set his feet again into the Riverton road, leaving me to follow. And at the bend, where the Row'tilly pathway runs into it, I could see Kate Coulter hurrying down it, late for the kirk. I looked to have walked the few steps to the kirk-gate with her. Most lads round about were drawn to the Row'tilly girl, less for her beauty than because of her holding-back, proud ways; but Kate hung in the road—because she saw my company, I said to myself, with what would have been vanity had I believed it. And Michael Tosh calling me alongside of him, I fell into his short steps again, and so went home thinking of how the day's business had fallen out, and never dreaming that I was turning my back on the end of it.

But it was so, as you shall hear presently. So far, I have told what I can vouch for with my own eyes and ears. The rest is a tale patched like these new-fangled counterpanes: pieced out of the odds and ends of folk's talk, and remnants of gossip, without any very certain pattern, but with the suggestion of many. There's a very brisk lad that brings his paint-box down the burnside every summer, who says that that's the kernel of art, and calls himself a Whistlerite, whatever that may be. Perhaps it pleases some folk to pay their money and take their choice. For my part, I would not buy a picture like a pig in a pock, and have one man say it was the sun that hung in the heaven, and another that it was the moon; or worse, as I have seen happen with this young birkie's own canvases, have whole five men examine it, and not one of them with more than an opinion which was the right end on. I have nothing to do with art, which seems to me a high-falutin' title taken by a thing that's not very sure of its own merit. I have only a story to tell as plainly as it is to be known on this side of the grave. And, if, when you have heard them,

you wonder how so many things could come within one man's ken, remember I have attended at many death-beds. Besides, we are a simple, gossiping people, and were even more so in those days; so that when all had come and gone, many remembered what Learmont said, and what Kate, and what Tam Sturrock; and told the sayings again.

When the congregation gathered in Denbrae kirkyard for the afternoon service the bits of the morning's news were put together. Some declared that Mrs. Learmont had it by word of mouth passed on from the coast by the coach, others that it came by letter. Both were right. We know the amount of truth that was in the word-o'-mouth story, and Mrs. Learmont did get a letter. But of all the intricate things in life this is the saddest: that it is not the truth of a thing that is going to be of much use to you, but the knowing it true. The Denbrae gossips had learned nothing when they had not learned that the word in the letter cancelled Henry Anderson's, and told how Robert Learmont had a wound indeed, but not a deadly one. We found that out when it was too late. What we shall never find out (although I have no doubt on the point) is, when Mrs. Learmont learned it: whether or not she had read that letter before she saw Kate.

It was the habit of the Row'tilly family to spend the interval between sermons at Dave Sturrock's, supping their broth there instead of at the farm: a good arrangement for people who had no leisure for visiting on week-days. It gave time for Kate and her mother to inspect Nell's bairn, and for Row'tilly to advise Dave on his game bantams—occupations full of digestive restfulness and not likely to drive away the afternoon's sleep. This day, however, Mr. Coulter and his wife being absent, Dave got through his pipe sooner than usual; and he and Nell and Kate arrived at the kirk in plenty of time to join the groups that gathered to talk of crops and cattle, and the dead on whose flat gravestones they were sitting. Tam Sturrock was never behind in seeing Kate's arrival; and it was he who told her the news of Robert's death.

"Wha had ye this from?" she said, quietly.

She was gone all pale below her dark skin, as Tam might have seen if he had not been the honestest man that ever stepped, with the dullest eye that ever worked in an honest man's face. He was not like his brother Dave, who was born pawky.

"It was Jeems Patton's wife tell'd me," he said; "and she got it from her guidman, who met Sandy Milne as he was coming from mending the coke-fire at his maut barns."

"I daursay that's enough voucher for the truth o't," said Kate, the catch in her throat making a chirrup in her voice, which Tam, with the pitiful conceit of men, mistook for the mirth of a woman

who is not ill-pleased to be talking to a man. With that she walked into the kirk and forward to the Row'tilly pew.

Denbrae church is old and dingy, with very deep seats, from which to see the preacher is to strain the neck over the book-boards. The occupants of neighbouring pews are hid from one another. Tam, who sat with his brother at the back of the kirk—a position full of all advantage, except that of having a sight of the clock, whose old, yellow face beamed from the front of the gallery benignant with hope—gazed at the bibles before him as if at any moment they might fade from sight and display to his rapturous eyes the flower in Kate's bonnet. That was all of her that peeped above the Row'tilly pew. Jean's bonnet-crown was never so fascinating as on that day; and so Tam thought as the Preacher thumped his bible in the interests of an over-ruling Providence. That is a doctrine the truth of which varies a great deal with how the world is using the hearer of it. Tam, if he heard it at all, was doubtless seeing in the two miles of hill and bracken that was Kate's road home, and in the want of her father's and her mother's company, an illustration of it; and wondering if he had the courage to apply it. But the sermon was not finished when the gloaming clouded the little windows; and the minister, pausing, said,—

"It's time the upland folk were getting away home: it's falling dark."

It was a usual enough intimation on winter Sunday afternoons; and scarce a sleeper was disturbed by the silence as Kate, and here and there a ploughman or a cottager from the hills, emerged from their pews. But Tam, his afternoon's ambitions at all the portholes of his sense, was for stealing out too, when Dave caught his coat-tails, and pulled him down.

"Sit quiet, ye nowt!" he whispered. "It's just the Row'tilly fowk." And he held him fast as Kate and his opportunity passed by.

Clear of the village, Kate was running. The ploughmen in her wake on the Row'tilly road saw her run up the first brae, and said, "Has Row'tilly a cow in calf the now?" trying thus to account for the girl's haste and the farmer's absence. They thought it strange, too, that the darkness should fall so quickly that they did not see her round the farther bend. But Kate never rounded it. She struck across country for Hawfield. She was still running when Rab Cuick saw her at the Silver Wood. So he said. He is a disinterested liar, I admit, and would have made her run although her walking would not have told against his own ends. But on this occasion I could well believe him. When Christian Baxter opened the Hawfield door to Kate, the hall clock was striking four,

and before she had closed it she heard the far-off Denbrae bell sounding across the fields. Therefore the girl must have covered those two miles and three-quarters of field-ridge and stubble in less than half an hour. I have had dealings with Christian Baxter since then, and have often probed her memory; but if there was anything more hidden there I never hit it. She let Kate in because there was urgency in her tones. She carried her to Mrs. Learmont's room, and Mrs. Learmont was as calm as a pie. These are Christian's own words; and she said, moreover, that for the hour the two women were together, although she was hovering in the neighbouring room, she never heard a word raised higher than ordinarily, nor ever, even on the two occasions when she had to go in beside them, observed so much as a crack in Kate's voice.

"They were sittin' close thegither, and Mrs. Learmont had the lassie's hand in hers. I tell ye Kate's hand that was as red as a haw looked white below thae black fing'rs. But it wasna' Kate Coulter I lot oot that night. It was a girl that wasn't going, but was being sent; it minded me o' the stories of folks that had seen a sicht."

Mrs. Learmont's calmness would seem to show that she had read that letter. You may ask why, if that were so, she did not relieve the whole house with its message. I tell you she had no world outside of Robert: the rest was dirt. On the other hand, when Kate came in, all sick with fear, and hope, and shame, drawn to the only other heart in the world that beat to Robert's, why was not the later news, if Mrs. Learmont had it, clapped like a comfortable plaster to her sore? Bah! Why should I beat about the bush? I have not a point of evidence to go to a jury with. A sheriff would not listen to my story. Yet I know, as well as I know that from the time it flashed upon me I have looked on women differently, that Mrs. Learmont damned her soul in that hour for her son's sake. She may have had an inkling before that of what Kate had to tell: she did not require it. Without that great love in her, her cunning and nimbleness of wits would had taken in at a flash what steadier people needed long looking for. Was there no great hate for the girl battened down under her hatches? Yet she sat there playing on Kate as on a harp with the most delicate touch possible; making believe that it was the woman in her that was drawn to the woman in the other; disparaging her colour that she might exalt the sacrifice demanded from a girl of her husband's race; fanning the mad flame of Kate's resolve; never disturbing the girl's assurance of Robert's love, yet gently broaching it so that it leaked away. It was the sight of these black fingers on the honest brown, called up by Christian's words, that sent a suspicion

through me that has been verified since then—to my satisfaction at least, although, to be sure, some folks think otherwise.

III.

Meanwhile the neighbours whom Kate had left behind, ceasing from their slumberous worship and tumbling out of church as from their beds, had never a thought of the life and honour hanging in the balance at Hawfield. Already Nell Sturrock was back in her own house; Dave and Tam, as was their wont, lingered at the end of the road.

"I canna' think what they twa get to crack about," Nell said to herself. "They would stand a moon."

But I daresay she could think very well: women are clever. The lawyer trade is a royal road to knowing them, and I tell you that most of them that I have met have the heels of a man in the conduct of affairs, any day. Depend upon it, a woman knows what happens to her when she marries. She may twirl a husband round her little finger. Nell did. I suppose if I denied ability to cite an instance nearer home, it would not be believed. No doubt she does it the more viciously because she knows quite well it does not entail any hold on his inclinations. When you see men very happy hobnobbing together, be it in clubs or at street corners, and yet going home to their wives, find what consolation you can in the thought that the grey mare is the better horse always.

Nell opened her door, mixing the fragrance of the tea and bacon, prepared against her husband's return, with similar fragrances that issued from every couthy fireside in the village.

"Dave." The voice was not so musical as when she was Nell Coulter.

"Comin'," he replied, continuing his talk with Tam.

"Man, Dave," Tam was saying, "I've felt lonesome sin' ye went and got merrit."

"I believe't," replied Dave.

"And that cannot be helpit."

"No. It cannot be helpit," acquiesced Dave, with the qusto of conviction.

"And I'se warrant Kate's the same without Nell?"

"Maybe."

There was a pause; then Tam again:

"What's to hinder me makin' up to Kate?"

"Ha'e ye considered her worldly standing, Tam?"

"Huts!" said Tam with a great deal of spirit. "Nell was ready enough to tak' you."

'Tam," replied Dave, stung with the truth, and finding it

rather pleasant. "If I hadna' behaved myself at Row'tilly you wouldna' daur to show face there."

All the world—all the world of Denbrae, that is—knew how humbly Dave had mounted the Row'tilly road to woo Nell; and Tam acknowledged the fact, as Nell's voice sounded through the night once more.

"Could she put in a word for me?" he said doubtfully, nodding in Nell's direction.

Dave shook his head. "That would be asking a vote o' confidence," he said at length; and evidently he could not risk it. "Na, na, Tam, laad," he said: "we'll let sleepin' dowgs lie."

"But tak' your will o't, Tam," he said at parting. "I'm no saying a word against naebody; but mind, it's the verra deevil when your wife casts her former estate in your teeth."

That night Tam went up the Row'tilly road, whistling, Sabbath though it was, to keep his courage hot. When he reached the steading he saw a light in the byre, and, going inside, found Kate, as he had hoped, alone, milking her cows. She started to her feet when she saw him.

"What brings you here, Tam Sturrock? Have you any ill word from Dave's folk?" she cried with a frightened look.

He had expected a mischievous glance, a saucy word; but when he shook his head, the scared, white face—Kate's face—turned wearily away from him.

"It's not with an ill word from Nell, but for a good word from you, I cam," he blurted out, boldly. But Kate said not a word as, with her back to him, she continued with her milking.

"Kate—Katie," he said, in desperation, fumbling with a paper in his hand, "I brought a bit o' poetry to you, Katie. I made it up in the kirk."

I daresay he made it up quickly enough. It had no merit, and trash comes as readily as the words of genius. It is mediocrity that takes time.

"I'll read it to you," he went on. "Ye'll not laugh at me, Kate?" Poor Tam!

As Kate said nothing he drew nearer, and bending beside her at the lamp delivered himself of his doggerel:

"Denbrae lasses are plump and fair,
And ilka ane has her billie, O
There's nane with mine that can compare—
Kate Coulter of Row'tilly, O!"

But when he looked up, sheepishly, from his reading, Kate sat with her face in her hands, and he could hear her sobs.

"For your ain sake, for my sake, go away home," she cried; but, awed as he was, he would have put his arms around her.

She started to her feet and threw him off, and would not have him near her.

"Don't touch me; don't come near me," she sobbed out piteously, shrinking from him. Then, I believe, she felt that he guessed the shame that all too clearly that day had revealed to her.

I know Tam better than you who know him only in love, which, whatever we may say, is not a condition to be proud of. I believe it of him that he was no tenderer, no sterner, than the rest of us would have been.

"They all come with fine words. There's no poetry in the end of it," was the last thing he heard Kate say; and as he listened to it, it seemed to him it was a charge no son of Adam could plead guiltless to. Standing there, his love upon a broken wing, there stole into his untutored, boyish mind as he has told me himself, some insight into the mystery of One bearing the sins of many. Then he stumbled down the Row'tilly road, his hope on the wane as Jupiter was in the sky before him.

That night Dave and Tam were summoned from their beds to Row'tilly. From down in the valley dim figures with torches could be seen in the steading and among the uplands. By the grey light of the morning the brothers found the girl's body in the pond among the hills.

When any Denbrae body tells the story of Kate Coulter he finishes here: as if it were "Puir Lassie; and there's an end of't." But I recall the story because in course of time Robert Learmont came back to Hawfield. Tam Sturrock and John Coulter waited for a word with him. It would have been a hot one even if, as I contend, Robert Learmont could have pled an honest intention in the end; for there is plenty room to be selfish in this world without reaching to the bounds of selfishness. But they never had that word. Mixed blood, like Learmont's, has no stamina; and after that wound Robert had to pass the short remainder of his days in warm countries.

And this is what I know. He had not long returned when Mrs. Learmont had a tale to tell him, exultantly, cunningly; and when she finished he spoke a word, and the light faded from her eyes. It is true that at the end she was by his bedside. Nature knows her own business, and she would see to that. But from the time that word was spoken until the very end, there was little that was lovely passed between them.

DAVID S. MELDRUM.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

THERE is no writer—no writer of fiction, at least—to whose new books we look forward with so much eagerness as that with which we look for the works of Mr. Stevenson or those of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Both are young, and both have done work of extraordinary originality. From both, therefore, something better than what has gone before, something very great, is expected; and when a new novel by either is announced there is always the hope that the great expectations are to be realized. It must be admitted that with this legitimate interest, such as we have in the progress of any author, there is mixed, in the case of the two writers mentioned, an interest which is personal. We may not be so wholly modern in sentiment as, in Mr. Stevenson's words, "to think nothing more noble than to publish people's private affairs at so much a line." We may even cry out against the practice as an impertinence. But neither our delicacy nor our indignation is great enough to prevent us reading what the interviewers, and penny-a-liners, and gossipers who are rewarded by much more than a penny a line, write; and, having acquired some knowledge of their private affairs (at whatsoever cost the information may have been supplied), we cannot hinder it from adding a little spice to the fare which popular authors set before us. Nor need they complain if it is so. "They like it; and if they don't, they ought to," says Mr. Loudon Dodd. Whether they like it or not, they encourage it. Mr. Stevenson, reticent as he is, and indignant at any inroads upon his reticence, condescends on occasion upon the autobiographical. All the world knows about the new home which ill-health has compelled him to find: he has written about it as an artist and, less successfully, perhaps, as a politician. It is a short space since he left us, the man of promise *par excellence;* and in that short time Mr. Rudyard Kipling has arrived, and has taken up a more prominent, if not a more popular, place as a story-teller than the author of *Treasure Island* ever held. The personal-paragraphist, with a very shrewd sense of what pleases us, has associated the two, and keeps reminding us that Mr. Kipling's travels will finish with his paying his respects to Mr.

Stevenson in the Southern Sea. There is no reason for being ashamed of an interest in that meeting. And when we read *The Wrecker* or *The Naulahka* it is impossible to abstain from speculating on what the effects will be to Mr. Stevenson of living so far away from the centre of things, and on whether Mr. Kipling, when he has compassed the world, will be able to seize upon the salient points of other countries, and present them in a light as vivid as that in which he has presented those of India.

There are superficial resemblances between these two books which will immediately strike the reader. *The Naulahka* is called "A Story of East and West": in it America and India touch. *The Wrecker*, too, has something to tell of the very advanced civilization of a Topaz; doubtless in the eyes of Mr. Jim Pinkerton the Old Country was not much less effete than Rhatore was in the eyes of Nick Tarvin. Again, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling have taken collaborators: Mr. Stevenson Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, whose name appeared on the title-page of *The Wrong Box*, and Mr. Kipling Mr. Wolcott Balestier. As it happens, there comes to us, with *The Naulahka*, a slim volume of stories collected after Mr. Balestier's death. If only we had something purely Lloyd Osbourne (one may say) we had capital material for an investigation into the methods of collaboration. No doubt it would be an interesting investigation, even as, with the material which we have, it is interesting to watch where and how the work of each craftsman is, more or less artistically, pieced. But it would not be very profitable. At best it would lead only to the discovery of the causes of failure. The two novels we speak of are high above the average. They are extremely entertaining. But neither shows any advance upon the previous work of its principal author to justify the conclusion that collaboration has been a success. *The Wrecker* is not *Kidnapped*; *The Naulahka* is not *The Man who Was*. This is not saying a word against the younger writers who have assisted in them. A style so distinguished as Mr. Stevenson's, or one so individual as that of Mr. Kipling, must suffer from the intrusion of any other, howsoever excellent. A combination of excellencies is not what we look for in any one work, and, apparently, it is not what ought to be desired. It would seem that it is the individual quality which is of most value; and it is this individual quality which is apt to be lost in collaboration.

In a volume of Essays which he published recently, Mr. Stevenson declared that the secret of all good writing lies in mirthfulness of conception. *The Wrecker* * is mirthfully conceived.

* *The Wrecker*. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Cassell & Co.

It is written in high spirits, dashed, of course, with the Stevenson philosophy of life, which is scarcely jubilant; and is as chokeful of incident as an egg (in common saying) is full of meat. It is the story of the adventures (told by himself) of Mr. Loudon Dodd, known to his grandfather, in Edinburgh, as "Jeannie's yin," and introduced to strangers, by his Uncle Adam, as the son of "poor Janie's man, James K. Dodd, the well-known millionaire of Muskegon." The opportunity for those introductions arose out of Loudon's paying a visit to his Scotch friends on his way to Paris, where he was to learn, in three years, so much of the sculptor's art as would enable him to decorate the capitol of his native state with statues "in a line with public taste in Muskegon." So far, at least, as the elder Dodd was concerned, it was a strictly business transaction. He had taken up, as a "deal," the statuary contract, and thought it better to keep it in the family. It was in Paris that Loudon Dodd met Jim Pinkerton; and when the millionaire's many deals came to nothing, and the son had to return to America, by way of Edinburgh, without the Genius of Muskegon, it was with Jim's that his fortunes were mixed. Their greatest enterprise was the purchase of the brig, the *Flying Scud*, and out of that the story proper proceeds; but before that we are called on to examine many irons which they have in the fire—among others the Thirteen Star Golden State Brandy, Warranted Entire, and the Hebdomadary Picnics, popularly known as the Dromedary,—and a very amusing business it is. Collaboration has yielded a double set of experiences on which to draw. Probably we are not far wrong in attributing to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne the picture of the Commercial Academy in Muskegon, and many of the business undertakings previous to the sale of the brig; and to Mr. Stevenson the adventures of the art student in Paris, and the relationship between the old stonemason and his son "Aadam." To this wealth of material, however, is due the weakness of the story, which is that the mystery of the wreck is not sufficiently enthralling. It is the main incident, to which everything else is intended to lead up; and, truth to tell, despite the introduction of Captain Nares and of Captain Wicks, it is not so entertaining as the doings in the Latin Quarter and the commerce of San Francisco. The same causes which have spoiled the story have led to the "spottiness" (as the painters would call it) which is the technical fault of *The Wrecker*. Were the end of a novel to amuse, in the sense of affording a passing amusement of a high kind, this story would be difficult to surpass. Judged by the artistic standard which sets the suave and graceful *Kidnapped* in a foremost place among romances, Mr. Stevenson's latest book is not a success.

Left to ourselves, we might have attributed the failure to various causes. The authors, however, have not left the solution with the reader. In the epilogue it is explained that they "had long been at once attracted and repelled by that very modern form of the police novel or mystery story which consists in beginning your yarn anywhere but at the beginning, and finishing it anywhere but at the end." They had a theory that the insincerity and the shallowness of tone which come of that method are due to the abrupt attack; and they have elaborated their woof for their "not very precious warp." Whether that be a good working plan or not is open to question; but why should it be displayed to us? Mr. Stevenson is a consummate artist, who has not been guilty of prating about his art. In his later essays, indeed, he has affected a contempt for art; and something of that contempt is observable in *The Wrecker*. It may be that this display of the scaffolding is of a piece with it. We confess we do not wish to see the scaffolding. It is all very well to follow the critics in their speculations as to how this or that is "done;" but from the "Once upon a time" to the "And they lived happily ever afterwards," we like the narrator to wear an air of belief, and laugh, if laugh he must, in his own sleeve.

If *The Wrecker* is not pure Stevenson, still less so is *The Naulahka* * pure Kipling. Mr. Balestier's share in it may be guessed from the three stories in *The Average Woman*.† Of these the best is "Reffey," which displays the lightness of touch in the sentiment, and a curious vein of reflection, which are common to them all. Every one who reads *The Naulahka* ought to read *The Average Woman*, for its own sake and for the sake of the American portion of the longer work. *The Naulahka* is a thoroughly improbable story, told by two authors, who write of it as of a grim reality, without any concession to farce. But Nick Tarvin, of Topaz (who is, presumably, Mr. Balestier's creation), is a possible character, as convincing as Ben Rignold, of Rustler, or as Mr. Jim Pinkerton in *The Wrecker*. Nick Tarvin, when he is taken in hand by Mr. Kipling, in India, is an illustration of the limitations of Mr. Kipling's art. Except in the incident of Sitabhai's yielding up the Naulahka, Tarvin never displays the truculence of the hero of *The Light that Failed;* but so long as he is in India he is a very objectionable person. In that chapter he is unbearable; and in that chapter alone have we any display of the wild fury of impression which is Mr. Kipling's power. There is a

* *The Naulahka. A Story of West and East.* By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. William Heinemann.

† *The Average Woman.* By Wolcott Balestier. With a biographical sketch by Henry James. William Heinemann.

constant rustling of it, like the rustling which the brave Tarvin heard as he sat on his horse in the sweltering sun in the King's Court-yard. You know well enough what is there; but it does not make itself seen. But then, even the sound of it is something. There is no need to cry out because Mr. Kipling has not surpassed himself in his first work in collaboration. We are not afraid that we have got more than the first-fruits of his remarkable genius.

While the younger novelists, working in fresh fields with new methods (we do not forget that the authors of the *Wrecker* compare it, with all modesty, to the later works of Dickens), attract so much of our attention, we must not neglect those whose best reputations probably are already made. We know the pleasure that is in store for us when we come to read Mrs. Oliphant's *Diana: The History of a Great Mistake;** and if *Ingelheim*† be at all equal to *Miss Molly*, it is a delightful story. Of *A Modern Dick Whittington*,‡ of which we can speak as of a dish that we have tasted, we have not an ill word to say except that the menu is misleading. Mr. Payn is following the fashion in taking for his hero a gentlemen of letters, a writer of novels (without a moral, presumably, for his capacity, we are told, was for light literature), whose adventures are texts for sage advice and very shrewd reflections. This Dick Whittington, when he landed in London, did not write a novel of the season in fourteen days (or was it fifteen?), as recently we read of another hero doing; and we like him the better for it. But he ought to have married his publisher's daughter, or his editor's, at the least. Instead of that, he married his cousin Ruth, who was too good for him, and whose fortune, we are led to suspect (if that, indeed, is not the trend of the whole story) was often a stand-by. If our Dick Whittington is disappointing, however, his story is not; and we can recommend it as an entertaining novel, in which sentiment, sensation, and reflection are mixed with all the craft of the skilled workman.

After amusing ourselves in the fields of fiction, to have to return to a narrative which lays claim to what it calls "the inestimable virtue of Truth" fills us with the same resentment as a line of copy-book virtue. If we are to judge by the books which it produces, the effect of globe-trotting is to dispel all sense of proportion. A good many of the travellers return with the conviction that there is nothing in the world of so much importance as the

* *Diana. The History of a Great Mistake.* By Mrs. Oliphant. Two vols.

† *Ingelheim.* By the Author of *Miss Molly.* William Blackwood & Sons.

‡ *A Modern Dick Whittington; or, a Patron of Letters.* By James Payn. Two vols. Cassell & Co.

diary which they have compiled on the journey. Most, however, are genuinely full of wonder at the places and the peoples they have met, and full of the missionary desire to enlighten their friends and neighbours. Mr. John MacGregor's *Toil and Travel* * is undoubtedly what he says it is, a round, unvarnished tale; and in our present frame of mind we would be better pleased with it were it less a faithful record. For the reader there is a good deal of toil as well as of travel. At the same time, Mr. MacGregor's style is distinctly better than that of most travellers who rush with their diaries to press. It steers clear of the Scylla of facetiousness (though it makes many a narrow shave) without running at all near the Charybdis of the "high-falutin"; and to take notice of the "man overboard" (who was a woman, by-the-way) being "doomed for ever" would be too like Mr. Huxley tripping up Mr. Gladstone with his "more fatal." Mr. MacGregor is a lively and well-informed companion. Of that we are certain; but that he has done justice to himself in these three hundred and odd pages is more than we should care to assert.

In this connection we may mention a book of a very different character. Major-General Sir A. Cunningham is already well known for the excavations of Buddhist remains carried out under his instructions, and for the elaborate and accurate accounts which he has published of the results. In *Mahâbodi*,† he describes the great Buddhist Temple under the Bodhi-tree at Buddha-Gaya, as it has been laid bare after the operations conducted by Mr. J. D Beglar at the instigation of Sir Ashley Eden, the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal. In the course of them there were found remains which are held to be those of the first Temple of Mahâbodi, erected by Asoka; and the further discovery was made that the present Temple is built exactly over the remains of the earlier one, so that the original Vajrâsan Throne retains its old position of Buddha's seat, which good Buddhists hold to be the centre of the universe. Sir Alexander Cunningham devotes sections of his book to the Bodhi-tree; to the monuments, seals, and inscriptions; to the ruins of the railing of Asoka's Temple, of a Toran Gateway, and of the monastery of the Bodhi-tree. These are accompanied by plates which are invaluable to students of Indian sculpture and architecture, of which the remains of the Mahâbodi Temple are the oldest existing examples. In an interesting appendix the construction of the Indian Arch is discussed; and in a second a plan of the Temple formed on a diagram of squares is suggested. In

* *Toil and Travel.* By John MacGregor, M.D. (Ralph). T. Fisher Unwin.

† *Mahâbodi; or, the Great Buddhist Temple under the Bodhi Tree at Buddha-Gaya.* By Major-General Sir A. Cunningham, R.E. W. H. Allen & Co.

the course of his Archæological Survey of India the author discovered traces of vaults and arches in buildings of such undoubted antiquity as to dispel the old belief that the ancient Hindus were ignorant of the Arch. Sir A. Cunningham, however, has come to the conclusion that the arches and vaults discovered in the Mahâbodi Temple did not form part of the original building. The book is beautifully bound and printed; and the reproductions from photographs of sections of the Temple, of inscriptions, and of ornaments, are, as a rule, excellent.

We cannot leave the subject of travel and scientific research without mentioning the appearance of a second edition of Mr. Edward Whymper's *Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator*,* which received such a hearty welcome some weeks ago.

There is no section of literature in which the individuality of the author is more marked than it is in that of the Essay. The temper of the Essayist's mind is allowed full sway in choice of subject, and in treatment of it. There is scarcely a theme which is beyond his range; and in the working out of the theme he is not hampered by any rules. One or two volumes of Essays which we have received recently are illustrations of this. No one who had read Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Imagination" would have difficulty in recognizing his hand in any of the other papers which go to make up *Meridiana*.† The noontide siesta of the Brethren of the Order of St. Victor of Paris was called "Meridiana"; and Sir Herbert offers this volume of reprinted Essays to serve for entertainment in our drowsy hours. It is exactly the kind of literary "Meridian" which one would desire. The papers are bright and cheery. They make no demand upon the mind, and yet flatter it with a sense of being instructed. Wide as is the range of subject, the range of illustration in each is wider still. *Noontide Essays* are, in fact, the chatty discourses of a well-informed man who has derived a great deal of pleasure from the past and is confident that the present is capable of yielding still more.

Optimism, indeed, is the key-note of Sir Herbert Maxwell's writing. In the pretty fooling of "Ancient Lights" the moral which he draws from his intercourse with the Past is that he had seen nothing in the men and women of the past to make him think them better than their descendants. He arrives at this comfortable conclusion through a Philistine view of the Present. The expression of that view may be what the *Spectator* calls Sunday-

* *Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator.* By Edward Whymper. John Murray.

† *Meridiana: Noontide Essays.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. William Blackwood & Sons.

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School-Teacherism *in extremis;* but it is delightfully refreshing to those who are sick of the critical taboos of men who apply their fastidious æsthetic canons to life, and exult to find virtue falling further short than vice. It is not surprising, therefore,—although it is amusing to one who happens to have been reading the *Impressions and Opinions* of Mr. George Moore—to find the Essayist belittling Balzac; or to have him quote, with appreciation, Sir Walter Scott's remark: "Do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar?* It is only common; nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of with contempt. When you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon*." Drowsy hours, spent with Sir Herbert Maxwell, will not have their restfulness disturbed by tirades against the evil places in which life is laid.

At the same time, while these Essays are an admirable corrective to a hyper-sensitive view of life, they contain criticism of art which is over-Philistine. It is perfectly true that condemnation of the Royal Academy takes a very odious form on the lips of those who have adopted it as a fashion. That, however, does not alter the fact that if young people go to Burlington House with any thoughts of art in their head (an unwarrantable supposition probably) they could not be encouraged to go in any better spirit than one adversely critical. "What an opportunity is here lost of exalting the imagination by leading a young mind to comprehend the painter's enterprise, realize his patient toil, and sympathize with his success (in truth there is always plenty of this last), leaving the garbage of failure to be snarled over by narrower souls! What a pure source of pleasure is poisoned by this carping habit—the pleasure of reading nature interpreted by accomplished hands! What reverence is discouraged—the reverence for laborious and intricate handicraft!" Now, these would be admirable sentiments if the subject under discussion were one in which laborious and intricate handicraft is of the highest importance. But to encourage, in the visitor to a collection which professes to be a collection of works of art, contentment with labour, to the exclusion of a critical condemnation of the want of anything higher, is surely to dull the imagination the cultivation of which is the writer's theme.

Mr. Courtney's Essays,* also collected under a title which might imply a certain leisureliness about them, are of a much more serious character than *Meridiana.* They are studies of things as widely asunder as Ibsen's Dramas and Dr. Martineau's Theology. One or two of them—"Old Oxford Revels" is an example—are

* *Studies at Leisure.* By W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D. Chapman and Hall.

slight; but, slight or exhaustive, they are all marked by the same gravity and exactness. They are eminently readable,—that upon "Personality" is a wonderfully entertaining piece of writing;—yet they nowhere commit their author to irresponsible talk. While the "Studies at Leisure" do not tempt by their scrappiness, they do not rise to very high flights of speculation. The characteristic of Mr. Courtney is a singular sure-footedness in ways in which he is very much at home. With these Essays in Philosophy, the volume includes a strong little dramatic sketch, "Kit Marlowe's Death," which appeared in the *Universal Review*.

The last collection of Essays of which we shall speak is Mr. Huxley's new volume,* in which we meet many times those old and entertaining friends, the Gadarene swine. Mr. Huxley explains that he hesitated to treat the public afresh to an exhibition of his array of "scalps." He fears that cold controversy is not appetizing. Whether controversy upon the subjects treated of in the volume, either hot or cold, is a pretty sight, there is no doubt that Mr. Huxley's controversial methods give a great relish to the dish which he sets before us. There are in him a readiness to toe the mark and a gaiety in his attack which make his appearance in his war-paint a delight to every one but his immediate antagonist. Looked at as an exhibition of Controversy, as a Fine Art, the chapter on "The Keepers of the Herd of Swine" is as amusing as when it first appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*.

The new matter in this volume is a Prologue in which Mr. Huxley sums up the intentions and (as he conceives them) the results of his contributions to past controversies. They have all a bearing, he declares, upon the one Controverted Question of our time. And this is how he describes it. Beyond the region of familiar steadiness and customary regularity, to which they gave the name of Nature, men imagined a mysterious region which they peopled with entities having an unlimited power of modifying the course of events, and being above Nature. Hence arose the conception of a "Supernature" as antithetic to "Nature." As men have paid attention to Nature they have been rewarded for their pains by increased ability to develop the Arts and the Sciences, and by the accumulation of a vaster body of knowledge. On the other hand, attention to the Supernatural has yielded them many Religions, which must share with natural knowledge the ethical concomitants, and are welcome to the full responsibility of the information which they give about Supernature—information upon which they are in nowise agreed. "In singular contrast with natural knowledge," the writer says, "the acquaintance of

* *Essays upon some Controverted Questions.* By Thomas H. Huxley. Macmillan & Co.

mankind with the supernatural appears the more extensive and the more exact, and the influence of supernatural doctrines upon conduct the greater, the further back we go in time and the lower the stage of civilization submitted to investigation. Historically, indeed, there would seem to be an inverse relation between supernatural and natural knowledge. As the latter has widened, gained in precision and in trustworthiness, so has the former shrunk, grown vague and questionable; as the one has more and more filled the sphere of action, so has the other retreated into the region of meditation or vanished behind the screen of mere verbal recognition." And the Controverted Question of the time, according to Mr. Huxley, is, How far is this process to go?

We may humbly submit that the question is not how far this process is to go, for that will solve itself and is solving itself, although the solution must necessarily be ever beyond our reach; but that the question is how far we understand the process which is going on. That natural knowledge has widened, gained in precision and in trustworthiness, is as true as that with this advance in natural knowledge there has been an evolution of humanity which may be regarded as progress. Is it so certain, however, that co-ordinate with this there has been an elimination of the supernatural from men's thoughts? Increased natural knowledge has crowded out erroneous knowledge of the Supernatural which previously was accepted as true. But our knowledge of Nature is not so free from error, what we have substituted for previously accepted knowledge which has been disproved is not so assured, that even from the point of view of Naturalism we may contend that, having taken away from the store of information about the Supernatural, we may consider all information about it as good as gone. It might be held that what is less and less filling the field of action is—not knowledge, but—ignorance of the Supernatural; and that the residue of our information about the Supernatural affects men's conduct to-day as much as ever it did. Mr. Huxley, of course, says that he employs the words "Supernature" and "Supernatural" in their popular senses; and that, for him, "Nature" covers the totality of that which is, and he is "unable to perceive any justification for cutting the Universe into two halves, one natural and one supernatural." This, however, is the kernel of the question. If we are to take it for granted that the Natural and the Supernatural are to be judged alike, then, no doubt, the utmost that is left to us is a naturalistic theology based upon an assumption that what may be, is, which would scarcely require all Mr. Huxley's tilting for its overthrow. At any rate, such a theology would be so much a matter for speculation merely, so little a body of doctrine to quicken conduct, that it might very

well be treated with Mr. Huxley's contempt. But that "Nature" covers the totality of that which is, is surely not to be taken for granted. It is not yielded even by many who are quite willing to quit certain outposts which have proved untenable. There are more important strongholds—such as that of the authorship of the Four Gospels—which may have to be given up; as yet, however, Mr. Huxley appears to be premature in supposing that they are already taken.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in THE NATIONAL REVIEW in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the REVIEW is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in THE NATIONAL REVIEW, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Railway Servants' Eye-sight.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

The Report of the Council of the British Medical Association on the "Efficient Control of Railway Servants' Eye-sight," will be a surprise to many. It is natural to suppose that railway officials, such as engine-drivers, guards, and signal men, have their sight tested carefully and regularly by means of all the latest methods which science has discovered and skilled specialists know how to apply. At least, Railway Directors, in their keenness for good dividends, would be expected to take ordinary precautions to prevent those terrible catastrophes which from time to time convulse humanity. Apparently the "accidents" are accepted as part and parcel of our railway system, and the Quixotic idea that anything further can be done to prevent them is spurned as quite unworthy of practical men. Thus, *laisser aller* reigns supreme, and that which was good enough for "Puffing Billy" is sufficient for Pullman cars.

The Report, which is very full, gives details of the methods employed by the British and Irish railway companies for testing the vision of their servants, and, in an appendix, the methods adopted by foreign countries are stated for comparison. The arrangements for the control of railway servants' vision in Holland, the Report tells us, are more complete than in any other country. In all the countries but our own, it would seem, a standard official test is uniformly insisted upon. In the United Kingdom alone the railway companies please themselves whether they apply any test at all. In Holland, Italy, France, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Austria, Denmark, and Switzerland, all railway

officials have their sight tested by duly qualified medical men—men who have had special experience either as railway surgeons or as ophthalmic experts. In the United Kingdom the railway companies usually employ for the purpose such officials as can conveniently be spared from other duties. The Great Eastern Railway employs its locomotive inspectors for testing vision in the locomotive department (*i.e.*, for drivers and firemen); but in the less important traffic department the duty devolves upon the railway surgeon. This division of labour, which is not unusual, does not seem very flattering to the surgeons. On the Great Northern Railway the locomotive superintendent or his deputy examines in the locomotive department, and a surgeon in the traffic. The Great Western Railway drivers and firemen are examined by the district superintendent; guards, signal men, and porters, by a surgeon. On the London and South-Western the testing is carried out by inspectors; on the North-Eastern, either by "an official from the locomotive department" or by an inspector. The Brecon and Merthyr somewhat naively confess that "it has not been the custom to subject this Company's servants to any special test." In Ireland the testing is variously superintended by clerks, foremen-drivers, surgeons, locomotive foremen, engineers, &c. On many lines no tests are applied; on one, it is reassuring to find, "the firemen and drivers being with the company for many years, any vacancies are filled up by men trained up in the shops"—and so, of course, no tests are needed. The manager of another Irish railway applies no tests; he takes the men on his personal observation.

With regard to the tests employed there appears to be as much diversity as there is with regard to the examiners. Many companies employ what is called the Army Dot Test. This consists of a number of black dots on a white back-ground, usually placed at a distance of ten or fifteen feet. The candidate for employment is asked to count the dots. If he does so correctly, he has at least a quarter of the average power of sight. He need not have more; and so a man who may have already lost three-quarters of his visual acuity by (it may be) advancing disease is considered fit to drive an engine or work a signal. The Army Dot Test is used by many of the English railway companies, including the Great Northern, the London and North-Western, the London, Chatham, and Dover, the Metropolitan, the Metropolitan District, the Midland, and the North-Eastern. It is well known to experts to be absolutely worthless. The unfortunate man who cannot pass such a test should have a fair claim to admission into a blind asylum. In other companies the men are taken on the line and asked to read the signals at varying distances. The more conscientious companies (if such an adjective can be applied to any company) require the candidate to recognize the signals by night as well as by day; but, as the semaphores vary considerably in size and shape, it is difficult to compare them with any recognized standard of visual acuity.

With regard to the colour-tests (the most difficult of an unscientific examiner to apply), the Report observes that

"The tests on fifteen English railways, on nearly all the Scotch, and on more than half the Irish lines, consist simply in *naming coloured objects.* The fallacy of such a method is as certain as it is hard to impress on the lay mind. As Professor Holmgren long ago pointed out, it is often worse than no test, since it may license that which it should prevent, and, instead of convincing a man of his defect, induce in him a contrary belief because *even a colour-blind person sometimes names colours correctly.* We are convinced that the method of testing the colour-sense of railway servants by merely ascertaining if they can name certain colours is quite inadequate for the purpose, and is fraught with grave possibilities of danger to the public. On the other hand, while we are of opinion that Holmgren's principle must form the basis of every reliable method of testing for the colour-sense, we recognize, and every experienced examiner must admit, that its application requires an amount of experience and training rarely met with among laymen, and only acquired by medical men who have had special instruction and have devoted some time to the study of the subject. *It must not, therefore, be taken for granted that all colour-blind persons have been excluded from the service of those companies which have stated that they employ Holmgren's wools as their colour-test.*"

Another point to which attention is drawn in the Report is the very important one of re-examination. It is obvious that a man may be admitted into a company's service with good eye-sight, and that yet, as the result of acquired disease or of advancing years, his vision may fail, and that, too, without the defect being perceptible unless he is carefully tested by an expert.

The abuse of alcohol or of tobacco may so diminish the range of vision that, whilst he sees fairly well when the object is perfectly straight in front of him, anything not quite in a direct line may be invisible; he sees objects, in fact, just as one would by looking at them through a gun-barrel; and he must turn his eyes directly towards everything he wishes to examine. The abuse of tobacco may cause the perception of colours to become impaired—especially as regards red and green, the very colours which are universally used as signals.

On some lines no re-examination is ever made; on others re-examination is carried out at each promotion; on others, again, only after illness or when there is a suspicion that a man's sight is not what it should be. The rule of re-examination is good as far as it goes; but it is too irregular to be really a safe-guard. For example, a cleaner is promoted to be fireman and re-examined; he is examined again when he becomes a driver; but, as those promotions may occur while he is still a young man, it happens that for the rest of his life, throughout a period when deterioration of vision is to be expected, no further test is applied. Those who do not get promotion do not have to submit to re-examination. Whether in those cases the eyes feel in honour bound not to become diseased is known only to Railway Directors. On the Great Western Railway the guards and signalmen are not re-examined; on the Mersey Railway the firemen and drivers are examined every three months, and the guards and signalmen every six months; on the Metropolitan, "whenever deemed necessary;" on the London and South-Western drivers and firemen are tested "at various intervals;" on the London Brighton and South Coast, every five years; on the Highland

Railway re-examinations are not made; on the Great Northern of Ireland they are made "periodically;" on the Waterford and Limerick, "not unless some accident happens to the eye-sight"!

Before coming to the recommendations of the Committee who drew up the Report, it may be well to reply to the possible objections of those who are willing to leave the companies to mind their own business. Have "accidents," it may be asked, been proved to result from imperfect vision on the part of railway officials? Although it may not be easy to give definite instances in reply to this question, it must be clear that a half-blind driver is not one who should be in command of an engine. How often do we read of an obstruction occurring on the line, and of the driver attempting unsuccessfully to bring the train to a standstill! Who shall say whether a keener-sighted man might not have seen the obstacle sooner, and, with that added instant of time, been able to avert a catastrophe? In the words of the Report, "No efficient steps have hitherto been taken to investigate the eye-sight of men entrusted with the working of trains to which accidents have happened. In many cases loss of life has made it impossible. But no one denies that accidents may arise in this way. On the contrary, the general prevalence of visual examinations on all the larger railways leaves no doubt on that score. Our opinion is that the present unregulated system has led to the adoption of methods of testing the eye-sight of railway servants which do not generally secure the safeguards desired by the companies themselves, which in some cases do injustice to the employés on our railways, and which do not sufficiently secure the safety of the public." The only point at issue is what the tests should be, in the interests of the passengers, and of the railway companies and their servants. The tests must be such as shall not press too hardly on the officials, while at the same time they safeguard human life. The Committee recommend, briefly, that the officials shall be divided into two classes, A and B, and that the examiners shall be qualified medical men. Class A, consisting of engine-cleaners, firemen, drivers, signalmen, and pointsmen, should be required to have at least one eye perfect in all respects, and the other eye with at least half the average standard of vision, and no colour-blindness in either eye. Class B, consisting of all other officials in the executive service concerned in the moving and signalling of trains, should have at least two-thirds of the average vision with both eyes together; each eye must have not less than one-third of the normal vision, and there is to be no colour-blindness in either eye.

It is advised that re-examination should be carried out whenever a servant is transferred from Class B to Class A, and also at such approved intervals as may appear desirable, especially after any disease or injury that might result in deterioration of vision. It is recommended that colour-vision should be tested by means of Holmgren's wools, in strict accordance with his directions, and that all lamps should have their glasses of a standard colour.

Whether the Railway Companies will accept those recommendations

instantly, or whether it will require Parliamentary legislation to compel them to do so, or whether the recommendations will not be accepted until some terrible catastrophe, due to defective vision, rouses a somewhat phlegmatic public into a compelling fury, remians to be seen. That which all other civilized nations have found necessary cannot long be disregarded in England. The medical profession has done its duty in pointing out the danger. It is for the public to say whether they are satisfied with the *status quo*, or whether they will insist upon those precautions being taken which will, as far as possible, insure their safety.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

W. M. Beaumont.

Bath, July 15, 1892.

Gunners and Gunsmiths: a True Story.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

As the shooting season, with all its possibilities of accidents, is approaching, the tale which I venture to send you may possibly be a useful warning to gunners and gunsmiths. The incident which explains the catastrophe is a fact within my knowledge.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

June 21, 1892. Stanley of Alderley.

It was Tuesday, the 8th November, 1892, and the eve of the second General Election in that year. For the General Election in July had been so indecisive that it was regarded as a failure and a disappointment by both parties; and their mutual animosity had been exasperated by the abortive result, the exertions and money wasted, and the time taken away from the hay harvest and the London season. Mr. Gladstone had committed himself more than usual since July, and had been deserted by the more intelligent of his supporters. A fresh election had become a necessity; and the whole country felt relieved when November, the deadest month of the year, was assigned to it.

That day a party had assembled at the house of Captain Drake, R.N., for pheasant-shooting. It consisted of two of his neighbours, and

their wives; Mr. X——, a Tory election agent, with no contested elections in his district, and his young wife, a delicate and exquisite blonde; Mr. W——, a rising and promising member of the National Liberal Club, an out-and-out Gladstonian, a thorough gentleman and a keen sportsman; he had failed a year before in a bye-election, and had recently acted as a Gladstonian agent in some borough elections; and Colonel Hunter, a friend of both these men. Mr. X—— had endeavoured in vain to persuade his host to postpone the cover shooting until after the close of the General Election which was impending; as by that time, he pointed out, the leaves would be more off the trees. But Captain Drake was inflexible. He wished to have something more agreeable to think of and to talk of than politics, and the results of a contest between parties who were equally prepared to sacrifice principles for votes.

Mr. X—— and his wife and Mr. W—— had arrived with Colonel Hunter from Euston, and had been introduced to one another by their mutual friend, the Colonel, before the train started. The journey concluded pleasantly before dark; for the Colonel had kept the conversation mainly to the sport of the morrow, and Mr. W—— had as much as possible left him to dilate on that subject in order to make himself agreeable to Mrs. X——. After their arrival, as Captain Drake avoided all reference to the elections, harmony continued; but his two country neighbours came in between six and seven o'clock, and the all-absorbing topic of the General Election was introduced by them. The election agents became fully aware how thoroughly they were opposed in opinions and sympathies. The country gentlemen naturally took part with Mr. X——, and egged him on to such an extent that the discussion became acrimonious and almost personal, when it was fortunately interrupted by the dressing bell.

At dinner Mr. W——, as the newest guest and acquaintance of Captain Drake, was paired off with Mrs. X——. That lady, with the sole object of promoting harmony and preventing dissension, appeared to acquiesce in all Mr. W——'s theories: much to the disgust of one of the country neighbours, who ended by asking Mr. X—— if his wife always threw him over in that fashion. Mr. X—— answered, "Yes: it was only her way of showing she did not like talking shop."

The withdrawal of the ladies from the dining-room led to renewed political talk, with an increase of acerbity; for Captain Drake conceived it to be his duty as host occasionally to back up Mr. W——, who had three opponents, which he did all the more naturally from the soreness which he had long felt at what he called the desertion of their colours by the Tory leaders. Colonel Hunter, thinking the gentlemen were growing too warm, persuaded Mr. W—— to follow him to the drawing-room, where he soon forgot the unpleasantness of hearing so much abuse of his Radical friends, in the conversation of Mrs. X——; and when the other gentlemen came up from the dining-room, they found him turning over the leaves of the music-book for Mrs. X——, who was singing. Thus, there was no opportunity for renewing the strife. But they were not pleased at seeing Mr. W—— look so happy: they had

expected to find him discomfited. Three of the party besides the host were not smokers. As they would have a long day before them, they all retired early; Mr. X—— not very well satisfied, and complaining to one of the country gentlemen of having been deprived of another innings and opportunity for bowling over his rival.

The weather next day promised a large bag for the sportsmen and heavy polls for the candidates. The keeper announced that as the weather was so fine they would before going into the woods walk through several large turnip-fields. This plan proved very wise. Besides partridges, a great many pheasants had got into the turnips. By luncheon time a large quantity of cartridges had been expended. Indeed, both Mr. X—— and Mr. W—— had to send to the house for more. They had carried their rivalry into the field, and both had shot wildly at each other's birds. Mr. X——'s friends had been known to say that he had this habit even without provocation. The two country gentlemen thought this not good form. One of them told Mr. W—— that both he and Mr. X—— ought not to shoot at and claim each other's birds. Mr. W—— replied that he did not do so habitually, that on this occasion he was acting in self-defence, and that Mr. X——'s conduct was natural since his Conservative chiefs always took and claimed Liberal measures. Both the country gentlemen observed, or thought they observed, that Mr. X—— overheard this remark, and that he scowled sardonically.

After luncheon had been eaten, and the cartridge-bags replenished, the keeper suggested to his master to place Mr. X—— and Mr. W—— as far apart, in the covers, as possible. If they were near each other with their jealous shooting, and with the pheasants getting up much closer to them in the woods, they would blow every bird to pieces. Captain Drake agreed to this and gave orders accordingly. For the rest of the day Mr. W—— was to be sent forward, and Mr. X—— placed on the extreme right of the line as outside gun. Everything went on for some time to the satisfaction of the keepers and the shooting party; but the country gentlemen began to notice that Mr. X—— missed all his pheasants, and one of them said to the other that Mr. W—— might, after all, be right in what he said of his *confrère's* shooting, though not equally so as to their party leaders. Shortly after this a pheasant got up in front of Mr. X——, who deliberately shot at it, although it was flying so low that he should not have done so. The pheasant was missed; but a piercing shriek followed the report of Mr. X——'s gun. All the party called out to know what was the matter. No answer coming, they rushed forward and found Mr. W—— on the ground quite dead, and bleeding from a wound in the breast. Captain Drake and his friends exclaimed: How could he have been killed at that distance from where they had been standing? Some of the keepers turned over the body, and it was found that Mr. W—— had a wound also in his back: a bullet must have gone through his body. The conclusion inevitably come to by all the bystanders was that Mr. W—— had been designedly murdered by Mr. X——. Meantime Mr. X——, who

seemed horror-struck, could only gasp out, "How did it happen? I could not have done it." These utterances made rather an unfavourable impression.

Captain Drake gave orders for the conveyance of the body to his house; he sent for the doctor and the police, and desired Mr. X—— to remain in his own room until the inquest.

By the time the sad procession returned to the house, which they had left but a few hours before in such good spirits, the most contradictory theories were being discussed in undertones. It had become generally known, through the servants, that a bitter discussion had taken place between Mr. X—— and Mr. W—— on political matters. One of the country gentlemen, to whom Mr. W—— had expressed his contemptuous opinion of Mr. X——'s shooting, and had seen X——'s scowl on overhearing it, attributed the enmity to that speech. The wives of the country gentlemen attributed X——'s murderous shot to the frenzy of jealousy. Perhaps Mr. W——'s neglect of themselves had heightened their perception of his attentions to Mrs. X——. Colonel Hunter, falling in with their views, regretted having been the innocent cause of Mr. W——'s having come within the influence of fascinations which, as it now appeared, had perhaps cost him his life.

In due time the inquest was held. The doctors and other experts proved that the wound could only have been caused by a bullet; and no one had ever heard of a sane man shooting pheasants with bullets. The coroner elicited all the information as to the heated discussions between Mr. X—— and Mr. W——; and learned from Colonel Hunter that X—— had said to him, overnight, that he "should like to pepper that puppy."

The inquest was drawing to a close. The only doubtful point remaining was the origin of the ball cartridge. Mr. X—— said he was ready to swear that he had never possessed any, and did not know of any to fit fowling-pieces. Then a telegram was brought in to Mr. X——, who, after opening it, handed it to the Coroner, saying, "Thank heaven! That saves me from this horrible accusation." The Coroner presently read out the telegram, which was as follows:—

"From Bittern, gunmaker,
"103, Chancery Lane,
"To F. X——, Esq. "*November* 10, 1891,

"Fear, by mistake, packet of dozen Indian smooth-bore ball-cartridge sent with your order for No. 6. We wire to prevent accidents."

A general feeling of relief spread over the Court. Captain Drake said the name of Bittern reminded him of a story which a friend had told him of a guest of his having received a hundred military pistol ball-cartridges from his gunsmith, instead of shot-cartridges. That gunsmith's name was the same as, or similar to, that of the man whose mistake had caused this tragedy. One of the keepers came forward, and

said that he had noticed, when Mr. X—— had missed so many pheasants a little before the accident, that larger twigs than those usually brought down by common shot had fallen from the trees.

The Coroner directed the jury to return a verdict of death by misadventure, with such a rider as they might think most fitting on the culpability of gunsmiths who put ball and shot into similar cartridge-cases ; and he added that he was not sure whether, notwithstanding the too tardy precaution of the telegram just received, he ought not to direct them to return a verdict of contributory negligence and constructive manslaughter against the gunsmith Bittern.

Newspaper Copyright.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

The curious article by Mr. Sidney Low in last month's number of *The National Review* on the subject of newspaper copyright affords, perhaps, some sort of encouragement to those persons who are ever ready to argue from a single case that the principles of our laws are unconscionably wrong, and that the decisions of our Judges are invariably opposed to common sense. The writer of the article appears to be the victim of a perfect nightmare of grievances. He begins by complaining that newspapers were not copyright originally ; and now that they are copyright, he complains of this too. He thinks the Copyright Act of 1842 ought to have included newpapers, and grumbles because it has been held to include them. He explains the great hardship that there should have been no copyright in a newspaper till the decision of Walter *v.* Howe in 1882, and argues, nevertheless, that the decision in that case was wrong. Finally, he denounces the absurdity of there being no copyright in news, and after showing at some length that news might well be the subject of copyright, he proposes a Newspaper Copyright Act, which provides expressly that there shall be no copyright in news.

Out of this confusion of complaint we are able to glean two definite propositions.

1. That the Legislature did not intend to include newspapers in the Copyright Act of 1842.

2. That newspapers ought to have been included in the Act.

Whatever the intention of the Legislature may have been, the Judges have decided that a newspaper is included in the Copyright Act of 1842, so that the second proposition is apparently satisfied. But Mr.

Low's grievance is that in the definition of "a book," to which the Copyright Act applies,—although every volume, pamphlet, sheet of letterpress, sheet of music, map, or plan, is said to be "a book" for the purposes of copyright—there is no specific mention of a newspaper in the Act. He contends, if we rightly understand his argument, that as the framers of the Act must have considered whether newspapers were to be brought within the Act or not, it is clear from the fact of a newspaper not being specifically mentioned that they intended newspapers to be excluded from copyright. On the contrary, according to our view, newspapers were not specifically mentioned because it was the intention of the Legislature to leave it to the Judges to decide, as each case came before them, to what extent the contents of a newspaper should be regarded as literary property, with all the incidents of copyright protection. We believe that the Legislature carefully avoided making provision that the contents of a newspaper should be entirely the subject of copyright. The Act was intended to protect literary property; it never contemplated creating a copyright in mere facts or news. But mere facts or news may by arrangement, collection, or force of statement, acquire literary value, and in that sense become the subject of copyright. This view, we submit, is consistent with the Act, and is supported by the recent decisions.

The account given by Mr. Low of the case of Walter *v.* Steinkopf—which appears to be the cause, or rather the opportunity, for his article—although it is given in great detail, conveys an idea that is not free from misapprehension. It is stated that "Mr. Justice North, before whom the action was tried, granted the injunction so far as regarded Mr. Kipling's article, but refused to make it apply to the newspaper paragraphs, though he thought the use of them by the defendants might be in the abstract a breach of copyright law. On the strength of his judgment both parties have, *not perhaps unnaturally*, claimed the victory."

As a matter of fact, the learned Judge held that the defendants were entirely in the wrong, both in respect of Mr. Kipling's article and as to the newspaper paragraphs. He decided the question of copyright absolutely in favour of the plaintiffs.

Why the defendants should claim a victory, *not perhaps unnaturally*, it is difficult to understand, except that the learned Judge considered it useless to grant an injunction in respect of the newspaper paragraphs, because the interest in them was dead; he also refused the plaintiffs their costs as to this part of the case, because he considered they had acted somewhat harshly in bringing the action so promptly, without previous complaint of a practice which had been exercised by the defendants during a period of twelve years. The suggestion of Mr. Low reminds one of some *moral* victories in politics.

Another misapprehension appears in the application to newspapers of Section 18, relating to magazines and periodicals. It may be a nice point sometimes as to whether a journal should be regarded as a newspaper and have the incidents of copyright which belong to a book; or

whether it comes within the class of magazines or periodicals specially dealt with under Section 18. But when once it has been decided to which class the journal belongs—newspapers or other periodicals—the provisions as to the copyright, in whom it vests, the limits of its duration, and the person entitled to sue for its infringement, are wholly and entirely distinct.

The contents of a newspaper, so far as they are the subject of copyright, are the property of the authors, in the absence of agreement, express or implied, to the contrary. The copyright in them will continue, as in the case of a book, for the author's life and seven years after his death, or forty-two years from publication, whichever period is longer. The author or his assignee is the person entitled to sue for its infringement.

But in the case of a magazine or periodical, as referred to in Section 18, the incidents of copyright are distinctly peculiar. If the author has sent his contribution to the periodical on the understanding that the copyright therein shall belong to the proprietor of the periodical, and if the latter has paid him for it, the proprietor has the copyright in the contribution during the author's life and seven years after his death, or forty-two years; except that he is prohibited from publishing it in a separate form. In addition to the proprietor's copyright, the author himself has the right, after a period of twenty-eight years, to publish his contribution in a separate form; and this right continues during the remainder of the term of copyright enjoyed by the proprietor. Another peculiarity is that the author has no power to sue (except as against the proprietor) for any infringement of his right to publish his contribution in a separate form during the twenty-eight years. Only the proprietor can sue.

These, we submit, are material distinctions between a newspaper regarded as a book and periodicals treated of under Section 18. But Mr. Low appears to confound the two. We read, "The editor of a monthly magazine can comply with the provisions of the Act"—referring to Section 18—"easily enough if he pleases; it is absolutely impossible for the editor of a newspaper to do so"; and again, after stating what he considers to be the meaning of Section 18, Mr. Low writes, "Apply this case to a newspaper, and nothing can be more absurd, unnecessary, and inequitable."

Mr. Low is of opinion that the copyright in a newspaper should be in the proprietor of the paper, not the author. "Why? Because it is not the author who goes to prison if what he writes is seditious or obscene; it is not the author who pays the damages if the editor allows him to publish a false and defamatory libel." Differing, as we do, from this opinion, we are little convinced by the force of such an argument. There is no copyright in anything seditious, or obscene, or libellous.

Yet there are, no doubt, anomalies and difficulties involved in the application of our copyright laws, in respect of which some reforms are urgently needed; and, bearing these in view, we are bound to dissent from Mr. Low's proposition that "no part of the subject is more unsatis-

fying and confused than that which relates to newspapers." There may be sometimes a matter of reasonable doubt as to whether a statement of facts or news amounts to literary property sufficient to acquire copyright protection. It may also be difficult on occasion to determine whether an extract from a copyright work is a fair quotation or whether it exceeds the legitimate limits. These matters must be determined according to the circumstances as they arise, and it is hardly within the possibilities of legislation to make such provision as would exclude all doubt and difficulty in determining such questions.

While we admit that the idea of a newspaper being a book for the purposes of copyright presents a difficulty to the popular mind, we think it is much more perplexing to have to encounter the fact that a map, which is engraved and printed, is for copyright purposes a book, and is not an engraving or a print.

Still more unsatisfactory is the law as to copyright in lectures, which is open to a difference of interpretation, and which is by reason of its requirements peculiarly exacting. It is provided by the Act that the lecturer, in order to preserve the copyright, must give a two-days' notice to two magistrates living within five miles of the place where he lectures: a requirement which is, very naturally, seldom anticipated, and the non-fulfilment of which frequently deprives a lecturer of his copyright. Again, as to a lecture delivered in any university, or public school, or college, or where such notice has not been given in respect of a lecture delivered elsewhere, the Act apparently declares that there shall be no copyright protection. The words of the statute are, however, that in such cases "the law relating thereto shall remain the same as if the Act had not been passed." But, as the Act was passed expressly to provide for the protection of copyright in lectures, it is reasonable to infer that in those cases there shall be no such protection. Yet because, before the Act gave such protection, the Judges attempted to give a similar protection on the ground of an implied contract between the lecturer and his audience—that the latter should be entitled to take notes of the lecture for private use, but not for publication—there are decisions in which it is held that there still exists this kind of copyright, arising from implied contract, in those very cases (*i.e.*, where no notice has been given, or where the lecture is delivered at any university, or public school, or college) in which the purpose of the Act appears to expressly provide that there shall be no copyright.

A real case of hardship arises under the copyright law in respect of contributions to periodicals. As mentioned above, the author has a right of publishing his contribution in a separate form after the expiration of twenty-eight years. But during that period the author cannot sue in respect of such a right if any one, other than the proprietor of the periodical, publishes the contribution in a separate form. Only the proprietor can sue, and, as the Copyright Commissioners pointed out in their report, the proprietor is very likely to have no interest in suing. Of course, it may be said that the author's right is during the twenty-eight years temporarily suspended; but, on the other hand, the proprietor

is entitled to sue when he has no right to publish the contribution in separate form at all.

These are merely some of the curiosities or instances where reform is needed, and may be cited to show that the complaint about newspapers is somewhat exaggerated, if not extravagantly overstated. The law relating to copyright is unquestionably full of doubt and difficulty. The statutes are almost without exception of most involved and inartistic draftsmanship. There are inconsistencies in recorded decisions on the subject, and the law is in such a state of confusion as to demand without delay a thorough codification by Act of Parliament. If the Authors' Society, which has done so much good, even in its infancy, could press on with equal success in this direction, the gratitude of all who are interested in science, literature, and art, would amply reward it for the benevolence of its efforts and all that they achieve.

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

HAROLD HARDY.

1, South Square, Gray's Inn,
July 18, 1892.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,—

In the July number of *The National Review* Mr. Sydney Low has discussed the questions of copyright in newspapers and in news With that part of his article which treats of the question whether there is or should be copyright in a newspaper I am not concerned. I shall deal exclusively with some of the points which he has raised when discussing, in the latter part of his article, whether there is, or can be, copyright in news.

Mr. Low begins by stating that Mr. Justice North's judgment in the case of *Walter* v. *Steinkopff* has generally been understood to mean that there is no such thing as copyright in the news itself, but that there is copyright in the form of the language in which it is expressed. He then proceeds to argue that it is quite right that the substance should not be protected, but that it is both wrong and futile to attempt to protect the mere form.

But is it at all certain that Mr. Justice North did intend to convey the idea that there is no copyright in news? His judgment was as follows.—

"It is said that there is no copyright in news, but there is, or may be, in the particular form of language or modes of expression by which the information is

conveyed, and not the less so because the information may be with respect to the current events of the day."

The language is certainly ambiguous, and would bear the construction which has been put upon it. But there is another construction which it might equally well bear in any case, a construction which, in view of the facts, one may perhaps venture to suggest as the correct one. There were three articles in respect of which an injunction was prayed. One consisted of a certain letter by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; the other two were mere news paragraphs. In the event the injunction was granted in respect of Mr. Kipling's letter only, as it would have been of no use in the other two cases. Now, it may very well be that what the learned Judge meant was that it had been argued that there was no copyright in news, but that it was unnecessary for him to decide that point, because, however that might be, at all events there was copyright in the form in which the information was expressed, and that Mr. Kipling's article was sufficiently protected by the granting of an injunction in respect of its language, while in the other two cases an injunction would be useless, and therefore would not be granted. Such a construction leaves the point still open to discussion.

"It is the essence, surely, of such a right as copyright," says Mr. Low, "that the subject must be something of which the owner has special and exclusive possession."

Mr. Low's meaning is not quite clear; but he appears to have confused two things. In a case of copyright there are two subjects: one the subject of the right, of which there is an absolute possession (for example, a book of history); the other, the subject of that subject (the history in the book, for example) in which there is only a limited right. Of the book containing the history, it is perfectly correct to say that there is an exclusive possession; with regard to the history itself—that is, the subject of the book, there is a right—not in the general facts or information, but in the particular information conveyed in the book (which it would perhaps be incorrect to call copyright), to prevent others taking the information straight out of your book, and so saving themselves the trouble of going to the original source. A manuscript was at common law the personal property of the man who had made it; and the owner had the right, as with the rest of his personal property, to prohibit any dealings with it without his leave; but he had no right to prevent some one else, who had perhaps never seen or heard of his manuscript, from making a precisely similar one. It is this right, and this right only, which would otherwise be lost by publication, that is continued by Statute for a definite period after publication for the purpose of encouraging able and industrious persons to make research and to publish the results for the benefit of the public. By way of illustration, take the case of a history of England which the author has compiled from information obtained by him from the public records. The author, or other proprietor of the copyright, has the exclusive right to multiply copies of his book, and to prevent any one else from either copying the book or taking the information from it.

But he has no right to prevent any one or every one else from searching the public records and making use of the information they contain in the same way that he has done.

The possession in the case of news appears to be exactly similar. Of course, the owner of news can have no absolute right to the facts, which are open to anybody who chooses to be at the trouble of ascertaining them for himself; but it is difficult to see why the public should be at liberty to extract the information out of a piece of news any more than out of a history or a directory. Take, again, the case of a map, copyright in which is expressly given by the second section of the Act of 1842. A. travels in a country hitherto unexplored, and executes a map of it. He comes home and obtains copyright. He has an exclusive possession of that particular map, and a right to multiply copies of it and prevent others from doing the same. B. may not copy A.'s map, but there is nothing to prevent his going to the country, exploring it for himself, and making a map which, provided both are correct, will be precisely similar. A. has an exclusive possession of the map which he has executed, and can prevent any one from making use of it for his own pecuniary profit; but he does not have possession of the country which is the subject of the map, and cannot prevent any one from making what use he pleases of the country.

In the same way, A. obtains from his special correspondent in the South Pacific Islands information of the murder of a missionary. By the time the information is worked up into an article and inserted in his paper it has cost him, perhaps, £500, and his only hope of being remunerated for his outlay lies in the chance that that piece of news may induce persons, who would not otherwise have done so, to buy his paper. Why shall B. and C. be at liberty to take that news and insert it in their papers without going to the original source for the information, any more than they are at liberty to copy the map, and so save themselves the trouble of proceeding to the country and going through the process of triangulation? The case seems to be on all-fours with that of addresses in a directory, with respect to which it has been held that to avoid infringing the copyright it is not sufficient to take addresses out of another directory and insert them in your own in a slightly different form: that you must, if you wish to make use of them, go to each house and verify the name and address for yourselves. Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, afterwards Lord Chancellor Hatherley, said:—

"In the case of a dictionary, map, guide-book, or directory, where there are certain common sources of information which must, if described correctly, be described in the same words, a subsequent compiler is bound to set about doing for himself that which the first compiler has done. In case of a road-book he must count the milestones for himself. In case of a map of a newly-discovered country he must go through the whole process of triangulation, just as if he had never seen any former map, and, generally, he is not entitled to take one word of the information previously published without independently working the matter out for himself, so as to arrive at the same result from the same common sources of information,

and the only use he can legitimately make of a previous publication is to verify his own calculations and results when obtained."

These remarks would apply equally well in the case of news; and whether it is the news itself or merely the form in which it is expressed that is protected would not, apparently, make a very material difference, for any one may use either the information or the language if he obtains them from an original source—the facts, that is to say, from the place where they occurred, or from some independent third person who did so obtain them, and the form of the language from his own brain;—but no one may copy either from a work in which there is already copyright.

Again, Mr. Low says that,—

To call it copyright of news seems misuse of language. Copyright is the exclusive right to multiply copies of your own artistic or literary work, not the right to debar others from describing certain circumstances or events."

That is quite true. Copyright is certainly not the right to debar others from describing events or anything else they please, and it is equally certain that it is the right to multiply copies of your own literary work; but it is something more. It is the right to prevent others from making use of the knowledge, skill, and materials acquired by the expenditure of your money, labour, and time, for their own advantage.

Mr. Low continues:—

"It would be as if one could secure by letters patent the sole and exclusive use of a natural principle, or as if you could copyright a particular train of ideas in philosophy or metaphysics, and forbid anyone else to refer them. It is much, for example, as if the late Mr. Darwin could have prevented anybody but himself from talking of the Survival of the Fittest, or from explaining, illustrating, or describing the theory of Natural Selection. . . . But it is not in the public interest that the rights of private property should be carried to that extent; and, even if it were desirable, it has been felt to be impracticable to give any man a monopoly in anything so intangible as ideas, theories, philosophical discoveries and speculations, or even the subject of a story or the plot of a drama."

In the first place, Natural Selection and Survival of the Fittest are merely names for theories founded on certain facts, and, whatever may be the case now, certainly at the time when Mr. Darwin published his books there was no copyright in a name. And when the names have been eliminated, what is left consists either of facts which anyone may use if he verifies them for himself, or of ideas and theories in which, as Mr. Low says, it has been found to be impracticable to give copyright. But why? Because, probably, unlike facts which have a definite source, and of which it is usually possible to say positively whether they have or have not come under the personal cognizance of a particular person, theories and ideas originate in the mind and thoughts of men, and therefore it is generally impossible to show that they have been stolen. "For it is trite learning that the thought of man is not triable for the devil himself knows not the thought of man": the Courts can deal with questions of fact, but not with questions of metaphysics. And that copyright is impracticable in the case of a theory, an idea, the

subject of a story or the plot of a drama, is scarcely a good reason for refusing it in the case of information.

Then we are met by the rather startling proposition that, as the substance of news is not protected, and as the form in which it is presented is usually very simple, "it is futile, and, in fact, ridiculous," "to protect the bare literary form and expression alone, as the Courts are disposed to do at present." In other words, where the whole of a man's property cannot be protected, it is absurd to give protection to the portion which is capable of it—on the ground, presumably, that "from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath." But some proprietors of news will probably consider that a little loaf is better than no bread, and will choose to keep the protection they at present have—whatever that may be—rather than to lose everything. And how far would Mr. Low carry his proposition? For, surely, if carried to its legitimate conclusion, such a proposition would destroy the copyright in all books. But that is evidently not what Mr. Low intends or desires. He says that the whole merit of some writings is in their composition, while that of others consists merely in the information they convey. Are we therefore to understand that copyright should be granted in respect of such works as plays and books of fiction, in which a small nucleus of information is the foundation for a great deal of writing, and refused to those in which the information is the important matter and the language comparatively immaterial—guide-books and directories, for example, or medical, scientific, and legal text-books? And who is to be the judge of whether a book is or is not deserving of copyright? It may seem ridiculous that "if you may steal the spoons" you should be "sent to prison for stealing the plate-basket as well;" but the law does every now and then commit such apparent absurdities by applying an indirect remedy where it finds no direct one suitable and ready. So it was, for example, that not a great many years ago the man who took a dog of the value of (say) £20 committed no punishable offence; but if, with a want of knowledge of the law which no British subject ought to display, he took the collar (worth five shillings) to chain it by, he unwittingly committed larceny, and had to pay the penalty accordingly, for "*ignorantia juris haud excusat.*"

It is submitted that the true view of the question is that the person who is the proprietor of a paragraph of news has the same rights over it that the author of a map or of a directory has over such map or directory. Those rights may be stated in the form of four propositions.

I. No one has a right to take his form of language or modes of expression and to reproduce them either verbatim or with a merely colourable alteration.

Therefore, in the instance given by Mr. Low, of news of the late German Emperor's death, announced in half a dozen words it may be assumed that it would be an infringement of copyright to make use of the information, merely clothing it in half a dozen different words. Whether it would be worth while to prevent it is another matter.

II. Any one may use the same language as A. has used provided he gets it from his own brain, or the same general form if he thinks the matter out for himself.*

III. Any one has a right to go to the same source from which A. got his information, verify it, and use it for his own purposes.†

IV. No one has a right to go to A.'s work, be it map, or directory, or news paragraph, and use the information without taking the trouble to verify it for himself.‡

For A. may well say, "Why shall you make use for your benefit of the information which I have obtained by the expenditure of time, or of labour, or of money, without going to the original source and verifying the facts as I have been obliged to do?" If this were not the law, "it is plain" (in the words of Lord Langdale) that "no protection whatever could be given to any work in the nature of a gazetteer, dictionary, road-book, calendar, map, or *any other work, the subject matter of which is open to common observation and inquiry;* and that every man who had bestowed any amount of labour or expense in collecting and arranging the information requisite for the production of such a work might, immediately on its publication, be deprived of the fruit of his industry and ability."§

These, it is submitted, are the rights in news articles as well as in directories, maps, dictionaries, and other works of the same kind, in which the information is the primary matter and the form merely secondary; and the name for these rights is copyright.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

SPENCER BRODHURST.

The Temple,
July 23, 1892.

* Jarrold *v.* Houlston, 3 K. & J. 708.
† Lewis *v.* Fullarton, 2 Beav. 8.
‡ Kelly *v.* Morris, L.R., 1 Eq. 701.
§ Lewis *v* Fullarton, 2 Beav. 9.

The Immorality of Chinamen.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

The tone of the English journals is decidedly inimical to the Anti-Chinese Bill which lately became law in the United States; but I venture to think that if the editors were correctly informed as to the genesis of the Chinese question in its Western aspects, they would be among the first to uphold the action of the Americans.

I have passed the last nine years and a half in countries partly colonized by Chinamen. Last Thursday I was unanimously elected organizing secretary to the Canadian Anti-Chinese League, a league whose head-quarters are in Vancouver City, the terminus of the Canadian-Pacific System and the port of departure for the China line of steamships in connection with that system. Thus, I am familiar with the subject.

People inhabiting the great continent of America are now realizing the stupendous danger of the Mongolian invasion. A fall in the rate of wages is the immediate result of Chinese appearing in a country. The price of necessaries does not fall in equal ratio. The white worker has less money to spend; the rich man becomes wealthier, and the poor man poorer. A plutocracy arises; then the white worker arises in his wrath, and riots ensue. Having taken a poll-tax from the Chinese, the Government is bound to protect them, and friction is the result. Capitalist employers of labour claim that in a new country Chinese are indispensable. Let us examine this statement. Any honest contractor readily owns that two white men can do the work of five Chinese. Any Chief of Police acknowledges that the lives of the Chinese are hideously immoral. Any medical man admits that the Chinese quarter in a city is fever-ridden and abominable. Any miner will tell you that the Chinese miner is a source of ruin to a field. Any Customs officer will allow that the Chinese annually take thousands of dollars' worth of gold dust and coin out of the country—a dead loss to the wealth of that country. Any clergyman acknowledges that the Chinese are almost unapproachable in religious matters.

It is an axiom of the capitalist that he has a right to employ the cheapest labour he can obtain. He has no such right when that labour is to all intents and purposes slave labour. The Chinese who work on the railroads in America are mere slaves. Imported from China by the Tyhees (head-men), they are under a bond to serve until their debt is discharged—in other words, until they can purchase their freedom. The head-man leases them out like so many cattle; he feeds them from his store; he draws their pay from the contractor, and pretends to pay them. But not one in ten ever gets out of his debt. The men die;

their bones are sent to China; and other families take their places. If any one of them dares to make a bid for freedom, he disappears; and his murderers are never caught. All this is going on in British dominions as well as in the United States. Is it, then, any wonder that the white men are combining against the Mongolian?

Details of the immorality of the Chinese would sicken English readers. The race problem deserves the most careful attention. Knowing none of the restraints of the Christian, the Chinaman considers nothing dishonourable that will produce money. Utterly ignorant of the laws of health, he lives like a brute. He learns just enough of Western civilization to make him more vicious than he was before he came into contact with it. He absorbs all our faults, and rejects the qualifying virtues. Many missionaries say that the Chinaman is good enough until he comes into contact with the white race; but he is not good enough. Admitting that contact with us makes him worse, we must perceive an additional reason for doing without him. We have work enough among our own people for all the missionaries. Charity begins at home, and is it honest to shut our eyes to an evil that exists in our very midst? How many politicians in England have any knowledge of the inner hideousness of Chinese life? The Chinaman hides his most hideous traits from the inquiring gaze of the white man. When the veil is lifted we see all the laws of morality, decency, and health set at naught. We see human beings lower in their lives than the beasts. We see a total lack of all the ennobling sentiments of life. More hideous still: we see white girls the mistresses of Chinamen. Ruined and debauched, the slaves of the opium pipe, they are lost for ever to God and man, and the Mongolian exults in their downfall.

Here in British Columbia the Victorian *Colonist* and the Vancouver *World* have published articles proving the existence of a regular trade in the procuration of girls for the Chinaman's immoral purposes.

English people have a notion that the objection to the Chinese is purely on account of their labouring cheaper than the white man. It is an unworthy aspersion on a great race. The inhabitants of the American continent object to the importation of a race who, in the main, are without honour, without morals, without honesty, without one single redeeming quality save perseverance. Let not England judge the Chinese by the courteous and polished gentlemen of the Chinese Embassy and of the Law Courts.

Gentlemen, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

LOCKSLEY LUCAS.

Vancouver, B.C., April 6, 1892.

Ancient Rome and Modern London.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

Surely Mr. Gibbs, in the very interesting article in which he draws our attention to facts too commonly ignored, must have been in a haste similar to that of King David on a well-known occasion, when he wrote, "Practically Gibbon's work is the only acknowledged authority in our public schools and universities."

All students of history respect Gibbon; but no student would accept him as a sole authority. To take a few instances out of very many: In endeavouring to understand the fall of the Roman Empire in the West, the student would read Seeley and Hodgkin; to account for the rapid success of Mohomedanism, Freeman and Milmay; to study the (so-called) Byzantine Empire, Finlay and Freeman; to check Gibbon's estimate of the military organization of the "latter Empire," Finlay and Oman. Nor will he neglect such novels as *Acté, Gladiators, Hypatia, Blue and Green, A Struggle for Romans.* Does Mr. Gibbs deny this, or does he assume that Oxford and Cambridge, which have trained, among others, Freeman, Froude, Seeley, Stubbs, and Crighton, cannot teach history?

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

Herbert Haines.

P.S.—I have not referred to foreign authorities; for it must be admitted that as regards training in foreign languages there is still much to be done.

Antiquarianism in Modern Art.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,—

It was a doctrine of Plato that the true poet must be mad. One kind of madness, he makes Socrates say in the *Phædrus,** is the madness or possession caused by the Muses, which seizes on a tender and virgin soul, and, stirring it up and making it revel in songs and all other

* Plato, *Phædrus*, 245 A.

poetry, adorns for the instruction of posterity a thousand doings of men of old. "And the man," he goes on, "who comes to the gates of poetry without the Muses' madness, thinking that he can be a true poet by mere skill, fails of his purpose, the work of the sane not being able to compare with the work of the mad."

And we should probably be willing ourselves to extend this doctrine beyond poetry to all that we now-a-days call Art: to say that every artist must be in a sense possessed, and that whoever hoped to produce any work of art by mere ingenuity would be left far behind by the man who was carried away by artistic passion. Indeed, it is likely that we might say that by calling any work by the name of Art we mean nothing else but that it is work produced under the immediate influence of passion and feeling; for it is generally just by this that we distinguish the artist from the worker whom we do not call an artist, such as, let us say, the collector of facts for the purposes of science. For example, we expect from the painter who paints us a tree in his picture that he shall have some feeling about trees, some admiration for the beauty of trees, while from the man who draws us a diagram of a tree for a manual of botany we do not necessarily demand anything of the sort—indeed, if he lets his work be in any way governed by his feelings, we say that he is, just so far as he does so, so much the worse as a student of science. We expect the botanist to get his truthfulness to nature by measurements and observation; but we should not be satisfied if the artist did no more than this. We expect the artist to have lived so long in the reverent study of natural forms that he is, as we say, imbued with their spirit: that is, that he has acquired by long familiarity such a sympathy for nature as to know, as it were by instinct, what is possible in nature and what is not, and to take such a pleasure in natural beauty that it would jar with his feelings to paint anything that was not in harmony with those principles of beauty which dominate all nature's work. And thus we do not come to the painter for mere knowledge of the facts of nature, but in order that the same sympathy with nature which has been the inspiring power in his own work may be communicated to us. We wish, in fact, to catch from him just that rapturous delight in the subject of his representation which it is Plato's humour to describe as a kind of madness or possession.

Plato is speaking here of art which deals with the doings of men of old time. Into this class falls our modern antiquarian art: art, that is to say, in which we not merely tell the tales of antiquity, but in which we try to represent before ourselves the ways of thought and action of the men of a past age and their very manner of life. To this branch of art belongs much of our modern work, both literary and pictorial. And our antiquarian artists seem to me to stand in special need of Plato's warning, for it is they more than any else who incline to put accuracy before inspiration and to trust less to artistic passion than to dry knowledge of historical facts.

Of course, there need not in this matter be any conflict between inspiration and accuracy. It is conceivable that we should be able so well to

throw ourselves into the past in imagination, to feel so much as the men of a past age felt, to be in such perfect sympathy with their way of looking at things, that we could figure to ourselves the very actions they would have done and the very words they would have spoken. If, like the artist who by his insight into the spirit of nature can see what form is natural and what is not, we could get such insight into the spirit of some past time as to be able to know by sympathy what could and what could not have happened in it, then we should be able to paint the men of the time just as they looked, or to write stories of them which no one could know not to be true. The picture with which our imagination would present us would be so lifelike that its details would be just as if they had been studied directly from real history.

It is much more likely, however, that our sympathy with the past will not be quite so perfect; and so, if we have not thrown ourselves back quite into the way of feeling and thinking which belongs to the time we are portraying, but only into something nearly approaching it, we shall then invent stories and imagine scenes which are not quite like real life but which yet come very close to it. And it does not follow that because our work is not a perfectly accurate representation of the manners and customs of the age we are dealing with, it is therefore worthless. Our work will serve to put those who study it into the same state of feeling as we were in when we produced it, to give them the same sympathy with the past to which we have attained ourselves; and this is a great gain, even if our conception of the spirit of the past time is an imperfect one, for to understand the spirit of an age even dimly is worth much more than the minutest knowledge of mere isolated and uninterpreted facts about it.

Here we come to the conflict between inspiration and accuracy. If our conception of the spirit of an age is only approximately just, the picture which our imagination gives us of its manners will, as we saw, be only approximately lifelike. And so we shall be met by the temptation to correct its inaccuracies by our historical knowledge.

Let us observe, then, what the effect of our yielding to this temptation will be upon our work regarded as Art. If we were right in thinking that Art is distinguished from other work by its being work dominated by feeling, and if we are right also in thinking the special office of antiquarian art to be that of giving expression to our sympathy with the spirit of a past age, a feeling which, manifestly, unless it can find embodiment in a work of art, cannot be communicated to others at all, then it is clear that to correct the inaccuracies of our imagination by our knowledge of history is to destroy the special value of our work. For, as long as the details of our work are exactly what our feeling urges us to make them, we may have a hope of causing those who study our work to feel as we feel. But wherever we cease to follow the picture which our imagination, inspired by our feeling, has presented to us, there our work ceases to be the embodiment of our feeling; and it becomes as a whole less and less the embodiment of our feeling the more we take away from it matter which our feeling prompts us to put

into it, and for this substitute foreign matter demanded by our wish for historical accuracy. And, again, we have no safeguard that this foreign matter, as it is not put into the work in obedience to the feeling which was our original inspiring power in working, shall not be utterly repugnant to that feeling. If it should be so, then our work is conceived in a mood which is not allowed to dominate it throughout. And so it will not only fail to give the delight which comes from harmony and unity, but it will continually offend by jarring and dissonance.

It is just art of this sort which the rules of some of our contemporaries would lead us to produce. Their principle is that in work dealing with the past we must before all things be true to history. And so, as few of us have the power of acquiring, even after the most patient study of a past age, such perfect sympathy with its spirit that our imagination guided by that sympathy will enable us truthfully to reconstruct all its manners and customs from our inner consciousness, these teachers must bid us, if we are to meddle with the past at all, either to give up the attempt to be guided by feeling and imagination altogether, or at least to take care to trample on them as soon as ever they dare to conflict with antiquarian knowledge. And so our work will be the work either of perfectly sane men who hope to be true artists by mere skill, or else of men who, if they conceive their work when they are mad, are at any rate careful to revise it when they are sane: and thus in either case of men who, if they came to the doors of the Muses, would, if we may trust Plato, be refused an entrance.

Among the very worst offenders in this matter are those dramatic managers who perform plays of Shakespeare. For every play of his which they put on the stage they demand that some one shall design dresses of the period to which the story of the play belongs, with scenery to agree. And thus for very much of the art which is now-a-days produced in cold blood and by sane men it is they who have to answer.

But perhaps, after all, this is only just what might have been expected; for, in truth, the whole case of those who defend the prevailing manner of acting Shakespeare rests on arguments which smack unmistakably of sanity.

It is, for example, usual to make the assumption that, if a little scenery and dress is a good accompaniment to a play, more scenery and dress must necessarily be a better accompaniment to it. If, for example, we concede that it is good that *Henry VIII.* should be played with such scenic accompaniments as are ordered in the original stage directions, it is argued that we are bound in reason to concede that it is still better that it should be played with the more lavish scenic accompaniments of the Lyceum stage. Yet we should hardly argue, in what is a similar case, that a song written with an accompaniment for pianoforte must necessarily gain if we use instead an accompaniment scored for full orchestra.

Again: It is commonly taken for granted that a play must needs be made better if while we are looking at it a history lecture in dumb

show is thrown into the bargain. It has also been argued that, just as it is impossible for the student of natural science fully to understand an organism unless he has studied its environment, so it is impossible fully to understand the words and deeds of Shakespeare's characters unless we see before us a picture of the buildings, furniture, and dresses among which the people they represent would really have lived and moved. This reasoning may at first sight seem convincing. But it should be remembered that in most parts of his plays Shakespeare is not trying to depict the specia manners of any age or place. It will not, for example, throw any light upon Hamlet's reflections on suicide that they should be backed by a lifelike picture of old Elsinore. It is sometimes the case, too, that Shakespeare deliberately places the persons of one age among the manners of another, as when Hector, in *Troilus and Cressida*, quotes Aristotle,* or when Hamlet goes to school at Wittenberg; and it is surely hardly reasonable to put into strict realistic conditions a play which makes no attempt at being realistic. Is it not, indeed, in every case better that Shakespeare should be left to tell his own tale than that we should try to help him out with assistance which he never looked for? Except where a play-writer has given direct orders about dresses, it is fair to conclude that they were not matter of great concern to him, and so we shall probably be carrying out his design most nearly by taking care that the dresses we use shall be such as will draw to themselves the least possible attention. In the days of our ancestors this would have been done most easily in many cases by putting the actors into dresses commonly worn at their own time. With us, who have a very keen sense of the differences between our own age and the past, no distinctively modern dress could be worn in a play which was not definitely meant to be taken as a study of modern life. The simplest course for us would seem to be, in the first place, to use any distinctive dress which is clearly necessary to the understanding of the play, as, for example, when it is important to the story that an actor should be known to stand for a clergyman or a Roman, to dress him in a cassock or a toga, and, for the rest, to use dresses which make no marked profession of belonging to any determinate time, whether our own or any other. Even where Shakespeare has tried to show the manners or thoughts of some particular age, it is surely quite as likely that elaborate scenic accessories should be a hindrance to his work as that they should be a help to it. For there are cases in which realistic scenery may act directly as a drag on the imagination. For example, as even the best scene-painting and stage carpentry can never present us with as good a picture of a starry sky as is called up in the mind by hearing Lorenzo's speech about the stars in the fifth act of *The Merchant of Venice*, we shall find, if we use realistic scenery here, that we are doing nothing else than effacing a good picture by a less good one: that the picture on the stage which we see with our bodily eyes blots out the picture which Shakespeare's poetry can bring

* *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii.

before the eye of the mind. Is it not in all such cases better that we should not try unbidden to supplement Shakespeare's art with our own?

Perhaps, however, the whole practice of the modern stage is deliberately intended as a vindication of the rights of the sane man over the madman. When lines of Shakespeare are cut out of the acting copies to give time for the moving of the scenery, the accepted defence seems to be that in these days we have to choose between the poet and the scene-shifter, and that it is the poet who has to give way. But on what ground can the scene-shifter be put above the poet except on the ground that the scene-shifter is sane and the poet mad?

Gentlemen, I am,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES JOHN SHEBBEARE.

Milford, Godalming, July 13, 1892.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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